Punch:



Vol.

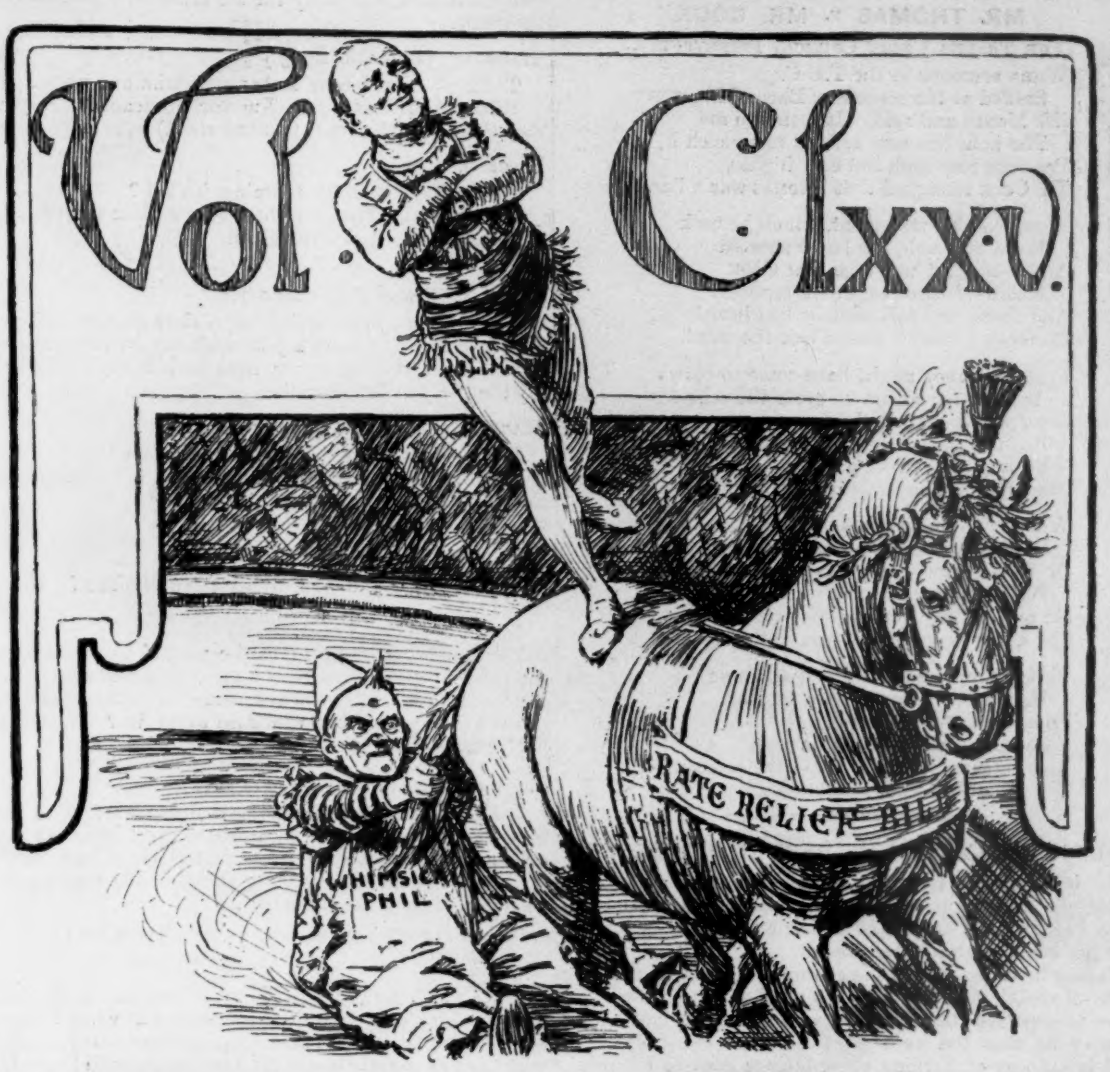
Clxxvi.

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GENERAL INFORMATION.

"GOT a cigarette picture, Mister?" Erb inquired blandly of the gentleman of military aspect. An expert collector should have divined at a glance that the warrior's service had cost him his liver in India and his cigarettes twelve shillings a hundred in Bond Street.

"Have I got a what?" the Colonel demanded.

"One of these," said Erb, handing him a specimen card.

The Colonel grimly regarded a coloured reproduction of the features of Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS. Erb was flattered at the interest that he judged he had stimulated.

"You can keep that one," he said generously; "I've got two of 'im."

The Colonel brusquely handed the card back. "No," he spluttered, "I have *not* got anything of the kind. And instead of filling your mind with all that trash it's a pity you don't try to learn something worth knowing."

"Yessir," Erb agreed.

"What do you know," fumed the Colonel, "about our great Empire? About India, for instance? Nothing, of course."

"Oh, yessir," protested Erb, and at once assumed his best recitation voice. "Agra town on Jumna United Provinces India captured by Baber in 1526 the loot including the famous Koh-i-noor dimint fort built by Baber's grandson Akbar and completed 1665 contains many fine buildings including the exquisite Taj Mahal a mousileum in white marble erected in 1632 by Shah Jehan for his favourite wife the nobility and beauty of the structure well merit the enconium 'Designed by Titans and executed by joolers' Pop. (1911) 185,000. No, sorry—185,500——"

"Where did you learn all that?" demanded the abashed Colonel.

"Got it off of a cigarette-card," answered Erb with justifiable pride.

Sabbatarian Reform.

"The superintendent of the United Church Sunday School wishes us to announce that there will be no Sunday during the summer months."—*Canadian Paper.*

We are asked by the proprietor of "The Red Lion" to deny the rumour that Saturday night has also been abolished.

MR. THOMAS v. MR. COOK.

(THE TRADES UNION COUNCIL INTERVENING.)

WHEN someone at the T.U.C.
Sniffed at the scheme of Baron MELCHETT
(*Né* MOND) and said, "It seems to me
The hour has now arrived to squelch it,"
Passions rose high and ever higher,
Till COOK remarked that THOMAS was a liar.

Stung by this statement, which he took
For a reproach, the latter snorted
And asked if it was true that COOK
Had used the term above reported;
And THOS. was told that he had heard
Correctly; "liar" was in fact the word.

From this they might have come to blows
And one (or both)—so great the tension—
Got a black eye or bulging nose
But for their fellows' intervention,
Who spoilt, by rushing in between,
The promise of a sanguinary scene.

Whether in pulsing jets of gore
COOK would have tapped his colleague's claret,
Or THOMAS freely wiped the floor
With remnant plumage of the parrot,
No one can say, for, ere they closed,
The Congress (as I told you) interposed.

Thrice happy omen! Loud and long
Her joyous lungs Geneva looses
To celebrate in tribal song
Compulsory Arbitration's uses,
And listeners hear, all round the earth,
The coo of Mr. KELLOGG's solemn mirth. O. S.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST HAIRDRESSERS.

IT is a curious fact that the average woman, however silent she may be in her own home, however disappointed with her husband or grieved at her children, is invariably "at her best" with her hairdresser.

It may be something in the shampoo; it may be that the sight of nickel taps and large basins of which she will not have to supervise the cleansing acts as a mild intoxicant; it may be that the knowledge that she can indulge at will in an orgy of dirtying these fittings goes to her head. But whatever the reason, find me the woman who, after half-an-hour of hair treatment, doesn't begin to yield up the story of her hopes and fears, and I will grapple her to my heart.

I have listened to my fellow-women in acute apprehension as their voices penetrated my cubicle and as the dressing proceeded. For apparently the strange law which operates within them does not compel them to enter the establishment garrulous. The real trouble sets in round about that period when the lady's head is raked dripping from the basin, as you do a pony's from the depths of a water-butt, and when, her hair bound in a fair cloth, she sees in her reflection in the mirror gratifying resemblances to the subjects of sundry famous pictures, say, BORGIA, LUCREZIA, D'ESTE, BEATRICE and MEDICI, CATHARINE DE . . .

By the time her locks have been dished up and have reached the stage of being hissed over by a species of metallic rattlesnake, there is no holding her. And I, sitting morosely in my adjacent cell, wrapped in pink flowered calico cut on generous lines and charmingly relieved with a band of cotton-wool round the throat, as they say in the sale catalogues, follow by ear the seldom-varying stages of the game.

STAGE 1. (*Enter the Lady.*)

The Lady. Can I have a shampoo, trim and wave?

Voice. Miss Hunt! Is Number 5 vacant? If you 'll step this way, Madam. (*Madam steps.*)

STAGE 2.

The L. Very cold this morning, isn't it?

The Coiffeuse. That 's right. Just a plain shampoo?

The L. Yes. And a *round* cut.

The C. I see.

STAGE 3. (*Sound of scissors* OFF.)

The L. Don't mind giving me a close shingle. My hair grows so fast it 's quite a joke with my friends. . . . Don't those fingers of hair in my neck look funny? I always say they 're just like chenille.

STAGE 4. (*Sound of a spray of water.*)

The C. Now, please . . . that 's your face-towel.

The L. OO! Isn't the water hot! Gives one quite a shock. Ergh!

STAGE 5.

The C. Thank you.

The L. Have you seen *Whispering Widows*? Kind of mystery play.

The C. I 've heard of it.

The L. The girl who takes the part of this secretary—the one that gets accused—is a great friend of mine. Lives quite near here. Does she ever come in? And what 's happened to the young man who used to do me? I did use to like him. Left, eh?

STAGE 6. (*Sound of clashing of steel.*)

The L. Begins to look nice now, doesn 't it? I 'm going to a dance to-night with m' husband, and he always says he can't im-*agine* why ever I want to have m'hair *touched*. He was all against me getting shingled, but now he says he wouldn't have me different. . . .

(*Slight aroma of singed hair as the scene closes in.*)

STAGE 7.

The L. . . . So I said to Harry, m' husband, well, I said, "I 'm as fond of a cocktail as anybody, but what I always says is, you 've got to know what you can stand. . . ." I remember he came in one night from the Pally de Donce, and you couldn't reely say he was what you might call blotto, but just a bit—I 'll have the parting on the right—squiffed. Funny, you know. So I was just popping up to bed, and I said to him, "Well, my dear boy," I said, "if——"

I dare not penetrate to Stages 8, 9 and 10, for at this point I make it a rule to leave, whatever the condition of my hair, even if by so doing I add to the formidable sum of Kensington eccentrics. Some day of course I shall get caught, say, when I am myself plunged into the basin.

I can only suppose that these martyrs to programme garrulity are obeying that unwritten law by which the rest of us are bluff with butchers, peevish with the representatives of the income-tax, aloof with greengrocers, grave with fishmongers, formal with wine merchants and discreetly social with bank cashiers.

What I often uneasily wonder is: If a mere shingle-trim, wave and shampoo can achieve such an effect upon the confidences of these ladies, what would they reveal if the order also included a manicure, massage and permanent wave?

The answer, I fear, is in the informative.



THE GREAT SACRIFICE.

THE WIZARD BOY TO THE WARS HAS GONE,
ON THE PARTY STUMP YOU'LL FIND HIM;
HIS RUSTIC SWORD HE HAS GIRDED ON
AND HIS WILD PEN'S FLUNG BEHIND HIM.

[It is reported that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE proposes to give up at the end of the year his extremely profitable connection with American journalism, and devote his energies, in view of the General Election, to a political campaign.]



Wife. "SO YOUR DOG LOST THE RACE."
Husband. "YES, BUT HE WON THE FIGHT AFTERWARDS."

IRREVERENT RADIOS.

III.

[Mr. J. C. SQUIRE, who has been asked to speak on "Reading Poetry Aloud" during the lulls in the lawn-tennis at Wimbledon, gets hopelessly confused, by some strange (and wholly unprecedented) atmospheric calamity, with the "Running Commentary on the Game" by Colonel R. H. BRAND and Captain H. B. T. WAKELAM.]

I WANT you to remember first of all what I said last time I was speaking about the beginning of the third set. . . . It is now COCHET'S service from the Royal Box end. . . . We must not read out loud in the Centre Court what is not suitable to be read out loud in the Centre Court. . . . COCHET is serving out loud, and is trying to avoid over-dramatisation of the side-lines. HOPMAN has returned the service and come up to the net, especially WORDSWORTH. . . . And I want you to understand that a very long sentence, however beautiful may be the actual diction, that is to say the words, and however deeply they are lobbed. . . . COCHET has passed him . . . The umpire has "resolved the dubious point, and sentence gave. So grounded." . . . FIFTEEN LOVE . . . COCHET is now serving. . . . HOPMAN has hit into the net. . . . COCHET is serving again. . . . They also serve who also stand and wait. . . . There is a ball on the court. . . . They are waiting for the ball-boys. . . . But when the rising sun had three times called us to renew our walk, one of the ball-boys came on to the court and picked up the ball. . . .

THIRTY—FIFTEEN. . . . HOPMAN. . . . COCHET. . . . One of the most beautiful poems in the whole of the English language, which will give the greatest pleasure and comfort to your mind whenever it goes out at the back . . . the point is won by HOPMAN.

The score is now FORTY—THIRTY. . . . There is a grey look about the sky, and I am afraid it is going to rain. . . . More might have followed; but my honoured friend broke in upon the speaker with a frank and cordial greeting. . . . The noise you hear now is an old gentleman getting angry with the people in front of him. . . . HOPMAN has won the game. . . .

HOPMAN is serving. . . . COCHET has returned to HOPMAN'S back-hand and is unable to avoid confusing the mind of his audience by a number of hard-hit volleys. . . . That is game to COCHET. . . . He went about his hospitable task. . . . COCHET has won two sets and HOPMAN leads SIX—FIVE in the third set. . . . The next game is very critical for HOPMAN because of his Popularity, which is one of BROWNING'S best-known poems. . . . But it cannot be read out loud so as to get over, using a slang phrase, on to HOPMAN'S back-hand. . . .

FIFTEEN—THIRTY. . . . I will read the last few stanzas out loud. . . . The rain is coming on more heavily now, but the play is going on. . . . What time with ardours manifold the bee . . . the ball . . . the bee . . . goes singing to her groom, drunken and overbold. . . . An umbrella has gone up in front of the box in which I am standing. . . . There are a lot of people putting up umbrellas in front of the box in which I am standing. . . . Mere conchs, not fit for warp or woof. . . . Mere conchs. . . . You see how obscure that is? . . . I cannot find out what the last score was. . . .

This is a very critical game for HOPMAN . . . FORTY—THIRTY . . . COCHET has taken his service, and there 's the extract flasked and fine and priced and saleable at last. . . . HOPMAN . . . COCHET . . . HOPMAN . . . COCHET. . . . They are both at the back of the court. . . . COCHET has won with a net-cord. . . .

SIX ALL. . . . COCHET is serving. . . . He has served very fast into the net. . . .

His second service is a kicking service. . . . HOPMAN has taken it. . . . Both of them are driving deep. . . . It is a long rally again. Hobbs, Nobbs, COCHET and Nokes combine to paint the future from the past, put blue into their line. . . . How confusing that is. . . . Who could understand what it means when read out loud? Yet in the quiet seclusion of the Centre Court, of the study, that is to say. . . . Game to COCHET . . . it is quite easily understood. . . .

COCHET has won two sets to none, and leads SEVEN—SIX in the third set. . . . COCHET is playing again to HOPMAN'S back-hand. . . . COCHET prints blue, and claret crowns his cup. . . . HOPMAN outdares COCHET in azure feats. . . . HOPMAN'S shoes are coming off. . . . COCHET is hitting an overhead volley. . . . Both gorge. . . . COCHET has won the point.

FIFTEEN ALL. . . . Who fished the murex up? . . . The ball-boy has fished the murex up from the back of the court and COCHET is serving again. . . .

FIFTEEN—THIRTY. . . . What is a murex? . . .

THIRTY ALL. . . . A murex is a small mollusc, from which the famous Tyrian purple dye was obtained. . . . HOPMAN is now serving. . . . He has served a mollusc. . . . over the line. . . . He has served two molluscs over the line. . . . How can your audience understand that, when you read a poem like this out loud? . . . Whose fault has HOPMAN served? . . .

THIRTY—FORTY. . . . HOPMAN is serving again. . . . COCHET has come up to the net . . . . HOPMAN is trying to pass him . . . . COCHET has put a half-volley at his feet. . . . HOPMAN has returned it into the net . . . .

What porridge had JOHN KEATS?

GAME to COCHET. . . . GAME, SET and MATCH. . . . The match is over . . . The murex is now going back to the studio. . . . In simple, unemphatic language, without twisting and screwing up the mouth or contorting the features, LACOSTE, of France, will now play J. B. HAWKES, of Australia. . . . Go back for a few minutes to the earlier stanzas of the poem. . . . It is coming on to rain again. . . . The men are covering the Centre Court with a tarpaulin. . . . There are fewer people here in this poem than yesterday. . . . Except in the covered seats.

"And each bystander of them all
Could criticise, and quote tradition
How depths of blue sublimed some pall—
To get which, pricked a king's ambition;
Worth sceptre, crown and ball. . . ."

The rain has stopped. . . . LACOSTE is now serving. . . . LACOSTE is serving live whelks, a netful brought to land. . . . Good afternoon. . . . EVOE.



"MOTHER, IS THAT A LONG SHORT DRESS, OR A SHORT LONG DRESS?"

THAT'S TORN IT.

THINGS are happening every day,
Mostly wrong in a general way;
I've had more than my proper share,
And MARY PICKFORD has bobbed her hair.

Stocks are falling and shares go flop;
I got in on the very top,
Just to be caught in a Yankee scare,
And MARY PICKFORD has bobbed her hair.

Once the Briton was first at games;
Rapid people with foreign names
Beat us now with a lot to spare,
And MARY PICKFORD has bobbed her hair.

Labour's vowing to do me in;
Bolshies threaten to have my skin;
Tory taxes have left me bare,
And MARY PICKFORD has bobbed her hair.

Legislation's the country's curse;
Doing nothing is even worse;
Cotton's rotting and steel's a snare,
And MARY PICKFORD has bobbed her hair.

Life in short is a dismal tale
(*Vide* the far-flung *Daily Mail*),
But what does it matter and who need care
When M. P. H. B. H. H.? DUM-DUM.

NEGRO COMMERCIALS.

I RECKON that the manufacture of negro songs for fashionable audiences must now be a flourishing industry. Almost every day some new specimen of these simple, spontaneous, unaffected and moving little ditties becomes the rage. They increase as rapidly as artificial flowers. Everybody I know has a pet one, and sings it unprovoked in and out of season with a mystical expression and a nasal twang. I do not suggest that the attractive African negroes of Southern North America, busy at their primitive labours in the fields, may not be and have not been inspired to little masterpieces of reflective song. All I say is that they cannot be inspired *so often*. For one thing the negro does not work so hard. If all the negroes everywhere abandoned their cotton-picking and cane-cutting and rice-growing and shoe-shining and did nothing else but write noble songs for Belgravia, I do not believe that they could produce as many negro songs as I have heard during the last few months.

I may be wrong. But what about that party at the Antons? All evening the dancing had been gay and indefatigable; that is to say, about a hundred persons had stood leaning against each other on a shiny floor for fixed periods at regular intervals, while an inaudible band played tunes of which the rhythms were based upon the antics of negroes crossing a swamp and the words described the love-affairs of the same race. Then there was supper, and after supper the great attraction of the evening—Jem Johnson, the new negro singer, only just discovered by Lady ——. The room was packed. Duchesses were happy to be allowed standing-room, while mere leading ladies and Members of Parliament sat on the floor, crawled under the piano or listened at the keyhole. For everybody had heard that Jem Johnson was too marvellously entrancing.

A fine, upstanding, shy, modest, smiling fellow. And the company thrilled as in his booming bass he announced, *Dere ain't no wimmen in Hebb'n*. The words of the song, which I wrote down hurriedly, were something like this:—

Dere ain't no wimmen in Hebb'n,
Dere ain't no wimmen in Hebb'n,
An' dis nigger ain't a-goin' to Hebb'n
'Cos I 'm fixed on meetin' my Mammy.

Yo' Mammy nussed you from a little child,
Jem Johnson,
An' you saw Hebb'n when yo' Mammy smiled,
Jem Johnson;
But dere ain't no wimmen in Hebb'n.

No, dere ain't no wimmen in Hebb'n,
Dere ain't no wimmen in Hebb'n,
An' dis nigger ain't a-goin' to Hebb'n,
'Cos I 'm fixed on meetin' my Mammy.

I hear de good old preacher say—
"Jem Johnson,
You buy no mo' shoes for Martha Gray,
Jem Johnson,
'Cos dere ain't no wimmen in Hebb'n."

Oh, dere ain't no wimmen in Hebb'n,
Dere ain't no wimmen in Hebb'n,
An' dis nigger ain't a-goin' to Hebb'n,
'Cos I 'm fixed on meetin' my Mammy.

As the deep voice trailed away into silence there was a gasp of ecstasy, and then thunderous applause. Everyone agreed that in all their experience they had encountered nothing so worthy of remark. One Duchess fainted. The song indeed was superbly sung, and I agreed that the effect was *quite* pathetic. As for the words, there was no doubt that by the end of the song the author had definitely made his point.

The next song, a little cameo, was called *Ole Nigger*:—

It 's no use niggers t'inkin' dey 's white—
Play on yo' harp, Ole Nigger!
It 's no use takin' dem powders at night—
Play on yo' harp, Ole Nigger!
Put dem fancy petticoats down,
You got a harp an' I got a crown,
An', Lord, who 'll care if youse black or brown,
Playin' on yo' harp, Ole Nigger!

You 'll never be President of de United States—
Play on yo' harp, Ole Nigger!
But you 'll come first at de Golden Gates—
Play on yo' harp, Ole Nigger!
Hey, gal, don't you powder yo' face!
What d' you want wid ribbons and lace?
You 'll look fine in de angels' place
Playin' on yo' harp, Ole Nigger!

The fire and spirit of this song communicated itself to the huddled audience and put them into a frenzy. An intellectual gentleman said that nothing had given him so much pleasure since a particular pose of Polovska's in the Russian Ballet of 1922. On all sides noblewomen of all ages could be seen humming *Ole Nigger*, and doing what they could with a little swaying of the shoulders to strike a negro note. Young Lady —— whispered to me that she yearned for Alabama. An encore was demanded and granted.

The next song, Jem Johnson said, was a little thing sung by the negroes in the cotton-fields, plucking the cotton:—

Don't strike dat butterfly, Nigger,
He 's got wings, like you.
Dat butterfly
Am goin' to die
Same as you an' same as I;
But you and I
Am goin' to fly
Same as dat dam butterfly;
So don't strike dat butterfly, Nigger,
He 's got wings, like you.

All togeder in de upper air,
You an' me an' de great Black Bear,
All good chillun will be flyin' up dere—
Don't strike dat butterfly, Nigger,
He 's got wings, like you—
An' it don't matter how you try,
Hidin' in de corners all around de sky,
You 'm sure to meet dat butterfly—
Don't strike dat butterfly, Nigger,
He 's got wings, like you—
Dat butterfly den he up an' say,
"Hey, you done strike me one fine day,"
An' PETER he take yo' harp away—
So don't strike dat butterfly, Nigger,
He 's got wings, like you-oo.
Dat butterfly
Am goin' to die
Same as you an' same as I;
An' you an' I
Am goin' to fly
Same as dat dam butterfly;
So don't strike dat butterfly, Nigger,
He 's got wings, like you-oo.

No one had heard any of Jem Johnson's songs before. All marvelled at their freshness, but agreed that they had the traditional simplicity and feeling—little thoughts cleverly captured and perfectly exhibited. Lady —— said they reminded her of some exquisite bloom set by itself in a Venetian vase, or a flawless jewel reposing on a cushion in a Bond Street window. The intellectual gentleman again referred to the Russian Ballet. And Mrs. —— said that if she had her time over again she would marry Jem Johnson, and make him sing the butterfly song over and over again on summer evenings in her Italian garden till she perished of emotion.

Many other songs followed, brief, mostly, just little thoughts sufficiently expressed in a single verse. One beautiful little lyric I remember especially, sung to a most mournful and appealing tune, which ended on a high, sustained, soft note:—

Stowaway! Stowaway!
I see you hidin';
Stowaway! Stowaway!
Come out of yo' corner.
Stowaway! Stowaway!
I 'se rowin' dis boat,
I 'se rowin' dis boat,
I 'se rowin' dis boat,
An' you can't go over Jordan,
You can't cross over Jordan to-day,
Stowaway!

I did not note down any more words, but remember a few titles, such as, *Ole Noah Bought a Shoe; Shem, Ham and Japhet; Row, Nigger, Row, de Floods am Comin'; See Dat Moon? It's Mine; Where is Yo' Manners, Nigger? My Gal Makes Candy; All Good Chillun Got Good Mammies;* and *Come, Lubly Ten.*

The performance continued for an hour and the audience never tired. I enjoyed it myself as much as anyone—*but*——

But the e kept coming into my mind the picture of some industrious white man, somewhere about 42nd Street, New York City, pouring out the soul of the negro in primitive verse at fifty dollars a line. And afterwards, when I saw my friend George Rowland (who has recently begun to write), deep in converse with Mr. Jem Johnson——

George denies the charge. Well, well. Anyhow the party was a great success.

A. P. H.



Mother (who is visiting her little girl at school). "HAVE YOU BEEN HOME-SICK, DARLING?"
Little Girl. "OH, NO, MOTHER. I CRIED A GOOD DEAL, BUT I WAS NEVER ACTUALLY SICK."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. W. T. TILDEN declares that this is his last Wimbledon, but high hopes are entertained that it is not his last Fleet Street.

* * *

When certain alterations at the Zoo are completed there will be a new terrace and lawn for Fellows. The public will then be able to observe them in something like natural conditions.

* * *

With reference to the controversy in a daily paper on "How Do You Look at Your Job?" one correspondent says he never does because he hates the sight of it.

* * *

In a recent case Mr. MEAD, the Marlborough Street magistrate, ruled that a sandwich does not constitute a meal. And very often it doesn't even constitute a sandwich.

* * *

We have been unable to obtain confirmation of the rumours that Captain DANIEL, of the liner *Jervis Bay*, has been invited to join the staff of a popular daily paper.

Big Chief White Horse Eagle is reported as saying that he likes to make chiefs of newspaper men, because they work for love and peace. He is thought to have got the idea from the HEARST Press.

* * *

The small-car habit is said to be the cause of the decline of the Sunday joint. The trouble is, of course, that the butcher won't take a fifth down and the rest in instalments.

* * *

In denouncing the reduction of the sugar duty as an attempt to impose on

the public, Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN is believed to have confused the sugar-cane with the "bamboo" in bamboozle.

An Alderman of Barnstaple has said that Bideford did not contribute any ships, as was popularly supposed, to the fleet which fought the Armada. We fear it is too late to do anything about it now.

Poor bowling is blamed by an eminent cricketer for the slowness of modern batsmen. It seems that they haven't the heart to hit it.

Grouse-shooting prospects are reported to be bad. It is piteous to think of so many young birds that will never live to see the Twelfth.

The Medical Officer to the Wembley Council complains, in his annual report, that there are too many doctors in Wembley. Wembley must eat more apples.

A writer says that nearly all the tennis-players he knows are clean-shaven. This is probably due to the fact that in the old days whiskers used to cause so many lost balls besides getting entangled in the net.

A recent incident at the Opera was exaggerated by a section of the Press, but there is no doubt that great singers occasionally give evidence of suffering from swelled voice.

It has been stated that at the end of the year Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will give up writing newspaper articles. In recognition of this fine spirit several Fleet Street journalists have given up the idea of becoming Prime Minister.

A writer in *The Daily Express* points out that in 1884 it was possible to buy a wife for half-a-pint of beer. You couldn't do it with the present-day stuff.

Together with six political confederates, BIG BILL THOMPSON of Chicago has been ordered by the Court to restore the sum of three-hundred-and-forty-six thousand pounds said to have been obtained by means of conspiracy. Thus Big Bills find Bigger Bills to swallow them.

London hostesses complain of the treatment they receive from guests. Guests, on the other hand, say they do their best to make their hostesses feel at home.

We read of a Manchester man who is going on a walking tour through Russia. We should advise him to run.

Sir OFORI ATTA says he hasn't seen much of the modern Western girl. It can't be because there isn't much of her to be seen.

The next step in the production of small cars is said to be one which can be used as a cigarette-lighter as well.

We have no objection to the lifting of faces. Our complaint is that some of them are not lifted so far as to disappear under the hat.



Husband (cut off by the tide and trying to be cheerful in adversity). "WE'RE MUCH ABOUT THE SAME HEIGHT, AREN'T WE, DEAR?"

A codling caught at Yarmouth was found to contain two yards of elastic. We reluctantly refrain from comment.

According to new regulations, bus conductors are forbidden to sing on duty. Does this mean that they will have to *say* things like "Hyde Park Corner"?

It is rumoured that the gentleman who recently bowed to a lady when asking her for a dance has been asked if he would mind being placed in the South Kensington Museum.

The Third Exhibition of the Imperial Three Arts Club will be held at the New Burlington Gallery, Burlington Gardens, W.1, from July 7th—14th, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. It will be recalled that the novel feature of these exhibitions is that all the pictures are offered for sale to the highest bidder, each exhibit having a transparent receptacle attached to it, in which the bidders' cards may be deposited.

FOUR ACES.

WE had been thoroughly over the skeleton of the Perwins' new house; "upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber"—which is a redundancy, now I come to think of it, for my lady's chamber must be either upstairs or downstairs.

"And what," I asked, sinking exhausted on a drain-pipe in the front drive—"and what may be the name of this desirable freehold property?"

"It hasn't a name," said Perwin shortly.

"*The Nameless House*, by EDGAR WALLACE," murmured Felicity. "Read this tale of mystery and intrigue."

"It doesn't look very mysterious," I suggested, surveying its gaunt newness. "I think it ought to have a name."

"Ought to?" cried Jane Perwin. "Why, we've talked of nothing else for the last month. I've suggested a hundred splendid names, but James——" She cast her eyes towards heaven, while James, shrugging his shoulders, sat heavily on another drain-pipe.

"I am afraid that this has been a subject of unseemly connubial brawling," said Felicity.

My wife *will* say what others only think.

"It is easier to build a house than to name it, I can see that," I said hurriedly. "But surely the ground had a name?"

"The field's been called 'Rogerses,'" said James. "How can we call it 'Rogerses'?"

"It isn't very—er—pretty," I admitted. "'Perwins' would be better than that."

"It won't be called 'Perwins,'" said James bluntly.

"It will if you don't name it."

"We shall name it when we get a good name."

"You're people of ideas. You suggest a name," said Jane.

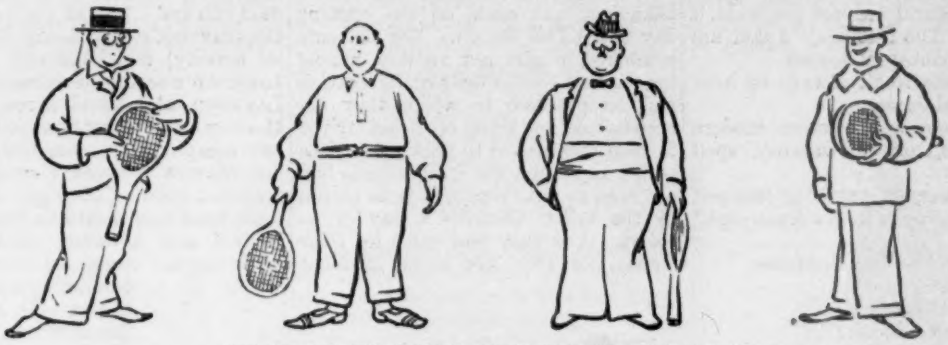
"I've helped to name horses before now," I said guardedly; "but that's easier. There's Daddy and Mummy to guide one. Hasn't this house a Daddy and a Mummy?"

"The architect's called 'Slaughter' and the builder 'Yardley.'"

"'Slaughteryard'! No, not very good," said Felicity. "You'll have to fall back on the natural features."

"Not 'The Dunes,' or 'Sandyside,' or 'The Eyrie,' or 'Belle Vue,' or 'Bona Vista,'" said James hastily.

THERE MUST BE A HOST OF MORALS TO BE DRAWN FROM THE FACT THAT—



WHEREAS ONE CAN USUALLY DISTINGUISH THE MALE RABBIT—



FROM THE MALE EXPERT—



ON THE OTHER HAND ONE HARDLY EVER SEES A FEMALE PLAYER WHO DOESN'T LOOK TERRIBLY LIKE A STAR PERFORMER—



WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ONE OR TWO STAR PERFORMERS.

"Some of Jane's splendid hundred, I guess," said Felicity.

I wish she would be more circumspect.

"If it's natural features you want, it ought to be 'The Rubbles,'" I said, not being too circumspect myself.

"The rubble won't always be here, you ass," said James.

"Then there's the more modern touch," I went on. "'Osokosy,' spelt with a 'k.'"

"If you suggest anything misspelt again I'll brain you with a drain-pipe," said James.

"Then it'll be 'The Murderies.'"

"That's better than 'Separation House' or 'Divorce Court,' which seems dangerously likely," said Felicity.

"Meaning that you'd rather your husband were murdered than that your friends' married life were wrecked?" I asked sourly.

"I've known them longer, you see. But if we can find a name all may yet be well. What about 'The Revokeries,' remembering that little affair of James's last night?"

James leapt up. I thought at first that he was going to use the drain-pipe on Felicity and that it would be "The Murderies" after all. But no.

"I have it," he cried, seizing her by the hand. "You've given me the idea bless you! It shan't be 'The Revokeries,' but it shall have a bridge name." He took off his hat solemnly. "This house is called 'Four Aces.'"

"Not bad," I said condescendingly, "not bad. But why?"

"Why, because four aces is a hundred above, and the house has cost a hundred above what it ought to have cost."

So "Four Aces" it is.

We broke a bottle of champagne over its prow that night. At least we should have; only, being seven miles off, we drank it instead. A. W. B.

Another Impending Apology.

"——'s Magazine for June. Contributions by Robert W. Chambers, Marjorie Bowen, Douglas Newton, Bertram Atkey, F. Gordon Lowe, etc.—'Bounders All,' by Gilbert Frankau. Now on sale. Price 1s."

Publishers' Advertisement.

AN ACID TEST.

A FINE concerted effort towards best behaviour was made on the opening day of the Test Match. The elements combined to give our visitors, almost for the first time, a taste of the weather and temperature to which they are accustomed, and lovers of cricket arrived in such numbers as to pack every place—just as though the West Indians had not been so unfortunate as to be beaten by the minor Counties a day or so before. And they had value for their money, for they saw some excellent English batting and some excellent West Indian bowling, now and then very good indeed, and, although there were a few regrettable dropped catches, they saw alert and determined fielding by men whose arms seem to have a miraculous last-moment capacity of elongation.



BRIGHTER CRICKET: A FEW SPASMS OF CONSTANTINE.

For the first hour the West Indian ball was indeed a sore trial to the English bat, and SUTCLIFFE and HALLOWS were by no means happy. It was also a peril, particularly when CONSTANTINE put down a short one and it rose high. During this match the old story of the officer and the Irish soldier more than once came to mind. "Hold up your head," said the officer during a bombardment. "I will when there's room for it," was the reply. Not only did both CONSTANTINE and GRIFFITH (who bowl almost exactly alike, each with a long fluid run and a leap at the end of it—CONSTANTINE'S leap being tigerish in its ferocity) make the ball kick, but LARWOOD was almost worse, and it was LARWOOD who found a real sufferer. HALLOWS and SUTCLIFFE and TYLDESLEY escaped with mere body bruises, but MARTIN received a crack in the neighbourhood of his right ear which could have been heard in Maida Vale. He did not, however, allow this to rattle him and continued what was the best innings on the West Indian side and, with CHALLENOR'S, the Spanish Main's only contribution to first-class batting attack and defence. Together they took the score to 86 for no wicket; then MARTIN was leg before to TATE, and at the same total CHALLENOR was caught at the wicket off LARWOOD and what we hoped was to be a fine struggle was over. From that moment there was nothing but disaster for the West Indians; while in their second attempt the *débâcle* was so much worse that England won by an innings and 58 runs. Such are the vicissitudes of this most capricious game.

The patience of HALLOWS and SUTCLIFFE was invaluable, and ERNEST TYLDESLEY'S score of 122 put his side into security; but the cream of the English batting was supplied by HAMMOND, who played like an old master and a young. There could not well be a greater contrast than between HAMMOND and his captain. HAMMOND has the grace of a figure by PRAXITELES: easy postures, rhythmical muscles. Colossal PERCY has become like a blend of G. K. CHESTERTON and ALFRED MYNN, with a dash of MILLAIS' *Bubbles*. Always tall, he is now immense and solid, his bat diminishing to a toy. HAMMOND also has every stroke where his Captain contents himself with but one: a prodigious slash to the off. Since he gathered half-a-hundred runs with it, it must be called a successful stroke, while as a handler of bowlers CHAPMAN displayed an acumen that was almost uncanny in its results.

The West Indian decline as a whole

was disappointing to everyone, but the deficiency of CONSTANTINE as a bat must have been particularly a matter for grief, because it was the fame of his prowess at Lord's the other day,



THE MEN OF KENT (CHAPMAN AND FREEMAN).

when he defeated Middlesex almost single-handed, that no doubt filled many a seat. He had a tremendous reception, and so long as he was bowling or fielding, or juggling with the ball with his foot, he was always an electric figure; but his ardent temperament made him an easy prey to JUPP in the first innings, and an easier to FREEMAN in the second, for he got him for a duck with his second ball.

FREEMAN may be said to have owed him this, for he was one of CONSTANTINE'S most conspicuous victims with the ball. Never have I seen the failure to make a catch so pungently and even devilishly atoned for as when, just unable to hold a return from FREEMAN, which he overran in his eagerness, he knocked with his next ball the Kentish Midget's leg stump out of the ground with such force that it turned a couple of somersaults. FREEMAN is a bit of a bowler himself, but among all the thousands of wickets that he has taken never has he caused a stump to caper and cavort like that. As he returned to the pavilion he looked very like a professional who prefers blondes and who, when the time was ripe, would have something to say to the driver of the Constantinople Express.

Excitability is, I fear, the danger of the West Indian team. There are such exceptions, of course, as the Captain, who could not have been more watchful or more astute in his changes of bowling, and as CHALLENOR and MARTIN; but the others can let their keenness impair their judgment. Never have I seen a game where two fieldsmen so often simultaneously reached the ball. Now and then, indeed, we had the spectacle of slip, say, pursuing the ball, while third man (to whom it was going and to whom it might have been left) was advancing with equal rapidity upon it, so that we covered our ears against the shock of the collision. But if such scenes are not reminiscent of the staider methods of ordinary British fielding, that is not necessarily any indictment of them. Eagerness and zest are great virtues.

The first two days, during which the sun continued to shine as though it had mistaken London for Montego Bay, were full of entertainment to those to whom cricket is more than exhilarating success with the bat. There was always something well worth watching—something of the highest quality—in the strategy of the game. And if you were bored by the refusal of FRANCIS or GRIFFITH to get out in the first innings and let us have our tea, or by the profound respect with which FERNANDEZ treated the most tempting and succulent half-volleys tossed up to him by JUPP and FREEMAN, you could admire the tenseness which CHESTER the umpire brings to the game. In his own way he is not much less electric than CONSTANTINE; and when there is an appeal for "leg-before" and he gives it in the bowler's favour there is a finality in his gesture which suggests Fate itself. He does not merely lift an acquiescing finger; he points a nervous arm direct at the guilty batsman. "Enough from you!" we seem to hear him say, and the wretched creature falters from the pitch towards a friendly pavilion where his shame can be hidden and perhaps forgot.



CHESTER POINTS THE FINGER OF SCORN.

Wandering about Lord's after lunch I found a novelty in the shape of notices stating that "anyone asking for an autograph may be removed" from the ground, a sight which, with every



SMITH MINOR GOES TO HIS DOOM.

sympathy for the offending hero-worshipper, would be worth seeing. One wonders which is the official to whom this delicate task, not impossibly infringing the rights of the citizen, would be entrusted. The President? The Secretary? Or just a policeman? Poor little boy, anyway! E. V. L.

Chaperons by the Buttery.

"MAGDALENE BALL.

The matering was undertaken by the college kitchen."—*Cambridge Paper.*

When a Man's Ingle.

"Judge —— to a creditor: What is the defendant?

The Creditor: He is ingle.

Judge ——: He must pay for that—ten shillings a month."—*Evening Paper.*

"BISHOP SIGNS FOR CHELSEA."
Daily Paper.

Those who rejected the new Prayer Book are responsible for more than you might think.

"To putting new guts in grandfather, 7*s.* 6*d.*"
Extract from Watchmaker's Bill.

We wonder if an account from M. VORONOFF reads anything like this.

"An eminent professor of theology of Hellenbosch University, South Africa, has been indicted on a charge of unorthodoxy."
Australian Paper.

A painful instance of the effect of environment.

HEATH FIRES.

THE worst of our barracks is that it stands in the midst of Government-owned heath and woodland, for which we, as the Government's representatives, are to some extent responsible. This may not seem very terrible to you, but it is to us, especially in summer. For in summer we get into a sort of vicious circle. The troops go out and sit down and smoke on the heath, and the heath catches fire, and the fire has to be put out by more troops, and after these troops have put the fire out they sit down and smoke—well, you see what I mean.

If one has a keen Adjutant—and we have—it is worse. The possibility of fire simply dominates our summer existence. There are fire pickets for heath fires and fire pickets for barrack fires, and barrack pickets for wood fires, and wood pickets for cook-house fires—if the storekeeper doesn't catch anyone at it; and there are men on inlying picket and men on outlying picket and waiting men on inlying duty and hard-lying men absent from waiting duty, and—well, it 's fair hell.

And as if it were not bad enough by itself the existence of it all seems to have gone right to our Adjutant's head. We think he 's potty. I mean, he *looks* for fires. No one in his senses wants to go and get involved in a heath fire, which generally means six hours' hard work in smoke and flame and probably hot sun too, *on purpose*. Of course, if a heath fire comes up and burns just behind you, you 've got to do something about it, or, if you suddenly meet one when out walking, you should come back and report it, taking care first of course to obtain leave of absence for the evening in case you yourself get involved. But there 's a bit of difference between rational conduct like that and doing what the Adjutant does—getting up on the roof of the orderly-room to scan the countryside for smoke, especially when the smoke he descries on the horizon is discovered, after we have doubled out to it, to be either a fire in some other unit's area or else a gipsy encampment.

There are various procedures in case of a heath fire, but the one in commonest use, at any rate in our barracks, appears to be as under:—

When the Adjutant has spotted it—what time that man ever finds to work in his office I can't think!—he gives the signal. Owing to the youth and inexperience of our buglers the *Barrack* Fire Alarm is first sounded in mistake for the *Heath* Fire Alarm. This error is soon rectified, but not so the results. For some while we have two large pickets dashing about the barracks, one armed with shovels and axes asking where the fire is, and the other armed with hoses, buckets and belts asking where that —— bugler is.

Order being at last established, it is discovered that either the officer appointed to be in charge of the Heath Fire Picket that week has only heard the Barrack Fire Alarm, or else that he has mistaken the Heath Fire Alarm for the "Retire" or "Orderly Sergeants" or even some purely secular call, such as that of a soulful bugler trying over "What 'll I Do?" In either case he is usually found in the Mess, though his excuse may vary.



"PRIVATE BARREL . . . SPENT TWO HOURS TRYING TO SWARM IT."

Within a bare half-hour, however, the picket is ready. The direction is given it by both the Adjutant and the R.S.M., and it dashes off on to the heath at a smart double as per standing orders.

There being apparently an unwritten law that no heath fire shall occur anywhere reasonably near the barracks, it takes some time for the men to arrive at the scene of action. When they do they are all so exhausted by their mile-and-a-half double that the officer in charge—say Lieutenant James—has to give them two minutes' "Stand-Easy" at the fireside before they can even stand up. He then commences operations in the usual way by

(*a*) Cutting down branches to beat out the flames.

(*b*) Digging trenches round the affected part to isolate it.

(*c*) Sending back to barracks for more men.

Method (*a*) is rarely much use. By another unwritten law the nearest tree is always discovered to be four hundred yards off and a solitary pine at that, with its lowest branch thirty feet from the ground. Indeed on one occasion Private Barrel, a conscientious worker, spent two hours trying to swarm it and only tore his trousers. Methods (*b*) and (*c*) are, however, undertaken with great vigour and energy, a large portion of which finds its way into the language of Private O'Jector, who has barely finished his short "Stand-Easy" when he is casually told to "run back to the barracks, my lad, with this message."

From now on, various things may happen. Occasionally an intricate and far-reaching system of trenches has scarcely been dug, with enormous labour, before it starts to rain, and the fire goes out, leaving the weary picket a wet walk home. More often than not a picket from a neighbouring battalion, the First Blankshires, arrives, and this starts a long dispute as to whose fire area the fire is taking place in. Anything may happen after this, for, though we are only too anxious that someone else shall do all the work, there is always the question of standing on our rights and not allowing clod-hoppers like those First Blankshires to touch *our* fire. Sometimes the result is that both pickets go home in a huff and are immediately sent out again.

Sometimes, if the fire is on the boundary-line, it is allowed to rage unchecked while we all consult maps and decide which flames are in which area; for you must understand that it is not so much a matter of extinguishing the heath fire as an important question of principle. By the time the affair is settled and Lieutenant James's map,

which he put down to ascertain the north point, has been partly burnt, the fire is nearly always well into both areas and we can all get on with it without much acrimony. Co-ordination is of course impossible, for we don't love the Blankshires at all. We find it difficult to love people who every week or so send over notes to complain of our buglers blowing the "Defaulters'" call so frequently, or to ask whether we pay entertainment tax on our guard-mounting parades. In fact they are a set of—but in the natural heat of the moment I digress.

When the fire is eventually got under or dies out we return to barracks. From this point the procedure is invariably the same. The Adjutant, up aloft like *Sister Anne*, has found another one. It is always a mile in the opposite direction, and when we have reached it we find, as likely as not, that it is merely the smoke from an engine shunting on the local railway-line. A. A.

Our Futurist Architects.

"One of those much desired Small 77th Century Cottages which are practically unobtainable between Potters Bar and Northaw."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

SAVE THE BOWS!

IT was disturbing to read the other day that a scarcity of horsehair for violin bows is causing anxiety to the trade.

Clearly the crisis is an unforeseen effect of the development of mechanical transport. Even if it be assumed that the disappearance of the horse from our streets is balanced by the elimination, under the influence of wireless and the gramophone, of the amateur violinist from our homes, the fact to be faced is that the world's mane-and-tail harvests are insufficient for the needs of our daily more numerous orchestras and virtuosi, especially with a type of musical composition in vogue that tends to aggravate the wear-and-tear on the bows.

So far the chemists have failed to come forward with a synthetic horsehair; and unless prompt steps are taken we shall be confronted with the horrors of a horse-hair famine.

An International Horsehair Conference should immediately assemble to consider the restriction of horsehair-consumption by a system of rationing, and to appoint a committee of experts to examine and report upon the world's horsehair resources.

As a temporary precautionary measure a horsehair-pool may seem advisable. Eventually, however, each country should be encouraged to grow its own horsehair, and grow it intensively. Hungary, for instance, probably the largest consumer, would of course turn her own vast plains to the fullest use.

Whether England could be self-supporting is not so certain. For quality of horsehair the world looks to the British thoroughbred, and supporters of the Turf, now that it can hardly be urged that horse-racing is necessary to improve the breed of tanks, may welcome this new *raison d'être*. But considerations of quantity require us to think imperially. The ranges of Australia and the Canadian prairies must be called upon to sustain the concert-halls of London.

The solution of the problem, then, as far as Great Britain is concerned, seems to be a scheme of horsehair farms in the great open spaces overseas. And as the ideal organiser of a "Save the Bows" movement the name of Sir THOMAS BEECHAM leaps to the mind. Let him but sound a call and all true music-lovers will unloose their heart-strings and send him their best wishes.



UP-RIVER JOYS.

THE EARLY MORNING WATER-RAT.



THE ONLY HORSES LEFT IN PARIS: A PARADE AT "LE LIDO."

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

PHILOSOPHY.

How are you, Millie? As for me,
Oh, well, we mustn't grumble;
Things isn't what they used to be,
But there, we mustn't grumble;
Poor Albert 's out of work again,
My Lizzie 's got her favourite pain,
And don't it make you sick, this rain?
But there, we mustn't grumble.

It 's no use hollering until you 're burning,
It 's an ill wind that don't blow no one good,
It 's a long lane that hasn't any turning;
I 've got my health and spirits—touching wood.
We oughter won a thousand pounds from that there Guessing Game,
I guessed the horses right enough and Albert sent the claim,
And now it seems he 's been and gone and never signed his name!
But there, we mustn't grumble.

The landlord 's playing up a treat,
But there, we mustn't grumble;
Well, says he 'll turn us on the street;
But there, we mustn't grumble.
Of course what I 'd put by is spent
And all I 've got to pay the rent
Is twopence—one of which is bent.
Oh, well, we mustn't grumble.

I never hold with worrying and whining,
Well, what I say is what must be must be,
And every cloud has got a silver lining,
Though now and then it 's very hard to see.
These little things are only sent to try us, don't they say?
Poor Albert 's been to Epsom backing winners all the day,
And every time his horse came in his bookie went away—
But there, we mustn't grumble.

So Maud 's expecting? Is that so?
Oh, well, we mustn't grumble.
Six is a lot—I ought to know—
But there, we mustn't grumble.
There 's one or two with eight or nine,
There 's some as sits and sips their wine
And wish they 'd had a few of mine—
So there, we mustn't grumble.

It might be snowing if it wasn't raining;
We 've plenty to be thankful for, I mean.
When Albert starts his cursing and complaining
I always say, "Well, look what might have been!"
They 're taking all my teeth out, but the doctor 's very kind,
Well, what I say, we might have all been deaf and dumb and blind,
And we 've never had the house on fire, that I can call to mind—
So there, we mustn't grumble. A. P. H.

"—— did not bath."—*Cricket report in Bristol Paper.*
These fellows are always going in out of the rain.



NO OCCASION FOR S.O.S.

MAXTON THE MUTINEER (*with A. J. Cook*). "I AND THIS STOWAWAY, WHOM I FOUND IN A COAL-BUNKER, HAVE ARRANGED TO RUN THIS SHIP BETWEEN US."

CAPTAIN MACDONALD. "OH, HAVE YOU?" (*Carries on.*)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 25th.—Not all the drowsy pigments of the Royal Academy can stifle Mr. HARRIS's gnawing hatred of Imperial Preference. To-day he demanded to know why the Empire Marketing Board had plastered London's hoardings with portraits of Aden, the Suez Canal and Gibraltar. Mr. AMERY replied rather nebulously that they "illustrated in attractive pictorial form" the trade route to India. This failed to mollify the indignation of Mr. HARRIS. Did not the Empire Marketing Board exist, he asked, for the purpose of boosting Dominion exports? And what, pray, did Aden and Gibraltar export, and was the Suez Canal to be regarded as part of the British Empire?

Mr. AMERY refused to be drawn beyond his general statement that these pictures were intended to impress the beholder with the importance of the Empire's highway to India. This brought into the field Mr. HAMMERSLEY, who thought a trifle might well be expended on advertising the Empire's highway to Manchester, and Mr. MACQUISTEN, who thought a picture of the Crinan Canal would be much more effective than a picture of the Suez Canal.

The House having by this time shipped itself somewhere South of Suez (possibly inspired by the presence, in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, of Sir OFORI ATTA) where the best tobacco (if some Members are to be believed) is indistinguishable from the worst, Mr. WARDLAW-MILNE invited Mr. HARDIE, "in view of the excellent quality" of Empire tobacco, to give it a free advertisement in return for the free samples he and Mr. SHINWELL had received. Mr. HARDIE, incorruptible as CATO, said he had returned the sample sent him. It would take more than a free pound of Empire tobacco to make him change his opinion of it.

The House in Committee grinds slowly and generally to no great purpose. The Opposition bends its disgusted gaze on the details of the measure that it has already trounced in bulk and finds them thoroughly bad. The Government lets them gaze as long as it thinks is good for them, moves obliteratingly over the usual Amendment and on to the next. To-day this process began to be enacted with the Finance Bill, and neither Mr. RILEY, leading the time-honoured assault on the Tea Duty, nor Mr. SNOWDEN, conducting a new but equally hopeless attack on the Petrol Tax, got any good out of it.

The Tea debate, indeed, wrung from Dr. VERNON DAVIES so fierce an onslaught on the fragrant bohea, whether steeped, stewed, brewed, wetted or merely "made," and its poisonous effects on the human system that there seemed nothing left to be said in its defence, save, perhaps, in the classic



A DISTINGUISHED STRANGER.
SIR OFORI ATTA.

sentiments (addressed to another beverage) of the Harvard poet:—

"It drives me mad; it keeps me lean;
It takes the hair right off my bean;
It 's the worst darned stuff I ever seen—
I like it."

Bravely the Opposition toiled away, putting first this Amendment, then that,



POOH-BAH.

["Of course as First Lord of the Treasury I could propose a special vote if it were not that, as Leader of the Opposition, it would be my duty to resist it tooth and nail."—*The Mikado.*]

MR. CLYNES.

but in every case without success. Adjournment found them still burning the midnight oil, or rather the midnight petrol.

Tuesday, June 26th.—"What is a 'pub'?" asked Lord BIRKENHEAD of Lord BUCKMASTER, while the latter was defending, not without vigour, Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH's foredoomed Liquor (Disinterested Ownership and Management) Bill. Lord BUCKMASTER replied that if the Noble Lord did not know it was hardly for him (Lord BUCKMASTER) to instruct him. This was simply asking for trouble, and when Lord BIRKENHEAD's turn came to speak he denounced with devastating gravity the Noble Lord who had "borrowed from the younger peers ebullitions which added little to the dignity of the House."

"He had listened," continued Lord BIRKENHEAD, "to innumerable speeches by Lord BUCKMASTER inveighing against public-houses, but never to one speech against the evil, as great and probably far greater, furnished by the indiscriminate multiplication of Liberal and other clubs. Yet even the inexhaustible energies of the HOME SECRETARY were beating in vain against this social mischief, and their Lordships must have observed with pain that the mother-in-law of two Members of that House had recently incurred the censure of the Court."

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER does not often come off second best from a duel of wits, but to-day in the person of Commander OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON he found an antagonist worthy of his steel. The Commander invited the Chancellor to consider making good the loss of the duty on kerosene by an extra duty on Russian oil. "Impracticable!" replied Mr. CHURCHILL. "Might the House have an opportunity of discussing the matter some time?" asked Commander LOCKER-LAMPSON mildly. Mr. CHURCHILL really could not say. For several hours on the previous day they had had a discussion on the duty on petrol, "during which unfortunately they had not had the benefit of his hon. and gallant friend's observations."

"Is not the right hon. gentleman aware that private Members may not advocate an increase of duty?" asked the Commander, with that dangerous glint in his eye at which the Communists have long since learned to quail. Mr. CHURCHILL admitted that that was so, adding, to hide his discomfiture, something about its being possible to raise "relative considerations and contingent possibilities."

The House plunged anew into the Committee stage of the Finance Bill, and kept plunging to such good purpose

that by 7.5 o'clock A.M. on Wednesday morning, as London was rising up to buy and sell again, it had reached Clause 14.

Wednesday, June 27th.—"A fabulous figure to millions of people!" exclaimed Mr. CLYNES, holding up horrified hands at the proposed pension of four thousand pounds a year for Mr. WHITLEY. The House smiled cynically, for was it not that same Mr. CLYNES who, when the Labour Government was in power, had his salary as Lord Privy Seal raised from two thousand to five thousand pounds a year?

The House smiled again, but not cynically, when Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY was enlarging on the tremendous discrepancy between the wealth of the well-to-do and the poverty of the poor. The complacent altruism (at another's expense) of the Member for Central Hull was too much for Sir COOPER RAWSON. "Will the hon. and gallant gentleman explain why he does not give away his Rolls-Royce and get a Baby Austin?"

"I do think it should be possible to keep the personal note out of the discussion," replied the hon. and gallant gentleman complainingly. He did not explain why he has not given away his Rolls Royce, but the reason why he has not got a Baby Austin required no explaining. Squeezing the Biblical camel through the eye of a needle would be child's play to compressing Labour's largest exponent into the world's smallest car.

There is no man in the House who can be modest with such telling results as Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. Mr. GARRO-JONES in a Supplementary Question asked if the FOREIGN MINISTER did not think it time, after ten years, to evacuate the Rhineland. Sir AUSTEN suggested that the hon. Member should consult his leader as to why he put a period of fifteen years in the Treaty. "Was not the FOREIGN SECRETARY a member of the Cabinet at that time?" asked another Member. Sir AUSTEN admitted the soft impeachment. "But," he added, "my right hon. friend is a better authority on the authorship of the Treaty."

It has been said that to the untutored Western eye all Chinamen look alike. Similar reasons, perhaps, make all Arabian potentates sound alike to Mr. MALONE. He asked about the dropping of bombs on the Imam Ibn Saud. Mr. AMERY explained that the Imam was not IBN SAUD and IBN SAUD was not an Imam.

". . . what an Imam really is
He may know; I count it one of ALLAH'S mysteries."

Somebody, apparently, on whom one drops bombs.

Thursday, June 28th.—The dog may still be the friend of man, but he will not be the friend of the nobleman once the news of Lord CRANBROOK'S Dogs Act (Amendment) Bill gets abroad. For none was found, on the motion for its second reading, to plead for the maintenance unimpaired of Fido's ancient Common Law right to his first bite. True the Bill does not seek to abolish



WINSTON'S ONLY WAY.

that right altogether, but it does seriously seek to curtail it by removing fowls from the ranks of possible victims to the well-protected class of domestic animals which the laws thereunto appertaining designate "cattle."

This is a serious matter, because, as everyone knows, Fido, in nine cases out of ten where he decides to become a "massacre dog," turns his attention either to Rhode Island reds or errand-boys. Legislation in favour of the latter class would never have been thought of even in the House of Lords, but the hen is different. The hen may not be the friend of man—you have only to watch one in a bed of seedling cabbages to realise that it never can be—but it is the mother of the egg. True, it is largely an alien mother, as was later in the day revealed to the House of Commons by Mr. JOHNSON, who, discussing the Agricultural Produce Bill, pointed out that Chinese hens laid us eighty-three million cluckberries annually, Egyptian hens eighty million, and Polish, Irish, Danish, Finnish and other hens countless millions more.

That the ancients did not deify the hen, as they did all other productive things, is probably due to its way of looking at one. Lord CRANBROOK did not speak of his Bill as removing a long-standing injustice, but it clearly envisages a day when the industrious purveyor of hen fruit will come into her own.

A pleasing atmosphere of grey toppers and white spats enlivened in the Commons what would otherwise have been the dismal ceremony of setting up the guillotine for the Rating and Valuation Bill. The festal attire was all confined to one side of the House—Downing Street was giving a Conservative garden-party—but it affected even those whose innumerous amendments the guillotine was designed to execute. Mr. GREENWOOD'S amiable delivery belied his indignant accents. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was not even indignant. "A very useful little instrument, though I say it myself," was the substance of his speech, though he thought the Government might have confined itself to one large culminating chop, leaving the Opposition to spread out its nine allotted days as it thought best. A protest by the Liberal-Scottish contingent, that not enough time was allowed for discussion of the Bill's fundamental effect on Scottish rating, fared better, Sir JOHN GILMOUR generously conceding another half-day for that purpose.

And so to the marking of the cold-storage egg, for which Mr. GUINNESS found an unexpected ally in the Labour Member for Dundee. But then eggs are expected to be eggs in the City of Cakes.

Another Triumph for the Bricklayer.

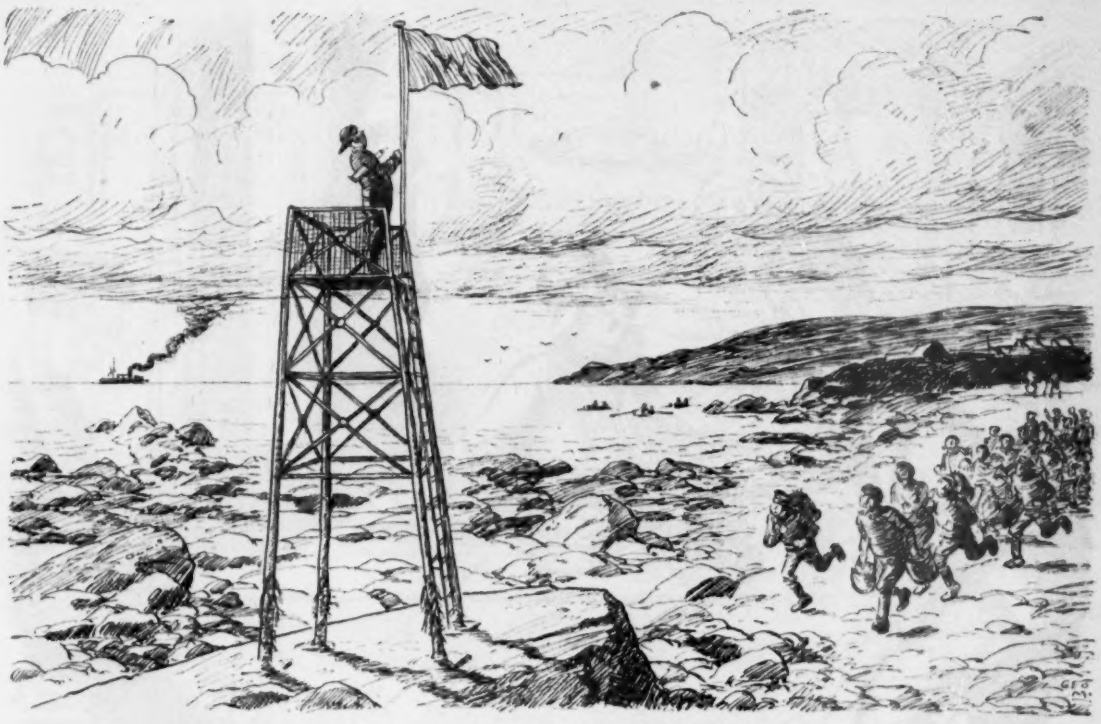
"At Tottenham. Fine upstanding house, main road."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

Commercial Candour.

"Nothing is ever lost until you try a —— Lost and Found Ad.—Reaches 25,000 daily."
Canadian Paper.

"KING'S CROSS FOR SCOTLAND."
Railway Poster.

We are determined not to let them have Euston as well.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

SIGNALLING THE APPROACH OF A SCHOOL OF WINKLES.

"THE MUCKLE HART."

(A memory of CHARLES ST. JOHN'S "Wild Sports.")

BEST of the beasts of the printed fable
Or the fact imprinted—the stage was set,
Elbows down on a schoolroom table,
Firelight winking and windows wet
Pop-eyed, then did I pore where ST. JOHN
Whistled a boy through a magic door
To meet a Destiny (Honest Injun)—
The Muckle Hart of his high Benmore.

Was ever such ground to "pick up" a stag on?
Beasts have been of a later day;
Did not I love a Reluctant Dragon?
And Krag, the Ram of the Kootenay?
Baloo I've cherished, I've watched Kaa clear a
City of apes with a sinuous art,
And I've seen the dance of the daft Bagheera,
But where's the likes of the Muckle Hart?

With *Jan* I've closed on a Clouded Tiger;
I've stood with *Allan* (old *Quatermain*)
Where lions charged with "a grunting, dry ger-
rumph" (oh, never to charge again);
And *Moti Guj*, with a tusk most scatheful,
Has chivied me all in an Eastern sun;
But still, but still you shall find me faithful
To my dark Benmore and its Muckle One.

For *how* I have read (oh, that *Crusoe* feeling!)
And, reading, bent to his kingly slot,
And *how* I have followed by burn and shealing,
In storm, in shine, till I took the shot!

Ah, what if I've toyed with a ton of others,
He, he shall stand when the *janwars* pall,
For oh, and exceedingly oh, my brothers,
The Hart, I fell for him first of all!

Best of my beasts in fact and fable—
The fire was bright and the pane was wet,
The book lay wide on a schoolroom table—
That's how it was on the day we met;
Chin in the cleft of the hands a-hollow,
Eyes that popped at a golden lore—
Yes, that was the way when I went to follow
First the Hart of Benmore, Benmore.

P. R. C.

Family Contracts.

"The writer, after making a purchase at the above-mentioned factory, happened to sit down with his wife and three children supplied by —— Bros., and greatly appreciated by we Dublin people."
From a letter to a Dublin Paper.

Us English people don't care to get our ties ready-made.

The Compleat Cannibal.

"Francis Bacon praised the strawberry for its 'excellent cordial' effects. Linnæus recommended that the fruit be plentifully eaten for the relief of gout; and Izaak Walton eaten for the relief of gout."
Birmingham Paper.

"JERUSALEM, Sunday.

The formalities connected with his extradition having been concluded, the Palestinian later he escaped, and for sixteen years had was captured in March last, is now to be sent back to the French penal colony to complete his sentence."—*Daily Paper.*

Perhaps this sentence had better not have been begun.



American Tourist (to his son, who is complaining about the abominable food supplied at an English country inn). "SAY, JUNIOR, CUT THAT OUT. *RE*-MEMBER YOU 'RE IN ANCIENT ENGLAND, AND PRABABLY *ASS*-ISTING AT A MEDIÆVAL CERE-*MONY*!"

SAM SEALYHAM.

(Being an Extract from his Owner's Diary.)

16th.—I suppose the habit of burying bones goes back to a very early period of canine history (being a phase of the squirrel-and-nut principle), so we cannot justly blame our bright little Sam for his inherited propensities. At the same time his selection of my herbaceous border as the invariable site for his funeral rites is a little disconcerting. My delphiniums—but if one goes in for a dog one must expect minor inconveniences.

17th.—Two excavations in the border to-day and three Canterbury bells uprooted. Some people would have been annoyed, but not I. "Here," I said to myself, "is a young and amiable animal, gleaming with intelligence, who has inherited a habit of burying bones. What is the right course for a man of humane temperament to pursue with him? The answer came in a flash. Taking a trowel and summoning Sam, I disinterred the two bones in his presence and carried them to the bottom of the garden, where I have a bit of rough ground. There, with studied elaboration, I buried them, still in Sam's presence. I wish I could have made a drawing of his happy alert face as he watched me. At first he seemed puzzled, then delight fairly poured from him and he danced round in ecstasy.

"There you are," I said; "you can bury as many as you like here; it is your bit of garden."

It is distinctly interesting, this endeavour to get inside the dog mind, and, though I have so little experience, I feel somehow that I have a flair for it. Twice more during the day I took him down the garden and solemnly buried a bone; I am almost sure he understands now.

18th.—I suppose the dog mind is really more labyrinthine than one imagines. Sam has somehow misinterpreted the purport of yesterday's operations and has apparently formed the opinion that I too am a member of the bone-burying fraternity. While I was in the garden this morning he brought a large and angular bone and planked it down at my feet. The family fairly rose at him.

"Oh, the darling!" they cried; "he wants you to go and bury it."

Frankly I was not displeased; it showed the idea was beginning to take root. Fetching a trowel, I went once more through the funeral function (though Sam's attitude was really more hymeneal). I did this without misgiving, and it was not until the operation had been repeated four more times in the course of the day that I began to have doubts. It is all very well for the family to say, "Oh, the darling! He wants you to bury it," but there is obviously a limit to the number of times one can pad down the garden and inter a bone for the benefit of a happy dog. Besides, I want him to get on to the next phase.

19th.—The matter is becoming serious; Sam produced fourteen bones to-day and seems to have no idea of burying them himself either in the herbaceous border or the place I have allotted to him. He just brings the confounded things along and places them joyously at my feet, saying (with eyes and ears), "Here you are, my dear old fellow-conspirator—another glorious funeral!" Where he finds them all I can't imagine; certainly our appetites for meat in the domestic circle cannot account for their numbers. I have glared at him (power of the human eye)



THE NEW STAR IN THE FILM FIRMAMENT.

SUGGESTED TYPICAL *RÔLES* FOR MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, WHO, IN THE MOVIÉTONE AT THE NEW GALLERY, GIVES AN IMPERSONATION OF SIGNOR MUSSOLINI.

and waved to the bottom of the garden (power of suggestion), but he simply wags his stump of a tail and indicates the recumbent bone.

Mrs. Marshall was here to tea in the afternoon, and she suddenly startled me by asking, "Do you find it difficult to train your dog?" Instinctively I glanced down at Sam, and to my horror saw that something resembling the framework of a rabbit was lying at my feet.

"Well," I said, covering it as much as I could, "I am trying—er—moral suasion; animals require moral suasion, you know."

"They do," she answered, and it struck me there was something unnecessarily dogmatic in her tone. After all, anyone can thrash a dog, but the humane man seeks another and better way. It is not easy, though.

20th.—A dreadful happening in church; I go hot when I think of it. The doors are, of course, kept open now, and in the middle of the sermon I was appalled to see Sam walk up the aisle carrying what looked like a spinal section of a dinosaurus. I strove to ignore him and concentrate on the sermon, but the clever dog, after sniffing at the members of the congregation who occupied seats adjacent to the aisle, detected me and, trotting up, deposited the ghastly relic just outside my pew. After which he indicated a desire for me to adjourn for the funeral.

There was no help for it; I had to act. I do not know what impression I conveyed as I walked out with my hat and gloves in one hand and the evil-looking bone in the other, but I know the Marshalls smiled in an irritating sort of way and our worthy Vicar looked distinctly peeved. Sam, serenely happy, trotted along behind me.

What he thought of our subsequent interview I cannot say, but I know now that there are some aspects of a dog's intelligence which only react to STICK.

"A defendant at Hanley Police Court to-day talked like a character from Dickens. Some of his phrases—highly reminiscent of Mrs. Malaprop—were: 'The payments were disemburgements.' 'I contend that the money was mutilitated from my wages.'"

Staffordshire Paper.

Reminiscent too of SHERIDAN'S *Mrs. Gamp.*

AT THE PLAY.

RUSSIAN BALLET (HIS MAJESTY'S).

The new STRAVINSKY ballet, *Apollo Musagetes*, was hailed with delighted enthusiasm by those clever young persons who make up the more vociferous section of M. SERGE DIAGHILEFF'S many admirers. I thought I detected a slight hesitation, as of puzzlement, among the elderly and less quick-witted. The paths of modernism are steep, and old fogeys, however painstakingly alert they may be, find it increasingly difficult to follow the divagations of the experimentalists. We have haunting memories of a beauty which enthralled us in the past when M. DIAGHILEFF was merely a revolutionary, not a modernist. Now we are more frequently startled or exasperated—even sometimes, let us confess, a trifle bored. No doubt "movement" is necessary, but need one believe that all movements, without regard to direction, are equally admirable?



STEPS TO PARNASSUS.

Terpsichore, Calliope and Polymnia . . . . MMES. ALICE NIKITINA, LUBOV TCHERNICHEVA AND FELIA DOUBROVSKA.

Apollo Musagetes . . . . . M. SERGE LIFAR.

Mr. IGOR STRAVINSKY has apparently invented the general outline of this "piece without a plot" for which, in yet another of his many moods, a mood strangely enough of classical *pastiche* not of iconoclasm, he has written the music. The significance of this ballet, whether in detail or in general, is so difficult to seize that one has little attention to give to the music and therefore may rightly hesitate to pass judgment upon it at a first hearing. If we accept the composer's newly-assumed technique as an attempt to give an appropriate setting to his classical theme we shall have to put ourselves into a distinctly neo-classical mood to appreciate M. BALANCHIN'S choreography and M. BAUCHANT'S *décor* and costumes.

The drop-curtain shows us one of those naïve Utopian scenes now so common, into which several exaggeratedly cretinous females not designed in the Praxitelean mode have apparently strayed from the local hostel for the feeble-minded. It rises to disclose a cave with *Leto* (Madame SOPHIE ORLOVA) astride the mouth of a cave whence in due course hops the golden-haired sun-god (M. SERGE LIFAR) in swaddling clothes.

Two attendant goddesses (Mmes. DORA VADIMOVA and HENRIETTE MAIKERSKA), having unceremoniously unswaddled him, tactfully revealing abbreviated white swathings that partially concealed blood-red pants, the god hesitatingly tries his admirable limbs. Gaining skill from exercise he proceeds to various extremely odd gymnastic feats, such as lying on his stomach upon the upturned soles of a goddess's feet, after the manner of those who would learn the first principles of the breast-stroke. Essaying the sitting posture he disdains, conceivably out of ignorance, the simple method adopted by mere mortals, and god-like hurls himself sideways at the rock and, not surprisingly, makes a poor landing—at which crisis a grimace, whether of anguish or of stifled amusement, spread over the features of M. LIFAR, who till that moment had resolutely avoided expressing any recognisable emotion.

Proceeding with his business, which is the founding of three Museships, *Apollo* inducts three goddesses (clad inevitably, perhaps, in muslin skirts but, less intelligibly, wearing the neatest of Deauville bathing-caps) into their new offices: *Terpsichore* (Madame ALICE NIKITINA) for the control of choral dance and song; *Calliope* (Madame LUBOV TCHERNICHEVA) for epic poetry, and *Polymnia* (Madame FELIA DOUBROVSKA) for the sublime ode. This done, a four-in-hand chariot that had evidently been borrowed for the occasion out of the property-room of the *Chauve-Souris* is slung down from the flies to take the new god to the peaks of Olympus.

I have not the faintest notion what it all signified, and while it was obvious that the technical achievement—particularly in the difficult slow tortuous

movements—was admirable, it was difficult to catch any hint of beauty in the design. One remembered NIJINSKY, the faun, and the lovely shy nymphs in the brake, and had to remind oneself sternly that that sort of thing is simply not done nowadays. It isn't in the mode.

The gaiety of *Cimarosiana* and the old-fashioned graces and pantomime splendours of *The Fire Bird* seemed to me much more worth the enthusiasm of the first-night reception than this latest of the DIAGHILEFF experiments. What a tiresome thing it is to be behind one's time! T.

"SAMSON AND THE PHILISTINES" (LITTLE).

Passionately preferring the delights of intellectual conversation in the *foyer* to assembling in their stalls, the enlightened members of the International Theatre were responsible for the curtain rising a full twenty minutes late on SVEN LANGE'S *Samson and the Philistines*, which is bad, because it irritates the ordinary Philistine and makes the players nervous.

Evidently in Denmark they still take the poet in the theatre seriously. We have of course entirely banished him from ours. *Peter Krumbak*, the poet, has written a play in verse, *Samson and Delilah*, a grim and savage satire. He has married a wife, a gipsy—whether a gipsy by blood or merely by temperament was not quite clear to me. He is passionately, slavishly in love with his *Dagmar*. Her ardour has evidently cooled. She doesn't like the way he dresses or eats; she has not read his play, which has been sent to the *Director* of the Thalia Theatre, where she is leading lady. Evidently *Sophus Meyer*, the successful furniture-dealer, has captured her wandering fancy. But she can lie quite successfully about it "before God" to her simple-minded poet, who humbly waits for sham crumbs of love to be thrown to him.

The play has been accepted. The *Stage Manager* thinks it poor stuff, at any rate from a box-office point of view. The *Director* however sees the hand of genius in it and, against his commercial judgment, insists on the production. In rehearsal the poet finds that the passionate love-passages he has written in *Delilah's* part are obviously addressed by his wife to the complacent *Sophus*, who is in the theatre to supply the furniture and fabrics. *Peter* savagely assaults his rival, wanders into the woods and returns after many days of hunger and despair to find his wife in *Meyer's* arms, with her theatrical friends drinking his wine and eating his sandwiches. With the gesture of SAMSON bringing down the pillars of his house upon himself and his enemies he drives them terror-stricken into the street. Only remains the *Director* to soften his despair by suggesting that he is well rid of a baggage and free to devote his life to poetry—though he puts the matter a shade more tactfully.



A PARTIAL DRESS-REHEARSAL.

Lundberg (as Samson) . . . . MR. GEORGE PRESTON.
Dagmar Krumbak (as Delilah) . MISS OLGA LINDO.



THE UNSUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHT'S SOLACE.

Laura, the Maid (Miss SYLVIA WILLOUGHBY), to Peter Krumbak (Mr. ION SWINLEY). "SORRY TO SYE A NICE POETIC GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU, SIR, TAKING TO DRINK."

It seemed to me there was going to be sound meat in this play, though I had my misgivings when I saw what a tailor's dummy of a man *Sophus Meyer* was. No mate for a gipsy, this. Whether the producer had insisted on a cruder brand of comic relief than the author intended, I do not quite know. I should think it probable. Anyhow when we came to the rehearsal scene, with the actor who played *Samson* exaggerating his ineffectiveness to the point of imbecility, it was clear that the laughs were gained at the expense of the serious structure of the play. Clearly there was amusement to be extracted from the rehearsal scene, and the poet himself was supposed to have a sardonic sense of humour; but to play it as a farce was, I feel sure, to flout the author's intentions.

Mr. ION SWINLEY made for us a living, angry, jealous, deeply-suffering man out of *Krumbak* and carried the play on his shoulders. An interesting performance. Perhaps Miss OLGA LINDO was miscast for the part of the wife—didn't feel happy in it—as she certainly played below her form. Of Mr. GEORGE SKILLAN'S portrait of the lover I am quite sure it was badly out of drawing, and would venture to suggest that the play is enough to deserve the alteration of method necessary to make it convincing. Mr. RICHARD COKE was effectively amusing as the bored and cynical *Stage Manager*, and Mr. ROBERT LANG contributed a careful study of the old *Director* who sympathises with the young poet.

"MICHAEL ORME" and Miss KITTY WILLOUGHBY have translated the play successfully into our native idiom, perhaps with too conscientious an effort to be bright and slangful. It runs easily and naturally, however, and that is much to be thankful for. T.

HAVING FLOWN.

I KNOW that men fly
For the purpose of business and war,
And that is a thing that I worship them for
And admire beyond measure;
But I do not know why
They should want us to fly
For pleasure.
If they do, let me freely admit
I regard the whole thing as a bore
And I am not attracted to it.
I have a cousin,
By no means a novice or tyro,
Who recently flew with two fellows named Williams and Mason
(Ten hours, or it may be a dozen)
From Baghdad to Cairo.
"Romantic!" I said to him. "Wonderful! Splendid! Sublime!"
"Ah, yes," he replied, "but you know I was using a basin
The whole of the time."
When I told him he must have a very poor head
To feel so unwell in the sky,
"Both the others," he said,
"Were very much iller than I."
I felt sad
For the lad.
As for me, one extremely short trip
In a kind of celestial ship
Was enough.
It was rough.

There are three kinds of transport or transit
Discovered by men
(Who sit down wherever they can sit,
And when):
The first is luxurious, easy,
Like big motor-cars,
And Pullmans (with bars),
And the chair that is called a sedan;
None of these makes affrighted or queasy
The spirit of man.
And the second is mingled, part pleasure, part pain,
Such as horses, and ships,
And charabanc trips,
And a slow railway train,
And a bike,
And the like.
And the third is the sort that does nothing but trammel
The soul with a sorrow profound,
And causes the features to blanch.
As a case of this kind we may instance the camel
And the Hampstead and Highgate Branch
Of the Underground.
In all of these methods of passing from spot unto spot
The comfort and atmosphere vary,
I.e., it is stuffy or airy,
And the scenery differs a lot.

Yet we still have to ask ourselves which of these three
Is flying (in future) to be.
If the answer be made,
"It is useful for trade,"
I would say, "Yes, I know, I am sorry;
But so is the lorry."
If they make the retort,
"This is sport,"
I would say, "For the driver, agreed.
I might put on this leathern apparel,
These thick overalls,
And adventure the deed.
I might also get into a barrel
And go down Niagara Falls,
Which is danger, *plus* speed."

And I want to know which is more fun
When the whole thing is done,
And what type of conveyance when once you are in it
Grows pleasanter minute by minute?
Which bores you the least
As the speed is increased?
Is it horses, or motors, or flying-machines,
Or trains,
Which give you more exquisite pains
Or delights in the passage of scenes
And the pace and the risk one attains?
Above all, which would anyone pick
As most certain to make the inside,
At some point in the course of the ride,
Sick?

Philosophy—that is the aim,
You observe, that I treasure.
I am not affected by fame
Nor the stuff in the Press
(Which I read none the less);
But I want to know why,
When the sea is still there
With its vast *mal-de-mer*,
They should want us to fly
Just for pleasure?

EVOE.

HAY FEVER: ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

(*By our Medical Correspondent.*)

THE announcement that one of the most outstanding and popular personages in the whole realm of Pastime has recently been disabled by an attack of hay fever brings home to us all the peremptory need of discovering a remedy for this distressing ailment.

Hay fever, I may remind my readers, is a malady of modern growth. It is described for the first time under the name of Summer Catarrh in the *Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society* for 1819. It is not mentioned by HIPPOCRATES. But that it existed for centuries before it was given a name is more than probable. I myself have little doubt that the opening line of BURNS's famous lyric, "Scots wha hae," refers to the affection of the mucous membranes of the upper respiratory tract due to the action of the pollen of certain grasses, as well as to the indomitable courage of his countrymen.

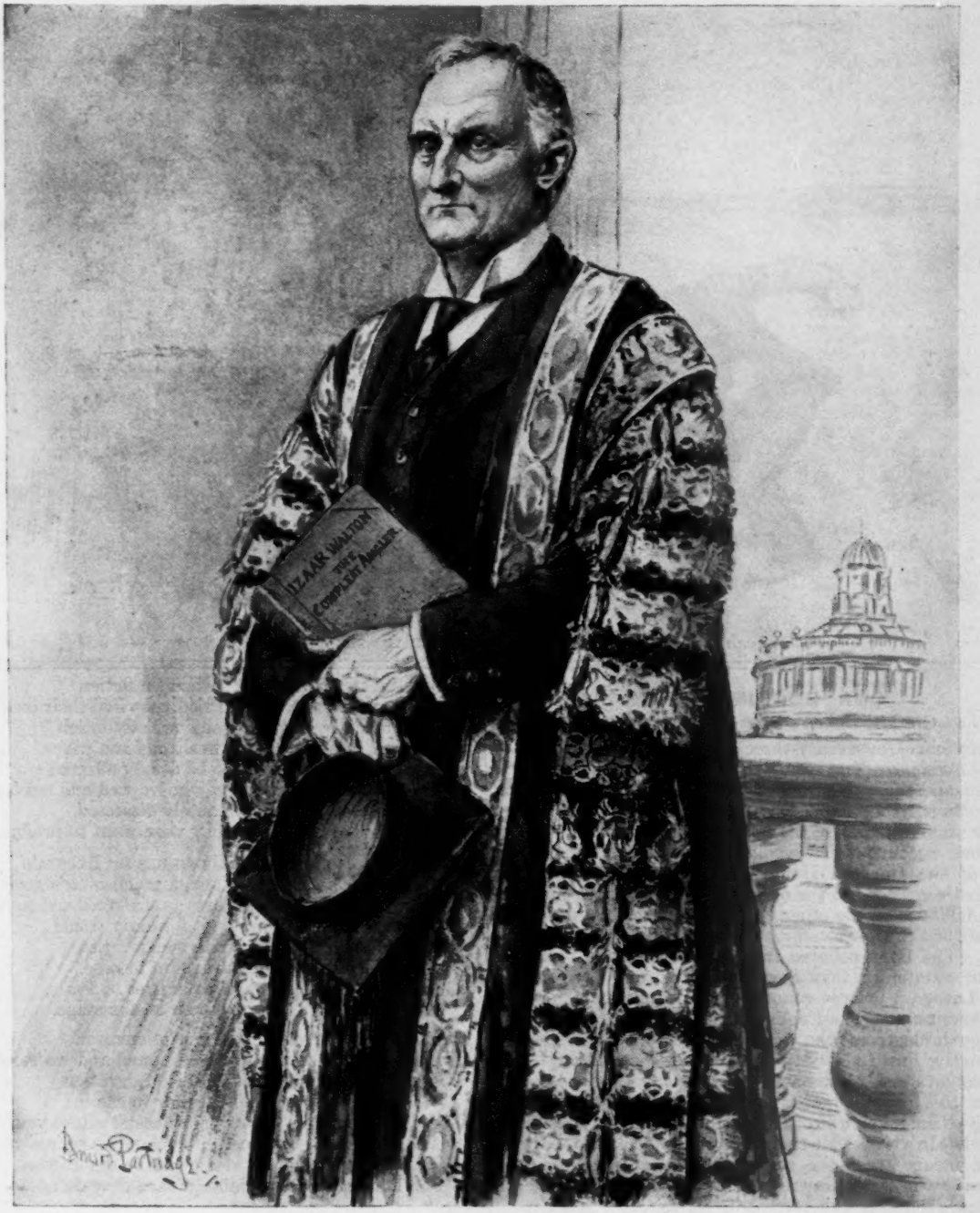
Anyhow, for the last hundred years the disease has been a household word. SYDNEY SMITH speaks of it as his "old complaint." It is on record that a famous fox-hunter, having been told that the best way to get rid of hiccoughs was to give himself a good fright, set his night-shirt on fire and made an end of his troubles and himself. I emphatically dissociate myself from recommending such rude remedies in the case of hay fever. Night-shirts are no longer worn in good society. But I maintain that a point has now been reached at which it is impossible to imagine that the acquiescence of the civilized world in this infliction as a necessary evil can endure any longer. For the situation has suddenly become menacing and acute in view of the fact that public characters who really count are, as we shall presently show, peculiarly liable to this terrible visitation.

As my readers will remember I have always recommended persons in incipient stages of influenza to go to bed and remain there until the symptoms have abated. Unfortunately this counsel is not applicable to athletes and amazons who are under an obligation to the public to fulfil their engagements at all hazards. Now those engagements and performances are for the most part carried out, in this country at any rate, on grass courts or cricket fields. *If there were no grass there would be no hay, and if there were no hay there would be no hay fever.* Moreover the complaint is more common among women than men (see *Ency. Brit. sub voc.* "Hay Fever").

From the same massive and monumental monograph I may cite the authoritative declaration that the only radical cure is *to avoid all vegetation.*

In these circumstances the maintenance of grass courts at Wimbledon cannot be defended. The sacrifices they involve are far too great, especially as signs are not wanting that hay fever may at any moment assume epidemic proportions as devastating as influenza. From the point of view of the medical journalist this contingency can be contemplated with equanimity. But the interests of spectacular pastime are more important even than those of the virtuosi who exploit the phobias of valetudinarianism.

Lord MELCHETT looks forward to the day when the cow will be eliminated and synthetic milk produced directly from grass. In the millennium the process will be carried a step further: pasture lands, the nursery and hot-bed of hay fever, will be abolished, and lactic fluid procured by wireless transmission from the inexhaustible supplies of the Milky Way.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

LXXII.—VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON.

IN this superb disguise he goes
Where JOWETT once improved his prose;
But woodland song and IZAAK'S way
Still hold "the heart of Edward Grey."



Ferocious Instructor. "NAE THEN, MISS, UNWIND YERSELF AN' CANE 'IM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONLY four of the seventy-three letters in *Queen Elizabeth and Some Foreigners* (THE BODLEY HEAD) have ever been printed before, and those in an out-of-the-way German compilation sixty-three years ago. The rest, secreted in the Vienna State archives, awaited the fall of the HAPSBURGS to render up their account of the wooing of ELIZABETH TUDOR by a son of the Imperial House—nine years of ceremonially masked eagerness on the one side and astute but inexplicable dalliance on the other. The Archduke CHARLES, third son of the Emperor FERDINAND, was a highly popular candidate. The POPE believed that his union with ELIZABETH would counteract that Sovereign's reforming tendencies. The Lutheran princes counted on ELIZABETH'S reforming the ARCHDUKE. The English nobles were all for a kingly foreign bridegroom who would put an end to the menace of a native husband—"My Lord Robert" or another. And the knights and commoners, "three parts Catholic," says one of the Imperial ambassadors, found it "difficult . . . to change their religion so often," and wanted to get something settled. In view of all this good will it is hard to see why the marriage went the way of less auspicious projects. Ostensibly it was shipwrecked on two obstacles, which I will leave the letters themselves to divulge; but it is almost impossible not to suspect some ulterior difficulty on the part of the QUEEN. Herr VICTOR VON KLARWELL, the accomplished editor of *The Fugger Newsletters*, has not, I feel, surpassed himself in his introduction; but his notes are extremely interesting, and Professor NASH'S translation of the whole book is graceful and clear. Two diaries of German travels in Elizabethan England and a generous abundance of portraits and documents reproduced add considerably to the value of a noteworthy historical windfall.

Now that it 's firmly established (in fiction)
That mortals, though married, may live their own lives
Unhampered by any old-fashioned restriction
Implied by the union of husbands and wives,
We 've most of us ceased to be deeply affected
By tales of young women who 've wed and cut loose,
And even their motives, minutely dissected,
Are short of the thrills they were wont to produce.

It thus comes about that MERCEDES DE ACOSTA'S
Until the Day Break, although much of it 's good,
Does not leave our nerve-fibres as shattered and tossed as
Such intimate soul-probings formerly would;
Unruffled we read how the heroine marries
A wealthy American, leaves him to rage,
Goes off with a sculptor, then hurries to Paris,
And finally lands with success on the stage.

We share all her varying shades of emotion
(Or tantrums, to use their old name) and we 're quite
Unaffectedly dazed at the depths of devotion
Which these on occasion appear to excite;
For, though she 's a beauty, she doesn't allure you,
And, though in her story (from LONGMANS) we 've got
A style and an insight which ought to assure you
She 's living and breathing, in fact they do not.

Sir WALTER R. LAWRENCE has exchanged hats, as a pledge of brotherhood, with the late Sir PERTAB SINGH of Jodhpur, one of India's greatest heroes, has conversed with a lady of English birth long happily married in the Indian family into which she was kidnapped as a child in Mutiny days, and has been reproached by a disappointed *faqir* in a land-settlement case for turning his affairs topsy-turvy, the complainant coming before him walking on his hands, feet in air, to emphasise the injury done to him. Most surprising of all,

he has bought five eggs and a quart of milk for a penny. This last was in Kashmir, the country which, as he tells us in *The India We Served* (CASSELL), he learned to love best in his many years of most varied Indian service. His book, which was written at the instance of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, possesses to a rare degree that quality which is peculiarly Mr. KIPLING'S own, of transforming India into a place of magic enchantment, a land where faith is robed in squalor and contentment mated with poverty, where astrologers are in regular and accepted practice, where "keepers of the jewels" stay for ever near their charge, and where a lady in distress may still send a token to an unknown knight, counting on rescue in the name of chivalry. The writer's sympathetic sketch of the late Lord CURZON, whom he served as private secretary, is alone enough to make this volume notable, and he is able both to throw light on certain chapters of inner history and to express a well-informed opinion on vexed questions of the present day; but it is for none of these things that his work is most to be commended. He is at his best when telling how he would listen and talk amid a circle of villagers, his liking and unforced sympathy for the humble people manifest in every line.

Comfortless Memory (HEINEMANN) belongs to that interesting class, the long short story of the *Daisy Miller* type, rather than to the novel proper. The mould suits Mr. MAURICE BARING admirably, and, I should say from my own experience, suits his readers too. His world, which has something of the *cathédrale engloutie* about it, is unsuited to the prolonged immersion of a breathless modern public; even his pleasantest types are a little exhausting to live with, and he has surpassed himself in the present instance over the intimate portrait of a contrite middle-aged cad. We all remember the BROWNING celebrity who filched a lady of easy virtue from a youthful friend for the friend's own good. The celebrity won the woman; he also won the undying hatred of the youth, and he was left "no hero" to himself with a superfluous *demi-mondaine* on his hands. In Mr. BARING'S version the youth, *Charles Donne*, a painter, is only a pretext. The celebrity, *St. Clair*, a man of letters, loves a situation for its own sake. He also subconsciously loves *Jenny*, a ROSSETTI *Jenny à la Watteau* very charmingly indicated. In an extraordinary access of hypocrisy he completes his baseness by discussing his stratagem with acquaintances, one of whom, an *abbé*, warns him of its gross impertinence. The enlargement by the *abbé*, an expert in souls, and *Donne*, a simple workman in paint, on the folly of the artist presuming to stage-manage life, comes as it were on the crest of that breaking wave which is *St. Clair's* colossal self-confidence. His tragedy, for tragedy it is, is gracefully staged in and about Rome and Naples, in that cosmopolitan society where intellectual attitudinising is allowed by immemorial licence to take the place of action.



MEMBERS OF THE "GUILD OF NATURE-LOVERS" PASSING A PETROL-STATION.

Until *The Old Tree Blossomed* (CASSELL) came my way I was among the (surely) very few people who had never read a word written by Mr. ERNEST RAYMOND. I cannot therefore say whether it is a better book or a worse than those which have won him popularity, but I can certainly welcome it as one which has given me plenty of pleasure. Mr. RAYMOND writes with gusto, that quality desiderated by so great a critic as HAZLITT. He does not, like so many of his contemporaries, regard his creatures with an indifferent or an ironical eye, but takes a sympathetic interest in their fortunes and likes not only to present them dramatically but to chat about them in confidential asides, as FIELDING and THACKERAY did before him. His theme is the Quixotic heart beating beneath the suburban waistcoat, as exemplified by two generations of *Gallimores*—clerks senior and junior in a great emporium near Sloane Square—whose ancestors genealogical research had discovered to be troubadours and crusaders. In *Robert*, realising himself late in life, the family temper manifested itself mainly in dreams and dramas of the spirit and in the timid and secret worship of a *princesse lointaine*. *Stephen*, in whom the strain ran stronger, dashed into chivalrous matrimony with a waitress. His consequent distresses were his own fault, for *Florrie* was a charming

young woman; but circumstances had made *Stephen* over-fastidious and given his idealism the complexion of snobbery. Then came the War and his chance. Khaki and pips opened to him for a moment the gateway of an enchanted garden, then led him to the great adventure of Dunsterforce and a heroic if unnecessary death. It is a human and probable story, and if *Robert* and *Stephen Gallimore* are its outstanding figures, all the others, especially their wives, are delicately portrayed and as alive as they.

As far as I am concerned, Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK may be as dull as he likes. His *Nonsense Novels* enlisted me for life, and as long as he cares to write I must continue to read. This is not merely gratitude; there is also a certain, if decreasing, measure of hope. I shall never be able to say that I have "finished" with Mr. LEACOCK, for he remains one of the great laughter-makers of his time. But whereas I once did not know when the great laugh was coming I now know very definitely when it is not. When Mr. LEACOCK starts worrying an idea to death I know that I can miss the next three or four pages and lose nothing. Here in his latest book, *Short Circuits* (THE BODLEY HEAD), he has a series of dialogues illustrating the truth that experts do not practise what they preach. The idea is not new; it is at least as old as the proverb that shoemakers' children are the worst shod, and after Mr. LEACOCK has shown us *Mr. Hoyle* making a sad mess of a bridge-hand there was really nothing more to be said. The most simple-minded reader could have guessed that *Mrs. Beaton's* dinner-party would be a failure, that the famous memory-expert would mislay his things, and that the maker of a celebrated safety-razor would be forced to grow a beard. *Short Circuits* has more than its share of this needless elaboration, but there is good in it as well, and enough of it to permit the hope that Mr. LEACOCK may get back to his best form at any moment.



Girl. "MOTHER, CORRECT ALFIE. 'E 'S SWEARIN' WIV' 'IS MOUF FULL."

It is always easy to adopt an attitude of high-browed superiority with reference to popular fiction of the "best seller" type. None the less it is impossible to get away from the fact that a book which is capable of attracting and retaining the interest of readers in large numbers must have something about it worth looking for. The work of Miss RUBY M. AYRES, of which her new story, *Broken* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), is a representative example, is a case in point. Her hero, *Giles Chittenham*, unhappily married to a vulgar little American, deliberately lays himself out to trifle with the affections of *Julie Farrow*, believing her to be the woman whose heartlessness was responsible for the suicide of his young half-brother, *Rodney*. Unfortunately for both parties *Giles* falls in love with her in the process and finds out too late that she is not the guilty *Julie* after all. She embarks on a reckless career of night-clubs, lipstick and cocktails, and only the elimination of *Chittenham's* inconvenient wife by an opportune fall from the window of a nursing-home finally straightens out the tangle. People don't, of course, act or talk like these people of Miss AYRES, and her plot is thoroughly machine-made. But she handles her indifferent material with a degree of workmanlike competence and of the story-telling gift (a quality as unmistakable as it is difficult to define) worthy of a better cause.

Singing River (LONGMANS) will not appeal to the sophisticated, and it is even possible that some of us who unashamedly admit an affection for old-fashioned tales of sentiment may find its music a little too sweet for our taste. *Mary Martin*, the youthful owner of Singing River Farm, in New England, was mourning the death of her faithful foreman when an applicant for the post appeared out of the blue and was engaged to fill the vacancy. She was quick to discover that there was a mystery about his past, but, like a sensible young woman, she refrained from probing it. I applaud her abstinence, though it is true that, after a brief acquaintance with this man, I was convinced that whatever cloud hung over his life was due to misfortune and not to misdemeanour, and for once I guessed right. It is a very simple story, but Miss ALICE DE FORD has peopled it with as happy and joyous a bevy of children as I have met for many a long day.

Gallant Adventure (THE ST. CATHERINE PRESS) is the Toc. H. Annual for 1928, and by spending half-a-crown in the purchase of it you will not only be helping the Prince of Wales' Fund for the endowment of Toc H, but also have the satisfaction of buying a bargain. High compliments are due to Major E. A. BELCHER for the able manner in which he has edited this Annual, and for his success in enlisting so distinguished a team of contributors. Both in literature and art they have given of their best to assist a cause that is as worthy of help as it is in need of it.

That lively Bohemian, KAREL ČAPEK, inventor of Robots, setting out to tell us *How a Play is Produced* (BLES), treats the whole affair as rather a bad joke on the poor author. Not, of course, that he is serious: the whole book is a light-hearted rag (of which the humour is not eliminated by the translator, Mr. P. BEAUMONT WADSWORTH), but he conveys a good deal of real information about the complicated, indeed, as he passionately asserts, miraculous process of translating the author's script into the first-night performance through a series of processes which look like stark lunacy, conducted by an elaborate hierarchy of men and women having the air of stark lunatics. Pathetic in its truth to life is his description of the agonies of the miserable author, despised by producer and player alike, of his shrinking behind the curtain of his box wishing he were dead and wondering how ever he could have supposed that any intelligent audience would be entertained by stuff so crude and unlikely. Through this camouflage of jokes appears the author's real love of the stage and admiration of its servants of all grades.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that several morning papers are arranging to send their war-correspondents to America for the Presidential election.

* * *

According to Mr. INGLEBY ODDIE general practitioners are not experts at post-mortem work. Ante-mortem work is more in their line.

* * *

While speaking against Mr. CHURCHILL's new surtax proposals Sir ROBERT HORNE was said to be all smiles. Hail, smiling HORNE!

* * *

Signor MUSSOLINI has declared for the abolition of the house-fly, but it would be a daring secretary who endeavoured to swat a sacrilegious insect that had settled on the DUCE's dome.

* * *

A shiny nose may be an indication of youth and health, as a medical authority asserts, but he says nothing of the danger of injury to the eyes from nose-glare.

* * *

Although lipsticks and face-powders are said to be going out of fashion, we predict that it will be some little time yet before they go out of Kensington.

* * *

Thanks to a British invention, carillons of bells weighing fifty tons and more may now be played by a child. Our inventors are always thinking of something to amuse the little ones.

* * *

England's Rugby full-back has scored his first century in first-class cricket. A feature of his play was his hitting into touch.

* * *

Even in club cricket, we read, there are some painfully slow batsmen knocking about. They should knock about more vigorously.

* * *

Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE is to join the staff of *The New York World* as dramatic critic in the autumn, when it is anticipated that he will inaugurate a campaign against the speaking of "refained" American.

* * *

Paper, it seems, is the latest material for indoor shoes and slippers. It has long been used as a substitute for leather in outdoor footwear.

Television is said to have made a notable advance when Mr. JOHN L. BAIRD transmitted the head and shoulders of a man from one room to another in broad daylight. The next step should be the transmission of his trunk.

* * *

The dragons at the Zoo have been found so responsive to petting and kindness that the reputation of this beast for ferocity is thought to have been exaggerated. ST. GEORGE doesn't seem to have understood dragons.

* * *

"The naming of roses and racehorses," says an evening paper, "becomes more and more difficult." There is the risk too of wasting a good name on an also-bloomed.

* * *

On board *The Daily Mail* steam yacht *Ceto*, which is on a voyage round the coasts, a sharp look-out is kept for *Daily Express* craft.

* * *

The success of military tattoos has led to the formation of a company to organise a touring tattoo. Those taking part in it will be known as tattoorists.

* * *

The U.S. Government is seeking to annul the marriage of a wealthy octogenarian Red Indian with a white woman who is alleged to have kidnapped him in Oklahoma, married him in Kansas and again in Missouri, to make it more binding. Our view is that as she hasn't yet married him three times he doesn't become her own property.

* * *

A scientist says that one day women will become the ruling sex. It isn't often that married men find anything to laugh about, but this statement ought to help them.

Many well-known people, we are told, make a practice of having a sleep before dinner. We ourselves prefer the practice of having a sleep before breakfast.

* * *

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE has gone away for a holiday, we read. It is expected that he will be away about five books and two plays.

* * *

Girls, we are informed, are not marrying so early as they used to. Still, they are marrying more often.

* * *

In spite of the fact that they have Prohibition in that country, America still celebrates Independence Day.

* * *

According to Mr. RHYS DAVIES, M.P., the Welsh people have never taken to horse-racing. This is just as well, for we should hate to hear in Welsh what some of them thought of the losers they backed.

* * *

The latest rumour is that a well-known confidence trickster went to the police and complained that his prospective victim walked off with the dummy notes he entrusted to him.

* * *

It is now thought that the car which jumped a wall near Bath mistook a scarecrow in a field for a pedestrian.

* * *

It was not the scythes on BOADICEA's chariot that the Romans disliked so much as her habit of holding out her right hand and then charging to the left.

* * *

It is reported that a man recently laughed for seventeen hours without stopping. We fancy we saw a suit of plus-fours like that ourselves one week-end.

* * *

The question is being asked, "Should policemen on duty chew gum?" Why not, so long as it doesn't make their helmets wobble?

* * *

Great Britain produces 117,000,000 pairs of boots and shoes per year. That is why blackbeetles always wear such a worried look.



THOUGH THEY SHARE THE FRONT GARDEN THE SMITHS AND BROWNS JEALOUSLY PRESERVE THEIR SEMI-DETACHMENT.

Things You Ought to See.

"NATURE'S WONDERS.
THE BISHOP OF RIPON AT BRIMHAM ROCKS."
North-Country Paper.

IN PRAISE OF THE SUR-TAX.

[Forty-two Unionists voted against Mr. CHURCHILL's proposal that a sur-tax should be chargeable on the income of a deceased person's estate for the year in which he dies, super-tax to the same amount having already been paid by him for the same year.]

WHEN it is time to pay my tax
I never make a noise;
I deem the payment of my due
Into the Inland Revenue
Among my holiest joys.

I pay not only what they ax,
But think with all my might
(So as to have my mind serene)
Of any charge that may have been
Left out by oversight.

For those who love to keep the law
Such pleasures cannot cloy—
Always the same, excepting when
There 's talk of super-tax, and then
They taste a super-joy.

So, now that WINSTON, with his maw
Gaping for further fees,
To other taxes adds a sur-,
I very readily concur
With that seductive wheeze.

I can't account for all this fuss
Made by his followers *(shame!)*—
A *bloc* of forty-two that jibs
At planking down two lots of dibs
To meet a single claim.

My own delight were doubled thus
By hopes of being bled
Twice over in one year of grace—
Once ere I end my earthly race,
And once when I am dead. O. S.

UNNATURAL HISTORY.

"IF there are more cows in the world than there are hairs on the tail of any one cow in the world, it follows that there must be at least two cows in the world with the same number of hairs on their tails." My cousin Jerry delivered himself of this weighty announcement, carefully placed in his mouth his last corner of toast and marmalade, wiped away the unexpended portion from his mouth and leant back in his chair.

"Do they?" asked Jill from the sideboard.

"Do they what?" retorted Jerry. His slight disappointment at Jill's apparent failure to grasp the point was tempered with a certain satisfaction that he had at all events found someone to take up his challenge.

"Do they follow cows?" she asked innocently. "Hares, I mean."

"My dear girl, if you would attend a little more closely to what I tell you, you would realise that I was not discussing hares—at least not the sort that follow cows, if they do, which they don't, I don't think."

"Say that again, old thing," murmured Timothy; "it sounds as though it would go to music rather well for a bit of low-comedy stuff: 'If they do, which they don't, I don't think, tra-la-la.'" He lapsed into a sort of pensive hum which was interrupted by the entrance of our hostess.

"Jerry was just telling us an interesting fact about cows," Jill remarked, after the usual exchange of superficial geniality that takes the place of grace at breakfast. "He was saying that he heard a tale about some cows which were pursued by rabbits and . . . . but you'd better tell your own story, Jerry."

"I'm afraid Jill wasn't really listening to what I said. I was merely stating a rather interesting mathematical fact which for the sake of simplicity I translated into terms of cows and the hairs on their tails."

"Indelicate, I call it." This from Timothy in an undertone. But our hostess just caught the words in spite of her deafness.

"I hope it is quite proper, Gerald, because, if, as I think I heard you say, the tale is a translation, perhaps it had better wait till you men are alone."

Jerry glowered in the direction of Timothy, but the look must have exploded harmlessly on the outside cover of *The Times*, behind which Timothy had gone to earth.

"All I was telling them was that if there are more cows in the world than there are hairs on the tail of any one cow in the world, it follows that there must be at least two cows in the world with the same number of hairs on their tails."

"Prove it," I said, just to encourage Jerry and draw him out.

"Well, it's like this. Let's imagine for the sake of argument that there are only three cows in the world. Now, if there are more cows in the world than there are hairs on the tail of any one cow in the world, no cow can possibly have more than two hairs on its tail, can it?"

"No, I see that," said Jill. She was evidently trying to make amends.

"Well, then, since we have only three cows to play with——"

Timothy thought it was time to contribute to the conversation with a reference to the R.S.P.C.A., and what action it took in cases of cruelty to cows. But Jerry ignored him and continued:—

"Now, if none of them can have more than two hairs on its tail, it follows that at least two of them must have either two hairs, or one hair, on their tails."

"What about one of these strange animals having no hairs whatsoever on its tail?" asked Timothy.

"Bald cows don't count, Tim dear," said Jill the loyal.

"What I have proved," continued Jerry, "in the case of three cows is equally true of any number; so we come back to the accuracy of my original statement that, if there are more cows in the world than there are hairs on the tail of any one cow in the world, it follows that there must be at least two cows in the world with the same number of hairs on their tails."

"I'm sure there are," murmured our hostess tolerantly.

"Sure there are what?" said Jerry.

"More than two cows in the world with the same number of hairs on their tails; that is, if one had the patience to count them."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

In an account of a memorial tablet to a former Headmaster of Rugby:—

"At the foot of the tablet is the text: 'Remember they that had the rule over you.'"—*London Paper.*

Tom Brown loquitur: My word, East, if we had been so casual with our cases in the old days they that had the rule over us would have made us feel it.

"NOTICE.

The Kirk-Session of Canonbie Kirk beg to intimate to the Parishioners that the Hearse is Under Repairs, and will not be available before . . ."—*Border Paper.*

Would intending clients kindly postpone their plans?



THE SICK TITAN.

MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS. "HERE'S WHAT YOU WANTED, AND I HOPE IT'LL DO YOU GOOD."

PATIENT. "WELL, IT MAY HELP A BIT. BUT WHAT I REALLY WANT IS A STIFF TRADE-REVIVER."



Film Star. "SO YOU TWO DARLINGS ARE TO BE MARRIED? WELL, WELL—WHEN ONE LOOKS BACK ONE THINKS THAT ONE'S WEDDING-DAYS WERE OFTEN THE HAPPIEST."

IRREVERENT RADIOS.

IV.

[Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, taking advantage of the removal of the B.B.C.'s ban on political propaganda and making full use of local amplifiers round the arena, is relayed from the umpire's stand at the Wembley Stadium, where he is delivering a short party oration before the dog-racing begins].

I HAVE come here to-night to tell you a thing; I have come here to tell you to put your money on a certain dog which is running in a very great race, and I will tell you at the end of my speech what the name of that dog is. It is not a dead dog. It is a live dog. It is a dog that can run very fast and jump over hurdles quicker than any other dog. It is a dog that my enemies do not like. Sir ALFRED MOND did not like my dog. It is the dog that bit him and chased him out of Caermarthen and made him jump up into the House of Lords to get his legs out of the way. (*Laughter.*) It is a very wonderful dog this, that made Sir ALFRED MOND change his coat and change his name to get away from it. (*More laughter.*) It is the dog that is winning by-elections everywhere; but the rich will not put their money on it, because it is a poor man's dog, and not a dog that is petted by the aristocracy and fed by footmen and stable-boys. It is not called Savidge nor Tote nor Tariff Reform nor Rating Reform nor Ratting Reform, nor any name like that. (*More mirth.*)

But before I tell you the name of this dog I will tell you why I am so glad to be here to-night, speaking in this great Stadium, with its magnificent grey buildings and beds of flowers, amongst so many weary workers taking their brief hour of recuperation and rest. There are a great many people, let me tell you, who do not approve of greyhound racing. (*Groans.*) Why is that? I will tell you why it is. They are rich men who do not approve of it. They are rich men who own a great deal of land (*hoots*), and they say, "We have been breeding hares on our land for hundreds of years, and breeding greyhounds and other kinds of dogs to hunt the hares. We will not let anybody else have land nor hunt hares nor keep hunting dogs. But now the poor men in England have found a way of hunting hares without our consent, without using our land, and we do not approve of it. We do not approve of it at all. It is very shocking. Poor men were not made to take pleasure in the same kind of amusement as rich men. (*Wild storms of execration.*) Why, a poor man may now own a greyhound for himself and win a race with it. How terrible that is! We do not mind horse-racing, because a poor man is never likely to own a horse. But dog-racing! What a shocking thing it is!"

The rich men who say this have got the whole land of England for themselves—all the green spaces and the beautiful rich farm land, and the woods where they keep their pheasants and their grouse, and the holes where they keep their foxes. But they grudge the poor man these few little spots of green, like the Stadium here, and the White City, and Harringay and other places, and they say to the poor man, "You ought to be content to walk about in the beautiful public parks provided for you quietly with your family. Or, if you want to do anything else, you must come out into the country and see the horse-races, which amuse us. You may have to go further to see these horse-races and it may be more expensive and take more time; and you may not see so much of the racing that is there.

But you ought to go to Ascot and to Newmarket and to Goodwood, and if you cannot see the racing at any rate you will be able to look from a distance at us, and see how beautiful we are—the people who own all the land of England and keep it for themselves. We have tall shiny hats and white waistcoats and dresses of silk and lace. (*Renewed groans.*)

They say that, and then they say also, "Look! At your Wembley races and your White City races you have not got a real hare. You have only got a mechanical hare, an electric hare. It is not even torn to pieces by the dogs and eaten alive. It disappears into a trap and vanishes away." (*Cheers.*)

Well, I have a great sympathy myself with your mechanical hare at Wembley. I think I am rather like a mechanical hare myself. (*Laughter.*) I am pursued very often; I am hunted very hard; but I am not caught. (*More laughter.*) I vanish away and disappear, and I come up again. Perhaps sometimes the sparks fly from me when I am being hunted by my enemies, and if they come up to me they do not find me so easy to catch and tear in pieces and devour as they had hoped I should be. (*A positive tempest of hilarity.*)

They say also, the rich men say, "Look—the White City and Wembley are full of bookmakers, shouting, making books—trying to make money out of their books."

Well, I have made books myself. I do not think there is anything wrong about making a book. Sometimes also I have made money out of my books. My enemies say I have made too much money out of my books. But I am not going to be a bookmaker any more. I am going to become a kind of land-agent, and not the kind of land-agent whom the rich men like. I am going to give the land to the people for agriculture, so that the beautiful fields will no longer be a hunting-track on which a few men can enjoy themselves, but a prosperous place on which many can support themselves by their industry and be happy and contented. I am not going to take away the dog-racing tracks of the poor. (*Cheers.*) I am going to prevent the whole of England from being a dog-racing track for the rich. I am going to put up a Plate of my own, and stakes of my own, and my dog is going to win that Plate and those stakes, and all those who back my dog will make money by it. It is a good dog, my dog, and a well-bred dog, and comes from a good kennel. It is not a dog in the manger. It is not an under-dog. It is not a treacherous dog that bites his companions in the race. It is not fed on synthetic bones made at Lord MELCHETT'S chemical works. (*Howls of rage.*) It is not a lame dog that has to be helped over the hurdles before it can jump, like the Conservative Party dog. It is not a black dog, not a piebald dog; it is a golden dog. It is a dog that knows his own mind, and not a dog that runs faster with his two hind legs than with his two front legs, like the Labour Party dog. (*Loud laughter.*) All the bookies and the tic-tackers know about my dog, and they are making him the favourite for the last race. And I will tell you the name of my dog. He is not called Baldwin nor Churchill, nor Ramsay nor Thomas; he is not called Maxton nor Melchett nor Mulch It, nor anything like that. The odds are getting very short on my dog; and look! he is parading now. He is the Liberal Land Policy Dog! (*Tumultuous applause.*)

EVOE.



Other End. "STAY THERE!"
This End. "I THOUGHT OF DOING SO."

SOME ASIATICS.

II.—THE FILIPINOS.

Of peoples who delight in beanos
Not one exceeds the Filipinos.

Each week they eagerly suggest a
New Despedida or Fiesta.

At these they think it 's always right
To sing and dance all through the night;

And they 've a most endearing trait
Of keeping at it all next day.

No Prohibition agents there
Prevent the drowning of dull care;

Rarely you find at any dance
An advocate of temperance.

And that is why the U.S.A.
Will never give these Isles away.

Young Sandwiches.

"To Sell: Pure bred Scaly Ham Dog pup. Apply ——."—*Jamaica Paper.*

ANOTHER POLICE MISTAKE.

"DON'T talk to me about the perlice makin' mistakes," remarked that lovable old rascal, Stephen Crowe; "they 're always doin' of it, and they 'll go on doin' of it till they 'ave more trustin' natures. If they never believe people, 'ow can they expect to do the right thing?

"They actually went and 'ad me last January," he continued; "but there wasn't no courts of appeal or special tribewnals set up in my case. Good 'it, Sir." (We were watching our great annual cricket match, Beecham *v.* Engleton, on the common.) "A-passin' Beecham church I was at the time, and I 'ad the bad luck to run into Constable Wiggins, 'im as is keepin' wicket over there.

"'Ullo, Stephen,' 'e says, 'what are *you* doin' out this time o' night?'

"'I might ask the same of you,' I answers affable.

"'Oh, I 'm jest nosin' about a bit,' 'e says; 'promotion don't come by sittin' still and waitin' for it, you know.'

"'Well, I bin for a walk,' I says.

"'What, at midnight?' 'e says.

"'Suttingly,' I says; 'there 's no law against it, is there?'

"'E laughs a bit at first, and then all of a sudden 'e frowns. 'You 'aven't been poachin', I hope, Stephen?' 'e says.

"'Look 'ere,' I says, sharp—'don't let 's 'ave none o' that. You know I give it all up las' year—the time I very nigh took the pledge.'

"'Oh,' 'e says; 'then what 's this?'

"I looks down, and, lummy! there was the tail of a pheasant stickin' out of me pocket. I was that surprised I couldn't 'ardly speak. Of course I knoo there was a pheasant there, but 'ow the tail came to be stickin' out was a fair licker.

"'Well, I 'm blowed!' I says.

"'Funny 'ow these things 'appen, ain't it?' 'e says sarcastic.

"'Constable,' I says, clearin' me throat, 'I 'm goin' to tell you the truth about this 'ere pheasant.'

"'Don't let it damage yer windpipe forcin' its way out,' 'e says nasty.

"'It 's all along o' Charlie Dawes,' I says, 'and that 's the truth. I expect you don't know Charlie Dawes, 'cos 'e 's only jest come to these parts. Well, Charlie comes round to my place to-night and says to me, "I 'm restless," 'e says; "be a Christian and come out for a walk with me." Well, I know what it is when a man gets restless like that—'e needs companionship. So I says, "Right-o, Charlie, where shall we go?"

"'"Up alongside Engleton Woods," 'e says, "and see the moonlight a-shinin' on the branches. There ain't nothin' more soothin' than seein' moonlight a-shinin' on branches."

"'So out I goes, innocent as a noo-born lamb, a-talkin' about politics and what a nice set o' men we 'ad in the perlice, never dreamin' that Charlie was goin' to knock over the first roostin' pheasant 'e come across.'

"'Oh, the bird *was* knocked over?' says Wiggins; 'I thought p'raps you was goin' to say it got 'atched in your pocket.'

"'Constable,' I says, 'I don't like this tone; it 's not kind. D'rectly I see what Charlie 'ad done I told 'im straight what I thought of 'im; in fact I told 'im so straight 'e got 'uffy and went off, leavin' me a-standin' there like a blinkin' monument.'

"'It must 'ave been very tryin' for you,' says Wiggins.

"'It *was* tryin',' I says. 'There was me all alone, and there was the pheasant lyin' on the ground a-shinin' in the moonlight. "What a shame," I says to meself, "what a wicked shame to let good food lie there a-shinin' in the moonlight; and, though I don't like the way it 's been got," I says, "I can't bear to see it goin' to waste, so I put it in me pocket."

"'And now, if you 'll 'and it over, I 'll put it in mine,' says Wiggins; 'the Bench 'll like to 'ear all about this on Monday mornin'.'

"'Constable,' I says, solemn, 'you don't mean to say as you 're going to bring me up afore the Bench?'

"'I do,' 'e says.

"'And you don't believe me?'

"'Not a word.'

"'All right,' I says, 'you 'll live to regret this.'

"'I daresay I can bear it,' 'e says.

"Well, that unbelievin' feller 'ad me up afore the Bench, and I was fined I don't know 'ow much. I was so disgusted I never even troubled to explain again; but you mark my words, it 'll come 'ome to 'im."

"Er—what happened to Charlie Dawes?" I murmured tactfully.

"Went away and was never 'eard of no more. Wiggins is always askin' after 'im and sendin' 'is kind regards, and once 'e even suggested that me and Charlie lived in the same suit o' clothes; but—oh, good ball, Sir; jolly good ball!"

I glanced up. Wiggins was lying full length on the grass, fairly laid out by a bumper; players were running up to administer first aid.

"Hardly a good ball," I said; "surely——"

"It was a very good ball," interrupted Stephen happily, "one of the best balls I ever see bowled."



Minister. "I FEAR I SHALL NEVER SHINE AT GOLF, SANDY."
Sandy (tactfully). "AH, WEEL, THERE'S MONY A GRAND GOWFER WAD MAK' A SAIR MESS O' THE MEENISTRY."

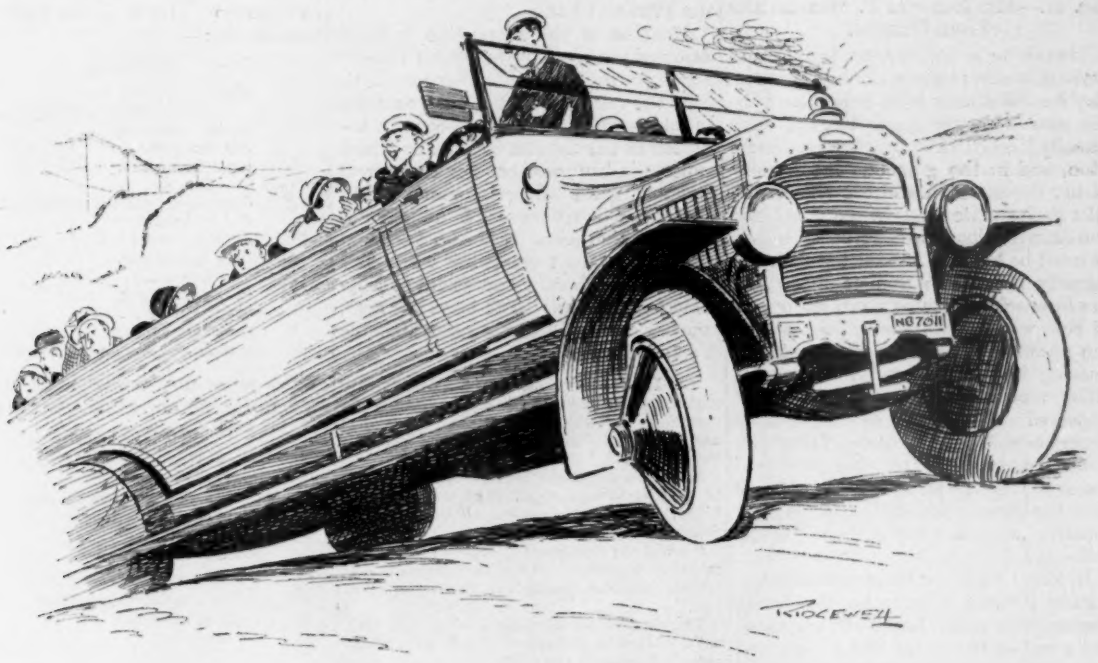
An Empire Tea Service.

"Sipping hot tea, as many Dominion players do, Andrews served, drove and volleyed with brilliant energy and control."—*Daily Paper.*

Original Methods at Wimbledon.

"Austin was content to have Lacoste's game imposed upon him, although thinking that by aiming primarily at Lacoste's forehead he was using the correct *finesse* for an opening."—*Sunday Paper.*

Next year he must try the point of the jaw.



Nervous Passenger (as charabanc shows a disposition to refuse). "IS—IS THERE ANY FEAR OF OUR RUNNING BACKWARDS?"
Driver. "YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THAT, MA'AM. WHY, EVEN IF SHE DID, MY MATE'S BEEN SPECIALLY TRAINED TO 'OP OUT SHARP AND PUT A PEBBLE UNDER 'ER WHEEL."

HOW IS IT DONE?

[Inspired by articles written for the daily Press by professional cricketers on the subject of their colleagues' methods, Mr. G. W. ("Patty") Bunnerson, the well-known Lawn Tennis expert, contributes his views on the secret of M. Jéné Larochet's success.]

Jéné Larochet is ideally built for a tennis-player. Long legs, a lithe frame, supple arms and well-focussed eyes—these are tremendous advantages and these he possesses. But it is in his mental as well as his physical qualifications, and more than either in the close understanding that exists between the two, that we find the key to the position that Jéné holds in the tennis world to-day.

Let us follow this great player through one of his services and see if we can gather what I'm talking about.

With balls varying in number from two to three in his left hand, Jane, as he is familiarly termed among his friends, takes up his position on, or rather behind, the back line. From this moment his mind is concentrated on the stance of his body for the coming service. His left foot is placed some inches in front of his right and his weight fairly equally divided between the two. His left shoulder drops slightly below the level of the right and a little in front of it. The neck is for the moment stiffened, but there is a general freedom of movement about the hips. The left hand, containing the two (or three) balls, fidgets restlessly, suggesting an imminent throw-up to the racket. This movement is caused by a natural laxity of the wrist, combined with a short radial motion of the whole forearm about the elbow-joint, while the shoulder is kept studiously rigid. With the handle of his racket grasped firmly in the palm of his right hand, Larochet then deliberately pauses, raises his eyes, looks straight across the net and studies the position of his opponent.

His mind is working in concert with his body. In a flash he has seen where to place the ball. In another, without looking at his left hand, he has thrown one of the balls contained in it into the air, and, with his weight transferred to the left leg, which he has bent almost imperceptibly at the hip, knee and ankle, and with right leg raised a foot or so from the ground, calf and thigh taut and knee stiff, he has brought his racket down full upon it. His immediate aim is accomplished; the *stroke* is made.

One of three things may happen. His opponent may be beaten clean. Almost instantaneously Jéné's right leg relaxes, his left straightens, and his whole body, resuming a normal position, is at the command of his mind, which is already occupied with the collection of a ball or the selection of a position for his next service. Or again the ball may be returned. In a trice—but I fear to exceed the space I am allowed, and must bring to a close this first article of my series* on the world's great players.

I should just like to add that during a rally, when, as often happens, there is one ball still in his left hand unused in the service, such is the inter-concentration, the co-absorption of his mind and body, that frequently that ball, though devoid of function, remains subconsciously clasped in that hand until the point is decided.

I have endeavoured to describe the secret of Jéné Larochet's great mastery of the game. That he is one of its most brilliant exponents few men to-day doubt. I myself have certainly held that opinion since he ran me to five sets last year in the championships of another country.

Recreation for Taxpayers.

"Westminster (stone's throw of Houses of Parliament).—Upper Maisonnette."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

* The author is wrong in supposing that this article is one of a series.—ED.

RHUM BABAISTS.

No. II.—MR. EGLATTA P. MONKES AND SOME OTHERS.

OWING to a hold-up on the Tube I arrived twenty minutes late last Wednesday for the dinner with Sebastian Simcox and his sister Amaryllis. I have already likened Rilly to a flustered cockatoo, and in the gorgeous incongruity of her dress and headdress she looked this and a little more when I entered the drawing-room exclaiming apologies. It must be horrible to have to talk intelligently about Emotionism when you are intensely worrying about the oyster of veal which should have been served ten minutes before; and that, from my hearing and deduction, is what poor Rilly was attempting to do when I appeared. Rilly (and of course it is commendable in a hostess) takes her dinners seriously. Her soul goes into the oven with the joint, her mind hovers over the sweet; something of her personality is absent for a while in the coffee-pot.

Before I took her hand that evening I knew I was a thorn in her flesh; but she smiled bravely. To pass Emotionism and a red-haired young thing in a green frock into my keeping was the work of a moment; Sebastian and a cocktail came in the next; and then Rilly was off to the kitchen to deplore me with the occasional cook.

We were eight strong at the table: the Simcoxes; Daphne Saumonier, the red-haired Emotionist; Eglatta Monkes and his wife; Sinden Watts, the Editor of *Blurt*; Tatiana Jones, the novelist; and myself. The dinner was excellent, despite the delay; the wines were good, and everybody was determinedly bright and talkative—especially Monkes; but we shall come to him.

If Daphne Saumonier hadn't been fascinating (in the general way one says an extremely pretty girl is fascinating) she'd have been infuriating. She was on my right at the table, and quite as effectively as any one-way traffic sign she kept me turning right. Case-hardened though I be, I conceded, before the soup had passed, that emotion (with a capital E) was the young Emotionist's strong point. She looked adorable as she uttered through bud lips the half-baked ill-digested Emotionist rot which had been pumped into her in the Café Royal. MICHELANGELO, she told me, "achieved ignoble vacuity of vision by super-stating the muscular;" LEONARDO DA VINCI (and she picked her words with parrot-like precision) "mortgaged to Form the castle of his spirit and spent his genius in interest payments." She called the "Monna Lisa" "a calamity of paint," and averred that the red-and-green Fascist symbols on the white walls of Italy were worth all the pictures in the Pitti and Uffizzi.

Mention of the Florentine galleries dammed the spate, however, for Tatiana Jones, on my left (and suffering a little from the one-way traffic), took occasion to refer shrilly to the love-scene in the garden of the Certosa di Firenze which appears in her "new novel in the newest manner" (*vide* advertisement), called *Enchanted Cypresses*. I have since looked at that scene (in the bookseller's) and once again I think the world has reason to be deeply ungrateful to Miss GERTRUDE STEIN. The hero, *Clement*, couches a passionate proposal to his *Myrtilla* in this wise:—

"If I say I love meaning I love you love makes sudden meaning love meaning beyond meaning. I will whisper it I love loving love and you love will answer I loving love love you. Will you not?"

She stood perpendicular moon against night of cypress foliage night shadowing cypress night. Her white arms credibly incredible drifting blossom of flesh.

"I will say Cimabue in the dawn and in the midnight Cimabue. Simplicity exquisite distortion simplifies simplicity. I loving love love you."

The dark doors of cypress blackness cleft with whiteness patterned whitely with white arms. Cicalas in the night.

It is a little difficult to think of our over-rouged and under-dressed "Tats" of Chelsea and Bloomsbury writing that scene. It is sometimes a little difficult to think of her writing anything at all.

But the dinner was chiefly interesting to me for the sight and sound of the leader of the Chicago Babaists, Eglatta P. Monkes. He was unleashed by Sebastian in a pause for cigarettes (for the ladies) between the veal and the sweet. Save for the diversion by "Tats" I had been devoted to Daphne Saumonier; and Monkes, opposite me at table, had been button-holed assiduously by Sinden Watts, whom I suspected of cadging copy for the next issue of *Blurt*. But now Sebastian, as I say, unleashed his American with a question about the development of Babaism in the States, doubtless with the intention of giving himself a brilliant conversational opening.

But no. Although their egos raced off together like unmuzzled greyhounds the leader of the English Babaists was left panting. For each time he threatened a poem Eglatta repeated one, with Sebastian himself hypocritically applauding. And what our host did we did, so much so that I for one received a signed copy of *Rhomboids in the Void* the next evening. In that terrible little book I found two of the five poems with which Monkes accompanied the sweet and dessert. I give them here. The first appeals to me as being a concentrated cinema-flash of the less attractive aspect of American get-rich-quick methods in Chicago. But it is not representative Ba-Ba:—

BANDITS.

Grrr, zurp, soof . . .
change speed, sooving sweetly
up the lake-side.
See that guy,
make him bones.
Zip, zip,
death-spit from the automatic.
Get his wad,
kick that pedal,
Gee, he 's empty.
Speed, boy,
in the lake there
chuck him. . . .
Grrr, zurp, soof,
sooving sweetly up the lake-side.

The poem to which Eglatta Monkes attached more importance was:—

FOUNTAINS.

Given discs shot up sideways
arrows
sun-shot vipers
lemons of angry light
slices
splendid transparence.

Given discs
break your glasses
cocktail shakers
see aspiring
gin and ice
shot up sideways.

In my soul too fountains
spirtling
giggling nursemaids
angry dolphins
nymphs compliant in plasticine
o my auntie
Neptune's trident.

I shall wear red flannel trousers
and climb a crystal stair
I shall sit upon a column
and comb my hair.
The brittle souls of faded
ballet dancers
braggart soldiers
steel cuirasses.

Given discs of gold and silver
up then
crystal feathers.



Monkes told us that he despairs of language as an ultimately satisfactory vehicle for expression in poetry. Accordingly he, like Sebastian Simcox, is experimenting with signs and symbols. I should not be surprised if the compositors registered a protest. I wonder: are we getting back to the convention



Weary Conductor of Dance Orchestra (encouraging weary Colleagues). "LAST PAGE, BOYS."

when poems (though less incoherent) were printed in the shapes of yew-trees and urns?

Altogether I found the dinner amusing in the oblique and tantalising way of such occasions. I admit that an hour and more of Eglatta P. Monkes and Tatiana Jones made me wish I could be a convivial haberdasher at a suburban Chamber of Commerce dinner. The two are almost equally cadaverous and self-opinionated. Mrs. Monkes was simply the appendage of Monkes, a desiccated and insipid little creature pretending to be thrilled whenever her husband spoke, and succeeding in being thrilled whenever he recited. Sinden Watts is tolerable because I suspect him of having his tongue in his cheek as well as his cheek in his tongue, and also because he produces in *Blurt* a good comic quarterly without knowing it. An issue of *Blurt* is just due and will, he tells me, be devoted entirely to Ba-Ba in Literature, Art and Music. He is sending me a copy for review, and has no suspicion, I imagine, that I am a wolf in sheep's clothing.

But poor Sebastian! I felt sorry for him at the end of the evening. After all it was *his* party and he had had to listen to the rival American almost without intermission. As he helped me on with my coat he said, "There should be an ordinance of silence on all monkes."

The pun was human and pardonable.

I took the young Emotionist home in a taxi. She lives in Chelsea with a lady-potter. I am going to see the pottery one afternoon and dine and dance with Daphne afterwards. W. K. S.

An Impending Apology.

"CHURCH SERVICES.

The Cathedral. 7 p.m., Evensong; preacher, the Lord Bishop of the Divorce."

New Zealand Paper.

THE BUSY B'S.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In writing this letter to you I betray my ignorance, I know, but without much shame, for I believe that most of my generation are no better informed in this matter than I. I must tell you with what excitement, browsing among your earlier volumes to-day, I came upon an article on "banting," and, more important, the name of a Mr. WILLIAM BANTING. I had idly supposed, in common with those numerous young ladies who devote half their waking thoughts to this subject, that the verb "to bant" was a good old Saxon word, probably to be found in CHAUCER and sure to be found in SHAKESPEARE. But, as you knew all the time, Sir, this is not so. In this word we celebrate daily the life, death and adiposity of Mr. WILLIAM BANTING, a fashionable undertaker of St. James's Street, London. This gentleman, at the age of sixty-six, when he was over fourteen stone (though many gentlemen of good proportions are more than that), decided that drastic action was required, and the action he took was so successful that he reduced his weight by over three stone and his girth round the waist by twelve-and-a-half inches; and after that he wrote *A Letter on Corpulence to the British Public* which ran into many editions.

If any of your readers have a copy of this publication I should greatly like to see it. Meanwhile the few brief extracts which appear in your issue of November 14, 1863, may be of interest to Bantingites of the present day.

First, as to his sufferings, Mr. BANTING frankly said:—

"Anyone so afflicted is often subject to public remark, and though in conscience he may care little about it, I am confident no man labouring under obesity can be quite insensible to the answers and remarks of the cruel or injudicious in public assemblies, public vehicles or the ordinary street traffic; nor to the annoyance of finding no adequate space in a public assembly if he should seek amusement or need refreshment, and therefore he naturally keeps away as much as possible from places where he is likely to be made the object of the taunts and remarks of others. I am as regardless of public remarks as most men, but I have felt these difficulties, and therefore avoided such circumscribed accommodation and notice, and by that means have been deprived of many advantages to health and comfort."

Whether Mr. BANTING was a good undertaker or not I do not know, but he certainly could write. Although "perhaps twenty times in as many years" he had placed himself under medical treatment for the reduction of his bulk, "physicians were in vain;" and this is his candid and graphic description of his condition at the age of sixty-three:—

"Although no very great size or weight, still I could not stoop to tie my shoe, so to speak (!) nor attend to the little offices humanity requires without considerable pain and difficulty, which only the corpulent can understand: I have been compelled to go downstairs slowly backwards, to save the jar of increased weight upon the ankle and knee-joints, and been obliged to puff and blow with every slight exertion, particularly that of going upstairs. I have spared no pains to remedy this by low living (*moderation and light food* was generally prescribed, but I had no direct bill of fare to know what was really intended), and that consequently brought the system into a low impoverished state without decreasing corpulence, caused many obnoxious boils to appear, and two rather formidable carbuncles, for which I was ably operated upon *and fed into increased obesity.*"



Hostess (*in genuine antique homestead*). "THIS IS THE DANCE-ROOM. THE BEAMS ARE RATHER LOW, BUT I EXPECT YOU KNOW THE RUSSIAN STUFF, DON'T YOU?"

You will not think, Sir, that I am, like that over-rated fellow, SHAKESPEARE, attempting to cause protracted hilarity over the fatness of a fat man. On the contrary, I bring to all his modern followers a message of hope, for, as you will see from the next quotation, the regimen which at last brought him happiness and made his name immortal was nothing at all in severity to what our Society sylphs with much less provocation put up with to-day. At last he "found the right man," who put him on to the following diet:—

"For breakfast I take four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon, or cold meat of any kind except pork; a large cup of tea (without milk or sugar), a little biscuit or one ounce of dry toast.

"For dinner, five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, any meat except pork, any vegetable except potato, one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding, any kind of poultry or game, and two or three glasses (!) of good claret, sherry or Madeira—champagne, beer and port forbidden.

"For tea, two or three ounces of fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea without milk or sugar.

"For supper, three or four ounces of meat or fish, similar to dinner, with a glass or two of claret.

"For night-cap if required, a tumblerful of grog (gin, whisky or brandy, without sugar) —or a glass or two of claret or sherry."

That, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the famous and original "bant." Of it Mr. BANTING remarks, "that man must be an extraordinary person who desires a better table." However that may be, that banter would be an extraordinary person in these times who did not think she was getting off fairly lightly with such a diet. But look at the results! Mr. BANTING was reduced "many inches in bulk and thirty-five pounds in weight in thirty-eight weeks," had his sight restored, his hearing improved and his "other bodily ailments" greatly "ameliorated." He lived to be eighty-one. So let none of us lose heart.

Those were great days for the B's. In 1863 Mr. WILLIAM BANTING for the first time warned off the world from starch and saccharine. In 1853 perished Mr. GEORGE BRADSHAW. And in 1861 the works of an industrious German named KARL BAEDEKER were for the first time published in English.

Can the B's of any other decade show three such benefactors?

Forgive me, Sir, for pressing this trivial piece of history upon you. I find it interesting, and if your readers do not they can read something else.

A. P. H.

Masculine Fashions.

"Mr. Baldwin wore rose beige."
Provincial Paper.

"Mr. Hilton Philipson, M.P., braved the rain in a flowered muslin with a wide beige hat."—*Manchester Paper.*

"The bride's father wore a fuschia crepe marocain dress with silk trimmings, and a black hat."—*Provincial Paper.*

"BATH UNION.

"The Guardians of the above Union invite Applications for the Appointment of Assistant Female Male Attendant, at their Institution."
Somerset Paper.

Middlesex candidates should have the best chance.

ETON v. HARROW REVUED.



ENTRANCE OF CHARACTERS, EXPLAINING WHO THEY ARE.



Eton Song and Dance.
"WHEN WE PLAYED IN A PLAY ON THE PLAYING-FIELDS WHERE WATERLOO WAS WON."



Potted Play.
"SO THIS IS LOVE!"



Harrow Song and Dance.
"FOLLOW UP! FOLLOW UP! FOLLOW UP!"



Comic Song.
"JOLLY BOATING WEATHER, YET HERE I AM ON LAND."



"WE 'RE ETON GIRLS, ETON GIRLS,
ALL OF US MEMBERS OF POP;
NONE OF YOUR CURLS, WE 'RE ETON GIRLS—
LOOK AT OUR ETON CROP."



"LET ETON FLOURISH IF SHE WILL,
WE 'RE OF THE SCHOOL UPON THE HILL;
OUR BROTHERS ALL ARE HARROW SCIONS,
THAT OLD ESTABLISHMENT OF LYON'S."



WHEN OUR GRANNIES WERE DAUGHTERS AND SISTERS.

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE (ISOSCELES).
Chorus of Eton and Harrow Boys.
Eton. "FLOREAT ETONA!"
Harrow. "STET FORTUNA DOMUS!"



H. ASELOEN

MY LIL DAWG.

SOME while ago I bought a puppy, a small puppy dressed all in black, with the exception of a white dickey. It was a "nice lil dawg," so the man in the East End from whose waistcoat I bought it told me. It had no pedigree, but the dealer, a friendly sort of chap, said he happened to have a pedigree-form on him and would write me one out if I liked. It wouldn't take a jiffy, he assured me, or alternatively just so long as it took me to produce an extra shilling. I declined. He made his living by selling dogs, but, if it came down to writing fiction, well, that was *my* business.

I brought the animal home and looked after him for two months, by which time he had trebled his weight and got his loud-speaker in proper running order. And then a lady—a strange lady in the street—suddenly claimed him. She picked him up at a short distance from my gate, called him Macdonald (whereas his real name is Jim Thomas—because of the white dickey, of course) and told him how pleased he was to see her again; he ran to her the moment he saw her—yes, he did, didn't he, the pet?

She then let go of him for an instant, upon which he disappeared like a flash of lightning through the gate after his tea, from which goal she had momentarily deflected him.

One should never really enter into an argument with a woman. One seems to have no common ground anywhere. It is like attempting to play soccer against a team who only know the Rugby rules. It is like trying to describe EINSTEIN'S theory to a Frenchman who can't speak English, without knowing a word of French oneself. In fact it is worse; for there, at any rate, one can fall back on sign language to explain things like curved space—and about the only way you *can* explain it too.

I, however, rashly embarked on a discussion. I went up to this lady and said, "Excuse me, but I think that 's *my* dog?"

This initiated the argument, which was a very fine specimen of its kind, and went something like this:—

She smiled sweetly and said: "Oh, no, he isn't yours. He was stolen some while ago, and he 's called 'Macdonald,' and he was so glad to see me again he ran to me the moment he saw me."

"I am afraid, Madam, his name 's Jim Thomas, and he 's mine. I bought him two months ago from a dealer, and before that he was with his mother."

"Oh, but he ran to me directly he saw me."

"I 'm sorry to impute earthy motives to Jim Thomas, but he was really running to his tea and you were in the way. You had temporarily cut him off from his supply base."

At this point an attendant gentleman, probably the lady's husband, because he seemed to be taking my side, put in: "Yes, you know, puppies will run to anybody." From the accent he put on "anybody" he was almost certainly her husband. And from the look with which she silenced him there was no doubt that she was his wife.



Nervous Umpire. "D' YOU BOWL OVER OR—ER—UNDER THE WICKET, SIR?"

"Exactly," I said. "But if you still maintain he *was* stolen from you, Madam, perhaps you could give me the date, and we may be able to——"

"Oh, it wasn't from *me*. He really belonged to some friends of mine, but *I* recognised him."

We seemed at this point to be getting on to mere hearsay evidence, so I said, "But since I first had him he 's increased to three times his size. How could you recog——"

"Of course I don't recognise him *now*." She just didn't add, "Don't be silly," but she looked it. "I mean the puppy my friends had was just the age *then* to have grown to the age this dog is *now*, *by* now. Do you see?"

I had to stop and work this one out. When I had pinned it down I asked with subtlety: "Well, what age does that make this dog now?"

"Oh, you know what I mean—about five months."

I did some rapid calculation and made a good point. "Well, this dog of mine is not yet four months, and I 've had him two of them, prior to which he was with his mother." A crushing rejoinder this, I thought.

She produced an even more crushing one. She said: "There! That 's just what I mean."

I was silent. I felt that I couldn't compete for the moment.

"I mean he just *looks* five months to me," she explained graciously.

When I had recovered I asked, rather in the style of a French grammar, "Did your friends then have also the mother of their puppy?"

"Oh, dear, no; but I knew him the moment I saw him because his name 's Macdonald, and he came directly——"

"All puppies do," put in the husband to show he was keeping abreast of it all. I merely wiped my forehead furtively.

"Oh, I shan't take him away from you," she conceded. "My friends had given up hope of him really. They 'll just be pleased to hear he 's got a good home."

I took a deep breath at this and joined battle again. "I 'm honestly afraid you mustn't assume he belongs to your friends till you can give me some further proofs—beyond the age my puppy seems to you to be."

"Look here, my dear," interposed the man nervously—"I really think you owe this gentleman an apology. It 's obviously his dog."

"But his name is——"

"Jim Thomas," I interposed.

"Well, then, I promise I won't claim him."

"If he 's not your friends' dog," I reiterated patiently, "the word 'claim' is hardly——"

"Oh, well, then, I apologise. I must have made a mistake and Macdonald is really your dog."

"He is. That is, *Jim Thomas* is."

"But he 's very like what their pup would have been if——"

"Exactly. All puppies are."

"Well, I 'm terribly sorry."

"Don't mention it."

"And when I see my friends I 'll tell them. You see, they thought Macdonald must be dead by now, but they 'll be so glad to know he 's alive after all and in good hands."

And with a dazzling smile she was gone. But, as I say, don't try to argue with a woman. You can never win satisfactorily. A. A.

LINES TO THE AUTHOR OF OUR PRESENT DISCONTENT.

O ROBERT PEEL, who introduced
A number of delightful Bills
Which certain politicians boost
And others find a source of ills,
Though all our troubles may not make
A deal of difference to you,
Being dead—and dead men do not take
In papers, as they ought to do—
O ROBERT PEEL, I wonder how
You 'd contemplate this SAVIDGE row!

Yours—as the brain that brought to birth
The strong custodians of our peace,
With belts to circumscribe their girth,
The Metropolitan Police—
Yours is the mind to which I turn,
You are the bloke I want to twit,
For you devised the whole concern,
And see what 's come along of it!
Can you survey without remorse
These strictures on a splendid force?

The glittering vision and the dream
Sprang from your heart, if not your pen;
Had you arranged some different scheme
Policemen might be different men;
Like seraphs on their airy ways,
With more imponderable feet,
Above reproof, beyond dispraise,
Would they perhaps have trod the street
And clustered, soft as homing chicks,
Close to the tails of JOYNSON-HICKS?

One cannot say. One simply sees,
After a hundred* years of storm,
Figures that show a vast increase
And changes in the uniform;
Other reforms, no doubt, there are
Since that dear dead Victorian time,
Which had not lugged the motor-car
Into the category of crime,
And sought, maybe, less ample powers
To shield its virtue than does ours.

But you created Scotland Yard,
Sleuth-hound and flying-squads and all,
When first you sent the whiskered guard
Of "peelers" to parade Whitehall;
And I could wish they still were so
(Being a lover of antiques),
Dressed in the garb of long-ago,
With tall top-hats and tightish breeks,
Filling us with a reverent awe
For the deep mystery of the Law.

* Ninety-nine to be exact.



Motorist (to victim). "U'M—COME ROUND AT LAST, HAVE YOU? THEN YOU MIGHT TELL ME WHICH OF THESE ROADS LEADS TO KESWICK?"

MY LIL DAWG.

SOME while ago I bought a puppy, a small puppy dressed all in black, with the exception of a white dickey. It was a "nice lil dawg," so the man in the East End from whose waistcoat I bought it told me. It had no pedigree, but the dealer, a friendly sort of chap, said he happened to have a pedigree-form on him and would write me one out if I liked. It wouldn't take a jiffy, he assured me, or alternatively just so long as it took me to produce an extra shilling. I declined. He made his living by selling dogs, but, if it came down to writing fiction, well, that was *my* business.

I brought the animal home and looked after him for two months, by which time he had trebled his weight and got his loud-speaker in proper running order. And then a lady—a strange lady in the street—suddenly claimed him. She picked him up at a short distance from my gate, called him Macdonald (whereas his real name is Jim Thomas—because of the white dickey, of course) and told him how pleased he was to see her again; he ran to her the moment he saw her—yes, he did, didn't he, the pet?

She then let go of him for an instant, upon which he disappeared like a flash of lightning through the gate after his tea, from which goal she had momentarily deflected him.

One should never really enter into an argument with a woman. One seems to have no common ground anywhere. It is like attempting to play soccer against a team who only know the Rugby rules. It is like trying to describe EINSTEIN'S theory to a Frenchman who can't speak English, without knowing a word of French oneself. In fact it is worse; for there, at any rate, one can fall back on sign language to explain things like curved space—and about the only way you *can* explain it too.

I, however, rashly embarked on a discussion. I went up to this lady and said, "Excuse me, but I think that 's *my* dog?"

This initiated the argument, which was a very fine specimen of its kind, and went something like this:—

She smiled sweetly and said: "Oh, no, he isn't yours. He was stolen some while ago, and he 's called 'Macdonald,' and he was so glad to see me again he ran to me the moment he saw me."

"I am afraid, Madam, his name 's Jim Thomas, and he 's mine. I bought him two months ago from a dealer, and before that he was with his mother."

"Oh, but he ran to me directly he saw me."

"I 'm sorry to impute earthy motives to Jim Thomas, but he was really running to his tea and you were in the way. You had temporarily cut him off from his supply base."

At this point an attendant gentleman, probably the lady's husband, because he seemed to be taking my side, put in: "Yes, you know, puppies will run to anybody." From the accent he put on "anybody" he was almost certainly her husband. And from the look with which she silenced him there was no doubt that she was his wife.



Nervous Umpire. "D' YOU BOWL OVER OR—ER—UNDER THE WICKET, SIR?"

"Exactly," I said. "But if you still maintain he *was* stolen from you, Madam, perhaps you could give me the date, and we may be able to——"

"Oh, it wasn't from *me*. He really belonged to some friends of mine, but *I* recognised him."

We seemed at this point to be getting on to mere hearsay evidence, so I said, "But since I first had him he 's increased to three times his size. How could you recog——"

"Of course I don't recognise him *now*." She just didn't add, "Don't be silly," but she looked it. "I mean the puppy my friends had was just the age *then* to have grown to the age this dog is *now*, *by* now. Do you see?"

I had to stop and work this one out. When I had pinned it down I asked with subtlety: "Well, what age does that make this dog now?"

"Oh, you know what I mean—about five months."

I did some rapid calculation and made a good point. "Well, this dog of mine is not yet four months, and I 've had him two of them, prior to which he was with his mother." A crushing rejoinder this, I thought.

She produced an even more crushing one. She said: "There! That 's just what I mean."

I was silent. I felt that I couldn't compete for the moment.

"I mean he just *looks* five months to me," she explained graciously.

When I had recovered I asked, rather in the style of a French grammar, "Did your friends then have also the mother of their puppy?"

"Oh, dear, no; but I knew him the moment I saw him because his name 's Macdonald, and he came directly——"

"All puppies do," put in the husband to show he was keeping abreast of it all. I merely wiped my forehead furtively.

"Oh, I shan't take him away from you," she conceded. "My friends had given up hope of him really. They 'll just be pleased to hear he 's got a good home."

I took a deep breath at this and joined battle again. "I 'm honestly afraid you mustn't assume he belongs to your friends till you can give me some further proofs—beyond the age my puppy seems to you to be."

"Look here, my dear," interposed the man nervously—"I really think you owe this gentleman an apology. It 's obviously his dog."

"But his name is——"

"Jim Thomas," I interposed.

"Well, then, I promise I won't claim him."

"If he 's not your friends' dog," I reiterated patiently, "the word 'claim' is hardly——"

"Oh, well, then, I apologise. I must have made a mistake and Macdonald is really your dog."

"He is. That is, *Jim Thomas* is."

"But he 's very like what their pup would have been if——"

"Exactly. All puppies are."

"Well, I 'm terribly sorry."

"Don't mention it."

"And when I see my friends I 'll tell them. You see, they thought Macdonald must be dead by now, but they 'll be so glad to know he 's alive after all and in good hands."

And with a dazzling smile she was gone. But, as I say, don't try to argue with a woman. You can never win satisfactorily. A. A.

LINES TO THE AUTHOR OF OUR PRESENT DISCONTENT.

O ROBERT PEEL, who introduced
A number of delightful Bills
Which certain politicians boost
And others find a source of ills,
Though all our troubles may not make
A deal of difference to you,
Being dead—and dead men do not take
In papers, as they ought to do—
O ROBERT PEEL, I wonder how
You 'd contemplate this SAVIDGE row!

Yours—as the brain that brought to birth
The strong custodians of our peace,
With belts to circumscribe their girth,
The Metropolitan Police—
Yours is the mind to which I turn,
You are the bloke I want to twit,
For you devised the whole concern,
And see what 's come along of it!
Can you survey without remorse
These strictures on a splendid force?

The glittering vision and the dream
Sprang from your heart, if not your pen;
Had you arranged some different scheme
Policemen might be different men;
Like seraphs on their airy ways,
With more imponderable feet,
Above reproof, beyond dispraise,
Would they perhaps have trod the street
And clustered, soft as homing chicks,
Close to the tails of JOYNSON-HICKS?

One cannot say. One simply sees,
After a hundred* years of storm,
Figures that show a vast increase
And changes in the uniform;
Other reforms, no doubt, there are
Since that dear dead Victorian time,
Which had not lugged the motor-car
Into the category of crime,
And sought, maybe, less ample powers
To shield its virtue than does ours.

But you created Scotland Yard,
Sleuth-hound and flying-squads and all,
When first you sent the whiskered guard
Of "peelers" to parade Whitehall;
And I could wish they still were so
(Being a lover of antiques),
Dressed in the garb of long-ago,
With tall top-hats and tightish breeks,
Filling us with a reverent awe
For the deep mystery of the Law.

* Ninety-nine to be exact.



Motorist (to victim). "U'M—COME ROUND AT LAST, HAVE YOU? THEN YOU MIGHT TELL ME WHICH OF THESE ROADS LEADS TO KESWICK?"



"AND YOU 'LL BE CAREFUL, DEAR, WON'T YOU, ABOUT GETTING OUT WHEN YOU REACH LONDON? I THINK YOU 'LL GET OUT *THIS* SIDE. ANYHOW, YOU 'LL SEE WHEN YOU GET THERE, AND, IF IT 'S *NOT* THIS SIDE, THEN, DEAR, IT 'S SURE TO BE THE OTHER."

A BRIGHT PERIODICAL.

"I WANT something," I said to the girl at the station bookstall, "out of the ordinary run of railway literature—something entertaining yet not trivial, instructive yet at the same time not too recondite.

She gave me a quick apprehensive glance and then, chiefly to get rid of me, I suspect, slammed down in front of me one of those large fat time-tables which a beneficent railway company publishes at the modest price of sixpence.

My train was due; I could not stop to argue. Annoyed, I picked it up and ran. But in the train I came to bless the smartness or the deafness or the critical acumen, or whatever it was, of that girl which prompted her to give me a time-table. For my eyes were opened. I had never before regarded a time-table as a valuable contribution to literature: I had been bored by *Bradshaw*. Now I found that at the end, where formerly I had never troubled to look, was much entertaining reading and curious information.

It was interesting to learn, for instance, that a passenger may not take more than one harp with him on a railway journey. I wanted to know whether the rule was modified on one's last journey—surely more than one harp might reasonably form part of the personal luggage of a prospective member of the Celestial Choir—but, on looking the matter up under "Corpses," I could find no information on this point.

While studying this section, however, I was intrigued by the statement that for a corpse (with hearse) the minimum charge is thirty-five shillings, yet "the ashes of cremated bodies are carried at ordinary parcels rates." This sounds very much like propaganda in favour of cremation. . . . But let us turn to less morbid topics.

The list of articles which the Company will accept only at owner's risk is illuminating. Why, for instance, do they fear to be responsible for ales and stout in casks? Or sheets of songs? Or—I choose a trio of articles from the alphabetical list at random—boxing-gloves, braces and brandysnap? Did the compilers of the list think that these were wares which none but the strongest-minded of men could forbear to sample? Did they fear that an excursion crowd might suddenly take it into their heads to refresh themselves with stolen beer and brandysnap? and then, becoming more exuberant, don the braces and the boxing-gloves and shout in happy chorus songs filched from a guard's van? The problem still puzzles me.

It is curious that a haggis should have to travel at its owner's risk, while one may send plum-puddings to friends (or others) at Christmas with the utmost ease of mind, knowing that one will be compensated if they are lost in transit. It is still more curious that homing pigeons (unaccompanied) should enjoy privileges denied to tortoises. On the other hand I respectfully admire the caution of a railway company which refuses to accept racing tips except at owner's risk.

This time-table is one of the most all-round periodicals I have read for some time. I am looking forward eagerly to the Summer number.



TILTERS AT THE TOTE.

THE BITTEREST OPPONENTS OF THE TOTALISATOR HAVE BEEN THE BOOK-MAKING FRATERNITY AND THE LABOUR PARTY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 2nd.—Lord DESBOROUGH moved the Second Reading of a Bill to remove Easter Day from the purview of ecclesiastical astronomy to the Sunday after the first Saturday in April, subject to the approval of the Christian Churches. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY gave the Bill his blessing, and Lord FITZALAN intimated a like approval by the Roman Catholic Church. The Bishop of SOUTHWARK agreed that, from the point of view of commerce, an overwhelming case for a fixed Easter had been made out, but breathed a gentle sigh for the vanished charm of a movable Easter holiday. Lord BIRKENHEAD perhaps remembers the reply of MURAT to NAPOLEON, when the latter complained of the shabby appearance of the Neapolitan troops. "Sire," said the great cavalry leader, "you may dress them in red or blue or green, they will run just the same."

It was the opinion of the head of the Meteorological Office, explained Lord BIRKENHEAD regretfully, that you might fix Easter by reference to astronomy, to ecclesiastical tradition or to Act of Parliament, it would rain just the same.

Mr. AMERY's account of our negotiations with the Imam of the Yemen envisaged an alternation of brickbats and bouquets, of friendly advances and well-aimed bombs, so rapid that Mr. MALONE was perhaps justified in asking the COLONIAL SECRETARY if he thought the bombs and ultimatums really helped towards a settlement. "Under the circumstances, yes," replied Mr. AMERY. The psychology of Imams being a sealed book to everybody else, the House took his word for it.

Not even to please Colonel HOWARD-BURY will Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN represent to the Italian Government the desirability of permitting British climbers to scale the Italian frontier Alps in untrammelled promiscuity. The Italian Government, said Sir AUSTEN, had already published a list of thirty Swiss-Italian passes that were open, and would shortly publish a like list of French-Italian passes. That ought to satisfy the most confirmed edelweiss-hunter that ever brandished an alpenstock.

There is a care-free clumsiness about the HOME SECRETARY on the floor of the House that excites suspicion where no suspicion is called for. He will make a simple announcement in a way that suggests that he is hiding something up his sleeve which he will produce later with dramatic effect. It was so with his announcement of the appointment of Lord BYNG to be Commissioner of Metropolitan Police on the retirement of General HORWOOD. The HOME SECRETARY might well have included in his original answer to Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD all the information subsequently wrung from him by a sort of heckling on the part of the Opposition.

The House in Committee on the Rating and Valuation Bill found itself babbling o' green fields, cottage-gardens, woodlands and coverts with something of the fondness that absence engenders. Proposals were made to de-rate cottage-gardens however small, and for productive woodlands to be planted to the satisfaction of the Forestry Commissioners, but Sir KINGSLEY WOOD proved himself a hardwood against which the sharp axe of amendment blunted itself in vain.

Another proposal, intended to make sure that sporting rights should under no circumstances be de-rated, was likewise defeated, sporting Members having pointed out the difficulty of deciding whether a field of turnips should be de-rated as agricultural land or rated as the spiritual home of partridges.



Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS *(in Hyde Park).* "OF COURSE THIS FIGURE DOESN'T REALLY WANT ANYTHING DONE TO IT, BUT A LITTLE DUSTING WON'T DO IT ANY HARM."

Tuesday, July 3rd.

"Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand;
Come and see my shining castle built upon the sand!"

Thus EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, and thus in effect the Bishop of DURHAM (only he did not mention the sand) in appealing to the Government to spare a trifle for the underpinning of Durham's shining castle, that splendid relic of (as the Archbishop of YORK put it) a civilization older and in some ways higher than our own.

Certainly it was higher in the matter of keeping its castles in repair, as Lord PEEL clearly indicated when, in tones of sympathetic eloquence, he explained that the Government was regretfully unable to subscribe. He echoed the Bishop of DURHAM's hope that generous benefactors would not be backward in contributing to the preservation of "one of the most magnificent historical possessions of the country."

The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE assured Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY that those fine old nautical terms "port" and "starboard," whose use is established by custom, not by law, will not pass from the mariner's vocabulary if he can help it. Commander BELLAIRS asked if American experience had been investigated. Sir PHILIP perhaps hesitated to remind the House that Secretary "Grape Juice" DANIELS had introduced "right" and "left" into American Naval parlance in a day when the United States Navy was recruited almost entirely from Middle West farmers' sons, to whom "port" and "starboard" were and remained esoteric and unintelligible terms. He again urged the House not to assume from any answers he had given that a change was either required or desired.

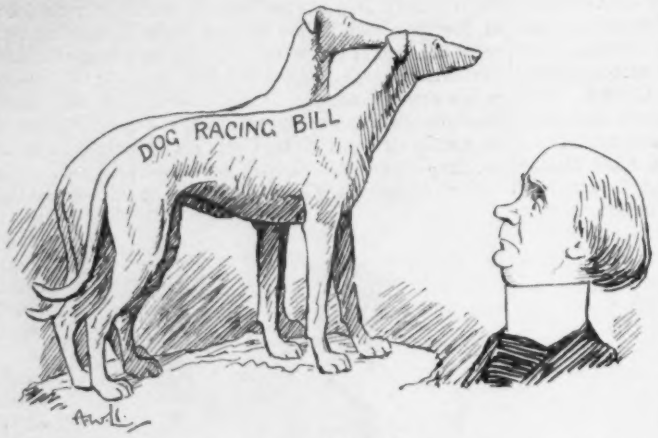
Finance Bill in Committee found the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER half promising that next year the off-licence-holder would be allowed to sell spirits by the half-bottle, provided the financial situation permitted some remission of the on-licence-holder's burdens. The Opposition wish and have previously voted for the off-licence-holder's half-bottle, but the thought of the on-licence-holder—synonymous to them with the brewer—having his tax burden lightened was more than they could stomach. Mr. SNOWDEN said this "depressed industry that made such

a strong appeal to the CHANCELLOR" was making three times the profit on its turnover that it made in 1914. Mr. JACK JONES agreed. Spurning the name of "Pussyfoot" he drew about him the threadbare fustian of "poor old Pilgarlick," the man to whom the brewers will continue to pass on any and every tax burden imposed on them, and denounced the CHANCELLOR as the friend of Mammon.

Wednesday, July 4th.—The Samburu are a pastoral people presently inhabiting Northern Laikipia. They differ from the natives of Ross and Cromarty in having Lord OLIVIER as their champion instead of Mr. MACPHERSON. They resemble them in that they appear to be much better off where they are than they were where they came from. Lord LOVAT reassured Lord OLIVIER, who feared that the Samburu were going to be dispossessed, explaining that Northern Laikipia was going to be divided into three parts, like all Gaul. One part was to be thrown open to white settlers, half a million acres were to be set aside for the nomadic Samburu and their hundred-and-ten thousand cattle, and another six hundred thousand acres were to be reserved for future consideration. Lord OLIVIER, without admitting that three acres and a cow fulfilled the gentle Samburu's agricultural ideal, withdrew the motion for papers.

The HOME SECRETARY again found himself under examination in regard to Lord BYNG's appointment as Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, and again saw the examination become cross-examination. It was Mr. LANSBURY who got cross because the HOME SECRETARY said that Lord BYNG was "younger than many gentlemen known to them all who still applied themselves with unabated vigour to their self-appointed tasks." This apparently innocent remark violently incensed the Member for Bow and Bromley, the compliment to his unabated vigour being as nought to the suggestion that his activity in probing Lord BYNG's appointment was a "self-appointed task."

The Rating and Valuation Bill continued to drag its slow length through Committee, a vast deal of time being taken up by discussions as to what it was or was not in order to discuss. Was a washery a commercial and non-industrial concern? Then it could be discussed in connection with such and such an amendment to such and such a clause. If it was an industrial hereditament, then it would be out of order to discuss it at that time.



The Rev. H. DUNNICO, M.P. (regretting that Mr. W. REID DICK, A.R.A., is not Pygmalion). "STILL STONE, I 'M AFRAID, AND NOT VERY LIKELY TO DESCEND."

Efforts of the Opposition to get shops and offices de-rated, to confine the de-rating to industrial concerns not paying and incapable of paying seven per cent on their capital, to deny it to safeguarded industries and so on, were guillotined out of hand or after brief discussion. Having "soundly based freight-transport hereditaments," as BROWNING'S *Grammarian* did "*ov*," the Committee, though not dead from the waist down, but only fed up to the teeth, rallied its failing powers sufficiently to satisfy Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY that "merchandise" included fish, and reported progress.

Thursday, July 5th.—The HOME SECRETARY again bore the brunt of Question-time, but to-day with greater success. Indeed, his brief but lucid defence of the ukase which forbids a policeman to chew gum while on duty (there was the grave risk, he explained, that the officer might blow the chewing-gum into his whistle and so be unable to function with that instrument) left his critics totally confounded.

Further debate on the Rating Bill was largely given over to putting such conundrums as "When is a warehouse not a warehouse?" That one was propounded by Mr. RUNCIMAN, but what the answer was only Sir KINGSLEY WOOD really professed to know.

Mr. SPEAKER, who ever since his appointment has been growing steadily more restive under the Opposition's Supplementary loquacity, took the opportunity (furnished by Mr. MARDY JONES) of stating very firmly that there must be less of it. They had taken three-quarters-of-an-hour to dispose of forty-two Questions. He hinted that if Supplementaries grew still more numerous, as they threatened to do, they would have to be rationed.



THE BISHOP STANDS BY HIS CASTLE.
THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

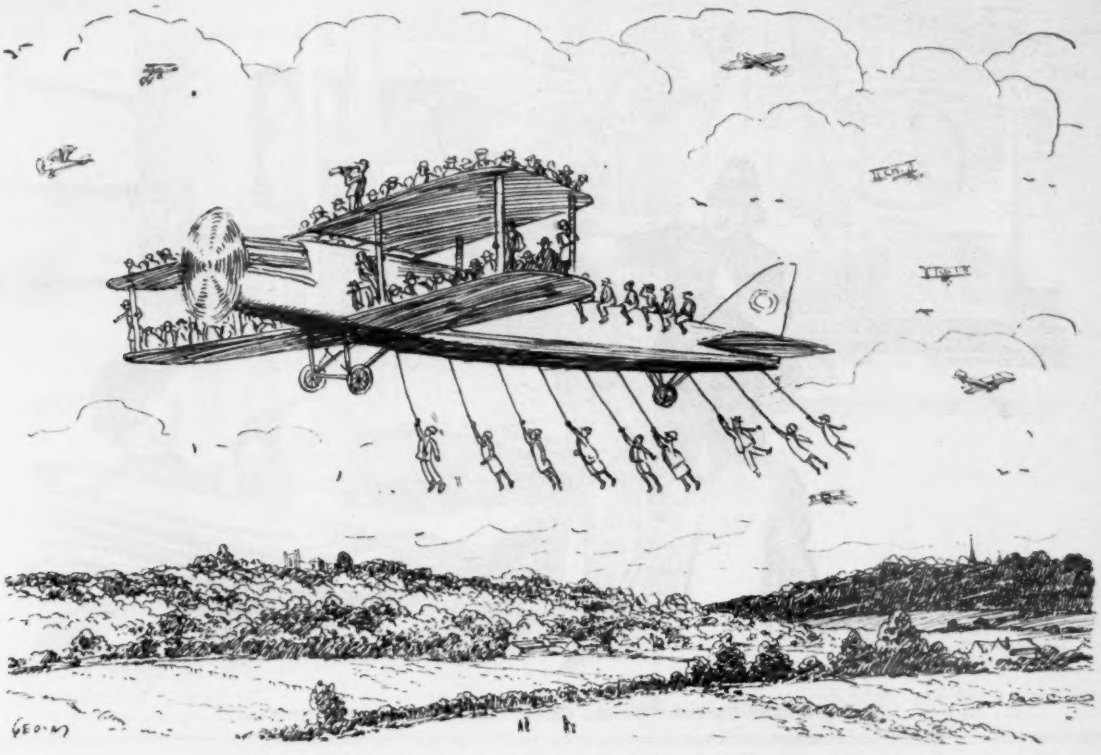
The Vogue of Slimness.

"On the 19th May, to Mr. and Mrs. ——, the gift of a bony girl."
Indian Paper.

"I hope that it will never become fashionable to say of a child 'Isn't she bony?' in place of 'Isn't she bonny?' But you never can tell."
Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP in Evening Paper.

"The Earl of ——, speaking at the summer gathering of the —— women Unionists, said that when his son, Lord ——, was not in the boxing ring he had political ambotions."
Evening Paper.

By that sin fell the boxers.



STRAP-HANGING IN THE RUSH-HOUR OF THE FUTURE.

SHOES FOR POETS.

(*By a Student of Sutorial Philosophy.*)

THE author of the article in *The Times* of July 4th on "The Newest Shoes" dwells with legitimate satisfaction on the latest improvements in women's footwear. In particular he emphasises the happy solution of the problem how to make a shoe that is "practical" without being "hideous." This result has been achieved by combining simplicity of form with originality in the choice of material and colours. Nearly all smart shoes are "decorated with skins of reptiles or straps and insertions of coloured kid." Vienna and Paris vie with London in their variations on this sutorial theme and in providing sport-shoes and country-shoes at once comfortable and ornamental.

I regret, however, that in an otherwise admirable summary the writer has failed to make any mention of the new school of Orthopodology recently founded at Boar's Hill, the aim of which is to foster correct prosody by providing suitable integuments for the feet of poetic students.

The promoters of the school have made it clear that they do not profess to cure all malformations of the pedal extremities. Persons suffering from cubic feet or tubular feet, or any of those strange deformities in which, according to a well-known principle of evolution, nature follows art, are warned against expecting any assistance.

With these reserves, the factory attached to the school is amply equipped to supply the needs of all genuine Parnassian pilgrims. Thus the Greek sandals designed by Professor GILBERT MURRAY, with a wide beautifully-embroidered instep-strap and anacrustic insertions of highly-coloured kid, are extraordinarily attractive and at the same time most effective in reducing feet of a redundant or hypercatalectic diathesis. Their decorative appearance is also greatly enhanced when worn with an anapæstic galligaskin of limp lambskin or crimson crash.

With laudable impartiality the Directors have adopted, for the benefit of adherents of the Celtic revival, a design modelled on the "pampooties" worn by the Aran Islanders, made of untanned cow-hide, dyed shrimp-pink with Vandyke pleats. These salubrious slippers are found to exert a most stimulating influence on the composition of inner-rhymed lyrics.

The Boar's Hill bootmakers are also producing large quantities of the Masefield Ballad Buskin, with a "streamline" heel of reinforced concrete, laced sandalwise across the instep with strips of blood-red Morocco leather. They have unfortunately been obliged to abandon a promising line of raffia bast button-boots, with buttons made to resemble human eyes, owing to the prohibitive cost entailed by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S proposals.

Muscular Christianity in the West.

"A blackjack in the hands of a negro choirmaster stopped the source of blue notes at the services in the Friendship Baptist Church yesterday, and though the leader and the singer were unconscious, the worship continued. Deacon Thomas Chapman disliked the sour notes and silently drawing a blackjack, felled Casey McCurick Jones, baritone, who was singing off key. George Washington McGavock, basso, objected, and tearing a telephone from the wall felled Deacon Chapman.

Later when Sergeant Mulvihill dropped in, as was his custom, the choir, led by McGavock, was singing 'Throw out the Life Line,' while both Deacon Chapman and Jones lay unconscious, side by side in front of the choir."

Chicago Paper.

"Perhaps we shall return to the time when O'Connell achieved fame by describing a vituperative fishwife as a 'rectangular parallelogram' and was forthwith hailed as a King of Band Language."

Musical Note in North-Country Paper.

In view of a recent case this is saying a good deal.



Wife of hesitant Motorist. "GO ON, OSCAR. I THINK HE REALLY MEANS IT."

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

LET'S STOP SOMEBODY FROM DOING SOMETHING!

Councillor Busy and Mr. Nose, the Member for Misery Wood,
And the Secretaree of the Societee for Making the Public Good
Were walking around the town with a frown, for everywhere they saw
The bold bad Britisher doing things which weren't against the law;
And "This won't do!" said Councillor Busy;
"This won't do!" said the Honourable Nose;
"It certainly won't!" said the Secretaree of the S.M.B.P.G.;

"Let's stop somebody from doing something!
Everybody does too much.
People seem to think they've a right to eat and drink,
Talk and walk and respirate and rink,
Bicycle and bathe and such.
So let's have lots of little regulations,
Let's make laws and jobs for our relations,
There's too much kissing at the railway-stations,
Let's find out what everyone is doing,
And then stop everyone from doing it."

Councillor Busy and Mr. Nose walked on through the summer night,
And a young man looked at his lady-friend and suddenly smiled outright;
And he hadn't applied for a licence, or been to the County Hall,
Or made a report at the magistrate's court, or filled up a form at all;
And "Did you see that?" said Councillor Busy;
"Did you see *that*?" said the Honourable Nose;
"I *did* see that," said the Secretaree of the S.M.B.P.G.

"Let's stop somebody from doing something!
There's too much smiling in the city.
You don't see me in conversation with a she;
We don't osculate, and why should he?
Send for the Watch Committee!
Let's make the girls wear high-necked blouses,
Let's put microphones in people's houses,
Let's imprison gentlemen who hug their spouses;
Let's find out what everyone is doing
And then stop everyone from doing it."

Councillor Busy went up to heaven (from eating too much fruit),
And the Secretaree took an overdose of tea, and Nose soon followed suit;
But they didn't much like the tone of heaven, for the tone was far too gay,
The angels seemed to enjoy themselves and the young folk laughed all day;
And "This won't do!" said Councillor Busy;
"Did you see *that*?" said the Honourable Nose;
"No self-control!" said the Secretaree of the S.M.B.P.G.

"Let's stop somebody from doing something!
There's too much liberty here.
Constant song is obviously wrong,
Let's get a plain-clothes' constable along—
Somebody should interfere.
Let's stop love and lollipops and smoking,
Let's stamp out unregulated joking,
We've got noses and they're made for poking,
Let's find out what everyone is doing,
And then stop everyone from doing it." A. P. H.

Forgasse



MY ENJOYMENT OF A PLAY—



ALWAYS CEASES—



WHEN FIREARMS APPEAR ON THE STAGE.



I NEVER KNOW IF THEY'RE GOING TO GO OFF—



OR, IF SO, WHEN THEY'RE GOING TO GO OFF—



OR, IF SO, HOW OFTEN THEY'RE GOING TO GO OFF—



OR, IF SO, WHAT SORT OF NOISE THEY'LL MAKE WHEN THEY DO GO OFF—



OR, IF SO, IF I SHALL JUMP WHEN THEY DO GO OFF—



OR IF, WHEN I'M ALL BRACED UP AND READY FOR THEM TO GO OFF—



THEY WON'T GO OFF—



OR IF, WHEN I LEAST EXPECT THEM TO GO OFF—



THEY —— AND OF COURSE THAT'S JUST WHEN THEY DO GO OFF!!!

AT THE PLAY.

"MY LADY'S MILL" (LYRIC).

A CURIOUSLY patchy affair, this new PHILLPOTTS comedy. There were many sound jokes and tit-bits of rustic philosophy; more indeed, I fancy, than I managed to hear, for the players were not all mindful of their first duty, to be heard, nor of the fact that we are not all of us masters of the Devonshire tongue, especially as that tongue, upon the stage, has many variants. There were gleams of beauty too in the love-passages between the hero, a muscular natural, and the heroine, a modernist portent, grocer's daughter and professional mechanical engineer, who instals turbines in the old mill, making it incredibly efficient, also lighting the mill house with power from the swift mill-race (discoursing the while learnedly on kinetic energy), and lighting up the dark corners of the old miller's heart, that sour, indeed all but mad, old man, with whose wife a plumber had run away—surprising feat in a plumber, as is duly noted. Embittered by this tragedy old *Alexander Parable* lays upon his two grandsons, *David* and *Jacko*, the solemn charge that, on pain of being turned adrift and penniless into the world, they shall have no sort of friendly dealings with women. A pretty niece of his only friend, *Honeywell* the grocer, *Dolly Quick*, is admitted to the household because she has been jilted and is presumably (but why the presumption?) inoculated against the dread disease of love. An old retainer of baboon-like aspect and an elderly spinster upon whom no man has looked with favour, nor is at all likely to, complete the mournful establishment.

And of course all pair off promptly. *David*, saving the darling and efficient *Grace* from the mill-stream, into which in an excess of zeal for turbines she has fallen, feels a strange sensation which later he understands is the forbidden adventure, love, and his conscience is sorely troubled. *Jacko*, whose wits are normal, woos young *Dolly* in secret, waiting on the main chance of the old man's death. The simian rustic, *Toby*, peers affectionately out from a dense zariba of whiskers upon the lone *Maud Shears;* and when the old man climbs to his corn-loft three several times in the second Act to turn on the switches of his new electric light each click discloses a different couple discreetly courting.



OUTCASTS FROM EDEN.

Maud Shears . . . MISS DRUSILLA WILLS.
Toby Stamp . . . MR. GORDON HARKER.

A third Act unnecessarily and rather clumsily and over-seriously shows us *Grace* reconciling the old maniac to his grandsons and retainers, and explaining to him what an old darling he was and how proud she is to be his daughter-in-law.

And because I couldn't believe in any of these characters (and obviously we were expected to take them seriously) that mournful stupor which is the result of the elaborate galvanisation of puppets whose motives and actions are in the main unintelligible settled upon me and discounted the effect of the bright patches of humour and of some delicate effects of romantic sentiment. Unfortunately it isn't enough for a stage play to be good, even very good, in parts.

Clearly not all my neighbours shared my gloomy views. But even their bright running commentaries on the action of the play failed to mitigate my discomfort.

But if the whole seemed thus unsatisfactory it is a pleasure to praise the parts. Mr. BACH, building up the absurd character of the old miller with his accustomed skill—perhaps a little too persistently exploiting his violently trembling limbs; Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON (*David*), pleasantly audible and half-wittedly romantic; Miss DRUSILLA WILLS (*Maud*), distractedly bleating her unregarded comments; Mr. GORDON HARKER (after Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE, and, if I mistake not, repeating a little piece of his business—the concealment of a bun in his straw-hat; but perhaps this is an authentic Devonshire custom), soundly bucolic as *Toby*; Miss CLARE HARRIS, pleasantly efficient and, when occasion allows, strangely sensitive and tender for a turbine expert. T.



The Miller (giving his grandsons the sack). "NEVER WHITEN MY DOORS AGAIN!"

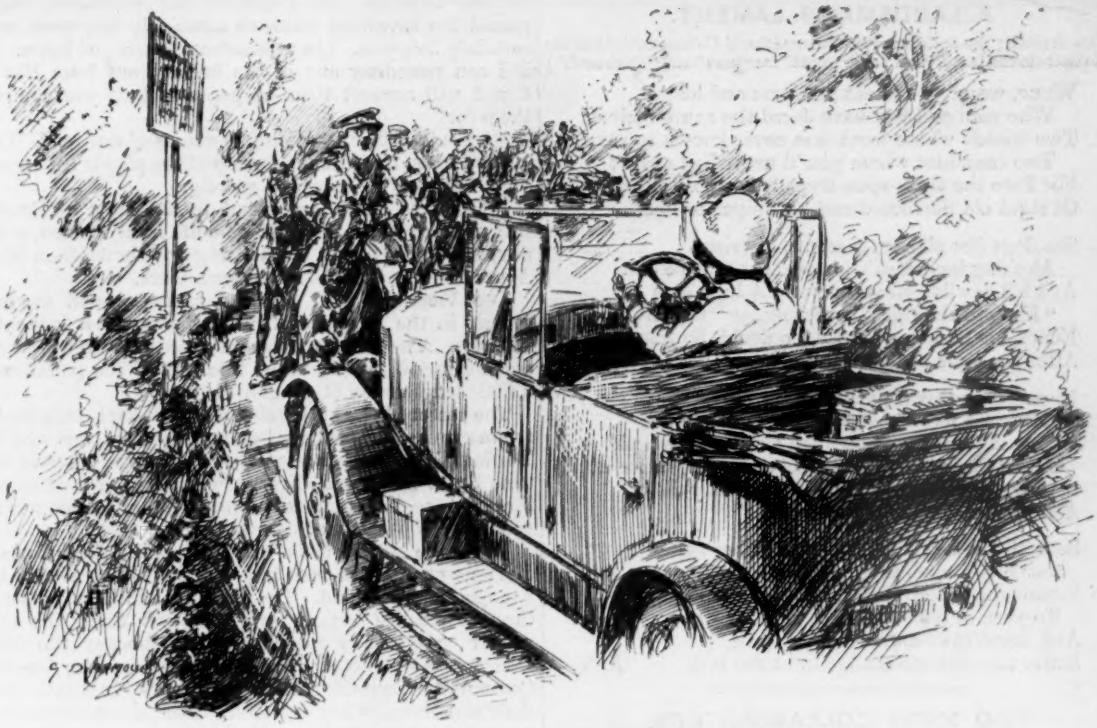
Alexander Parable . . . MR. REGINALD BACH.
Jacko Blaker . . . . . MR. ROBERT NEWTON.
David Parable . . . . . MR. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.

An Impending Apology.

"Miss —— seldom goes racing, but her presence at Lingfield did much to brighten proceedings. She was her usual *hic* self. . . ." *Society column in Weekly Paper.*

The Latest Bathing Costume.

"The honeymoon is to be spent in the Mediterranean, the bride's going-away dress being of navy blue georgette, with coloured applique flowers, with hat to match, the coat being of navy Ottoman silk trimmed with chinchilla."—*Provincial Paper.*



IN THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES AREA.

Lady (to Gunner subaltern). "CAN'T YOU BACK? YOU 'RE MAKING ME LATE FOR LUNCH."
Subaltern. "LUNCH, MADAM! YOU 'RE MAKING ME LATE FOR A BATTLE!"

ENTRE NOUS.

(*Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has confessed that he shudders when people say, "Between you and I."*)

ILLUSTRIOUS BENNETT, prithee do not think
You are the only soul to flinch and shrink
When vulgar folk, neglecting prunes and prisms,
Lapse into lamentable solecisms.

The dreadful sound of split infinitives
Anguish so deep and devastating gives
To PEMBERTON, the monumental MAX,
And also to the other ARNOLD, BAX,
As to inspire their friends and their relations
With gloomy fears and dire anticipations.
But oh! 'tis not grammatic faults alone
That cause fastidious souls to grouse and groan;
Phrases and words of ultra-modern type,
That breathe the scent of onions and of tripe,
Cause shudders as intense as those which thrill
Your high-strung nerves and prompt your fiery quill.
People who talk of "hubby" and "the wife"
Shorten by many years the precious life
Of PERCY LUBBOCK and distort with rage
The placid features of Rapallo's sage.
People, again, who answer "Q" for "Thanks"
Distress good MURRY (MIDDLETON) and SHANKS,
And even make them grind and gnash their molars
By talk of Alberts, Trilbys and of bowlers.
Why, recently, when visiting the Zoo,
Great E[illegible]TH heard an ostrich utter "Coo!"
The shock of this suburban dissonance
Caused her removal in an ambulance.

Wherefore take comfort, BENNETT, from the thought
That others by like misery are distraught
And shudder when illiterate folk defy
The laws of grammar with "'Twixt you and I."

A CLASH OF PERSONALITIES.

IT is reported in the Press that Mr. TUNNEY the boxer and Mr. WILDER the novelist are to make a tour together through Europe. Might not this very beautiful idea well be extended to our own countrymen? Think of how much it would mean to our civilisation if Dean INGE would arrange to take a walking tour with Mr. STEVE DONOGHUE, or if the POET LAUREATE and Sir ALFRED MOND (now of course Lord MELCHETT) would consent to camp out together in some remote solitude.

This valuable method might be applied to the solution of many difficult controversies. Mr. WELLS and Mr. BELLOC, for instance, might be sent for a tramp together through Southern China, where the difficulties of the language would effectively prevent their issuing daily pamphlets against each other.

Again, a joint visit to Hungary on the part of Mr. GEORGE ROBEY and Lord ROTHERMERE would effect, I believe, a definite enrichment of personality, while three weeks' *séjour à deux* at one of our South Coast watering-places would make of Lord BIRKENHEAD and Mr. JACK JONES very different people.

Finally, may we not look forward to the spectacle of Mr. CHESTERTON and Lord CASTLEROSSE setting out for a three-weeks' tour on a pillion bicycle?

A LANDSMAN'S LAMENT.

[On learning the decision of the International Collisions Committee to substitute the terms "left" and "right" for "port" and "starboard."]

WEEP, weep, ye ancient mariners and hairy
Who man and boy have dared the azure main,
Two friends whose word was never known to vary,
Two comrades whom you 'll never hail again;
For Fate the thick-spun threads has now cut short
Of stout old Starboard and his shipmate Port.

Sea-dogs (for clarity, it seems, in crises)
At using landsmen's terms must now be deft
And bid bewildered vessels on the high seas
"Keep to the right" in future, or "the left,"
Endorsing their commands, no doubt, by hand
After the style of Robert-atte-Strand.

Impelled by this deplorable example
Other set terms and good may have to go;
"Stow it" upon "Avast" ere long may trample,
And "Carry on" knock spots off "Yo, heave ho;"
"Ahoy" an early death with these may die,
A victim to the low usurper, "Hi."

So with the I.C.C. I 'd plead, for charity,
For pity's sake, their ruthless arm to stay;
Permit the sailor (blow his lack of clarity)
To yarn in his own sweet peculiar way,
And, mindful of his honourable past,
Suffer this sad sea-change to be the last. A. K.

TOO MANY COLLABORATORS.

"I AM relying on you," said the Vicar, stirring his third cup. "The harvest is great and far too many of the labourers have appointments with their dentists on the date of our garden-party. Sometimes one wonders whether the cult of the teeth isn't overdone. Yes, quite sweet enough, Mrs. Hopkins, thank you. I wondered if you would stage a short play suitable to the occasion?"

"I'm afraid I don't know a play," I replied, "which deals with the Assistant Clergy Stipend Fund."

"I suppose not," he agreed; "but something not too frivolous. I am, I trust, open-minded about the theatre. Any really good play——"

"SHAW—" I began.

"I think not," deprecated the Vicar. "We have to consider the limitations of our parishioners."

I mentioned fourteen more dramatists, ranging from NOEL COWARD to EDGAR WALLACE, but none of them was quite fitted for the limitations of his parishioners.

"I seem to remember a bright little play," he said, beaming over his glasses, "entitled *Box and Cox*. And there was another, *Browne with an E*. Most amusing. I remember I laughed until I cried when the Boys' Brigade performed it ten years ago. Then again, *Ici on parle Français* would be most suitable if only our audience had a little more French."

"We must have something more modern," declared Joyce, coming to my rescue.

"Not dangerously modern," amended the Vicar. "But where shall we find that play?"

"Here," said Joyce. "George has written one."

"Half written," I stammered, blushing rosily.

"But this is providential," intoned the Vicar. "The fact that it is incomplete will give us an opportunity to mould it so as to meet the limitations of the parishioners."

"I 'm afraid I could not complete it in time," I protested.

"Any help I can arrange," he offered magnanimously, "is at your disposal. Mr. Jones, of *The Advertiser*, who reported the Livestock Show so admirably last week, would certainly help you. The professional touch, you know. And if I can remember any of the bright lines from *Box and Cox* I will commit them to paper so that you can work them in."

"I would rather complete the manuscript myself," I said. "But I insist that the authorship of the play is kept secret."

"Of course," he assented gravely.

I began to write, somewhat in the style of BERNARD SHAW, borrowing a little stage-craft from PINERO, a little phantasy from BARRIE, and a little gossamer wit from MILNE. Apart from that it was all my own work.

The Vicar attended the first rehearsal and suggested (purely in the interests of his parishioners) a few cuts in the plot. The Vicar's sister attended the dress rehearsal and suggested (purely in the interests of the parishioners) a little lengthening of the skirts.

The secret of the authorship was well kept, only perhaps too many people were busy keeping it. That was why Mrs. Burdock-Jones let fall a cascade of glittering epigram every time I met her, while Miss Spriggs adopted a consciously literary tone, her small-talk rolling off her tongue with the splendour of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S periods.

While the ladies of the parish practised Noel-Cowardly dialogue on me, the men told me the bright things their youngest had just said. The Vicar sent round a note every time he recalled a joke from *Box and Cox*; the choir-master composed a special opening chorus; the Morris Dance Society offered some old English revels; the Rural Community Council and the Women's Institute placed their experience at my disposal. Some of the *dramatis personæ* wrote their own lines. Nothing else would satisfy them.

"What are we to do?" wailed Joyce. "The Vicar's sister won't let me wear my Paris frock."

"And the Vicar won't let me write my own play. We'll —we 'll run away."

"We can't do that; the bills are printed."

"But the author's name is a secret."

"Still, what excuse can we make—to those in the secret, I mean?"

"We will explain to everybody," I decided, "that we dared not face a curtain-call. The modesty of playwrights is notorious."

So we retired to Cornwall's remotest valley and waited there until our local paper should announce the successful issue of the garden-party. I must confess that, although we had washed our hands of the play, we eagerly scanned the columns for our first Press notice.

In due course *The Advertiser* reported that the success of the fête was the Vicar's production of *Box and Cox*.

W. E. R.

Also Ran: Dean Inge and Arnold Bennett.

"GREAT ARRAY OF SPECIAL WRITERS.

Tilden, Cochet, D. G. A. Lowe, Dean Inge, Arnold Bennett. . . ."
Evening Paper.

Provincial Preservation.

"The interior of Gateshead Town Hall will be hardly recognisable when the extensive painting and decorating now taking place is completed. Even the pictures are being given a new gilt coating."
Newcastle Paper.

That ought to make them "hardly recognisable."

"—— CREMATION SOCIETY.

. . . . Dividends will be limited to 7 per cent., but in addition it is proposed that Original Subscribers of a minimum of 25 £1 Shares will be entitled to one free Cremation."—*Pamphlet.*

Only sybarites would ask for more.



COUNTY SONGS.

XXXVII.—HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

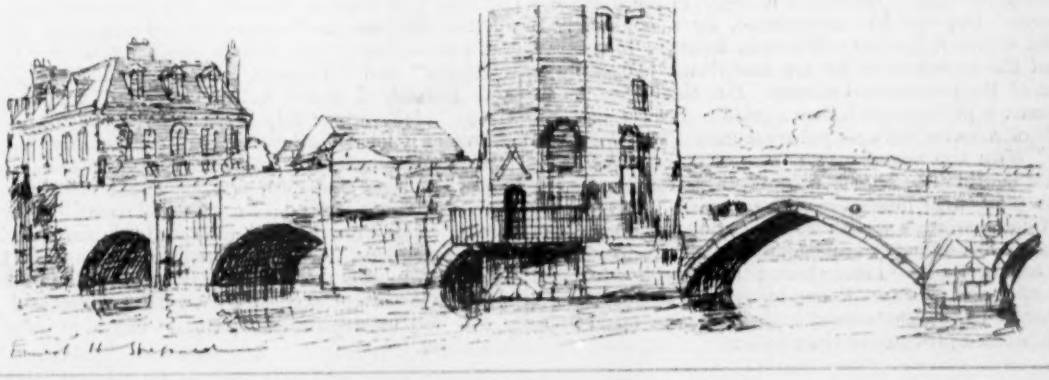


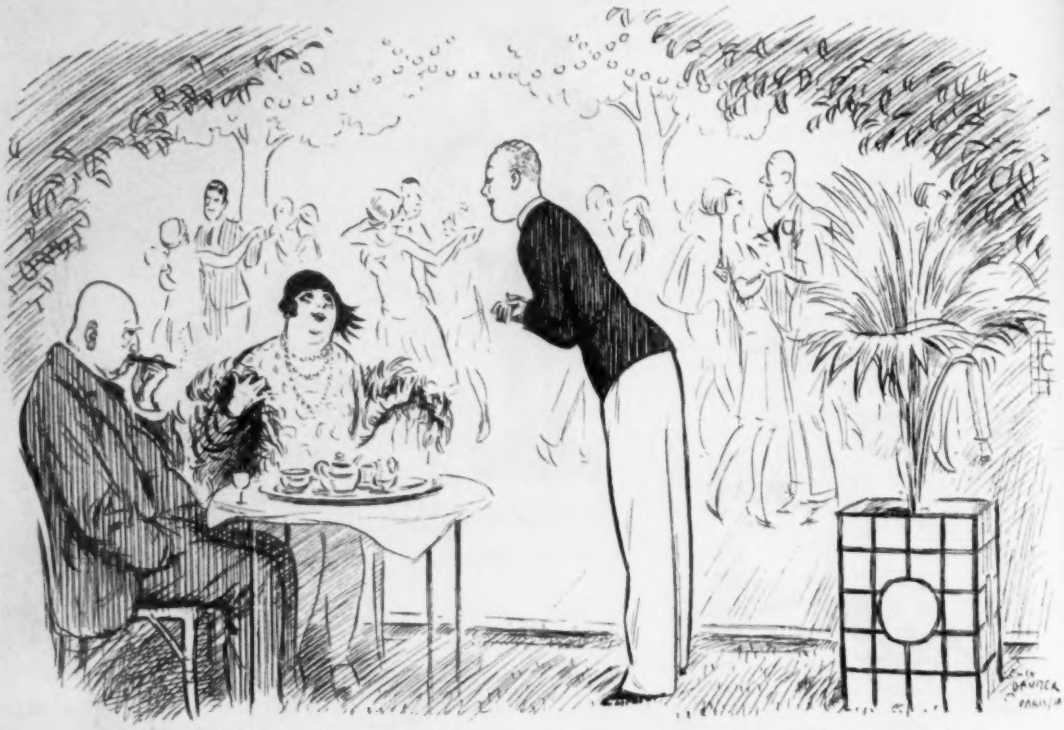
TRELAWNY vows that his St. Ives
  Alone is worth attention,
And swears the Man with Seven Wives
  Is Celtic in invention.
How Huntingdon can have a town
To rival Cornwall's in renown
  Is past his comprehension.
And all the artists say he 's right,
From STANHOPE FORBES to LAURA KNIGHT.

But where the Ouse brims bright and still
  One hears another story,
Touching the statue on the Hill—
  That proud *memento mori*;
For "Our St. Ives," they say, "is IT,
Unique, imperishably writ
  On England's scroll of glory.
A fig for Tre and Pen and Pol!
Our claim to fame is mighty NOLL."

E. V. L.







L'INVITATION À LA VALSE. A LIZARD IDYLL AT THE "PRÉ CATALAN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is no particular reason why the waxing or waning of a personal creed should not be an acceptable theme for a novel, but the fact remains that it usually takes a poet to handle religious psychology to any enduring purpose. The saint in the making is at once more and less than a man; and if this is true of holiness developed under time-honoured ecclesiastical safeguards it is even truer of such a spiritual free-lance as Miss M. L. HASKINS depicts in *Through Beds of Stone* (MACMILLAN). This interesting first novel—I should say "this distinguished first novel," but its distinctive qualities are not those most proper to fiction—deals with the spiritual development of a girl of the leisured classes. *Margaret Meredith* is brought from the schoolroom to young womanhood and left in the throes of the War, her psychological history ending as it began in the solitude of the e'ect. But she has anticipated, by a generosity of thought which it is the book's main business to portray, most of the problems which are now thrust willy-nilly on women of the professional classes. Her chief relations are with men: a philosopher father, a middle-aged editor, and a sub-editor, a doctor and a chapel missionary of her own generation. With the pathetic reverence of literary youth for editorial infallibility, Miss HASKINS has treated *The Rapier* and its staff with much the same awe as the Almighty God of her heroine's girlish visions. But her doctor and missionary are humanly handled, and their discussions on social topics, though more than a trifle sublimated, are stimulating and sincere. Some, indeed, are so good that I am inclined to think the essay rather than the novel to be the predestined province of their writer.

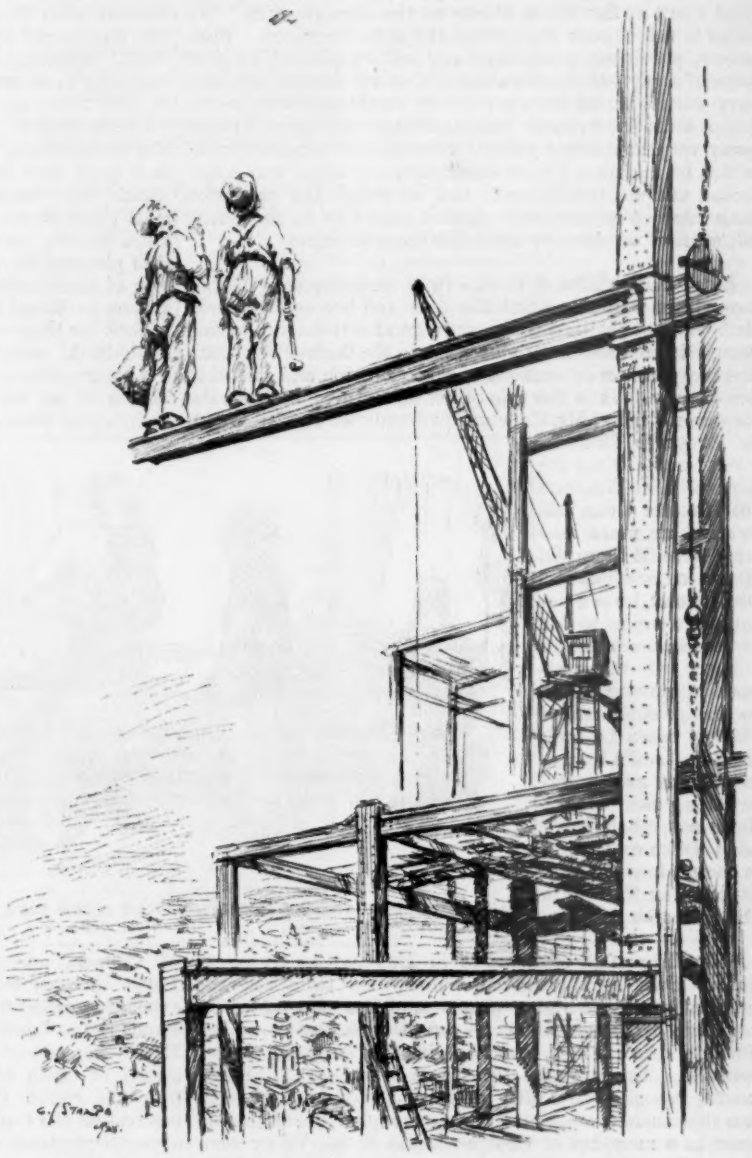
A bizarre psychology, similar to that which allowed Miss ROMER WILSON to write of EMILY BRONTË as an *âme damnée*, inspires Mr. SHANE LESLIE to treat SWIFT as if he had no soul at all. "We know that Swift left a mortal skull." (It was dug up with "STELLA'S" in 1835). "It is difficult to believe that an immortal soul ever quitted that inverted bowl of bone." This fantastic and obviously unprovable theory does not, I fear, do Mr. LESLIE'S biography any good; neither, for that matter, does it do it any notable harm. For "filming the vulture" and analysing his interests the ponderable contents of *The Skull of Swift* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) are perhaps more important and certainly less elusive than the *animula vagula*. The "filming" here is particularly well done. JONATHAN'S life in the household of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, the Irish retrospect of his ride to London, are Hollywood undoubtedly, but Hollywood in the hands of an artist. The crazy musings of the Dublin deanery are perhaps less happily inspired; but given the imaginative method they too are illuminating and poignant. Mr. LESLIE'S dissection of the DEAN'S attitude toward "VARINA," "STELLA" and "VANESSA," Church and State, England and Ireland, I found both clever and well-controlled. SWIFT might apparently have married any one of his charmers if he could have done it comfortably; he would probably have refrained from taking Orders if other preferment had been available; and he would obviously never have returned to Ireland if England had risen to his requirements. The circumstances that wedded him to celibacy, the Established Church and Dublin might, as Mr. LESLIE urges, have been more profitably described in the coral island style of biography—the patiently monumental. This is but "an extempore exhumation," but it is justified by its success.

Tears and wails
Of every shape
Has *Nightseed* (tales
From JONATHAN CAPE);
Printed groans
For all to scan who 'd
Mingle moans
With Mr. MANHOOD.

What 's your wish?
What would you, please?
Here is a dish
Of death and disease,
Sixteen bits
Of blank depression
(One admits
Style—at discretion).

Now I 've read
This bitterness
I would, all said,
Hazard a guess
That he who slung
The morbid stinkpot
Is sunny and young
When away from an inkpot.

The first hundred pages of *Mademoiselle Dahlia* (PHILIP ALLAN) convince me that Miss PAMELA WYNNE is capable of writing a good book about young people. *Delia* and *Timothy* are delightful children, sketched with understanding; their mother and *Maria* are subtly drawn, and the rigours of their hand-to-mouth existence in the little villa at Biarritz are sufficiently real to be pathetic. It is more than a pity, then, that after this promising beginning Miss WYNNE should plunge us with unnecessary detail into a story of squalid intrigue, which she fails even to make convincing. *Delia*, the child-heroine, falls in love with *Jim Chester*, an officer on leave from India, who arranges to pay for her at a finishing-school, and then to marry her. Unfortunately he is trapped by a rather adhesive young woman named *Maude* into staying a night with her at an inn in the Pyrenees, during which he gets so compromised that he has to marry her. I say unfortunately, not because I am in the least sorry for *Jim* (who is an abominably correct young man), but because it is from this point, starting with a grave flaw in the construction, that the book goes downhill. When, as pre-arranged by *Maude*, the car breaks down in the mountains and *Jim* leaves her at an inn and starts to walk down to the next village in order to get away from her, we are told that it is a *two hours' walk*. After he has walked for *an hour* the storm is so bad that he is forced *to turn back*. No comment is needed on such laxity of plot. All through the book there is a cheap class-feeling which I must confess I found most irritating. Miss WYNNE seems anxious that we should appreciate those of her characters whom she considers are *perfect* ladies and gentlemen. She would do well to refrain altogether from making use of the word "common" in her next book. But, as I say, she has a sound knowledge of children's psychology, and in that field she might write well.



Workman (watching aeroplane). "I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT IT, BILL, BUT I 'D SOONER BE DOWN 'ERE THAN UP THERE."

Imagine, if you can, Mr. JAMES JOYCE, his mind enlarged by a holiday in the Middle West, infected with the spirit of Miss ANITA LOOS, and you will get something not unlike Mr. SINCLAIR LEWIS in the mood in which he wrote *The Man Who Knew Coolidge* (CAPE). Mr. LEWIS has sometimes chastised his countrymen with scorpions, but this time he has let them off with nothing more painful than the jester's bladder, and the result, for us others at any rate, is vastly entertaining. The cream of the jest is that *Mr. Lowell T. Schmalz*, a friend of *Babbitt's* and an admirer of the

Reverend Elmer Gantry, does not really know the PRESIDENT at all, though he was his contemporary at college and paid a call at the White House on the strength of it. His mind is full of such deceptions and self-deceptions. Prosperous, provincial, pretentious and self-complacent, he gives himself away—anatomises himself, as our seventeenth-century writers would have put it—in an interminable monologue with inextricable ramifications. He gives himself away very completely indeed, with his commonplace mind which he mistakes for an intellect, his vanities and hypocrisies and self-indulgences; and we watch the exhibition with superior amusement—until it occurs to us that, after all, some of us are very much the same at home.

From her childhood it was fully understood by *Jackie* (corruption of *Jacqueline*) *Mortimer* and her schoolfellows that she was destined to become a great actress. So, having been left parentless in Brighton, she in the flush of her youth and inexperience determined to go to London and attend to her destiny. It is the tale of her adventures, both on the stage and off, that Mr. PATRICK HAMILTON tells at full length in *Twopence Coloured* (CONSTABLE). Since the days of Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN I can call to mind no more leisurely novelist than Mr. HAMILTON, and, like Mr. DE MORGAN, he is a delightful companion for readers who are not in a hurry. I was profoundly impressed by his knowledge of theatrical life, but when he took *Jackie* to Lord's I abandoned him as an impeccable guide. If, Mr. HAMILTON, a batsman's name is fifth on the list he doesn't have to wait till the fourth wicket falls before he goes in.



Dentist. "NOW THEN, SIR, WHICH IS THE TOOTH YOUR WIFE WISHES ME TO EXTRACT?"

A small band of enthusiasts in England is trying to educate their cocktail-ridden countrymen to a renewed appreciation of the higher pleasures of the wine-table—an optimistic campaign when we reflect how few of us can afford to drink wines that are, in the flattering sense, drinkable. The fact that *The Wines of France* (T. FISHER UNWIN) has gone to a fifth impression may mean no more than that there are poor but generous souls who, having no access to a magnum of Château Lafite of '64, '65 or even '75, can take pleasure in the dithyrambic memories of the author, who had the luck to taste all three at one sitting! Sound standard information about the French wines, intelligent, if rather hedging, discussion of wine problems, such as the great decanting controversy—why can't Mr. ALLEN stand his ground like a man and declare frankly for decanting?—apt quotation from the known authorities and enough individual judgment of his own to salt the dish, inform this deftly-made volume.

In this city of ours, as you are probably aware, the sculptor has but a poor time of it. Not only, according to eminent statisticians, are fifteen tons of solid matter, including chlorine and ammonia, deposited on each square kilometre of our surface in one average winter month, but it would seem that the British Public, always eager to go wrong in matters of Art, has caught the trick of jeering at our London statues, and firmly believes that no other capital in Europe would tolerate such memorials of the great as are to be found in our streets and squares. Perhaps we have more than we want, especially since the War. In *London's Open-air Statuary* (LONGMANS) Lord EDWARD GLEICHEN tells us that in 1844 there were only 22 statues in our streets; in 1867 no more than 41; and at the present moment well over 350. But he maintains boldly that their general level of excellence is a good deal higher than we are apt to think—and he should know something about the subject. In this book he goes through most of our statues one by one, telling us, when he can, something of the sculptor and his work; and it is pleasant to note that in most cases he has a word or two of commendation. In fact there are a number of fine statues scattered about London—only we don't know where to look for them—and we should be really grateful for this guide-book, which contains sound criticism and interesting information on a number of little-known monuments. Which of us, for example, knows the SIDDONS statue in Paddington Green, or that of Captain RICHARD MAPLES in the Mile End Road?

"How does it feel to live in the world's most isolated settlement, one of half-a-dozen human beings in a million square miles of wilderness, and one of the three white men constituting the most northern post of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police?" This is the question that HERBERT PATRICK LEE asks, and answers fully, in *Policing the Top of the World* (LANE). In 1919 the Canadian Government decided to enforce Federal Law throughout the entire Dominion of Canada, and naturally enough chose the Mounted Police to carry out the task. Some three years later an expedition sailed from Quebec to build posts on Ellesmere Land, Baffin Land and North Devon Island, and Constable LEE, being one of the party, presently found himself stationed at Craig Harbour, less than eight hundred miles from the North Pole. Of the two years that he spent perched on the top, or nearly the top, of the world, he tells a peculiarly fascinating tale. Two maps and some excellent photographs increase the value of this modest account of real experiences.

Our Mechanical Mary-Anns.

"Two H.P. Maids; thoroughly trustworthy, clean."—*Local Paper.*

Ready-Maids.

"The bride's bouquet was supplied by Messrs. ——, Arthur Street, and the bridesmaids by Messrs. ——, Shaftesbury Square, Belfast."
Belfast Paper.

An Oil Company employs a familiar tag as a slogan to interest motorists:—

"*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*"

We suggest a slight modification of this as a warning to pedestrians:—

"*Nisi monumentum requiris, circumspice.*"

CHARIVARIA.

A STRONG objection to the Sunday opening of theatres, which is advocated by Sir GERALD DU MAURIER and others, is that it would entail additional hardship to playgoers.

* * *

It seems that Mayfair residents are kept awake at night by the noise of people getting into Society.

* * *

Americans are stated to be ninety cents *per caput* poorer than they were last year, but we must be careful not to let them feel that we think the less of them on that account.

* * *

Wild strawberries are reported to be growing on the embankment in certain sections of the Southern Railway line. Passengers are requested not to pick them while the train is in motion.

* * *

Owing to the slump it is said that everything on the railways will have to be cut. That is the sort of rash statement which makes the railway sandwich laugh.

* * *

The latest volume of the Italian census discredits the claims of many alleged centenarians. It does not state, however, to what they attributed their alleged longevity.

* * *

Now that it has been judicially decided that banks must tell, it looks as if the income-tax collector will have to be told all about our overdraft.

* * *

At a demonstration of television in colours the man whose image was being transmitted was seen to put out his pink tongue. This is a notable advance towards the perfection of long-distance civilities.

* * *

Governor AL SMITH's opponents protest that his Derby hat is unfit for a Presidential candidate to talk through.

* * *

Luxurious carriages provided by a railway company are described as further inducements for Scotsmen to come to England and for Englishmen to go to Scotland. Nothing is said about inducing Scotsmen to go to Scotland.

* * *

Thirteen thousand of Switzerland's best singers assembled for the Federal Song Festival. Community yodelling should be extremely impressive.

* * *

The newest sweater, according to a fashion article, has some of the problems of EUCLID woven into its meshes. Designers of up-to-date sports clothes are still baffled by the Einstein Theory.

* * *

At very smart seaside resorts nowadays they have a second row of bathing huts, where bathers, before entering the water, can change their bathing costumes for something to swim in.



Fortune-Teller. "YOU WILL EXPERIENCE TROUBLE IN YOUR CAREER. I SEE A DARK MAN STANDING IN YOUR WAY."
Client. "THEN 'EAVEN 'ELP 'IM. I DRIVES A STEAM-ROLLER."

"Work is the key to a fortune," says Mr. ROBERT DOLLAR, the Canadian millionaire. There's always a catch somewhere.

* * *

"The London motorist rarely loses his temper," says a writer. Except of course when he foozles his pedestrian.

* * *

The Rev. G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY last week conducted a special service for two thousand London busmen. "Pass further down the aisle, please."

* * *

A report from Chicago states that during the recent heat-wave an egg dropped on the pavement and was fried in the sun. We should have expected a Chicago egg to explode and kill somebody.

* * *

The Mayor of PLYMOUTH recently bowled over a cokernut at a fair. Still, they never tried to put him off his game by saying the Spaniards were in the Channel.

* * *

It has been discovered that the wire-haired fox terrier is more intelligent than the smooth. So it seems that what makes the former scratch his head so often can't be perplexity.

* * *

Our theory about "abel-locking," a word which has been so much discussed lately, is that it means making a noise like Mr. BELLOC.

* * *

A hawker in Paris has been arrested three hundred times for obstructing the traffic with his barrow. The police hope that this may be a lesson to him.

* * *

An American claims that he can play the saxophone whilst blindfolded. Handcuffs seem to be the only remedy.

* * *

A Mexican arrested by the police in New York was found to be unarmed. It was enough to arouse any policeman's suspicions.

* * *

A famous film actress of Hollywood says that half her income is swallowed up by expenses. Matrimonial registrars will have to reduce their retaining fees.

* * *

According to a sports journal a well-known wicket-keeper has been responsible for two-hundred-and-four-teen extras this season. We should like to see him matched against a seaside landlady.

Tuneful Lizzie.

"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
Ford Tourer, good condition, self-starter. Cheap."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

Another Impending Apology.

"NORTHAMPTON LIBRARY.
LIST OF RECENT ADDITIONS.
Religion.—Lodge, Sir Oliver: Why I believe in personal immorality."
Northampton Paper.

A rush is expected on the Northampton Library.

MOVIE-HAY.

I HAVE never believed in movie-hay as an economic proposition; it was always so obvious that the thing couldn't possibly *pay*. Why, the wages bill alone——

Take a typical instance of movie-hay-making.

The field is clearly one of many belonging to the sort of farm which can only be described as "model." The picturesque gable end, just visible through the trees, must cost an enormous lot to keep up. The hay-cart and the horses too are not such as you could expect to meet with on the farm up the lane; they have pedigrees going right back to *Ben Hur's* chariot.

Nor is the weather any less expensive. Movie-hay is never made except when the super-sun shines; the very shadows have a quality scarcely of this earth.

But it is the movie-haymakers themselves who are the most difficult to reconcile with movie-haymaking as an economic proposition. There are, of course, some who *do* work; they may be seen—often in the same field and at the same time—scything, raking, tedding, cocking and leading movie-hay. But their hearts are not in it. That fellow over there with the scythe would never last to draw Saturday's wages, nor would the girl with the rake; Monday noon would see them both sacked, as surely as there is clover in the big meadow. Yet here they manage to hold their jobs, probably because in comparison with the movie-haymakers-*de-luxe* they at least *seem* to work.

It is these last who justify all misgivings as to the economic soundness of the whole business. It is not that they do not *look* the part; no village maiden was ever so emphatically sunbonneted as she, no rustic moralist ever so romantically corduroyed as he; but somehow they do not seem to bring to the making of movie-hay that mechanical plodding tireless efficiency which goes to the making of ordinary hay. There is something disconcerting about their technique; honest toil does not seem to be their natural heritage, their brows are not conspicuously wet with honest sweat; their hands are not, one feels, horny; they are not really redolent of the soil.

The other movie-haymakers have probably been at their toil for some time, raking over the sweet-scented hay, before the hero appears, lightly swinging a hay-fork. For him it is always a hay-fork or nothing; turning long swathes with a rake is too monotonous a task for his romantic spirit.

But once arrived he loses no time in getting to work. With grim determination he gathers on his fork a handful of movie-hay (turned to the super-sun but a minute before by some humbler fellow) and swings it up to the hireling who sits atop of the piled wain. Gingerly—for hay-forks, even movie-hay-forks, have prongs, and in his fine careless rapture it is scarce to be expected that he will remember to turn them downwards—the scanty offering is accepted and added to the swaying load. Withdrawing his fork he gathers a second wisp. . . .

No one has ever seen him get as far as a third, for now, leaning upon his fork and shading his eyes with his hand, he gazes to where *she* is coming, dainty in dimity, her tiny hands holding a large brown jug.

"You are as kind as you are beautiful," he murmurs, taking the jug from her.

She casts down her eyes.

"Oh, no," she lisps. "But upon this harvest depends the fate of the dear old farm, and I must do what little I can to help. Besides," she adds, glancing shyly at his unbeaded brow, "you have toiled long in the cruel heat."

"For you I would toil day and night."

A simple speech, but ah! how eloquently spoken.

One by one the lesser toilers drift away (there is obviously nothing in the jug for them); the movie-hay lies unmade, and he and she gaze long into one another's eyes. The super-sun shines on.

And that presumably is his day's work.

Now I maintain that this *cannot* really pay the old man with the white whiskers and the leggings to whom the farm belongs. For I have seen this young movie-haymaker before; I know all about him, and one of the most frequently quoted facts which the picture-papers have forced upon my attention is that he earns about one thousand pounds a week.

Even the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries has never suggested this as an economic wage for the best haymaker who ever made hay. Perhaps if the Board ever made hay itself it might consider the sum not excessive, but then the Board has no sure criterion by which to measure toil. About thirty-five shillings is nearer its figure, and this, mark you, is for a man who makes hay and nothing *but* hay for about sixteen hours a day six days out of the seven.

At a generous estimate our movie-haymaker has garnered roughly enough hay to keep an ordinary cow going for ten minutes. Even presuming that he repeats this feat daily, and this is by no means certain, it is obvious that no farm could produce an economic return sufficient to cover the cost of the labour involved. It simply couldn't be done.

But the matter does not rest here. I know *her* too; I have seen her before, and she also expects (and presumably receives) a trifle of some one thousand pounds per week. So that economically the cost of gathering that wisp of movie-hay is doubled. Frankly I think it dear at the price.

No, I am afraid I shall never be able to believe in movie-hay. But I think it would be a terribly good thing if some of our politicians who are so unhappy about the agricultural depression could be induced to go and see a little movie-haymaking. *They* would believe it; I think they would believe anything. And they couldn't help being cheered up to think that somewhere, somehow, agriculture was paying a living wage.

L. DU G.

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

[An uninstructed reader may find cause for apprehension in the simultaneous appearance on the Order Paper of the House of Lords of the following:—Dogs (Amendment) Bill; Rabbits Bill; Slaughter of Animals (Scotland) Bill, and Child Destruction Bill.]

THE functions of the Lords are far
From "nothing in particular,"
And not for nothing, be it said,
Is their upholstery in red.
Their Orders read in modern times
Like lists of contemplated crimes.
A mild Bill, given pride of place,
Seeks to correct the canine race,
Which, though denied participation
In the Grand Inquest of the nation,
Has long ago affirmed its right
Prescriptively to bark and bite.
One measure changes Fido's habits;
Another conjures with the rabbits;
A third (across the Solway Water)
Bids animals be led to slaughter;
And thus the list of work to do
Takes on a sanguinary hue.
But for the horrors that remain
We seek a precedent in vain;
For HEROD'S gory fiat went
Unratified by Parliament,
And no authority records
Approval by the House of Lords,
But hired assassins worked his will
Without a Child Destruction Bill.

Our Infantile Iconoclasts.

From a schoolgirl's essay on "The Stage":—

"As well as real actors and actresses there are those we go to see for charity. These are called immature."

"During the signing of the registor Mrs. —— sang with much expression 'Thanks be to God.'"—*Surrey Paper.*

She was not, however, the mother of the bride.



UNINVITED OLYMPIANS.

MR. MAXTON (*to Mr. COOK*). "IF THEY WON'T LET US ENTER FOR SLINGING THE MUD AND THROWING THE HALF-BRICK, WE SHALL HAVE TO START SOME GAMES OF OUR OWN."



Temperamental Youth (*entering gustily*). "MY *DEAR* MRS. BROWNE, I REALLY MUST APOLOGISE . . . SO LATE."
Hostess. "BUT YOU 'RE NOT LATE. WE DON'T DINE TILL 8.30."
Temperamental Youth (*not to be denied*). "THEN I REALLY MUST APOLOGISE . . . BEING IN TIME."

LIEUTENANT SWORDFROG'S JOKE.

Our Lieutenant Swordfrog once thought of a joke. It was quite a good joke, and despite the fact that he thought of it after guest-night it was reasonably decorous. Nearly everyone laughed heartily at it, even the Colonel, and it was carefully explained to Captain and Quartermaster Ledger, who then laughed heartily at it too.

Next day it travelled to the Sergeants' Mess by the usual channels — Mess Waiter to Post-Corporal, with doubtful emendations; Post-Corporal to Orderly-Room Corporal, with equivocal improvisations; Orderly-Room Corporal to Orderly-Room Sergeant, with added indelicacies; till at last it came to Sergeant-Major Magazine, who laughed very loudly and said he didn't think Swordfrog ought to tell stories like that at his age. As I said, it was quite a good joke.

Well, after Swordfrog had been using it a bit round the barracks and had been invited out to other regimental guest-nights for command performances, so to speak, it began to look a trifle frayed round the edges. People used to make openings for it on purpose and groan in unison if Swordfrog accepted the gambit. It was then that Major Saddleflap said, "You know, young fellow, that's good enough for *Weekly Wit*: you ought to send it up."

Swordfrog was terribly taken with this idea, particularly as he almost affected to consider himself an occasional contributor to this journal, on the strength of having already had published therein an earlier *jeu d'esprit* by himself—a specimen of humorous repartee made to his nurse at the age of two-and-a-half.

So he wrote the joke all out carefully on one side of a sheet of Army foolscap, casting it in the form of a short article, and then borrowed B Company's office typewriter and was just setting to work, when a thought came to him. He said to himself: "I wonder if I am allowed to do this, being in the Army?" For Swordfrog, as I have told you elsewhere, was a conscientious youth and was rarely happy unless he was doing something the regulations told him to do, such as keeping the hair of the head short, or else studiously refraining from doing something else which they forbade him to do, such as not wearing unauthorised ornaments or emblems on the head-dress when in uniform.

So he reached out for *King's Regulations*, lying as usual on the "Table, wood, officers' quarters . . . 1 per quarter," by the side of his "Bedstead, iron, 6' 6", officers, for the use of," and soon turned up a paragraph which bore on the subject of communications to the Press.

"*An officer on full pay is forbidden to publish in any form whatever . . .*" read Swordfrog, and swore. Then he saw the words, "*without special authority*," and read hurriedly on till he came to:—

"*When application is made for permission to publish any article, etc., the document will be either typewritten or in proof form, and will be submitted in duplicate direct to the War Office. . . . One of the copies will be retained at the War Office for reference. . . .*"

This formidable ukase, however, apparently directed at his small bit of humour, did not shake Swordfrog as much as it would anyone else. He just loved that sort of thing. He merely sent his batman down to the office for another sheet of carbon paper and started away.

Room A999 at the War Office was pleasantly surprised when, a week later, they received Swordfrog's humorous article in duplicate, with a covering letter "having the honour" in two places. Then they read the article and were pleasantly intrigued. They hadn't had anything quite like that before. Generally the articles of which they had to signify approval were snappy nine-thousand-word effusions on the "Preponderance of Light Field Artillery in Modern South-East-European Armies, with some Notes on the Relative Advantages of Mountain Guns and Catapults in Balkan Warfare." After that, of course, Swordfrog's little piece went down well. They were distinctly amused.

Now in the Battle Shack they have a pleasant custom when they hear a good joke. They instantly mark it, very formally, "For information," or "P.810 to see," and send it round to all their friends in other rooms in order to enliven the tedium of Higher Strategy. Thus Swordfrog's small fun, always under its official camouflage of "For report, please" or "Referred to you," sailed off into the echoing vastnesses of the War Box, and for weeks laughter was unexpectedly heard to ring out into the dim corridors—even from the rooms of the Finance Branch. At the end of three months a much-thumbed document was returned to Swordfrog with permission granted.

Swordfrog re-typed it and sent it off, and the Editor of *Weekly Wit* sent it back for some slight alterations to bring out the full flavour. These made, Swordfrog was about to return it, when his eye was caught by a further sentence in *King's Regulations* reading:—

"*Permission to publish will apply only to the article, etc., as submitted, and no alterations thereto . . . are to be made subsequently without the authority of the Army Council.*"

This certainly *did* shake Swordfrog. Not only would he have to go through the procedure again, but this time the Army Council, no less, was specifically named. After some deliberation he sent it to the Army Council.

Nothing happened for three months, and then he wrote a polite letter asking about it. He got a letter back by return—military return, that is, about a fortnight or so later—asking if the article referred to was one on "Army Water Supply in Desert Countries Occupied by Hostile Tribes." Swordfrog was able to say with truth that it wasn't; not a single hostile tribe was even mentioned in his article. Nothing more happened for two months, at the end of which time the joke embodied in Swordfrog's article suddenly appeared in a more concise form—four lines to be accurate—in a common paper called *Daily Fun*.

Swordfrog, after a struggle with his conscience, accepted the congratulations of those of his friends who remembered that the joke had originally been his; but he was left in very grave doubt. Either someone else had had the same highly original idea, and Swordfrog hardly believed this possible, or else—and this is what has shaken to the core his loyalty to his superior officers—one of the Army Council has purloined his joke and sent it up to *Daily Fun* on his own, retaining, moreover, the two-and-sixpenny postal-order which by rights belongs to Swordfrog. A. A.



THE BRIDE WHO WASN'T READY: A CAMERA TRAGEDY.

Two Bridges to Salvation.

"The Maoris . . . are a very superior race of native . . . their mode of salvation is to rub noses."—*S. African Paper.*

SOME ASIATICS.

III.—THE JAPANESE.

FEW people take such joy in trees
As do the nimble Japanese.

Their passion for arboriculture
Endures from birth unto sepulture.

To them no prospect seems more fine
Than serried ranks of stately pine.

With scorn a man they 'll overwhelm
Who thinks but poorly of the elm;

While if he ridicules the oak
It positively makes them choke.

The peach and cherry everywhere
They foster with a mother's care;

And should their cherry-trees grow weary
Their thoughts incline to hara-kiri.

MR. MAFFERTY DISCUSSES HOME AFFAIRS.

"I'M thinkin'," said Mr. Mafferty, "an hour or two after Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS has arrived in Paradise it 's a great scandal will arise in that place. That man could make a commotion in a bowl of gold-fish. He 'd put his foot in the Sahara desert an' splash the Poles with mud. He can't cross the road without making a drama of it. He can't say no more than "Will you pass the salt?" without makin' a great song of it an' puttin' half the population into a state of animosity. One half of him 's *Mrs. Grundy* an' a quarter 's MUSSOLINI, an' what the rest of him is no man can tell. It 's one eye he has on popularity an' the other on the Puritan, an' between the two of 'em he can see nothin' but his own nose itself.

But it 's not meself would be doin' an injustice to any man, an' I 'll not deny he has a great genius for publicity. It 's Secretary of State for Home Affairs he is, you 're sayin'. Well, by all the talk you 'd think there was no other Office nor no other Affairs in the country at all. You 'd think that Office was so full of reforms an' schemes an' fine pieces of legislation as an egg is full of meat, an' it bringin' happiness to the people every hour of the day. You 'd think there was no Home Affairs anywhere wasn't ship-shape an' Dublin fashion. You 'd think a man so big, in an office so big, an' a Government so big, with a majority so big, an' it lastin' so big a time, would be passin' big laws in the Parliament, would you not? But what 's the truth? Maybe it 's weak in the memory I am, an' you 'll correct me, but there 's no big law nor big thing besides has come out of the Home Office in these five years that I can call to mind. There was great talk of a Factory Bill at one time, but the devil knows what 's become of that. Well, maybe that 's a difficult question, but is there nothin' else a great Napoleon of a Home Secretary might be givin' his powerful mind to, an' he yearnin' to leave his name in the history-books, an' delighted as a little child to see it printed in the newspapers? There 's your Bettin' Laws, Mr. Heather, I 've told you many a time, is a scandal an' a shame to the Mother of Parliaments, an' she responsible for every one of them. There 's no sense nor fairness in them from the top to the bottom, there 's never a man has a word to say for them, they make you the laugh an' mockery of the Christian world, they do more than anythin' else to make the poor man despise the laws an' break them if he can. But what 's your fine Home Office doin' about them, will you tell me? As much as a dead man could do, an' no more at all. If it 's only a small little contribution like the Totalisator they can't come out an' defend it like men till the whole Press has done it for them a month of days. There 's millions of pounds go to sweepstakes on the Derby race, the papers is full of it, the country 's mad with it, an' the Government knows nothin' at all about it. They don't stop it, an' they don't take a pennyworth of revenue from it. But if a poor gentleman so much as puts a thimble over a pea on the Epsom Downs, or asks another gentleman if he can put his finger on the Jack, your Home Office leaps upon him like an elephant with the religious mania. It 's peckin' like a lot of old hens they are at a few small grains in the corner of a yard, an' a great meal waitin' for them under their tails.

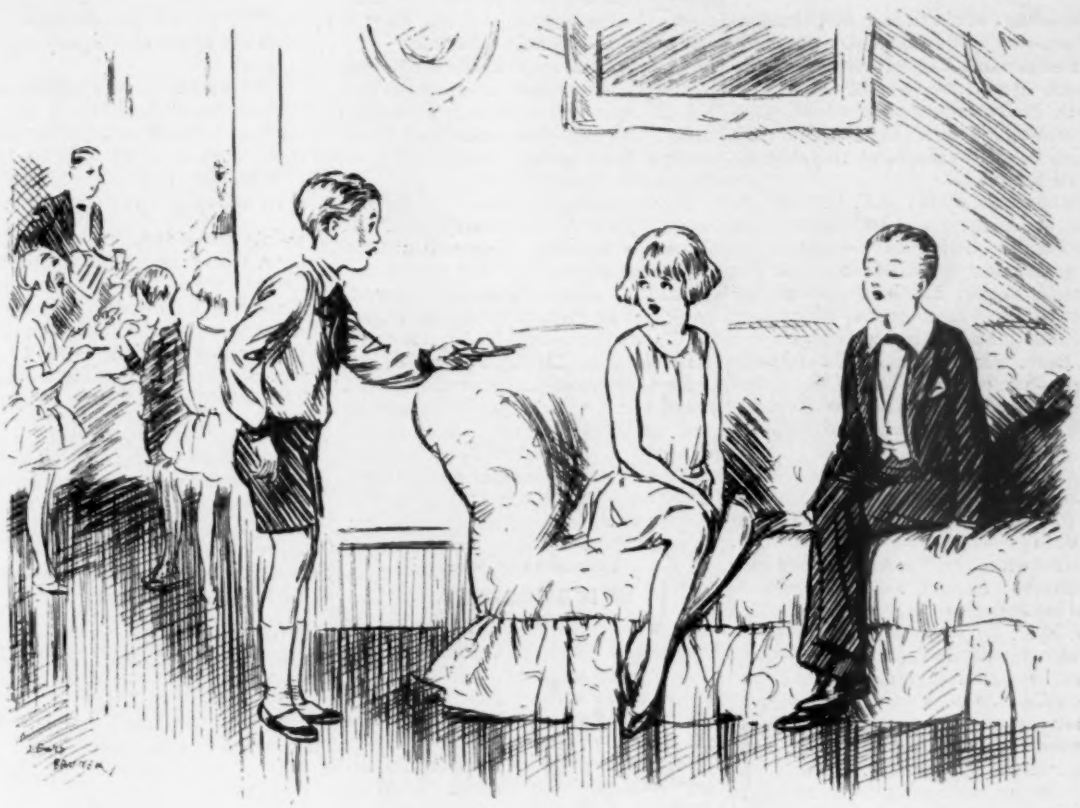


Polite Pedestrian (after being run over). "ONE OF YOUR TYRES IS GETTING SOFT, SIR."

"There 's the Divorce Laws an' practice, Mr. Heather. I 'd not be discussin' them on a hot day in detail, but you 'd think any man who was put in charge of the Home Office for five years an' no less would maybe be givin' a passin' thought to that matter an' maybe be askin' himself if wasn't there somethin' as useful to be done there as prosecutin' the people for dancin' an' drinkin' an' kissin' an' enjoyin' themselves.

"An' then there 's the Licensin' Laws, Mr. Heather, another big matter you 'd say a big man interested in Home Affairs an' the happiness of the citizens would be settin' his hand to before the latter end, for it 's a sad muddle they 're in these many years. An' never say I 'm thinkin' only of me own hours of refreshment, Mr. Heather, nor your own neither, for there 's many another thing besides that. There 's them Licensin' Justices, an' the way they 're appointed, an' the things they do, is a whole Act of Parliament in itself, Mr. Heather. There 's many of them is goin' against the intention of Parliament every time they sit on the Bench, if they 're not breakin' the law entirely. It 's them, as often as not, an' not the brewers at all, is standin' in the way of makin' the public-house a decent place, with games an' space an' comfort an' music an' somethin' more than the liquor to it. An' I 'll tell you for why. By the blatherin' laws you have there 's no publican can so much as shift a partition or put in a new door without he has the permission of them Licensin' Injustices. An' many 's the time they 'll be refusin' him permission to shift that partition or move that door, the way he 'll not be able to improve his premises an' give the people a little space an' comfort an' maybe a spotheen of music on a Saturday. An' for why? Because in their wisdom they 're not wishful the public-house should be improved at all, the way they can go on sayin' it 's a squalid place an' ought to be stopped or run by the Government. It 's the truth I 'm tellin' you, an' it 's a dirty shame, an' contrary besides to the wish of Parliament. But your fine HOME SECRETARY 's so busy graduatin' for Hollywood itself he don't know nothin' about it.

"An' there 's another thing. No Justice that 's a brewer can sit on the Licensin' Bench, which is natural enough, because he 'd know what he was talkin' about, an' you can't have that. But meanwhile them fanatical Injustices I was speakin' of, which are as prejudiced an' dogmatical as any brewer could be, an' worse, is permitted to swarm from Bench to Bench in the Licensin' season, like a lot of locusts devourin' the pleasures of the people, an' many of them, what 's more, you 'll never see doin' their duty on the Bench at any other time. Which things is



Fickle Nymph (to jilted swain who is endeavouring to reinstate himself). "IT'S NO GOOD, BOBBIE; YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BY THIS TIME THAT YOU CAN'T FORCE LOVE."

another dirty shame an' foolishness, Mr. Heather.

"But, when a Private Member puts down a Bill to be discussin' them things, his own Government leaps at him with threats an' menaces till he takes it off again. An' instead of that they have a grand afternoon discussin' the stabilisation of Easter, and strike another blow for the stabilisation of Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS.

"But what 's the use of talkin'? It 's not out for conversions they are but convictions only. Will you believe now what I 'm going to tell you? At the 'Full Moon Inn,' where I might be takin' a glass of ale in the evenin' between times, there was a stranger came in not long since, maybe four or five times in a week of nights, an' he makin' himself very pleasant to the landlord an' the customers. An' every night after closin'-time he 'd be persuadin' the fellows to have one more an' coaxin' the landlord to supply that same, an' he not wishful at all. An', what 's more, Mr. Heather, he 'd buy a bottle of whisky an' ask us to come outside with him after the time. Well, at the end of the week in comes an inspector in uniform, an' this nice-spoken stranger turns out to be a policeman in disguise, sent out of his own district the way nobody 'd know him. In France, Mr. Heather, they 'd call that gentleman an *agent provocateur*, but it 's meself can think of a shorter word; an' I 'm glad to tell you the magistrate didn't believe one thing he said.

"But that 's the way of it, Mr. Heather; there 's a lot of mean dirty things being done in the name of justice an' morality. It 's not Robert I 'm blamin' that has his orders to act that way, but the gentlemen that give them orders deserve dismemberin', no less. An' whoever they are they 're all under the orders of your great Sir WILLIAM, that spends his days cluckin' over the gnats an' swallowin' the camels. There 's no need to make a film of the police; all he 's got to do is to say, 'Stop doin' them things; they don't suit this country.' An' then let him be givin' his great mind to a few Home Affairs by way of a change." A. P. H.

CULTURE FOR DRUMMERS.

[The latest American suggestion is that hotels should become "cultural centres." The commercial traveller, it is maintained, has so much leisure nowadays that, after paying a few calls, he should attend hotel classes and improve his mind.]

AH me, but I was far from wise,
What ignorance I showed
When first, to sell my merchandise,
I went upon the road,
And, well-contented with my low-brow mission,
Pursued my travels till some lucky hap
Showed me a hostelry where erudition
Was being kept on tap.

Forthwith I put my business by,
Determined not to roam
Far from that caravanserai
(My spiritual home);
Life soon became a bigger thing and brighter,
And now my grateful thoughts full often go
Back fondly to the dear old *alma* "Mitre"
That taught me all I know.

ANCIENT LIGHTS AT WESTMINSTER.

MEMBERS of the House of Commons are pressing for "a comprehensive guide to the personalities of former Parliaments," from 1264 to 1832.

Mr. Punch is in possession of notes concerning a number of Hon. Members which he gladly places at the disposal of the compilers.

BAREBONES, P.-G., M.P. for London, 1653, and leader of the Anti-Restoration Die-Hards. Owing to his reputation as a preacher he failed to catch the SPEAKER'S eye; but he instituted the custom (since discouraged) of holding revivalist meetings in the Lobby.

CÆSAR, Sir Julius, D.C.L. (Oxon), Chancellor of the Exchequer under JAMES I. He should not be confused with the war-correspondent of the same name but earlier date.

CHAUCER, Geoffrey ("Dan"), M.P. for Kent, 1386. Author of *The Parlement of Foules* and some non-political verse.

CHURCHILL, Sir Winston, author and statesman. Having lost his country seat in the royal service during the Civil War, he was compensated with a seat in Parliament at the Restoration, when he was appointed Clerk of the Green Cloth, a post which is supposed to have entailed the honourable duty of keeping the royal billiard score, and gave him the opportunity of compiling his monumental work, *Divi Britannici: A Remark upon the Lives of the Kings of this Isle*. But he shines most brightly by the light reflected upon his name by posterity.

CROMWELL, Oliver, *alias* WILLIAMS, took his seat on the Root-and-Branch Front Bench in 1628. On his appointment to various military and executive offices his appearances in Parliament became infrequent, and were generally attended by scenes in the House. On one occasion he plunged the House into Committee by forcibly removing the Mace and the Speaker. Urging a drastic cut in the Honours List, he himself refused a knighthood in 1630 and a kingdom in 1657. He devoted his later years to a practical demonstration of the advantages of Protection.

FAWKES, Guy, while never elected to Parliament, was a keen student of politics and aspired to be the author of the first Parliamentary Report. He incurred contemporary unpopularity, but is now acknowledged to have been merely in advance of his time, his proposals for the fundamental reform of the House of Lords being still celebrated, on the eve of every new Parliament, by a tour of his former haunts by the Yeomen of the Guard.

NEWTON, Sir Isaac, M.P. for Cambridge University, 1688 and 1701. His most valuable contribution to Parliamentary organisation was his Law of Gravitation, a political formula which he disguised in scientific terms so that the Opposition might not penetrate and benefit by it. This discovery resulted from NEWTON'S observation that bricks dropped from the back benches fell upon the heads of the Ministers.

PEPYS, Samuel, M.A., F.R.S., etc., Secretary to the Admiralty; M.P. for Castle Rising, 1673. Recreations: writing memoirs; *q.v.* for other recreations.

SHAKESPEARE, William, Barrister-at-Law; sat in Parliament for Middlesex (as BACON, Francis), 1593; Attorney-General, 1612. His legal career led him to another place (as VERULAM, Lord), where (as ST. ALBANS, Viscount) he occupied the Woolsack. Publications: romances, essays, and philosophical and scientific works, under the names BACON, CERVANTES and MONTAIGNE. He may also have written the plays which bear his own name.

UR IN BLOOMSBURY.

FROM the exhibition of the Royal Treasures of Ur at the British Museum I came away with the impression that gold and silver must have been comparatively cheap and plentiful five millenniums or so ago.

Even so, spear-heads of gold and of silver, though probably painful if heartily propelled, seem especially extravagant for throwing-spears which it might be difficult to recover. Did the Sumerian spearman, I wonder, ask his foe "how he would take it"? Or by the etiquette of the earliest civilised warfare was the privilege of being speared with gold or with silver reserved for enemies of the higher ranks?

These questions I leave to the erudite ones, to whom I am grateful for an afternoon of astonishment and instruction. My instruction, in fact, began directly I entered the building. Being uncertain whether Ur should be pronounced "Er" or "Oor," and fearing to make a bloomer in those precincts, I asked an attendant to direct me to the Chaldean exhibition. He did so, and added reprovingly "*Ch*aldean" (*ch* as in chocolate).

Our Youthful Cynics.

"History largely consists in the shifting of evidence."

Schoolboy's answer in Examination Paper.

"Yours, &c.

——, (Lieut.-Colonel)."

From a letter to a Daily Paper.

We suggest that people who value themselves at less than half-a-cent should refrain from writing to the newspapers.

THE CHINESE BOWL.

My pretty bowl in powder blue
(When HWANG was King my bowl was new),
Dragons are on it—pre-Manchu—
And cranes and colibris
Wax-red; the golden dragons roll;
The little cranes show more control;
And somebody has filled my bowl
This morning with sweet-peas.

A dainty troop and fragile bright;
Mauve, scarlet, purple, pink and white,
Like little wings, like wings in flight,
They match the morning hours;
Oh, freshness that is garden gay!
Oh, fragrance that is fly-away!
Sweet-peas, such frolic things—oh, *they*
The butterflies of flowers!

And when within my cruse they sit
(Where dragons ramp as doth befit
And wax-red cranes don't care a bit)
'Tis then that East and West
A-sudden, so it seems to me,
Require each other, so to be—
Dawn-freshness and Antiquity—
Both at a perfect best.

I wonder if, ere Time took toll,
The mandarin who made the bowl
Foresaw in his prophetic soul
How, of the Fan Tai, Fate
Should send the fairest daughter down
Her garden in a linen gown
To find his masterpiece its crown
In 1928?

I wonder if the Berkshire bees,
Who through the window drift at ease,
Gold-banded, whisper her sweet-peas
A honeyed flattering:
How the alembic's gloss and line
("That makes you, darlings, so divine")
Was fashioned just on their condign
Account when HWANG was King?

Nay, can I tell, who am not Jove,
How mandarins set dreams a-rove,
Or what sweet-peas—white, scarlet, mauve—
May hear, who trust a bee?
I only know, who (more or less)
The lower Helicon profess,
That here a dual loveliness
Demands a song of me. P. R. C.

Aerial Fandangos.

"The airmen Arrachard and Brignot have left in the direction of India on an attempt at making a record non-stop flight.—Reuter."

Indian Paper.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Despite sickness and some unanticipated setbacks in the excavations, the expedition, led by Dr. Edgar Sanders and his score of twenty adventurous Englishmen, is steadily carrying on."—*Evening Paper.*

The explorer's score is much more moderate than the baker's dozen.



AT THE VARSITY MATCH.

She (after loud cheering). "WHAT 'S HAPPENED?"
He. "SOMEBODY 'S MADE 50."
She. "WHERE EVER DID THE BALL GO TO?"

IRREVERENT RADIOS.

V.

[The Dean of ST. PAUL'S defends the totalisator at a City lunch.]

THE new betting-machine, like the new Prayer Book, has aroused the united fury of the most and the least alcoholic parts of the community. *Extrema conveniunt* (extremes meet), said SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS, himself a fanatic of the most virulent kind.

One sympathises to a certain extent with the desire of the bookmaker not to be abolished, but it is difficult to see why the ordinary plunger should want to give his savings to a red-faced man in a billycock hat rather than permit them to perish in an automatic destructor.

However, all men are fools. "*Il y a de la manie dans tout le monde*," wrote LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, who had the best of reasons for believing what he said; and Ho, the Chinese poet, is even more emphatic. "*There is no difference*," he assures us, "*between the head of the wisest philosopher and a water-melon, except that the water-melon has more seeds.*" This genial cynic was executed by the Emperor FUNG in 952 B.C.

Betting itself is an utterly senseless practice, but difficult to eradicate. Amongst lesser racial stocks with a rising birth-rate, like the Irish, it amounts to a burning passion.

There is a story that two Irishmen were riding together, when one said, "I have just seen a priest with a robe the colour of a cherry."

"Ye have not," said the second.

"I have so," rejoined the first, "and what is more, he was riding on a horse the colour of a rose."

"Ye 're a liar," said the second.

"Liar yourself," replied the first. "It's

a pound I'm betting you that I speak the truth."

The bet was accepted, and the first Irishman explained that he was referring to a priest dressed in black and riding upon a white horse. The second Irishman killed him with a shillelagh and buried him at the cross-roads.

The story is an old one, but throughout the whole history of mankind it has been customary to stake money upon the issue of some more or less sporting encounter. The Senegambians bet on beetles. Marriageable maidens in the To-tu tribe of Central Africa run races every year, and the warriors make a book on the event by piling up the skulls of dead enemies, the winner being bought in by the most successful punter of the meeting. A baked brick, on which is inscribed what we should nowadays call the latest sporting nap, has recently been discovered at Ur.

Although TERTULLIAN, DANTE and JEREMIAH never seem to have lost money by laying it upon a horse, ISOCRATES was not so fortunate. Μῶρον ὁ ἵππος, he tells us in his *Mnemeia*, which may be translated in our modern racing argot as "The brute let me down."

The Athenian democracy invariably selected winning owners on the Turf to lead their armies and battle-fleets, and this was probably the main cause of the downfall of Hellenic civilisation; but any other method of popular choice would probably have been equally unsuccessful.

More modern history shows no instance of the gambling fever so fierce as that of the ridiculous Palio at Siena. Here each ward of the city has allotted to it a horse (formerly a buffalo), and a race is held round the Piazza del Campo amidst a fury of popular excitement. The odds and the chances of the *fantini* (jockeys) give rise to feverish speculation. The horses are taken to divine service in order to receive the blessings of some patron saint, and the winner, after being kissed and embraced by the crowd, rides to return thanks to the MADONNA in the Church of Provenzano. ORLANDO MALAVOLTI, a wretched scribe, writing of this in 1592, calls it "*spettacolo magnifico*," and it seems probable that he had backed the winner.

Some may find in this Sienese custom a remedy for our own depopulated pews, and no doubt the presence of winning jockeys from Epsom and Newmarket, together with their mounts, would lend an attraction to mattins in the suburbs and restrict the horrors of the motoring week-end. I recommend the notion heartily to the councils of the Episcopal Bench.

In England generally we have been more concerned to forbid games than gambling. Both the incompetent RICHARD II. and the profligate EDWARD IV. made a list of illegal games. Holy bowls was one of the pastimes prohibited by the latter King, who died an outworn *roué* at thirty. An Act of HENRY VIII., that typical English sportsman, prohibited tables, tennis, dice, cards, bowls, dash and loggats, when played on public grounds or alleys. This veto, however, was to encourage archery, and the Act was boldly repealed in 1845, when the War Office perceived that bows and arrows were unsuitable weapons for fights between civilised nations. Our bureaucracy now busies itself with other forms of tyranny, and loggats may be played freely on any village green.

Betting, on the whole, seems to have been considered a venal offence (although the dissolute rake-hell, CHARLES II., attempted to put down "deceitful, disorderly and excessive gaming") until as late as 1853, when betting-houses were forbidden by 16 & 17 Vict. c. 119, commonly known to readers of the *Encyclopædia* as Cockburn's Act. It was introduced by the Lord Chief Justice, Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN (who had probably been welshed), and did not apply to Scotland (which was too parsimonious to gamble), so the bookmakers retired over the Border. In 1874 they were driven from this fastness and retired to Boulogne, whence they were expelled once more in 1891. Turf accountancy during the nineteenth century seems to have suffered as much from persecution as if it had been a religious sect.

The *pari-mutuel*, on the other hand, which is the French name for the totalisator, and found its way to England about 1868 or 1869, has also been barred from the Turf. In the case of *Tullett* v. *Thomas* (both undoubtedly nincompoops), in 1870, this instrument was pronounced a gaming machine, and for that reason contrary to law. It comes to us therefore now rather like a banished *émigré* whose political crimes have been forgotten. "*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*," said the Duc D'AUGOULÊME. What are the present objections to the totalisator from the side of its puritanical enemies? Are they really sound?

Many opponents of racing no doubt would prefer the teetotalisator, which may be envisaged as a compulsory American soda-fountain, unpleasantly mocking and penalising our thirst. But this is not practicable.

The beer-drinker and the betting-man remain. If we have any concern for the Exchequer we must hope that they will always do so. Governments are frequently compelled to make revenue out of practices which they mildly deplore. The ancient Kings of Gharkim, a hilly district in Southern Pongolia, used to tax murderers in accordance with the value of the victims slain, and polyandry (forbidden by the PROPHET) often balances the budget in Kush.

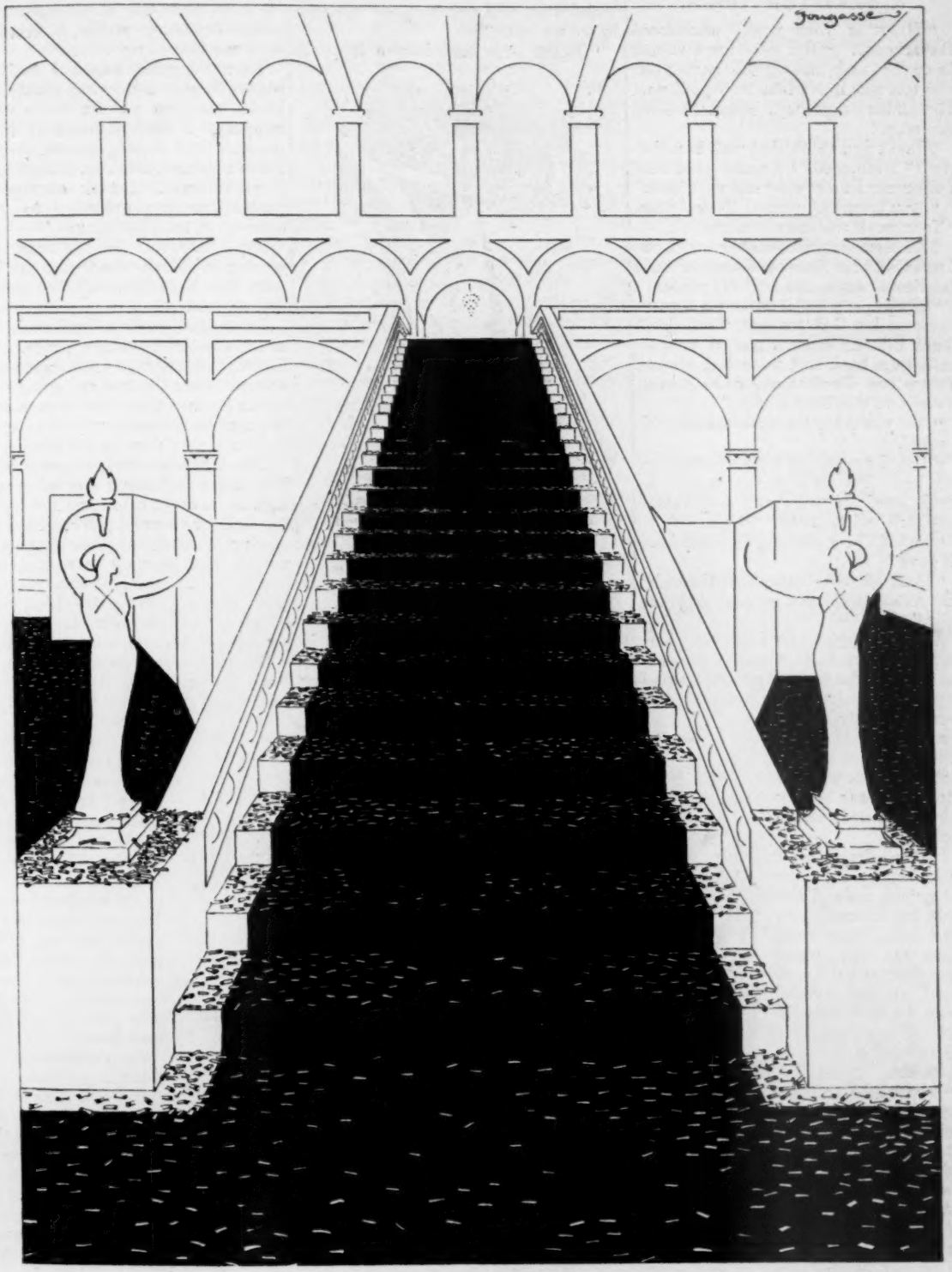
"*L'argent c'est tout*," said TALLEYRAND, a rich man and a rogue, for whom peculation and speculation were practically synonymous terms. TACITUS agreed with him. "*Da mihi pecuniam* (Give me money)" he makes the Emperor CLAUDIUS exclaim at a dramatic moment, after examining the fiscus, or royal purse. ATRABILIUS of Cos, like MUSSOLINI, laid an impost upon oaths.

If a Government permits gambling to exist there seems to be no reason why in this enlightened age it should not obtain a rake-off from the *pari-mutuel*. We may grant with VOLTAIRE that the progress of rivers to the ocean is not so rapid as that of man to error; but rivers may be canalised, and half-wits may be taxed for the general good. The State derives some profit, I believe, from listeners-in, a thoroughly lazy class. Gamblers, who are equally useless, should also be penalised.

EVOE.



"LOOK AT THE HORIZON, DEAR."
"YES; AREN'T ALL THESE SEASIDE PLACES ALIKE? I'M SURE I REMEMBER SEEING ONE OF THOSE AT BRIGHTON."



DEPORTMENT NOTES.

"NO, HAROLD, IT IS NOT REALLY CORRECT TO SMOKE CIGARETTES INSIDE THE BALLROOM. YOU WILL NOTICE THAT THE BEST PEOPLE ARE CAREFUL TO LEAVE THEM OUTSIDE."

A BEAT FOR TIGER.

"HERE is your post," announced Porterhouse. "If I were you I should lie on that rock, looking this way. Then you can pot him when he's past you. The shikari says he's bound to come this way."

"Don't you think that rock is rather low?" I ventured. "I understand that a tiger can leap twenty feet with ease."

"Don't worry," replied Porterhouse. "Your smell will keep him away."

This seemed an indelicate remark, but I reflected that tiger-hunters were often indelicate people and held my peace.

"Keep quite still," went on Porterhouse in his C.O. manner, "and don't shoot till the brute's passed you, or he'll turn back and raise hell among the beaters. Don't smoke, or he'll wind it and you won't get a shot."

"Are you going to leave me now?" I asked.

"Yes, I am taking a post further up the line; but he's pretty certain to break here. If you hear a single shot, keep still and look out."

"And if I hear nothing do I stay here all day?"

"Wait till the beaters get through; and mind, don't fire at anything but tiger."

A few moments later I was left alone on the rock with a particularly degenerate-looking Bhil who did not understand any spoken language. The rock had been carelessly left in the sun and it burnt me at every point of contact. The rifle weighed a ton and I was beastly thirsty; wanted a smoke too.

I put all the clothes I could find between my —between me and the rock, but it was of no avail. The heat from below was even greater than that from the sun. I got up and walked about to find a cooler rock. Useless proceeding; all the rocks were white-hot.

"A rock is better than a tree," Porterhouse had declared; "your shot is not baulked by leaves and twigs or by difficulty in aiming."

A faint noise in the distance announced that the beat had begun. Here was I on the ground, at the mercy of any tiger that happened to come along. I made for the nearest tree at a hand-gallop. I was two branches up before I dared look down. "Safe so far," I reflected; "that tiger will require good eyesight to see me here."

"Tigers have been known to climb



"I SPOKE TO HIM PRETTY STIFFLY."

trees," Porterhouse had said. Well, it would take a tiger a good time to climb up to my seat, and if he tried it I would fill him up with expanding bullets at ranges varying from three yards to one yard. He would look very silly indeed—— Help! What was that?

A rustling in the tree just above my head. The brute had climbed up the other side and was waiting to pounce on me. Now for a courageous last stand, defending myself, if necessary, with the butt of my rifle.

In my hurried ascent I had completely forgotten my rifle, which I had loaded early so as not to be caught napping. I now observed it in the distance, still leaning against the rock. I was unarmed, and that dreadful rustling continued. I took courage and peered upwards, expecting to get a close-up of the tiger's fangs.

All I saw was a dirty brown foot waving in the air, the foot of my Bhil, who had beaten me up the tree by several yards.

I was greatly relieved and made signs to the creature to bring the rifle. After listening intently for some moments he shinned down the tree and got the rifle, which he then proceeded to pass up to me, muzzle foremost, with his hand on the stock very close to the trigger.

Dreadful sensations overpowered me. The fool was holding the thing up as high as he could reach and I was groping as low as I could reach, all the time moving to and fro to avoid the pointing muzzle and growing more and more purple in my down-hanging face. I spoke to him pretty stiffly about his intelligence and upbringing, but he quietly persisted in drawing a bead on me.

Finally I waved him aside and slipped down the tree. I did not breathe freely until I had grabbed the rifle and slipped out the cartridges.



"JUST AS WE WERE IN OUR FIRST GULP."

At that moment a shot rang out in the distance, and the next thing I knew was that I had regained my place in the tree, still clutching the rifle. I loaded in haste.

"If you hear a shot," Porterhouse had instructed me, "that probably means that a wounded tiger is coming towards you. My shot may possibly not have been fatal."

So Porterhouse had taken a pot at it, with the result that it was now seeking my life. Well, tiger-hunting is a very fine sport, except when the tiger is doing the hunting, then it becomes something more than sport; I mean I can take a joke as well as the next man, but——

A low rustling above my head. Help! It was only that confounded Bhil again in the gallery. I wished the tiger might

mistake him for a monkey and bring him down, only in that case he could hardly fail to notice me in his ascent.

Now another rustle; on the ground this time, some way off. Of course I might have known it. The tiger had marked me down and was about to reduce me to pulp. And I had never made a will.

There was just time to do it. As you have gathered, I am a man of iron nerve. I felt quite calmly in my pockets for pencil and paper, and came, instead, upon my pipe. In a moment the surrounding jungle was filled with the smoke which I emitted in long despairing puffs.

Still the rustling continued, approaching nearer and nearer. Dash the tiger! Why didn't the stupid beast give me a wide berth? He must have lost his sense of smell. I crammed my pipe into my pocket and grabbed my rifle. I would sell my life dearly; I would reserve my fire until he came on and let him have it directly I got a close view.

I pointed my rifle, to find myself taking careful aim at Porterhouse, who was walking towards me in a curious crab-like manner. His face wore a look of strained intensity. I raised my rifle casually and pretended to be pointing at some object in the sky. Porterhouse continued his slow-motion foxtrot right round my tree, then he looked up and saw me.

"Oh, it's you," he gasped, almost dropping his weapon in disgust.

"Why are you creeping along like that?" I inquired. "Have you lost anything?"

"Allow me to inform you," replied Porterhouse with dignity, "that I am walking-up the tiger. I shot at the brute, and I expect I wounded him. Here are his pugs; didn't you see him?"

"I—er—in point of fact I didn't actually *see* him."

"Good heavens, you've been smoking."

"Well," I expostulated, "the tiger—I mean the brute—seems to have liked smoke. See how he circled my tree."

"But he's wounded," shrieked Porterhouse, as though wounded people didn't like smoke.

"Let's have a drink before we do anything else," I suggested; "beating for tiger is thirsty work."

Porterhouse yielded. "All right; we can wait a few minutes. Give time for his wound to stiffen."

We parked our arsenal and sat down, grasping long tumblers. Then, just as we were in our first gulp, a yellow shape walked slowly into view, yawned and disappeared into the jungle. E. P. W.

Our Bacteriological Landladies.

"GREAT YARMOUTH.—Comfortable apartments. Five minutes from sea. Germs moderate. Mrs. ——."
Advt. in Railway Magazine.

"Mr. and Mrs. —— —— left this week to reside in the future. All his friends wish him the best of luck."—*Canadian Paper.*

Yes, but where *are* the dead?

"'Lay Thoughts of a Dean,' by Lean Inge."
From Bookseller's List.

Personally we should prefer *Literary Leanings by a Deflated Singularist.*



"HOW VERY EMBARRASSING FOR POOR HENRY! THAT'S HIS TAILOR HE KEEPS MEETING."



Art Master (conducting sketching class). "THAT WOULD MAKE RATHER A JOLLY SUBJECT, MISS JONES."
Rebellious Student. "JOLLY BE HANGED! I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING PROVOCATIVE."

THE CORMORANT.

[On Monday, July 9, a cormorant perched for several hours on the top of Big Ben.—*Vide newspapers passim.*]

A CORMORANT sat on the top of Big Ben,
A cormorant straight from the sea;
It took up position I do not know when,
But I saw it at twenty-past-three;
I stopped on the pavement and noted the time,
For the incident seemed so absurd—
The cormorant seated, the weather sublime,
The people admiring the bird.

And I felt that a lot might be easily said
By an augur, or someone like that,
On a cormorant seated so high overhead
And as dark as a gentleman's hat;
Or a cynic might write allegorical lines
On a cormorant's proneness to greed
And the Government's last bureaucratic designs
That would be very funny indeed.

Or a lover of birds might bewail its distress,
So far from the cliffs and the foam,
And inquire how it got there and hazard a guess
On the route it would take going home;
There were all sorts of ways in which all sorts of men,
Had they happened to be passing by,
Would have coped with this creature up there on Big Ben,
And so, I reflected, could I.

But the weather was fine, as I mentioned before,
And although, as I mapped out the scheme,
There were five or six stanzas, or possibly more,
To be made from this cormorant theme—
Had it got any message it meant to announce?
Was it like Mr. MAXTON, or whom?
Did it have any politics? Where would it pounce?—
I relapsed in the end into gloom.

I have always been partial to seagulls and such
As a line for occasional verse,
And this cormorant seeming to promise so much
Made the whole disillusionment worse;
So that nothing, if ever it happens again,
Will arouse less excitement in me
Than a cormorant perched on the top of Big Ben,
Having (probably) come from the sea. EVOE.

"LYNTON THE UNSPOILT.

Surrounded by lofty hills and looking down on two rivers, clear as crystal and full of trout and salmon which race rejoicingly to the tea, truly has it been named the English Switzerland!"—*Daily Paper.*

Really, as will be remembered, the salmon go down to the tea in tins.

"It was here that the spirit of Rotary was most noticeable, for although about half of the delegation could not understand the language of the other half, a certain capezaderie could be felt throughout the gathering."—*Toronto Paper.*

Now we know what it is that we have felt at Rotary meetings.

"The weather was again favourable. A troublesome wind was always blowing, and there was a period when it was so bad that the bails had again to be dispensed with, as on Monday. There was rain, too, and for considerable periods there were heavy and continuous drizzles. But there was only one brief adjournment, and that for about ten minutes early in the day."—*Scots Paper.*

We must avoid playing cricket in Scotland on an unfavourable day.



ROSES AND EGGS.

A MIXED RECEPTION AT THE TRIBUNAL THEATRE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 9th.—If the Dogs (Amendment) Bill becomes law in the form in which it passed the Lords in Committee to-day the loyal legion of lost Towsers will find many a door barred against it that now stands open. For the Bill ordains that whosoever "takes possession of" a stray dog—and to ask it to come inside and partake of a compassionate sausage is to take possession of it in the eye of the law—must "forthwith" either return it to its owner or take it to the police-station "nearest to where the dog was found." Noble Lords argued with reason, though not to the satisfaction of Lord CRANBROOK's reason, that it was asking too much to expect every person who befriended an apparently ownerless dog to leg it—a matter perhaps of ten or fifteen miles—to the police-station instead of, as the law now stands, notifying the police by letter of the dog's whereabouts.

The Commons' Amendments to the Agricultural Produce (Grading and Marking) Bill brought Lord STRACHIE into the arena in hot defence of the British egg. Why should Clause 4 require only *British* eggs to be marked as cold-storage eggs on emergence from their frosty lair? Why should the alien egg be allowed to bob in and out of the refrigerating chamber without, so to speak, a mark on its escutcheon?

Lord STRADBROKE denied the imputation that the British egg-raiser was to be penalised at the expense of the egg-importer. There was to be an Order in Council requiring all alien eggs to be marked as such. There would be no additional mark to signify that they had or had not been on ice. The public would be left to draw its own conclusions as to that.

Last week Sir KINGSLEY WOOD was hard put to it to answer the conundrum, "When is a warehouse not a warehouse?" To-day Mr. HURD had another poser. "When," he asked, "is a glass-house a market-garden, and when is it not?" The obvious answer was "When the Opposition throw stones at it;" but Sir KINGSLEY WOOD was taking no chances. He referred the questioner to his learned friend, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Future generations of Welshmen will rush to battle, or at any rate to the Labour Exchange, to the wild strains of the "March of the Men of Nantyglo," once the high example of Mr. WILLIAM HAZELBY is bruited abroad. Mr. HAZELBY, an out-of-work miner, was brought by the Ministry of Labour to Brixton and there offered a job as a sandwich-man. Mr. HAZELBY bowed his crested head and tamed his heart of fire for just long enough to discover that a career between the boards had no message for him and told the Brixton Employment Exchange to let somebody else do it.

But life on the foaming kerb is not, Mr. BETTERTON explained to Mr. YOUNG, in the same category as other employment. No odium is incurred in official circles by the man, Welsh or other, who spurns it. Mr. HAZELBY was subsequently found a job as a painter's labourer. Mr. MONTAGUE said he could produce a couple of hundred unemployed painters' labourers in London. Why should a Welshman be brought one hundred-and-fifty miles for the job? Mr. BETTERTON intimated that the "seeding" of Welsh miners among English labour exchanges was a part of the Ministry's policy.



Brer Rabbit to Brer Fox (the Marquis of SALISBURY)—

"Good-bye, Brer Fox, take keer yo' cloze,
Fer dis is de way de worril goes;
Some goes up en some goes down,
You 'll git ter de bottom all safe en soun'."

(With acknowledgments to the illustrator of "Uncle Remus.")

The Rating and Valuation Bill having been disposed of in Committee, the House, or rather the Scottish Members, with some slight assistance from Colonel WATTS-MORGAN, gave its final approval to the Reorganization of Offices (Scotland) Bill. The Bill, which extinguishes certain Scottish Offices in the interests of efficiency, gave the Scottish Home Rulers present an opportunity of hurling defiance and insult at the Sassenach. Mr. HARDIE said he had been studying a new language, because no language of the British Isles was "capable of expressing the depth and degradation of Toryism." Could it by chance be the language of flowers? Or has Springburn (Glasgow) got a language of brickbats as well as of bouquets?

As against that, Mr. IAN MACPHERSON, than whom no leaner Scot ever bruised the heathery brae, gave approval to the measure, reminding its opponents that not a few redundant Scottish offices but the whole Empire was the oyster which the ambitious young Scot, with all the formidable virtues at his command, would open.

Tuesday, July 10th.—A forthright speech from Lord WEMYSS and a "few, but oh, how splendid" words from Lord BANBURY would not in themselves have goaded Lord SALISBURY into an almost impassioned speech in support of the Rabbits Bill. It was the sight of the serried backwoodsmen, all ready at the word to overwhelm the Government's own depleted forces, that fired the LORD PRIVY SEAL to an eloquence which, if slightly astray on the subject of "technical nuisances," left nothing unsaid in denunciation of that "colloquial nuisance," Brer Rabbit.

He had heard Lord DARLING'S plea that the proper authority to put down the rabbit was the fox, and that, instead of letting the County Council send its destructive minions into the proliferous warrens of the offenders, it would be quite sufficient to empower it to subscribe to the local hunt. But Lord DARLING has forgotten his *Uncle Remus* and how from time immemorial Brer Rabbit has bested his foxy foe.

On this occasion Brer Rabbit, or rather BRER WEMYSS, with the moral support of Lord BANBURY, who, for the sake of preserving the allegory, might be identified with Brer Terrapin, again came off victorious, their lordships, veritable rabbits in the face of so constitution-shattering a measure as the Parliamentary Franchise Bill, rushing like angry wild-cats to the defence of their vermin.

A military band, however sweetly it plays, must be called by some other name unless it consists (for an outdoor performance) of at least twenty-five performers. How came it then, asked Sir WALTER DE FRECE, that a bevy of nine military instrumentalists playing at Norwich had recently been described as the band of the Coldstream Guards. Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS was apologetic. Only by an error, for which no responsibility attached to the military authorities, had the music in question been passed off as the authentic tow-

row-row-row-row-row-row of General MONK's historic regiment.

Sir ROBERT HAMILTON asked the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND what the Scottish Fishery Board was doing to keep the grey seals from eating up all the salmon and sea-trout. Major ELLIOTT replied guardedly that the Board were investigating, whereupon Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY reminded the hon. and gallant Member that English seals had been completely exonerated by the Ministry of Agriculture from the charge of eating fish. But Scottish seals are doubtless a hardier race.

Wednesday, July 11th.—If a casual visitor from Mars were asked, on reseeking his native planet, to cite one supreme example of terrestrial futility he would doubtless reply, "A discussion in the House of Lords upon the wrongs of European minorities." Yet this unproductive topic periodically stimulates their lordships, generally, as on this day, at the instance of Lord PARMOOR, who asked in effect what the Government was going to do to enable the minorities to secure enforcement of the minority treaties. "Not a thing," replied Lord CUSHENDUN (also in effect). What could they do, assuming (which he did not admit) that anything wanted doing? If the minorities had grievances let them take them to the Council of the League. No, Lord CUSHENDUN is far too grave a person to wink, but there was a look in his eye which said, "And if the minorities don't get tired of appealing long before the Council gets tired of taking counsel I 'll eat my admission card."

The Commons' debate on Lord BYNG's appointment as Commissioner of Metropolitan Police was staged by the Labour Party, but it was quickly obvious that as far as Mr. SNOWDEN was concerned the debate would go quietly.

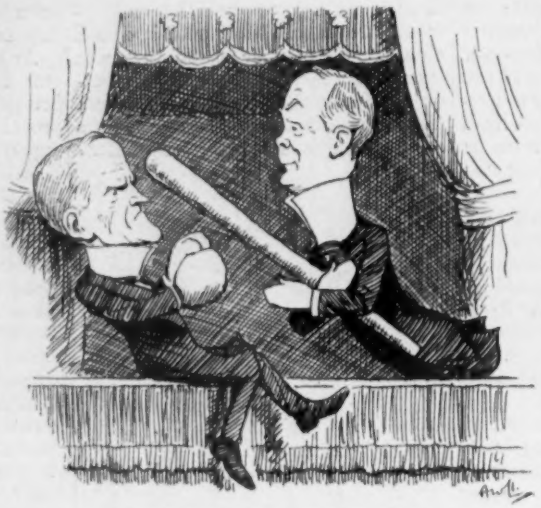
Mr. SNOWDEN intimated that a soldier among policemen is a dreadful thing; he may give them the military mind. Further, that a retired soldier of sixty-five would be able to give them precious little else. Nobody bothered to contest these suggestions, because everybody knows that Lord BYNG has not got a military mind to pass on, and that his physical and mental vigour are still those of a two-year-old.

Mr. SNOWDEN also thought the new Commissioner should have been recruited from within the Force. The answer to that was simple—the police are under a cloud of suspicion, merited or otherwise, and with a far-reaching investigation of police methods pending it would be foolish and might be fatal to appoint a top-policeman to a post whose holder *must* enjoy the confidence of the public.

Unfortunately the HOME SECRETARY was rather stopped from making that reply by the persistence with which he has contended that there is really nothing wrong. He did admit in his reply to Mr. SNOWDEN that the situation called for a Commissioner of very exceptional abilities, but qualified it by saying that what was wanted was not a "reorganisation" of the Force but "reinspiration." And he added the perfectly futile suggestion that the "sub-acid" feeling against the police was probably due to the coming of the motor-car.

If that were true, then surely Mr. O'CONNOR must have seen the white hand of Robert thrust forth an exasperating number of times and may even have had his licence endorsed. He straightly charged the police with graft, with employing third-degree methods, with assisting criminals to defeat the ends of justice and with other high crimes. "There's your Metropolitan police!" was the substance of his indictment. "Now say if you can find the right type of man to reinspire them without going to the Army or Navy!"

After that the debate more or less faded out. Even Mr. SAKLATVALA's declaration that the police are the brutal minions of the capitalist in the warfare of class failed to rouse the answering cheer.



GLOVES *VERSUS* TRUNCHEON.

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN AND SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS.

Thursday, July 12th.—Like others of his race, Mr. SHINWELL sometimes suffers from acute inflammation of the inferiority complex. He did so this afternoon, shouting at the SPEAKER and Captain MARGESSON. He accused the latter of arrogance, but in truth there is only one Minister who habitually suffers from a touch of arrogance, and that is the POSTMASTER-GENERAL of the day. This arrogance is due to the knowledge that while every other Minister is a national liability he, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, is an asset.

Sir WILLIAM obviously gloried in giving an account of his profitable stewardship, but there were two flies—one might call them midges perhaps—in the ointment of his self-satisfaction. One was the B.B.C. He let the House understand that he was quite proud of this child of his administrative brain, but made it equally clear that he was not standing at the receipt of any bouquets or brickbats intended for Uncle Bedtime or Mr. London Calling. There were in fact no bouquets, only a series of peculiarly knobby brickbats, aimed by Mr. HORE-BELISHA and Mr. MACPHERSON.

The other fly was the HARDMAN-LEVER Report on our telegraph system, which obviously rankled in the P.M.G.'s inner consciousness. As a sort of sop to Cerberus he said that the Committee's suggestion that the public should not be required to lick the stamps on to its own telegraph-forms had been adopted.



MERCURY BRINGS WEALTH.

(*From a wall-painting at Pompeii.*)

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.



THE KIND BUT ILLITERATE ARAB AND THE FAITHFUL CAMEL WHICH REFUSED TO DRINK BEFORE HIS MASTER.

LONDON FIDDLING.

[Suggested by the speeches of Dr. ARTHUR SOMERVELL, Professor SHERA, Mr. KIRKHAM JONES and Sir HUGH ALLEN at the recent Conference of British and American "Musical Educationalists" held at the Æolian Hall.]

IN the long annals of her island story
England, as her immortal bards have sung,
Fulfilled high hopes by deeds of deathless glory
And far across the seas her Empire flung;
And even now, though old and grey and hoary,
She draws fresh inspiration from the young
Who serenade her and the waves she rules
With bands of combs and paper in our schools.

Such was good Doctor SOMERVELL's glad news
Told to the assembled educationists
Met for the fruitful interchange of views
And, incidentally, to clear the mists
That gather in the brains of those who muse
On the discoveries of psychologists,
And wonder whether Music makes for progress
Or is become a soul-devouring ogress.

Another sage lavished encomiums
Upon the golden age now ushered in
By twenty thousand children in our slums
Now being taught to play the violin,
Which may be better fun than doing sums,
And yet I trust it 's not a deadly sin
To say I 'd rather see them fish for tiddlers
Than make the world a wilderness of fiddlers.

Yet ALLEN, stout Sir HUGH, who never courts
Public applause, uttered wise words of warning
Lest, in our zeal for music of all sorts,
We fall into the evil way of scorning
The boon of silence, hearkening to the hoots
That make night hideous and deflower the morning,
Until our ear, winged with a wireless pinion,
Becomes enslaved to Din and its dominion.

Nor was the versatile Professor SHERA
Enamoured of Columbia's contribution
To the harmonious movement of our era,
But saw the signs of death and dissolution
In syncopation's tedious tira-lira,
And would condemn to swift electrocution
Those who elicit from the saxophone
Its oily, mean, sophisticated moan.

Music, once rightly called the "heavenly maid,"
Leaving her old *dimora casta e pura*,
Long since fell victim to the artful aid
Of "execution" and *coloratura*;
And now, in later days, a sorry jade,
Appealing less to *corda* than to *crura*,
Tarantulates our bodies and our heels
With jazzing jerks and syncopated squeals.

Build, moderns, if you will, more pleasure "dromes"
Where pink legs twinkle garishly and gaily;
Multiply bands of paper-covered combs
And cultivate the twangling ukulele;
But leave our song-birds in their sylvan homes,
And set apart some hours of silence daily,
Lest England's calm and peace and rural greenery
Be sacrificed to music and machinery.

A WALLET AT HIS BACK.

My brother Jack was coming to stay with us. "What can we do to amuse him?" asked Priscilla. "This is such a dead-and-alive hole."

"Which do you mean?" I inquired coldly, "'dead' or 'alive'?"

"It is an expression meaning 'dull,'" said Priscilla.

"I have never heard of it," I said. "I have no doubt that Jack will take the same simple pleasure in the—er—simple pleasures of the country as I do, or any intelligent person. We do not need to have our pleasures manufactured for us."

"And how will you take your simple pleasure, please?"

"In the morning we will play a round of golf. In the afternoon we will go for a walk, or, if it is wet, we will——"

"Simply sleep," said Priscilla, "or you will go into the garden and dig up simple dandelions with a spud. And on Sunday you will walk down to the Home Farm and simply look at simple animals. Bah!"

"Come, Priscilla," I said gently, "do not let us grow bitter. You shall choose our occupation for the evening. We will, if you please, go to the local cinema, or—er—go to the local cinema——"

"You see, there is nothing——"

"There are trees, my dear," I said sternly, "and grass and water and a wind on the heath, brother, sister——"

"In the evening we will play games," said Priscilla.

I shuddered. Priscilla's games require the most appalling intellectual effort.

* * * * *

"Your quotation," said Priscilla to me, "is 'Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,' and the subject you will have to discuss with Jack is the simple pleasures of the country. In the course of your discussion you must bring in your quotation naturally and easily and, as it were, *à propos*. Jack must try to do the same with his quotation. Whoever gets his quotation in first, wins."

"What is Jack's?" I asked.

"That you must not know," she said. We began.

"It is very kind of you to ask me down here," said Jack.

"Not at all," I replied. "I know that you, as I, take a great delight in the SIMPLE PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY. I have said it!" I added triumphantly to Priscilla.

"That is the subject, fool! not the quotation."

"Oh! What is the quotation, then?"

She whispered it, and made a tickling noise in my ear.

"Ha! ha! Don't make me laugh."

"It is not particularly funny," said Priscilla.

"I didn't hear a word you said, my dear. You tickled."

"Come into the next room, then. . . ."

"But what is a wallet, Priscilla?"

"Oh, never mind. Get on. You would spoil any game."



First Politician. "AND DO YOU CONSIDER THE COMMISSION HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL?"

Second Politician. "OH, ENTIRELY. WE SHALL OF COURSE APPOINT A COMMISSION TO EXAMINE THE REPORT IN GOOD TIME."

I did my best to get on.

"Will you have a cigarette, Jack, out of my wallet?" I asked.

Jack looked mildly surprised. "No, thanks. But we were discussing the country. How far is it to the golf-links here? About half a league?"

"Oh, rather more than that. It will be heavy work if we have to carry our golf wallets all the way."

"Yes," said Jack and looked stupid. "About half a league, half a league," he repeated idiotically.

"No, rather more than that," I said strongly. (I felt there was something fishy about that "half a league.") "Rather more than that. But after all it won't matter very much, for the caddies will carry our wallets. The-caddy-will-have my-lord-a-wallet-at-his-back," I added with a rush, for fear of losing my chance. "Nearly got it that time, Priscilla!"

"You are playing this game all wrong," said Priscilla. "You shouldn't give a hint of what you have to say until you suddenly bring it out pat, to the consternation of your opponent."

"I see. All right. But just keep Jack off his half-a-leagues, will you?" and, casually strolling up to the clock, with my back to the audience, I did a clever thing, and then, turning, said, "I wonder what the time is?"

"Well, you can see for yourself, can't you?" asked Jack. "Besides, what has that got to do with the country?"

"A lot of things," I replied. "Time goes very slowly in the country, in spite of its simple pleasures."

"Not at all," said Jack with suspicious eagerness. "It goes, on the contrary, very fast—about half a league, half a league. . . ."

"One moment!" I interrupted. "There is something strange here, behind this clock. Would you be so good as to see what it is, Jack?"

Jack gave me a searching glance and gingerly put his hand behind the clock.

"A pocket-book," he said, producing it.

"How strange!" I exclaimed, and then quite naturally, as it were *à propos*, "One might almost say TIME HATH, MY LORD, A WALLET AT HIS BACK. My game, I think!"

"Humph," said Priscilla.

* * * * *

An easy game. Jack is still muttering "half a league" all over the house. I wonder what he was driving at! I must remember to ask Priscilla.

Brighter Cricket.

"Seabrook closed the Cambridge innings at exactly three o'clock . . . . Oxford went in to bat at a quarter to three."—*Daily Paper.*

"He has a curious action, for he appears to get a little mixed up with his feet as he reaches the crease, and finally delivers the ball with his wrong one."—*Local Paper.*

You should see the spin he gets on a new ball with his big toe.

"The Court ordered —— three years in a Borstal Institution; —— was sent to a Metal Deficiency Home."—*Essex Poper.*

Meaning the poor-house?

STANCE-PRACTICE FOR THE BAR GOLFING SOCIETY'S BALL AT LINCOLN'S INN.



THE NATURAL INSTINCT OF DANCERS IS TO COVER A LOT OF GROUND.



THIS MIGHT BE USEFUL ANYWHERE BUT IN A BALLROOM. WHAT IS REQUIRED THERE IS A FIRM STANCE. INSTRUCTION FROM A GOLF PRO. IS INDICATED.



FIRST A GOOD INTERLOCKING GRIP; OTHERWISE YOU MAY LOSE YOUR PARTNER IN THE ROUGH.



(DIAGRAM OF THE STANCE.)



THEN THE BODY MUST PIVOT EASILY FROM THE WAIST;



THE LEFT HIP IS NOW ALLOWED TO GO FORWARD A LITTLE;



THE HEAD SHOULD BE MOTIONLESS.



FINALLY KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALLROOM.



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

Father. "LET ME SEE—YOU 'LL BE WANTING SOME MONEY——"
Son. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, THANKS. I 'VE PLENTY FOR MY NEEDS."

THE OLD SALT'S YARN.

[As we may expect it to be in the future, after the recent installation of soda-fountains in the ships of the Fleet.]

WHEN it comes to crackin' stories,
Did I ever tell ye, mate,
How we sighted, just off Flores,
In the spring of 'twenty-eight,
A furrin'-lookin' pirate
With a dirty-lookin' crew,
Which it made the Old Man irate,
And he swore to lay her to?

It was drinks all round before the fun began
To hearten up the spirits of the British sailor-man;
The Skipper he chose Strawberry, the First Mate had a Peach,
But the Stokers cried "Vanilla! with a brace o' straws in each."

Then we settled to the business
With the lubber I 've described,
And in spite of certain dizziness
From the liquor we 'd imbibed
We peppered her to starboard
And we riddled her to port
Till she crumpled up like car'board,
As a naughty pirate ort.

It was drinks all round when the business was done
To celebrate the victory of every mother's son;
The Second Mate had Cherry, and the Engineer had Lime,
But the Stokers cried "Vanilla! that 's the tipple every time."

We boarded that there pirate
Ere the hulk had time to sink,
And the deck appeared to gyrate
(Which it may have been the drink),
And we found the poor misled men
Who had manned that pirateer
Singing "Down among the Dead Men
An' a keg o' Gingerbeer!"

It was drinks all round which the pirate cap'en stood,
And after their Banana Splits they promised to be good;
And Chips had Orange Essence, and the Bo's'un Lemon Squash,
But the Stokers cried "Vanilla! all the rest is bilge an' wash."

Our Humorous Advertisers.

"A NEW DYNAMO TIMER.
By using one of these, hill-climbing becomes a thing of the past."
Advt. in Barbados Paper.

Our Indomitable Statisticians.

"Statistics show that one and a half pair of twins are born in Islington every week."—*Manchester Paper.*

WHO STOLE THE LIONS' DINNER?

(By our Zoological Expert).

THE excitement caused by the impending transference of some of the llamas from Regent's Park to the Zoo's new country quarters has been transcended and even eclipsed by the latest report from *The Daily Mail's* correspondent with the British expedition into the Kalahari desert.

The news contained in his letter, published in the issue of July 11th, is rich in surprises. Perhaps the most extraordinary discovery reported will appeal to anthropologists rather than zoologists. It is that of Molepolole and is best told in the stark and laconic words of the intrepid correspondent:—

"Molepolole is a native kraal ruled over by a black chief, buried some miles in the desert."

The exact subterranean depth from which this buried sovereign exerts his rule is not mentioned, but it does not seem to impair his influence, as his subjects include the descendants of two Dutch families, who are perfectly content with their lot and have no desire to leave the kraal. With only a slight stretch of imagination we can hear them singing:—

"Though our buried chief is black,
We decline to wander back
To the company of whites
And their civilized delights,
Having utterly lost touch
With the British and the Dutch,
But continuing to be wholly
Satisfied with Molepolole."

For the rest, the leaders of the expedition are hopeful of finding many of the mystery animals of Africa now believed extinct, including the Brontosaurus, the "Groot Slang" (possibly a distant cousin of the Grand Slam) and the Quagga, "which is half mule and half zebra." We heartily wish them better fortune in their venture than that which befell another explorer on the same track, commemorated in the tragic lines:—

"There was a retired carpet-bagga
Who once went a-hunting the quagga."

The sequel is too painful to quote.

I gather from other sources that there are rumours of a solitary specimen of the Quangle-Wangle, which is half mule and half mustang, having gone north from the great Gromboolian Plain, in company with a gigantic Attery Squash; and if that be so further momentous discoveries may be looked for in the Molepolole district.

But the most enthralling of all the secrets which the Kalahari expedition will attempt to solve is that of the nomadic Bushman, "who lives a good deal on melon and conceals water in ostrich eggs buried in the sand. For food he often follows the spoor of the lion. He lets the beast kill his prey and then scares it away. Half-famished, as he usually is, he falls upon the kill."

If evidence can be secured of this inhuman and unsportsmanlike treatment of the king of beasts, we understand that the R.S.P.C.A. will exert all its influence to restrain the Bushmen from raiding the larders of the lion. In this movement we feel sure that they can confidently count on the support of the subterranean satrap of Molepolole.



Candid Guest. "I'M AFRAID THESE BALLS WON'T BE MUCH GOOD. I SHOULD THINK THEY WERE MADE IN 1926."
Hostess. "WHY, WAS THAT A BAD YEAR FOR THEM?"

"BEAUTIES OF BURSLEM.
Burslem is plumbing itself on being awarded the palm for having the prettiest girls."
Daily Paper.

What plumbers' mates they would make!

A Good Castle to Support.

Mr. Punch, who has already made reference to the urgent needs of Durham Castle, which threatens to collapse into the river Wear, calls attention to a Public Meeting which is to be held at the Mansion House on Monday, July 23rd, at 3.30 P.M., in aid of the Fund for the preservation of one of the very noblest buildings in England. The LORD MAYOR will take the Chair, and the speakers will be Lord LONDONDERRY, the Bishop of DURHAM and the Dean of ST. PAUL'S.

"DIZZY FLYING."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Well, why not? He was always on the side of the angels.

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

THE POODLE AND THE PUG.

WHEN I was a High School noodle
And life was rather smug,
My father kept a poodle,
My mother kept a pug,
And every Sunday, after three,
This strange procession you might see,
My dear Papa, Mamma and me,
The poodle and the pug.

The poodle I could never bear,
For he was naked here and there,
And, partly bare and partly hair,
Was like a worn-out rug;
The pug, upon the other hand,
Was far too well upholstered, and
Somehow the pug I could not stand,
I could not stand the pug.
Oh, dear, how I disliked those dogs!
The pug had features like a frog's,
And deep in the profoundest bogs
Could I have put that pug.

For every Sunday, after three,
This strange procession you might see,
My dear Papa, Mamma and me,
The poodle and the pug.

The poodle was alert and gay,
He liked to run in front and play
In quite a Continental way,
Unlike the pompous pug;
The pug was more the Saxon kind,
He plodded on a mile behind
And in his movements called to mind
An alderman, or slug.
And that explains the life I led,
For it was I who, rather red,
Pursued the poodle far ahead
Or waited for the pug

And every Sunday, after three,
This strange procession you might see,
My dear Papa, Mamma and me,
The poodle and the pug.

Those dogs have left their mark on me;
So many citizens I see
A sort of poodle seem to be,
Or else a sort of pug.
At ballets of the Russian kind
Whole packs of poodles you will find,
With tufts of hair stuck here and there,
Which one would like to tug;
While as for pugs, if you reflect,
You know a dozen, I expect;
Well, Mrs. Bun at Number One
Is definitely pug.

And you, when you go beddy-bye,
Look in your mirror, eye to eye,
And put the question, "Which am I?
A poodle or a pug?"

I cannot tell upon what grounds
I sing of these unpleasant hounds;
The Muse proceeds by leaps and bounds,
One follows with a shrug;
But this is what occurs to me—
Degraded though the age may be,
At any rate we seldom see
A poodle or a pug;
Our ways would make our fathers weep,
Our skirts too short, our drinks too deep,
But, dash it all, we do *not* keep
A poodle or a pug!

And you, my child, will never be
Compelled on Sundays, after three,
To walk with your Mamma and me,
A poodle and a pug. A. P. H.

EXALTATION AND ABASEMENT.

CHANCE is the only law that governs the evocation of the old familiar faces. At any moment the button may be touched, and by the least likely agency. Looking, for instance, at the report of a sale of works of art I noticed that a water-colour by BIRKET FOSTER had fetched nine hundred guineas, and the mere fact brought to my mind two memories. One was a facsimile of a little picture by this artist that hung in the nursery and was a constant joy: pink-cheeked rustic children in sunbonnets by a gate, wild flowers at their feet, poppies in the wheat on the other side of the gate, and away in the distance miles of blue England under a sky of deeper blue not wholly free from the suggestion of thunder. How deft was BIRKET FOSTER'S hand! To take a piece of paper eight inches by six and by myriad touches with a brush transform it into quintessential Surrey—what a miracle I thought it then and think it still!

And what an interesting example of change of taste is to be found in those nine hundred guineas! What his work brought him when he was most active I cannot say, but there was a period in his late life and after his death when his prices were very high. But then came a decline, so that before the War you could get an excellent BIRKET FOSTER for a few pounds. Other fashions prevailed and this simple idealist was crowded out. But the War made openings for fortunes to be amassed by a type of man who, when the time came to rest and think about the decorations of his new home, found that such charming English idylls as those painted by BIRKET FOSTER were exactly what would make his eyes most happy—and, well, nine hundred guineas!

And my other recollection? Reading that report, I saw again a friend of my childhood and youth, an elderly gentleman with a snow-white beard who was always a welcome visitor at our house; and I remembered how once he told us that he had been on a holiday at Tunbridge Wells, and one day there, sitting on a seat on the Common, had been approached by a stranger, a lady, who asked him if she might shake his hand.

"Certainly, Madam," he had replied, "if it will give you any pleasure."

"Pleasure!" said she; "more than pleasure. It will always be a matter of boasting with me that I once was privileged to shake the hand of the most beautiful painter that England possesses—Mr. BIRKET FOSTER."

"You can imagine," he said, when telling the story, "how set up I was by that. There is no man I would sooner be taken for. But," he added, "pride goeth before a fall. The very next day I was sitting on the very same seat, when another lady—and, this time, no hero-worshipper but a Fury—marched straight up to me. 'Why didn't you come at eleven o'clock as you promised?' she demanded.

"'Promised?' I said. 'I'm sorry, Madam, but I've never seen you before.'

"She drew away and gave me a searching look. Then she laughed. 'I beg your pardon,' she said; 'I thought you were my bath-chair man. Are you quite sure you're not?'" E. V. L.

FORCE OF HABIT.

I PLAY bridge at the club with an Editor. At the club he is a very decent fellow; in his office he—well, anyhow he always sends me back my contributions.

Last week I lost to him rather heavily. I had forgotten my chequebook so promised him a cheque in the morning. Having duly posted it I thought no more of the matter.

But this morning I got it back. Accompanying it was a note from the Editor, which read as follows: "The Editor regrets that, owing to pressure on space, he is obliged to return the enclosed contribution for the offer of which he is much obliged."

I have sent him a brief acknowledgment as follows: "I am glad to inform you that your contribution has been accepted, and will appear in due course in the W.P.B."

More Trouble in Italy.

"106 Policemen Bitten By Doge."
Evening Paper.

"In this topsy-turvy age children criticise us quite as much, and sometimes more, than we do them."—*Sunday Paper.*

Sometimes our literary style invites it.

"At 3 p.m. on Tuesday the auxiliary schooner St. Roch, Royal Canadian Mounted Police Arctic patrol-ship, sailed from Evans, Coleman & Evans' dock for the mouth of Mackenzie River."—*Canadian Paper.*

So there *are* Horse Marines after all!



RT. HON. HUGH P. MACMILLAN, P.C., K.C.

Upon Commissions, in the Chair,
Yon Scot was born to sit,
Who to a keen judicial flair
Unites as keen a wit.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXIII.



Wife. "JAMES! JAMES! HAMILTON HAS EATEN A GREEN CATERPILLAR!"
Husband (absent-minded). "JUST *ONE* WON'T HURT HIM, MY DEAR, BUT YOU 'D BETTER WARN HIM NOT TO EAT TOO MANY UNRIPE THINGS IN THE COUNTRY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SMALL nations which occupy a stategic position of use to their greater neighbours are apt to have a chequered and unhappy history out of all proportion to their own aspirations and demerits. The experience of the Sporades, or Dodecanese, the twelve islands between Greece and Asia, is a case in point. It is obviously annoying when you are Greeks, with a proud past and a potentially Arcadian future, when you only want to rear goats, press olives, dive for sponges and practise your religion in union of hearts and administrations with your kindred on the mainland, to be bandied about from one conqueror to the other according to the fortunes of the Powers. Rhodes, Patmos, Cos and their fellows have suffered in this fashion from the Crusades onwards. In Crusading days, however, they at least shared the aims of the men who fortified them. Even when subject to the Turks they were "The Privileged Islands," ruled under a firman propitious to local self-government. It has been reserved for Italy, into whose possession the islands have fallen since the War, to render the Dodecanese a difficult place of residence for its lawful inhabitants. Whether this is owing to deliberate policy—that their territory may become available for Italian colonization—or whether it is the outcome of inexperience and stupidity, the islands' latest historians, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. BOOTH, do not try to determine. They comment on the past history of *Italy's Ægean Possessions* (ARROWSMITH); the present—a slightly milder version of the Tyrolese tragedy—they leave to speak for itself. Their illustrative photographs, especially those of Rhodian architecture, are extraordinarily winning. But, in spite of much-vaunted tourist facilities, I cannot see Englishmen enjoying Rhodes until some local colossus replaces the omnipresent effigy of "IL DUCE."

Mrs. AUBREY LE BLOND might well claim to exemplify in her own very lively and energetic career the passage from the nineteenth to the twentieth century. In the latest of her many published volumes—*Day In, Day Out* (LANE)—she confesses that when first left, as a grown-up young lady, without the assistance of a maid, she positively did not know how to put her own boots on; yet since then she has so far broken away from mid-Victorian tradition that she has been the most adventurous pioneer of women's mountaineering, as well as nurse, organiser, excavator, public lecturer, official photographer, historian or any other useful thing that occasion has prescribed, anywhere between the Great Wall of China and the new home of GAINSBOROUGH'S "Blue Boy" in California. One might respectfully suggest that she needs only to become Chancellor of the Exchequer to qualify as world-champion in versatility. The present volume touches on such an amazing number of topics that it suffers somewhat from over-abundance, and occasionally from indiscriminate use of good material, and indeed tends here and there to become a kind of guide-book either to strange countries she has visited or to her own earlier literary work. The chapters telling of Colonel BURNABY, author of the famous *Ride to Khiva*, and of VALENTINE BAKER PASHA seem a little disjointed and hardly do justice to the writer's abundant first-hand knowledge; and she is really at her best in conveying, without apparent intention, the impression

of her own ever-victorious personality. One could not imagine her ever missing a train. The train would always wait for her. In the rush North to see last year's eclipse of the sun, inevitably she chose one of the few spots where the clouds did not intervene.

Fourteen stories: *The Three Cousins*
(HUTCHINSON), and I can spot
Several better 'uns and wuss 'uns
Than the one about a yacht
Which gives the title to the lot.

Some depend upon surprises
Not too well concealed from sight;
Three or four, of varying sizes,
Weigh too heavy or too light;
But some are absolutely right.

GEOFFREY MOSS does not, however,
In these short tales really seem,
Though his touch is more than clever,
Properly to get up steam,
As in *Sweet Pepper* and *Whipped Cream*.

I really do not know why Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE has called his new book *Extremes Meet* (CASSELL). Nor do I much care. It is a good title, an easy one to remember at the libraries, where it is certain to cross the counter pretty often for some time to come. For if the title is good so is the book, a most exciting yarn of secret service adventure during the Great War, its scene a neutral capital in the Balkans which is not named and has no need to be. It all takes place in thirty-six crowded hours, at the end of which *Lieutenant-Commander Waterlow, R.N.V.R.*, damned to ambiguous land-work by an indiscretion of his real naval days, though he does not catch the German submarine which is the immediate object of his quest, obtains his heart's desire. That, by the way, is not a lady; but two very attractive ladies, neither of them technically very good, play important parts in the story, and *Waterlow*, with so much else to think of, is not unsusceptible to the charms of either of them. There are, in fact, some very dramatic possibilities in the situation, and even tragic ones, but the net result is most excellent comedy. Mr. MACKENZIE is not so serious as when he stormed the town and set a fashion with *Sinister Street*, but he has an easy competence in narration and in bringing his people alive in their words and actions which makes him the most readable of authors. To read *Extremes Meet* is a pure joy. There are some delightful figures in it, especially a spy called *Milton*, by no means mute if rather inglorious, and *Queenie*, the little English dancer who so wants to be English. She is to have her wish, for *Waterlow* is sending her to live with his mother in a Hampshire village. I hope Mr. MACKENZIE will tell us how she gets on there.

Kindly, unexacting, perhaps a little on the conventional side, Miss KATHARINE TYNAN'S new romance of the industrious 'prentice is a book for the leisure hours of intellectually unruffled people. It deals with its cast, pleasant and unpleasant, in a charitable spirit; all, save the villain of the first chapter, die repentant or live happily ever afterwards; and there are enough hints of the poetess behind the novelist to set me at odds with a world that can transmute the one into the other. The poetry, however, is in the places, not the people. Miss TYNAN'S hero is a prose figure, her heroine almost staidly unlyrical. *Simon Grayson*, son of a rough and his victim, vows to become a champion of his mother's sex. Of the people himself, he starts life as a gardener's lad; but he has influential friends, and it is from motives connected with his vow that he chooses a business rather than a professional career. In the oldest drapery shop of a provincial town he sees a twofold opportunity. He will help the down-trodden employees to mitigate their lot, and he will earn enough capital to start as a model employer. Miss TYNAN'S pre-War picture of the callous customers and slighted saleswomen of *Harvey's* loses a little of its pathos now that the boot is so largely on the other leg. The theme has historic possibilities; but *Simon's* personal relations with his invalid employer, his wife—an old hand of the firm—and



Short-sighted Lady. "AH! I'M SO GLAD YOU HAVE A LOAF LEFT. I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT BE SOLD OUT."



Baker. "THAT, MADAM, IS OUR CASHIER."

the aristocratic customers who take him to their hearts, are really more vital to the interest of *Lover of Women* (COLLINS) than his attempts at welfare work. The age commemorated by HOOD, when even brawny salesmen left off at 10 P.M., "knock'd up by ladies beating of 'em down," still lacks a realistic annalist.

Miss C. FOX-SMITH, who edits *The Man Before the Mast* (METHUEN), also contributes a most able introduction, in which she gives us the sad information that before 1928 has run its course the square-rigged sailing-ship will have finally disappeared from the British register, and with this disappearance, which is enough to give the doldrums to anyone with an eye for beauty, we shall lose a very remarkable type of man. "Right to the end of the sail era," she writes, "the seaman remained as it were one of a breed apart. How indeed should it be otherwise? His time ashore he counted in weeks; his time afloat in months, even years . . . and when he has finally passed away what evidence will remain to tell the future generations what manner of man he was?" The answer to this question is easy. We can look for the evidence in this straightforward book by G. SORRELL, A.B., and most emphatically we shall find it. Mr. SORRELL does not disguise his opinions, and some of them may be prejudiced, but without artifice he has related his experiences before the mast from 1860 to 1880, and it is a thousand times well that he has put them on record. As the years go by they will be even more valuable than they are to-day.

If *The Professor's Poison* (LONGMANS) lacks the final touches of a perfect "thriller" it must be because the author, Mr. NEIL GORDON, has enjoyed himself too much in the writing of it. His sense of humour and his high spirits have made a gay and diverting book of it, but at some sacrifice of reality. I found it hard to believe that so many deaths by violence could occur in such a very jolly world. It was the benevolent and spectacled *Professor Arnold* who started all the fun (or caused all the trouble, if you prefer it). He first discovered a scentless and invisible gas of which one whiff could wipe out an army, and then lost the formula to a gang of crooks. The police of three nations hunt down the criminals, while the Professor works desperately hard against time to find an antidote to his own deadly poison. The story works up to a grand and (I cannot help saying it) hilarious climax at an assembly of the League of Nations in Geneva, where the last of the villains is laid by the heels and the antidote is broadcast just in time to save the entire assembly from massacre. It was in fact a hideously near thing, and the cheek blenches at the thought of it; at least it certainly ought to, but Mr. NEIL GORDON makes it so difficult. I can see now that he will never write the perfect thriller, and I sincerely hope he will never try. He must just go on enjoying himself.

Miss NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH'S novel, *Children in the Wood* (CONSTABLE), contains some delightful glimpses of childhood and its ways, more than one shrewd piece of portraiture, and an abundance of admirable descriptive passages. But its principal theme is curiously disappointing. The story of *Cilia Vyning* and the mysterious companion who is her playmate and confidant from her nursery days to the tragic close of her brief married life always falls just short—it is hard to say exactly how and why—of attaining that elusive quality of reality acquired by subjects of a like other-worldly nature in, for example, some of Miss STELLA BENSON'S books and in Mr. KIPLING'S *They*. The result is that the reader is left with a feeling of sympathy—evidently by no means what Miss ROYDE-SMITH intended—for *Cilia's* uncomprehending parents and, still more, her matter-of-fact husband. The subsidiary characters of the story, on the other hand, are as convincing almost without exception, as *Cilia* is the opposite, thus atoning in some measure for Miss ROYDE-SMITH'S comparative failure in the difficult task of "getting across" the authentic borderland atmosphere.

Mr. GEORGE BLAKE has a remarkable gift for placing his readers on intimate terms with his characters. After reading *Paper Money* (CONSTABLE) I feel that I have known the *Faeds* all my life and actually been an eye-witness of their struggles to climb the social ladder. These *Faeds* might have remained happy enough in the state of life into which they had been born, but the War made them rich, and *Mrs. Faed's* ambitions became riotously active. On the whole Mr. BLAKE handles his subject with commendable restraint; and in his presentation of *Matthew Faed*, plunged by his wife into the vortex of Society, he shows fine sympathy and understanding. If I am a little chary of giving unqualified praise to this story it is because the main theme seems to me scarcely worthy of Mr. BLAKE'S skill and irony. But that he is a novelist to be watched I have no shadow of doubt.



"WE HEAR A GREAT DEAL OF 'GOING OFF AT THE DEEP END,' BUT 'GOING OFF AT THE SHALLOW END' CAN BE VERY PAINFUL."

However strongly one may feel about the importance of being honest, there is always a certain glamour and romance in high-class fraud. In spite of the ample reports of commercial knavery in the daily Press, it is not often that we are given an opportunity of studying what are, if I may use the expression, the more spiritual forms of diddling. The chance has come, however, in *Rumours and Hoaxes*, a collection of classic deceptions which has been made with great discretion by Mr. PETER HAWORTH, and published by BLACKWELL. It is divided into five sections, Ancient Greek, Latin, Mediæval, Elizabethan, and Modern, and the stories range from Ulysses and the Cyclops to DICKENS'S Begging-Letter Writer. Except for one anonymous story the author's name is given in each case. The only fault which I can possibly find with this delightful collection is that more space might have been given to the classical and Elizabethan tales and a little less to the mediæval.

"ETERNAL AFFAIRS PORTFOLIO.
DISSATISFACTION DENIED."
Headlines in New Zealand Paper.

Anglican Bishops please copy.

"Piping in the Haggis was observed at the dinner of the officers of the London Scottish Rifles."—*Provincial Paper.*

Only animal piping, we believe.

CHARIVARIA.

THE claim that a certain American novelist is the shyest literary celebrity in the world is not likely to be allowed to go unchallenged by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT.

* * *

A pet monkey belonging to Mr. J. H. THOMAS which escaped the other day has been captured. His pet Wheatley, however, is still at large.

* * *

One way of keeping cool in warm weather, as a newspaper reader points out, is to have the wrists free. Nothing is more heating than handcuffs.

* * *

The Bishops of WINCHESTER and LONDON recently beat two young curates at tennis, which seems to dispose once and for all of the scandalous rumour that our younger clergy have no tact.

* * *

A sensational rumour current in the West-End is that our leading "gate-crashers" have resolved to boycott functions to which they are not invited.

* * *

On the other hand we learn that several Bright Young Things refused to attend a party last week because they *had* been invited.

* * *

Mr. EDMUND DULAC says that many artists are good cooks, so that possibly some of these efforts of Modernist art are only omelettes after all.

* * *

Immediately after the death of George, the Zoo mandrill, it was disclosed that he drank stout and liked chewing tobacco. In our opinion these revelations are best left to the discretion of biographers.

* * *

Australian newspapers are already making their own selections for the English cricket team for the coming tour. The final choice, however, rests with the M.C.C.

* * *

Athletics are so increasingly in vogue among London waitresses that the omission of an egg-and-spoon contest from the Olympic Games seems the more regrettable.

* * *

Elizabeth and Essex, we note, is the title of Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY's forthcoming book. It seems a pity that he did not choose one less likely to invite comparison with *Elizabeth and her German Garden*.

* * *

Luton police have appeared in straw helmets for the first time for two years. Locally this is regarded as an indication of warm weather.

* * *

"Never put 'His Grace the Duke of Broadstairs' on an envelope," says a *Daily Express* article on etiquette. "'The Duke of Broadstairs' is enough." According to our books of reference, however, there is no such title in the Peerage of Thanet.



Suspected Person. "YOU WON'T ARF GET IT FER KNOCKING ME ABART LIKE THIS. I WAS WIV YOUR NEW BOSS AT VIMY."

A motorist who has driven half-way round the world reports that tigers and elephants fled before him. It is wonderful how quickly wild beasts have acquired the pedestrian sense.

* * *

Peckham, a contemporary reminds us, possesses a "Leaning Tower" which in the opinion of the inhabitants vies in interest with that of Pisa. Tourists, however, have an unaccountable preference for Pisa.

* * *

A Birmingham boy was taken ill after eating nineteen ice-creams. As Smith minor points out the first nineteen are always the most dangerous.

* * *

At a Newport wedding the other day no one gave the bride away, there was no best man and not a single bridesmaid. The usual custom of having a bridegroom, however, was adhered to.

* * *

The modern girl seems to be improving in filial piety. We have just heard of one who hurried home at four o'clock in the morning to wish her parents "Good-night."

* * *

An advertiser offers employment to a "one hundred per cent publicity man." Evidently a cinema actress's press-agent looking for a press-agent for himself.

* * *

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT: No, we do not know the name of to-day's proprietors of *The Daily Chronicle*.

* * *

A retired cab-driver of Chicago has just celebrated his one-hundred-and-fourth birthday. The only explanation we can give is that he is bullet-proof.

* * *

A demonstration showing the mechanised army at work has been given on Salisbury Plain. It is not stated what wave-length the tin sergeant-major was broadcasting on.

* * *

"Wherever the Welsh language is spoken there you will find admirers of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE," says an essayist. Perhaps so. But what a language!

* * *

At Bibury races several bees stung the bookmakers. It is unnecessary to state what stung the punters.

* * *

We understand that the latest Pact is a Pact to end Pacts.

* * *

"Are our plays and players suffering from a blight of mediocrity?" asks a critic. We wish we could think it 's nothing worse than that.

* * *

A German aviator recently remained sixty-three hours in the air. When he came down the insurance-canvasser had gone.

* * *

Aviators report that the Crystal Palace has been visible from France. Still, this so rarely occurs that the French have no real grievance.

A notice in the window of a French tea-shop:—

"FIVE O'CLOCK A TOUTE HEURE."

"A land where it is always afternoon."

IF HARROW HAD WON.

To P. P. (O.E.).

["There was not an Etonian on the ground who would not have shared in the general exultation if Harrow's twenty years in the wilderness had ended in an exodus of such supreme triumph."—*The Times.*]

WHEN at the great fight I assisted
And sat among Etonian fans,
My open mind was not enlisted
By either sect of partisans;
For me another *alma mater*
Had had the glorious luck to cater,
And so I sat serene and calm,
Not caring tuppence who should pinch the palm.

But you, if every son of Eton
Is like the gentleman I quote,
Would love to see your own boys beaten
And laud the foe with lusty throat;
If Fate, in fact, had planned it out
That Victory, to the end in doubt,
Should perch upon the helm of Harrow,
It would have thrilled you to the very marrow.

Yet—for you'd never think of wearing
Your generous heart upon your sleeve—
You gave no hint, by voice or bearing,
That Harrow's loss would make you grieve;
As one by one her wickets fell
You loosed a devastating yell,
Venting, to hide your deep prostration,
What sounded like a savage exultation.

And as for her, your gentle lady,
When matters reached the crucial stage,
And Harrow's prospects grew more shady,
She too concealed her noble rage;
Indeed, such art was in her pose
I had to leave before the close,
Fearing the final wicket's capture
Would see her swoon with simulated rapture.

O. S.

THE FLYING MOVEMENT.

"YES," she said with a kind of modest pride, "everybody's doing it and so we are too, and we shall be buying an aeroplane almost at once—one of those little fly-abouts you read of in the papers."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that you and Tom are going to take up flying really seriously?"

"If you don't you 're quite out of it," she assured me. "It 's the only thing people talk about. Why, at Blanche's bridge afternoon last week there was a woman with something ever so new and interesting the matter with her inside and no one would even listen, because Blanche was telling us about the duckiest little plane she 's thinking of buying."

"Having seen Blanche drive a mere car," I observed, "I hope they 'll leave her room enough in the air. Has she had any lessons yet?"

"Not yet. Of course it 's all awfully difficult."

"I 've never tried," I confessed, "but I always thought that learning to fly was comparatively easy."

"I didn't mean the learning exactly."

"Choosing her machine, then?"

"Oh, no, they can always tell you things like that at the stores, can't they? It 's the photographs she 's had taken, both of them so good she can't make up her mind between them. You see, she wants to be sure which will suit her best, doesn't she? In one, she 's in blue overalls, with the loveliest smudge of dirty oil on her left cheek you ever saw, and she 's got a spanner in her hand and she 's just going to do something or other to her engine; and in the other she 's wearing her new lace frock she got over specially from Paris for Ascot, and she 's just stepping out of an aeroplane powdering her nose. And she simply can't make up her mind which to choose for her *motif*."

"Why not both?" I asked, on what I hoped was a note of irony.

"Well, that 's what was so unlucky. She just happened quite by accident to let a newspaper man have both photographs, and what do you think he did?"

"If he published them," I said indignantly, "it would be just like him. Did she mind?"

"She minded that he published them both side by side on the same page with the same title, 'Modern Woman,' because now she can't make up her mind which is the more modern, and it would be so awful if she made a mistake and people thought she was less modern than she might be."

"One would not care to risk that. And you—when are you buying your aeroplane?"

"I asked Tom," she said, "to get it on his way back from the City; but I expect he 'll forget—he always does. Even if I tie a knot in his handkerchief most likely he gets a cold in the head that day and buys two new ones, and then my knot 's no good. Besides, he 's beginning to talk about the expense now."

"He should have thought of that before. He knew what they cost, didn't he?"

"Y-e-s—only I just happened one day, when we were talking about it, to say how lovely it would be, and every time I wanted a new frock or a new hat I should be able to fly over to Paris and be back the same day, and ever since, I don't know why, he keeps saying that flying 's too expensive for any man who 's never won the Calcutta sweep."

"Perhaps he doesn't really like the idea?"

"Oh, yes, he does; we adore it, both of us, only there really is such a lot to think about besides the expense. I made him promise most faithfully he would never go up without me, because if anything happened I should so hate being a widow. I don't think people ever really trust widows—do you?"

"A tradition," I said; "unjust, but still a tradition."

"And of course I told him plainly," she went on, "that he mustn't ever expect me to go up with him, because he often makes me a little nervous even when he 's only driving a car, though I always sit beside him so as to be able to tell him if there 's anything in the way and to mind and be careful and go slowly, only to be sure and get there in time, and if he doesn 't seem to notice I can pull his arm and make him attend; and I daresay I should be still more nervous in an aeroplane."

"Tom also," I hazarded.

"Oh," she answered, "he always says he feels ever so much more nervous when I 'm with him than any other time. It 's rather sweet of him, isn't it?"

"One quite understands it," I assured her; "anyhow, I hope when you have your new aeroplane you 'll make good use of it."

"Oh, we shall!" she declared with enthusiasm. "Why, three people who write for the papers have asked me for photographs already; I 'm going to give a talk on 'Air Sense and Otherwise' at Lady Jane 's afternoon next week; the aeroplane 's to be on exhibition at the Vere de Vere 's garden-party, and when the first mother flies the Atlantic, which is sure to happen soon, I shall have the right to ask her to luncheon, shan't I?"

"Unquestionably," I agreed.

E. R. P.



DOPE DEFERRED.

MR. BALDWIN. "HERE'S SOMETHING TO GET YOU ACROSS."
TOTE BILL. "AND NONE TOO SOON."



"I CAN'T COME OUT YET, DEAR; I'M WASHING THE BABY."

OUR COURT-MARTIAL.

WE had a court-martial in our barracks the other day. It was quite a novelty for us, because we hadn't had one for years, not since our Private Barrel was charged under Section 31 (5) of the Army Act with "*Compelling a person in charge of an animal, furnished in pursuance of the provisions of the Army Act relating to the impressment of carriages, to take thereon, though not furnished on a requisition of emergency, a woman who was not sick.*" A pretty serious offence, and one that I am thankful to say does not often occur among our soldiers. It caused a great stir at the time. But I can't tell you about it here; it 's a long story and has to do with manœuvres and a mule and Private Barrel's grandmother pretending to have an epileptic fit. Private Barrel received severe punishment, having failed to impress the Court as successfully as he had impressed the mule. . . . However, I digress.

As I was saying, we hadn't had a court-martial for years. Our Colonel didn't believe in them, and so we just didn't have them. Some people will tell you that, whether your Colonel believes in them or not, he can't do anything about it. They explain to you that a Commanding Officer, before awarding certain specified punishments, is required by the Regulations to ask the criminal politely if he wishes to be tried by a court-martial, and that therefore the matter is out of his control.

Now people who talk like this are just showing their ignorance. The difficulty is easily got over in two ways. One way, if the man answers "Yes" to the question, is for the Colonel to reply simply, "Well, you can't then!" and instantly change the intended punishment to one of those which does not require the question to have been asked. This method has considerable dramatic value, and leaves the delinquent under the impression that his senses are betraying him.

The other method, however, is always the one our Colonel uses. Having handled the case with leisurely deliberation almost to the end, he then snaps out all in a breath: "Will-you-take-my-award-or-go-before-a-court-martial-right-fourteen-days-detention-march-him-out-Sergeant-Major!" And the man is outside the orderly-room before he knows whether it 's kit-inspection or the first of the month. If he finds his tongue then, the R.S.M. bangs his cap severely over his eyes by way of replacing it after the interview, and remarks, "Now then, my lad, *I'm* looking at yer! 'Op it!" As the books tell us, many difficult situations may be smoothed over by the exercise of tact on the part of warrant and non-commissioned officers.

Well, it was about a month ago that the Colonel suddenly noticed, from a certain restiveness at headquarters, that the General was getting worried and was really anxious to see a court-martial break out healthily upon our battalion. So he instantly arranged it. That very morning there came before him Private Pullthrough, accused by Corporal Foresight of being drunk in his barrack-room at-or-about-nine-pip-emma.

Private Pullthrough, under the Colonel's handling, simply clamoured for a court-martial. As a matter of fact he was really in favour of them, for some years ago he had been up before a court-martial and to his surprise had escaped scot-free. He had been accused under Section 25 (1) of the Army Act of: "*In a certificate made by him, of the contents of which it was his duty to ascertain the accuracy, knowingly making an omission with intent to defraud.*" Halfway through, Prisoner's Friend, a subaltern with an ingenious mind, while investigating the accuracy of the various documents in the case, discovered an omission—the second "l" of "Pullthrough"—in the charge-sheet. With intent to defraud justice of its victim, he instantly submitted that the accused man, one Pulthrough, did not exist, and that the proceedings were not therefore legal; with the result that they were subsequently quashed. So

you see, Pullthrough was left with a fairly high opinion of courts-martial.

Well, the military machine was set in motion, and in due course a grand court-martial assembled. It consisted of a Major from the Gunners (complaining that he knew nothing of courts-martial, and that anyway it was his day for hunting), a member from the Cavalry (who wore long spurs and carried ten books, including one on "Animal Management"), a member from the Sappers (who turned up in a dilapidated uniform disseminating an odour of petrol), and a member from the Infantry (who turned up in time). These were, so to speak, the stars; the chorus was supplied by five young subalterns under instructions.

The proceedings opened in the usual humorous manner. That is to say, Private Pullthrough was asked if he wished to object to any member of the Court, and solemnly lodged an objection against every member in turn. On each occasion the court was solemnly cleared to consider his objection, and on each occasion it was solemnly overruled. After which the case for the prosecution began.

Corporal Foresight explained that he had found Private Pullthrough in the barrack-room surrounded by a crowd of men laughing at him. He was waving the left hand about and holding the other, palm upwards, in front of him. He was perpetually referring to a supposed half-crown lying in his palm, but when Corporal Foresight looked closely into it nothing was there at all. Corporal Foresight said there could be only one explanation of Private Pullthrough's conduct in waving his hands about and talking of non-existent coins, and so he had put him under arrest.

Five further witnesses for the prosecution stated on oath that Private Pullthrough was *not* sober, and then admitted under cross-examination that perhaps he was.

Five witnesses for the defence next stated on oath that Private Pullthrough *was* sober, and then admitted under cross-examination that perhaps he wasn't.

Finally the defence produced its trump card, that Private Pullthrough was not drunk at all, but was doing a conjuring trick. The crowd of men was not laughing at him but at the trick; the passes with the left hand were part of the performance, and the half-crown about which he was speaking was one he had just caused to disappear.

That brought the affair to a deadlock, from which the President only extricated it by suggesting that the accused should give, as evidence on his own behalf, a reproduction of what he had been doing.



Modern Publisher. "I LIKE YOUR BOOK ON WATER-BEETLES; BUT COULDN'T YOU CONTRIVE SOMEHOW TO INTRODUCE A DETECTIVE INTEREST?"

Private Pullthrough borrowed half-a-crown and obliged. He then obliged again, because the member from the Cavalry hadn't followed it. It was at last agreed that, if that was really the way Pullthrough did a conjuring trick, Corporal Foresight certainly couldn't be blamed for making a pardonable error. The accused was acquitted.

He left the court without a stain on his character, except in the eyes of the corporal in charge of the escort, who followed him for some distance demanding his half-crown back. Pullthrough was heard to remark that it had been given as evidence on oath and could not honourably be withdrawn. A. A.

"One after the other they come here charged with theft. They do not seem to know the meaning of *meum* and *teum*."—*Welsh Paper.*

Muum and *teum*, surely.

"When David was Exceedingly Young."

"When the choristers had sung the Psalm, 'I was a lad when they said unto me' . . ."
East Anglian Paper.

Australia's Costly Firemen.

"A large tannery at Sydney was completely gutted by fire on Monday. One fireman was estimated at £40,000.—Reuter."
Bristol Paper.

"For Sale, Ducks, some Laying 2s. each."
Advt. in Local Paper.

Any relation to the well-known duck which laid the silver egg?

"In the warmth of his desire yesterday to demonstrate the errors of the Government, Mr. Tom Groves, the member for West Ham, his coat unbuttoned, afforded the House a liberal view of his braces."—*Evening Paper.*

We should have looked for a Labour aspect of this article.



"HAVE A LOOK BACK, LIZ, TO SEE IF THEY 'RE LOOKING; AND, IF THEY ARE, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T LOOK."

In Memoriam.

DAME ELLEN TERRY.

Born, 1848. Died, July 21st, 1928.

STILL, in the years' despite, beneath the spell
Of that most lovely grace of youth and May,
Imaged or in remembrance guarded well,
All hearts were hers, and so are sad to-day.

O. S.

THE IDEAL MOTORING COMPANION.

(With acknowledgments to "The Evening Standard" and MR. JOHN PRIOLEAU.)

ONE of the most difficult problems that confronts the owner-driver is that of the motoring companion, and the time has clearly arrived for the licensing of companions as well as drivers. What are the qualifications required in a candidate for this distinction? I will tell you.

In the first place he must pay great attention to his clothes. Loud ties, suits of too assertive a pattern, even brown boots of a certain shade, are apt to disconcert the sensitive driver. If a companion appears wearing a beret, obviously he cannot be allowed to proceed on the journey.

His features too are of the utmost importance. If he has, say, a too prominent nose, a wart on the (right) side of his face or a receding chin he must consider himself disqualified. On the road he must avoid unnecessary speech and, above all, make no comment upon the scenery. Owner-drivers never observe scenery and should not be distracted by being asked to look at it.

Obvious remarks should be strenuously avoided. If at the approach of the car a chicken starts to cross the road and never reaches the other side, such a comment as, "I'm afraid we killed that bird, old chap," annoys the man at the wheel and takes his mind off human pedestrians.

The Ideal Motoring Companion is tactful. If there is a little spill he does not harass the driver by undue curiosity, demanding "How did that happen?" Remarks too about "having a lucky escape," or that it "might have been worse," he uses sparingly. Never in any circumstances does he mention that he "saw the accident coming." That would be presumption on his part, because his brain works slowly; he does not possess the motorist's sixth sense and could not possibly have seen anything of the kind until the accident occurred.

The I.M.C. at all times appears to be enjoying himself immensely, no matter what happens. This is a subtle compliment to the man at the wheel who is good enough to endure his company.

Conversation being discouraged, he has plenty of time to devote to the game known technically as "Spotting the Rattle." By placing his ear to the floor of the car (quite unassumingly, of course), or even leaning over the windscreen and listening intently, he may be able to locate engine-trouble; but of course he has not the bad manners to report his discovery unless invited to do so. Should a slight repair be necessary he tactfully effaces himself and remains out of sight until the car is ready to start again. Statistics show that 96·3 per cent of owner-drivers prefer to curse unseen. The I.M.C. respects that delicacy of feeling, though he may not always be able to retreat beyond hearing distance.

Attention to the foregoing details will make any touring-companion in a measure ideal, even if he be not a fully-licensed I.M.C., and in his company the owner-driver may enjoy the trip almost as much as if he were alone.

TWINGE.

A NOVEL (1928 STYLE).

I.

THE grandmother beat her head against the scullery wall. Inside the squalid house mice squeaked, cockroaches swarmed and climbed . . . somewhere a flea hopped. . . . The windows of the rickety tenement, long since condemned by the Borough Council, would neither open nor shut. The waste-pipe of the scullery sink was clogged and choked. . . . A rat had died there. . . . Outside the rain fell, and the foul court oozed deep in an evil-smelling slime of Battersea mud. For five days now there had been no food in the house, and the malted milk tablets would suffice for but three days more. And then . . .?

II.

The duckpond was never long absent from her thoughts. The duckpond on the Sussex Downs. It called to her with a voice that she alone could hear. It whispered to her . . . of what? Of something greater than Life, greater than Love . . .? She did not know.

There she had first met Bert. The duckpond had been smiling under an August sun. . . . And then . . . the Moon. The duckpond slept. . . .

Bert was no weakling. The great muscles of his neck, back and chest ran riot beneath his old-fashioned smock. For Bert was a tiller of the soil. He tilled as none other had ever tilled before. Men still spoke his name in the Sussex Weald. . . .

III.

Bert had wooed her like a typhoon, a simoom, a cyclone, a veritable volcano of Fire and Flame. And then . . . marriage. She had married rather beneath her, of course. And the tiny one-roomed cottage and the furniture, *their* furniture—worked for, saved for, striven for. Just a table and a chair and the bed. . . . It had been a struggle, of course, for Bert's wages were never more than eighteen-and-ninepence a week. He drove the hay-carts. But they had won through to Resignation and a sort of Happiness. And then . . . a change in Bert. His work had laid a toll upon him too severe for human thew or sinew to endure, had taken of his very heart's blood. The great muscles of his neck, back and chest shrivelled, wasted away . . . piteously. . . . Could she, would she ever forget that day? They told her of how Bert had driven from the fields a great waggon-load of hay—two tons, they said—and then they told her of his death, struck down as by a thunderbolt, in the bar parlour of the "Spread Eagle." And they had brought him to her and laid him down upon the bed . . . gently, reverently. . . . Her brain had snapped. . . .

A spider fell heavily to the scullery floor. A rat gnawed and scampered. . . .

IV.

And still the duckpond called—loudly, insistently. . . . Her thoughts went to her two lost boys—her only two—Alf, who had emigrated to America—Alf, dead of machine-gun fire, torn, hacked, annihilated at last year's Chicago municipal elections. And Will, in his lonely cell in Dartmoor, serving his long cruel term of penal servitude for impersonating the Mayor of Portsmouth at a civic luncheon. There had been a hint of forgery too, and the Judge had been severe—he had not understood. . . . And now Ada, her only grandchild, calm, clear-eyed, courageous Ada, assistant mousetrap-inspector at the great Stores in South Croydon, Ada lay now upon her squalid couch in a darkened room above, racked and tortured by a strange malady of modern life unknown in simpler days. The doctors had called it mousetrap-inspector's eye. "All she needs," they had said, "is warmth and quiet, and iced champagne every quarter-of-an-hour. . . ." And Ada had smiled—a queer little twisted smile. The Cruelty, the Mystery of it all. . . .

V.

What was there left for her now, an old, old woman? Of course there was the Urge and the Surge, but she was too old. . . . And then—What was the meaning of it all? The Mystery . . . the Pain . . .? Whence had she come, whither was she going? Could it be, after all, that Life was Love, and Love was Life? Why? How? Whose . . .?

The grandmother beat her head rhythmically against the scullery wall. Somewhere a mouse squeaked, bitten by its mate. And still the duckpond called, but fainter now. . . .



REAL ALTRUISM.

THE MAN WHO LOVED HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN AND WAS INSURED IN *ALL* THE NEWSPAPERS.

WHEN IT WAS VERY HOT.

"I WISH there were no birds," said Natasha irritably; "they sang all night long last night, beginning at half-past twelve."

It was so hot that there seemed to be a kind of invisible fog in the air. Voices sounded muffled and far away and words became difficult to pronounce. We sat, gasping lightly like half-dead trout, in the drawing-room. A dragon-fly as large as an aeroplane kept circling in the motionless calm outside, eating midges by the jasmine-hedge.

"In Mesopotamia . . ." said my cousin Frederick.

"Don't!" she protested feebly. "He's going to say that in Mesopotamia the birds used to get roasted on the trees and the smell of burning feathers floated in through the windows of the *diwan*;" for at last, under the influence of a protracted heat-wave, my cousin Frederick had begun to pour out to us the wonders of the mysterious East.

"In Mesopotamia," said my cousin Frederick, ignoring her rudeness, "there happen to be no trees. But what I was going to say was that in Mesopotamia the heat is dry heat. Thus you could play two or three hard sets of tennis in a morning without turning a hair. Afterwards you would drink a long drink and the whole of your shirt would suddenly be wringing wet. Two minutes later it would be absolutely dry again."

"Disgusting," said Natasha.

"Why?" I asked. "Don't listen to her, Frederick. Go on telling us about your shirt."

"In Burma," he went on, cooling to his subject, "if you dropped anything on the floor you had to wait for a servant to pick it up for you. The effort of bending down would have cost you as much as a long day's out-fielding on an ordinary English afternoon."

There was a pause.

My cousin Frederick's career, as I looked at it, seemed to have been one long course of honest perspiration mingled with manly repose. His life had been turning, turning in mazes of heat and sound; and now his cabined ample spirit was going to have a pop at telling us how it all occurred.

"When were you hottest in Mesopotamia?" I asked him.

"I think," he replied after a little reflection, "the day that I tried tent-pegging on a camel."

"Oh, yes," I whispered. "What happened then?"

"It was a kind of rag gymkhana," he explained, "at the end of the War, and it was a very tall camel indeed. From Said. I was just getting near the peg when I inadvertently touched the camel on the flank with my spear. But that was the signal to it, you see, to kneel down. So it did. I simply shot head over heels into the desert as though I had gone from a gun."

"And in Burma?" I said. "Tell us what you did in Burma when you stopped not bending down."

"Oh, you had to face up to it in Burma too sometimes," he admitted reluctantly. "You put on thick boots and a singlet and a pair of shorts and a topi, and went out shooting."

"Shooting what?"

"Oh, anything. Peacocks usually."

"White peacocks?"

"No, just ordinary peacocks."

"Ah," I said.

There was another long pause.

"We really ought to do something," said Natasha suddenly, "to get cool. Why not get the car out and go down to the sea?"

"What sea?" inquired my cousin Frederick.

"One they have near Worthing," she explained. "Quite a little one, but wet right through. It only takes about two-hours-and-a-half if you push."

"In the Persian Gulf," said my cousin Frederick stolidly, "the water when you bathe in it is warmer than the body. You can't stay in it long, it makes you so limp."

"It's simply the difference," I said to Natasha, who was looking incredulous, "between a dry sea and a moist sea. Now in Rangoon——"

"What you both ought to do," said my cousin Frederick, "is to come out to Persia with me when I go back. I could give you some awfully good ibex shooting above Ispahan. Eight thousand feet up in the snow——"

"Hot snow?"

"Cold. When you get right up into the mountains and see a really graceful herd of ibexes——"

"Ibices," I said.

"The plural of ibex," said Natasha, fanning herself with *Life and Letters*, "is ibex."

"Ibices," I repeated as firmly as I could. "Just as the plural of index is *indices*. To rhyme with skin-disease, you know."

"Are there any lions in Ispahan?" I asked, turning to my cousin Frederick again.

"Li—what?" he asked suspiciously.

"Ons," I said.

"No," he said; "but out in Mesopotamia——"

I sighed.

Just then the telephone rang. I folded three pieces of paper and we drew lots as to who should answer it. I lost.

"What a horrible noise you have been making," I said crossly to the transmitter.

It was Mrs. Enderby.

"We've got a small hose-party here," she said.

"House-party?"

"Hose-party. In the garden, you know, wearing bathing-suits and taking turns to hold the nozzle. Wouldn't you all like to come round?"

"Isn't your garden overlooked?" I said.

"A good deal."

"What about the Hose Secretary?" I inquired.

"He's not been invited," she said.

"I'll put it to the others," I promised, "if you'll hold on."

"On the Persian Gulf," said my cousin Frederick, when I had outlined the scheme, "it's often much hotter by night than by day. One spends the whole night sitting in a bath and reading a book. When the morning comes one goes to bed and tries to sleep. But in Ispahan of course, and Shiraz in particular. . . ."

I went back to the telephone.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I don't think we'll come and be squirted after all. We've just got my cousin Frederick nicely turned on." EVOE.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM AT THE ZOO.

ZOOLOGICAL HOUSES.

THE housing scheme at Regent's Park
Is much improved since NOAH'S Ark.
Brown bears and polar now in pride
On Mappin Terraces reside;
The monkeys spend delicious days
Basking in ultra-violet rays;
The Aquarium provides the fish
With homes as good as they could wish,
Where crabs and common lobsters swank
Each in a well-appointed tank.
And now the lucky reptiles dwell
In a reptilian Ritz Hotel;
Cobras and boa-constrictors lie,
And once a fortnight wink an eye,
In dens that cannot fail to take
The fancy of the smartest snake.
But while their subjects thus expand
In mansions up-to-date and grand,
The King of Beasts and his espoused
Are still extremely poorly housed;
Their home is drab and antiquated
And badly lit and ventilated;
Does it not seem a trifle callous
Not to improve the royal palace? G. B.

"Four hundred teas were served on the homeward journey, this being included in the excursion fare; and it speaks highly for the efficiency of the staff when we say that the whole lot had been disposed of within two hours and a half of leaving port."
Jersey Paper.

Surely some praise is also due to the steady work of the voyagers.



Small Boy (to Visitor). "HAVE YOU GOT A WIFE?"
Visitor. "NO, SONNY, I HAVEN'T."
Small Boy. "THEN WHO TELLS YOU WHAT TO DO?"

"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS . . ."

THE bolt had fallen again for the third time in as many years, and the jury summons, commanding my mother's attendance in terms of archaic intimacy, garnished with a *soupçon* of What-ho!-ishness, lay upon the table.

On The Day itself we assembled round the breakfast-table, depressed as those females in Russian plays (though not so keen on Moscow), and compared apprehensions.

"I *told* him I was over age," said the Trusty and Well-Beloved, bitterly serving sausages. I glanced at the reply to this frenzied appeal to Authority. It was a buff slip, which appeared to consist largely of such marks in ink as—

X X X X

These, by the way, were not kisses from a consolatory Clerk of the Court, but directions to passages pointing out the Well-Beloved's duty to the State, and giving the information that she had omitted to get herself struck off the Jury Register at the Town Hall.

"Oh, I *do* think they're unkind to me," maundered the Jurywoman, refusing toast.

"Oh, well, I daresay your name won't be called."

"Then why send for me?" riposted she, with a ghastly advance sample of forensic acumen. "It's such a waste of time, and I wanted to go down Oxford Street to look at that hat——"

"What I'm objecting to," I continued, "is that there's no proper time to read the papers; but I promised to go to the Law Courts with you, and go I will. And there are your smelling-salts and beef lozenges."

Our Guest, smugly immune, continued to breakfast placidly and threw us items

of news as she sat with *The Morning Times*. Oddly enough we were not grateful.

"I see they've arrested that woman," she announced.

"I'm delighted to hear it," I snarled. "What woman?"

"Here's the death of a Lady Batchcumb——"

"Is she the Suitcase Murder?" I asked.

"No, no. I thought your mother knew a Lady Batchcumb?"

"I may," vaguely answered the T. and W.B., putting down a saucer for the cat; then, to our Guest, "My dear, *don't* forget Pugsie's lunch; and if that man from Bannister's should come tell him the gas-stove in the back drawing-room *still* lights with a pop, and I *can't* bear it. And when Mrs. Mopwell comes at nine-thirty remind her that she promised to order in the groceries, will you? Is that clock right? We ought to be off. *Oh*, I do feel so hot and miserable, and the pansies all want the dead heads picked off. I should have been able to do a spot of gardening if This hadn't happened. I shall go to the Town Hall to-morrow and get removed permanently."

"That's rather an extreme step, isn't it?" I commented, with that debilitated humour that the hour induced in me. The Guest, blandly determined not to pick pansy heads, announced that the League of Arts was giving another series of open-air entertainments of Old English dances in Hyde Park, to which item the Trusty and Well-Beloved reacted with an impassioned request to me to take off my dressing-gown and go and get ready or, as she put it, It Would End In A Taxi. . . .

Oh, a very tiring day altogether, and at the end of it I fell into an early bed with a groan of relief.

* * * * *

Ten minutes later I was back in Court VIII. (King's Bench Division). This pleased me, for earlier in the day I had fallen rather heavily for the presiding Judge, with his austere little face, tiny little yawns and homely and bonnet-like wig, wherein he had his moments in which he resembled somebody's devoted housekeeper.

I recognised the Jury without difficulty; the Clerk of the Court was at his usual table beneath the Judge's desk, and his plastic humorous features were only slightly obscured by the matron's hat from Oxford Street in which he had most unfairly forestalled my helpless mother. He was listening to a line of applicants for exemption, and when he was tired of that he called upon us for a chorus. But the eupeptic strains of

"The stove lights back with a pop
(with a pop)
Oh, the stove lights back with a pop," etc.,

were interrupted by the entrance of the usher, who, to the anguish of all the women present, twisted up the green curtains into a rope and intoned "Si—lence." He then added, as the Judge swept in, "Bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest and kiss the one that you love best," and Mr. Justice Ivory took his seat.

I was slightly surprised to see him in my dressing-gown, and I remember wondering how soon he would discover the packet of cigarettes in the pocket.

"Hullo, my oldest dear!" I cried from my bench.

The Judge kissed his hand to me and observed in his plangent voice, "Ah, dear child, I feel *so* hot and miserable. Even adjourning doesn't seem to cool one."

I thought this pathetic, and said, "But when are you going to say 'Clear the Court'?"

"We've given up saying that," responded his lordship; "*nobody went*. And that made me look so very Old English."

At this point our cat sprang upon his lap, and his lordship offered him a saucer.

Mr. Mopwell, K.C., rose angrily. "I submit that the cat doesn't care for sausages, except on *sub judice* occasions."

"Objections must be made to *me*, Mr. Mopwell, and not to the Jury."

"As your lordship pleases," and learned Counsel lay down and began to read *The Morning Times*.

Lady Batchcumb was then put in the witness-box, and Mr. Justice Ivory said he remembered her perfectly, as she had knitted him his first wig and sent it in a suit-case.

At this the Pressmen wrote rapidly.

Mr. Bannister, K.C., then rose. "You are Lady Batchcumb?"

"I am."

"You live in the deadly middle of Hyde Park?"

The Judge intervened, looking over his glasses. "That is a very misleading question, Mr. Bannister."

Mr. Bannister bowed.

"Let me put it this way: what *is* a suit-case?"

Mr. Justice Ivory handed him the smelling-salts and said, "You mean, what, *in your opinion*, is a suit-case?"

At this the Jury rose and filed out. They were away two hours, which seemed to pass in a flash. His lordship then said, with a wintry smile, "I will now sum up—not that I am very *good* at sums (laughter); I think I am over age;" and, bowing to the Jury, "You are a row of dead pansy-heads."

* * * * *

I woke for perhaps a quarter of a minute. But the next scene—a greyhound race down Pall Mall with Mr. BALDWIN, EVELYN LAYE and the MASTER OF THE TEMPLE as bookies—was a relatively tame affair.



"DO YOU SAY THEY WERE MARRIED SECRETLY?"
"ABSOLUTELY. THERE WASN'T A SOUL AT THE WEDDING EXCEPT THE REPORTERS."

Commercial Candour in Ulster.

"EVERY WINDOW OF —— FULL OF THE MOST UNSPEAKABLE BARGAINS."
Belfast Paper.

THE SPELL OF THE GAME.



2.30 P.M. MIDANDLEGSHIRE INNINGS OPENS.



2.45 P.M. MIDANDLEGSHIRE 3 FOR 0.



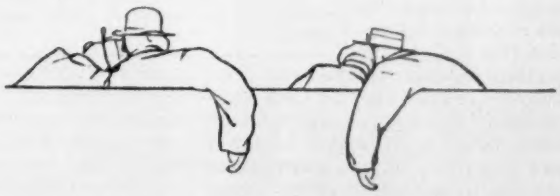
3 P.M. MIDANDLEGSHIRE 7 FOR 0.



3.15 P.M. MIDANDLEGSHIRE 11 FOR 0.



3.30 P.M. MIDANDLEGSHIRE 18 FOR 0.



3.45 P.M. MIDANDLEGSHIRE 25 FOR 0.



4 P.M. MIDANDLEGSHIRE 27 FOR 0.



4.15 P.M. TEA INTERVAL.

IRREVERENT RADIOS.

VI.

[MR. G. K. CHESTERTON holds forth on "The Theory and Practice of Gate-Crashing."]

IT is typical, no doubt, of the monstrous corruption of all spiritual values which marks the present age that not only do we speak with as much solemnity of people who have walked uninvited into a London ballroom as if they had thundered into a fenced city like old Carcassonne, but we also give the same name to their act.

Much in the same way we really do feel that the newspapers are telling us the truth when they say, "DOUGHTY CHAMPION'S TERRIFIC ORDEAL COMES TO AN END," though all that has happened has been that a man has been hitting a small white pellet with a long wooden stick; and, just as we see a knightly chivalry in the wagglingofaningeniious toy, so we trace a Visigothic fury in strolling up a flight of stairs. Yet if there is any deed, I imagine, from which a so-called gate-crasher with an almost bashful diffidence, an almost virginal modesty, refrains, it is this one very act of crashing through a gate.

He belongs very often, I am given to understand, to that social species which in the curious nomenclature of our time is designated a lounge-lizard, and, though I am not a student of natural history, I imagine it to be uncharacteristic of the lounge-lizard to cry "Harro!" and "*A Lizard!*" and storm a portcullis under a rain of arrows and molten metal; and I suppose him to be more often seen steering a partner round a polished floor than whirling a spiked battle-axe above his ensanguined head.

But, if there is a slight inaccuracy in this title of "gate-crasher" as applied to the upstart guest, one cannot help reflecting that there is something like a fantastic sort of logic in the title "exclusive" as applied to a society which makes no sort of effort to exclude; that places a moral stigma on the cat-burglar who comes through the window to steal spoons, but merely finds a lapse of good manners in the lounge-lizard who enters by the front-door for the purpose of drinking champagne.

To a mailed baron standing on his drawbridge and striking repeated blows with a mace on the helmet of a life-long foe the word "exclusive" can be applied not without a touch of appropriateness. The enemy also as he drops off into the moat may reasonably be pardoned for assuming that in the baron's eyes he is something of an outsider, and that the blow which has crashed through his morion has at one and the same moment struck him off the baroness's invitation list. Crawling painfully out upon the further bank, with mud in his mouth and weeds in his hair, he may say to himself, "For the time being my social aspirations have been damped." But he has nevertheless the mild consolation of knowing that if he had succeeded in forcing an entrance he would at least have won a tangible victory. When he was inside there would have been something decent to get. The almost unfriendly formality of his first reception having been overcome, he would have been received with honour, or if not he would have consigned his host and hostess to a dungeon and made merry with their goods and chattels.



TELEVISION.

"YES, I MIGHT MANAGE TO COME ROUND AND DINE SO AS TO MAKE THE NUMBER UP TO FOURTEEN. BUT FIRST LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE OTHER TWELVE."

But the salient characteristic of modern exclusiveness is that it opens its doors on emptiness and then complains of desecration; that it puts an imaginary fence round nothing and is annoyed because bounders leap over it; that it claims the privilege of aristocracy while using all the arts of commercial publicity and self-interest that are found in a mammoth drapery store or the cosmopolitan hotel.

It may not be a physiological fact that one cannot eat one's cake and have it too, but it is certainly a spiritual truth that one cannot sell one's cake and eat it too. And the mystic and sacramental exclusiveness of a caste has largely departed when its members sit upon a board of directors or advertise tooth-paste in the Press.

If I could be satisfied that some great mediæval house had really barred its doors to the violent invasion of modernity, and that a troop of lounge-lizards or lizardesses had really clothed themselves in mail and battered their way through the main entrance or the postern in order to insult the owners, destroy their furniture and execute some grotesque new saraband on their ball-room floor, I should be the first to feel indignation and, putting all personal convenience aside, to rescue if need be the distressed garrison by means of a rope-ladder from a turret-window. And indeed I can imagine no more beautiful spectacle than myself engaged in such an act of courtesy or one more likely to win the gratified plaudits of a London crowd. I can only beg that any London hostess who finds herself in such a predicament will ask me to lead the forlorn hope.

But I should desire to know first that the harassed duke or millionaire for whom I proposed to imperil my life was not engaged in selling me boots to the disadvantage of the cobbler round the corner, or ousting from his business the greengrocer on the opposite side of my street. I should want to know that his wife and daughter, waving signals of distress at the invasion of their aristocratic privacy, were not courting publicity elsewhere by the recommendation of a toilet cream. And if I were not satisfied on these points I should refuse to don my hauberk or take down my rusting halberd from its peg. I should merely recommend them to arm their liveried retainers or to ring up Scotland Yard.

It does even appear, so grotesque is the confusion of our twentieth-century ideals, that this notion of exclusiveness as a starry mystery devoid of obligation or sense, this idea of keeping everybody out when you have permitted everybody to come in, may in course of time infect that world of commerce which was once the scorn of our landed aristocracy, so that we may read in the papers some such paragraph as the following:—

GATE-CRASHER BURSTS IN AT HORRIDGE'S SALE.

A shocking breach of manners occurred

at the Great White Sale at Horridge's yesterday, an exclusive event of the social season to which only ticket-holders were admitted and jumpers were being sold by Countesses alone. Asked what she was doing there, Miss Smith, of Highbury Barn, explained that she had come to buy a jumper. It was impossible to buy jumpers anywhere else, as all the shops which had formerly sold them had been bought out and destroyed with axes by Messrs. Horridge, and she wanted a jumper badly. When the enormity of her offence was pointed out to her she apologised and promised to wait till next week, when five shillings' entrance money will be charged, and the general public will be admitted at the turnstiles.

Or this—

BARRIERS CHARGED DOWN AT DOBBINSON'S.

An unseemly incident took place at Dobbinson's Beauty Palace this morning, where the Duchess of X. had been specially engaged to give a private exhibition of the use of Dobbinson's Distinctive Dentifrice before a circle of specially invited guests. A man who refused to give his name and had no invitation-card was found wandering about in the showrooms and declined to make any statement except that he had come in to buy some tooth-powder. He was thrown out by commissionaires on to the pavement, and it is hoped that this warning may deter other social upstarts from following his example.

In the meantime the small shopkeepers of England are enjoying almost the only form of aristocratic exclusiveness which is left to our muddled and monopolist age. No one attempts to crash through their front-doors except their creditors; and only to the rate-collector can they point out with a dignified austerity that he has shattered their portal without being asked to come in.

EVOE.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION DURING A HEAT-WAVE.

WHEN flaming summer fills the land
With scent of new-mown hay and roses,
'Tis then the bard delights to go
And bang the lyre like billy-ho,
Singing the while to beat the band—
At least so one supposes.

Warmed by Apollo's genial fire
He uses words like "spilth" and "foison."
It is not so, alas! with me;
When summer smiles on land and sea,
Instead of calling for the lyre,
I shun the thing like poison.

But when the deep depressions come
And bitter blasts refrigerate us,
When clouds obscure the weeping day
And farmers grouse about their hay,
I feel my very heart-strings hum
With the divine afflatus.

While lesser poets cease their lays,
Defeated by the season's rigour,
And cast the lyre with curses down,
I do not sulk, though summer frown;
In jocund strain I chant her praise
With unrelenting vigour.

Then let the wild north-wester scream,
The lowering skies look ever glummer,
Pile on the coal—tell Jane to bring
Tea and hot toast—and I will sing
Of woods and flowers, of field and stream,
And all the joys of summer.

"Man wanted to put in Open Fireplace."
Advt. in New Zealand Paper.

We know several that could be spared.



Departing Visitor (*who has rather monopolised the conversation*). "I HOPE I HAVEN'T BEEN DE TROP, DEAREST? I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE WAS HERE."

Hostess. "DARLING, HE BORES ME TO TEARS. YOU 'VE REALLY BEEN AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE."



Guest (who leaves nothing to chance when putting). "I SAY, YOUR GREENS DON'T LOOK VERY GOOD."
Host. "I'M SORRY. DO THEY *SMELL* GOOD?"

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

THE PRINCIPAL BOY.

Air: "The Vicar of Bray."

I AM Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS,
And Fate was my detractor
Who put me into politics,
Though I was born an actor;
But grant me this, for mercy's sake,
Who mark my indiscretions,
I do the best I can to make
The best of both professions;
For this is law, I wish to say,
While office I enjoy, Sir:
Whatever other parts I play
I'll be the Principal Boy, Sir.

John Bull to-day I proudly play
And stamp upon the Russian;
To-morrow is NAPOLEON'S day,
On Friday I'm a Prussian;
'Gainst those who dance or drink or race
I boldly back the clergy,
But put the bishops in their place
On questions of lit-urgy;
For this is law, I wish to say,
While office I enjoy, Sir:
Whatever other parts I play
I'll be the Principal Boy, Sir.

But cursed be they who falsely hold
My sense of joy defective;
I'm all for fun—by me controlled
And watched by a detective;
I love to rink and make a row;
My boyhood was the warmest,
And I should join a night-club now
But for the Nonconformist;
For this is law, I wish to say,
While office I enjoy, Sir:
Whatever other parts I play
I'll be the Principal Boy, Sir.

And though the hero's *rôle* is good
I'm quite prepared to change it;
I like to be Misunderstood
And constantly arrange it;
The martyr's part I know by heart;
There still remains Act Three, Sir,
And, clap or hiss, the point is this,
The spotlight falls on me, Sir;
For this is law, I wish to say,
While office I enjoy, Sir:
Whatever other parts I play
I'll be the Principal Boy, Sir.

My art has been to make a scene
From small or no material,
And Home Affairs as full of scares
As some protracted serial;
Thus bit by bit, if I keep fit,
The nation's life I'll handle
Till bombs are feared in every beard,
In every kiss a scandal;
For this is law, I wish to say,
While office I enjoy, Sir:
Whatever other parts I play
I'll be the Principal Boy, Sir.

A. P. H.

Cool Thoughts for the Heat-Wave.

"At a meeting of the Council on May 30 last it was resolved that the fire-engine charges for outside districts be the sum of three-quarters of the rateable value of the outside district served, multiplied by the total of the deficit on the working of the fire engine, divided by the sum of the rateable value of the New Mills urban district, plus three-quarters of the rateable value of all the outside districts served."
Derbyshire Paper.

"'MARK TWAIN.'

I expect most of you have read Mark Twain's book, 'Three Men in a Boat.' But do you know the author's real name? It is Samuel Clemens."—*Belfast Daily Paper.*

It is not. So there!

"June 29th—THE TRUTH ABOUT HELL! All Seats Free. You are Welcome!"
Notice outside a London church.

We dislike this ill-timed geniality.



THE BIRDS OF WAR.

MR. KELLOGG. "SEE HERE NOW, MARS, YOU GOTTA CUT THAT RIGHT OUT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 16th.—Is foot-and-mouth disease coming into this country in consignments of chilled meat from the Argentine, in spite of the denials of Lord BLEDISLOE, "fresh from the pampas and brimming over with enthusiasm for Argentina and all its meats," as Lord HINDLIP described him?

Frankly, we do not know. Lord HINDLIP, withdrawing his motion, expressed himself satisfied with the results of putting it down, for, he said, they had had a very interesting debate; "although as regards the Question on the Paper," he added rather drily, "I do not know that I am much wiser."

The Third Reading of the Dogs (Amendment) Bill found Lord BANBURY moving an amendment to leave out a clause, which, he said, would result in stray dogs being liable to be handed over to the vivisectionist. Against him rose Lord DAWSON OF PENN, a formidable champion of vivisection. His speech was a wholesale defence of it, but its material substance and logic were to the effect that, if the stray dog was not available for scientific experiment, the owned dog would take its place. Their Lordships, whether they agreed with Lord DAWSON or not, agreed with Lord CRANBROOK and Lord STRADBROKE that the Bill should stay as it was.

Sir ROBERT HAMILTON was much concerned with the plight of British herrings in Poland, which pay duty at the rate of fifteen zlote per hundred kilos, while Norwegian herrings only pay a duty of five zlote. Mr. HACKING soothingly explained that we were not really being discriminated against, because ours was a different type of herring. Presumably it is listed in the Polish tariff under the heading of "Two-Eyed Steaks," and therefore pays duty on the higher scale.

Viscount SANDON and Mr. NOEL BUXTON inquired on behalf of their respective Parties what the Government proposed to do about the Lords' rejection of the Rabbits Bill. Mr. GUINNESS found himself unable to make any statement in the matter. Helpful suggestions from the Opposition that they should get on with the reform of the House of Lords, or alternatively make use of the Parliament Act, were received in cold silence.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD is not the man to be betrayed by an incautious word. Asked by Lieut.-Colonel ACLAND-TROYTE if he had any evidence that synthetic ice-cream was being sold, he replied that "substances sold as ice-cream do sometimes contain the ingredients of which synthetic cream is composed." If all Ministers were as circumlocutory, Question-time would be a slow business, and we should have the HOME SECRETARY, for example, explaining that "certain living organisms claiming to be human beings had been seen near the Serpentine going through motions commonly associated with the preparations for taking a bath."



MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN AND SIR KINGSLEY WOOD RETURN TO THE PAVILION, HAVING FLOGGED SOME INEFFECTIVE BOWLING.

(Rating Bill Third Reading: Ayes, 326; Noes, 128.)

The House considered the Rating and Valuation Bill as amended; that is to say, it spent the rest of the day declining to amend it any further.

Tuesday, July 17th.—If there are two things upon which the House of Lords justifiably prides itself they are its comprehensive grasp of the principles of zoology and its skill in parliamentary draughtsmanship. Zeal in these two directions found Lord BERTIE OF THAME moving an important amendment to the Slaughter of Animals (Scotland) Bill, Clause 7 of which prescribes that "The expression 'animal' means any horse, mare, gelding, pony, foal, colt, filly, stallion, ass, donkey, mule, bull, cow, bullock, heifer, steer, calf, ox, sheep, ewe, wether, lamb, ram, pig, boar, hog, sow, goat and kid."

"Dangerous tautology!" exclaimed Lord BERTIE, and proposed instead that the word "animal" should be stated to mean "the progeny or hybrid progeny of whatever age of the equine, asinine, ovine, bovine, suine or caprine species," a litany that Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH said reminded him of "the words they used to repeat at school about *piper*, *iter* and *papaver* taking a certain kind of genitive." Unfortunately Lord BERTIE's Latinity is weak, or he might have retorted that a noble Lord who confuses genders and genitives can hardly be taken as an authority on the nomenclature of the barnyard.

The day when one marks one's letters to America "Catapult Express" and affixes additional stamps to the amount of three-pence is not imminent, it would seem. Sir WILLIAM MITCHELL-THOMSON said he had examined the possibility of accelerating the delivery of transatlantic mails by catapulting aircraft from liners, and was sceptical of a substantial acceleration being achieved at a reasonable cost.

He was warmly reminded that certain hidebound and unimaginative people had once been sceptical about anybody ever flying at all.

Proud and godly kings may have built Oxford long ago, with her towers and tombs and statues all in a row, but it is a melancholy fact, in spite of her fair and floral air and the love that lingers there and the streets where the great men go, the postman no longer goes around as often as he used to. Sir CHARLES OMAN explained that among other old memories that linger there is the recollection that for fifty years before the War Oxford had an evening postal delivery. When did the POSTMASTER-GENERAL propose to restore that privilege? Sir WILLIAM MITCHELL-THOMPSON said he knew no reason for giving Oxford any special privilege and anyway there was no demand for a later delivery than 4 P.M. on Saturdays.

Sir CHARLES OMAN was cut short by cries of "Speech!" in the middle of an almost lyric exposition of Oxford's industrial expansion, and then the POSTMASTER-GENERAL in a further reply said something about "Oxford as a whole." "Oxford is not a hole," retorted Sir CHARLES. "I know it better than the right hon. gentleman." "I can only

say that I too have lived in Arcadia," replied Sir WILLIAM with a reminiscent sigh.

The House passed the Third Reading of the Rating and Valuation Bill.

Wednesday, July 18th.—A general assault by Lord ARNOLD upon the Safeguarding duties was described by him as "not unduly lengthy as fiscal speeches go." Lord ARNOLD perhaps flattered himself with the adjective "fiscal," and his speech was interminable even for one of those "bountiful meals of statistics," as Lord HUNSDON put it, that are periodically served up by the pure theorists of Free Trade. In fact the pure theory was much better enunciated by Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, who at least enlivened the dull old story by quoting *Lycidas*. It was the more unkind of Lord PEEL to observe that Lord ARNOLD'S Free Trade doctrines and Lord STANLEY'S quotation appeared to date from the same period.

It was Lord PEEL, indeed, who saved the debate from breaking all records for protracted tedium, which he did not so much at the expense of Free Trade as at the expense of Lord ARNOLD, that exponent of the "dogmatic school," "an admirable example of permanently-held views which are wholly uninfluenced by change of fact or the movement of time or anything of that kind." He wished, said Lord PEEL, that he could be as absolutely certain as Lord ARNOLD was, not only that his own opinions were entirely right but that everybody else was not only wrong but criminally negligent in remaining wrong.

One can hardly christen a warship *Bacchus* and then expect it to go on its lawful occasions in quite the same spirit of perspicacious sobriety as its fellows. So the House was not wholly surprised to learn from a question put by Sir ROBERT THOMAS that H.M.S. Fleet Auxiliary *Bacchus*, at the moment of colliding with a Greek steamship in a dense fog, had (in the view of Mr. JUSTICE BATESON) been going anything but quietly. Sir ROBERT, incensed at the ensuing cost to the taxpaper, demanded disciplinary action. Lieut.-Col. HEADLAM assured him that it was under consideration.

On the other hand no sympathetic tear was shed by a material-minded House for that now obsolete but once gallant Sloop-of-war, H.M.S. *Hollyhock*, now consigned, Mr. BRIDGEMAN explained, to the lowly task of being experimented on with pulverized coal. *Pulvis et umbra sumus*, be we ships or men.

The House considered the Racecourse Betting Bill, better known as the "Tote" Bill, as amended in Standing Committee. Earlier in the afternoon Mr. CHURCHILL, asked if he thought the Bill would result in an increase of betting, had replied that it would result in a decrease of rascality; but that did not convince the Bill's more zealous opponents, to whom racecourses are, in the words of Mr. GROVES, "places promoted to amass fortunes at the expense of the financial and moral stability of the people."



THE IMPERIAL PEACE 'POSSUM COLLECTS THE TAILS.
SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, MR. STANLEY BRUCE, MR. COATES AND GENERAL HERTZOG.

The debate proceeded much along those eloquent lines. "The machine! The machine!" cried the DEPUTY-SPEAKER in a vain attempt to pin hon. zealots to the Amendment before the House. In vain he appealed to Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY to tell him how he connected Hong Kong with the words, "or any other machine or instrument of betting of a like nature." A goodly number of Amendments were disposed of, however, by the time the House voted to adjourn further consideration of the Bill, and took up the Johore Territorial Waters Bill. Unable to settle the Totalisator's hash in the House, Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY made a vigorous effort to stamp out gambling in Johore. Mr. MARDY-JONES and Mr. ORMSBY-GORE warmly defended Johore against the imputation, and said it was the other way about; the Sultan of JOHORE had charged the Straits Settlements Government with encouraging gambling, which he himself was trying to discourage.

Thereupon the Member for Central Hull skilfully covered his confusion by telling the "most junior Member of the Government" that too many curries had made him testy. He did however offer the *amende honorable* to the Sultan of JOHORE.

Thursday, July 19th.—The Second Reading of the Railway Bills in the Lords gave Lord MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU a welcome opportunity of telling the railways that they must not think because they were to get the right to run road-transport that they could go on being twenty years out of date.

The Third Reading of the "Tote" Bill found Mr. SNOWDEN in playful mood. He wondered if that "gigantic bookie," the Totalisator, would be known as a "Jixie" or a "Winnie." The HOME SECRETARY, who was far too good for the business, had been made chief bookie to the Government and could now divide his time between making a revised Prayer Book and making a betting-book. And all this, said Mr. SNOWDEN, to enable the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to conceal the dismal failure of his betting-tax.

The HOME SECRETARY denied that the Totalisator would "add to the sum of human evil in connection with betting." It was better to try to regulate it, as the Government was doing, than to denounce it in moral tones, as some of the Opposition were doing, and at the same time subsidise a newspaper that dealt with betting.

"COLD PICNIC PARTIES.
BY OLD COOK."
Irish Paper.

There were none last week.

"Some settlers who came to Pennsylvania over 100 years ago cannot speak English."
Mexican Paper.

Have they tried American?



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF WOOL-GATHERERS PLAYS A MATCH AGAINST THE SOCIETY OF ENTOMOLOGISTS.

THE BANNING OF BRENCHLEY.

WE are glad to note that *The Daily Telegraph* has uttered a dignified protest against the action of the L.C.C. in regard to street nomenclature. It appears that Camberwell was desirous to register a new road in its borough under the name of Brenchley Avenue. The motive was adequate, for Mr. BRENCHLEY is a respected alderman; and, as *The Daily Telegraph* observes, there could be no objection on the score of euphony, though the proportion of consonants to vowels in Brenchley is perhaps excessive. Yet the L.C.C. have vetoed the proposal, and no reason has been alleged for this rash act save one—that Mr. BRENCHLEY is still alive. This, as our contemporary points out, argues a strange inconsistency on the part of the L.C.C., who gave to an Avenue the name "Rosebery" after their first Chairman, who is happily still with us.

We trust that this harsh decision will be reconsidered, for if vigorously enforced it is bound to exert a disastrous influence on living worth, besides restricting the area of selection of names suitable for street nomenclature. The case of Mr. BRENCHLEY is hard; but other classes of the community are, under existing regulations, even more unjustly neglected than meritorious municipal officials.

The names of our leading men of letters, as we have already noticed in these columns, clamour for recognition, but their claims remain unheeded, and the self-expatriation of native genius is one of the saddest features of our times. Within the last week it has been announced that Mr. H. G. WELLS contemplates taking up his abode entirely in France, where they manage these things better, and his example may well prove infectious.

England is indeed a stepmother rather than an *alma mater* to her gifted sons, as one of them, who for obvious reasons prefers to remain anonymous, has recently remarked in these indignant lines:—

> No street as yet bestows the solace
> Of mural fame on EDGAR WALLACE;
> No avenue, no terrace tells
> The glory that is ETHEL DELL'S;
> No borough yet has made an offer
> To dedicate a park to SWAFFER.

"PREHISTORIC COLT.
FIRST BORN AT THE ZOO."
Headlines in Evening Paper.

It is likely, a zoologist tells us, to be also the last.

"WITTY AND ENTERTAINING IS ADDRESS DELIVERED BY CALGARY WOMAN.

Mrs. —— admitted life many a man; and many a woman, was strewn with banana-skins for a petted ingenue in the naughty nineties, now played the part of the middle-aged stout. Nevertheless it was very good."
Canadian Paper.

Very, *very* good.

INSPIRATIONS.

BRUCE, with grey eyes growing wider,
Watched a persevering spider,
Then rose
And swiped the English army on the nose.

NEWTON, sitting on a wall,
Watched an autumn apple fall,
And found
That Gravity brought apples to the ground.

WATT, observing someone's kettle
Boiling near the chimney settle,
Designed
A patent engine which amazed mankind.

I have looked at spiders toiling,
Apples falling, kettles boiling;
My hat!
If *I* could only think of things like that!

"WHY WASH YOURSELF?"
Advt. in Local Paper.

Many people don't.

"A GAME WINNER.

Though she won by only a week Fox gave Hunt the Slipper an easy race."
Evening Paper.

We like horses that win by a year.

"His wife was a divorced person and she was not living with him, nor was she his wife."
Welsh Paper.

They don't seem to be a very united couple.

A GOLF TIP FOR ALL.

I HAVE a golfing friend who carries a little book about with him and whenever he finds a remedy for something he is doing wrong he makes a note of it. He declares that this is the only way of being sure of remembering those secret discoveries that come to you on the way round the course, and that he wouldn't be without his little book for all the world. I have always poohpoohed the idea, maintaining that nobody could be so stupid as to forget his own discoveries, and that, anyhow, you couldn't keep pulling out a book and writing down things like "Turn left toes inwards," or "Count four during swing." Yet, what would I give for a note of the discovery I made during my round last Saturday afternoon!

To-morrow I am playing Grant in the Singles Tournament, and I am in despair. My golf today has been excruciating. I have never got the ball off the ground except to put it in my pocket. Not one shot have I hit truly with any club in my bag, from driver to putter.

And yet only last Saturday I came away from the golf-club my heart bursting with confidence because the whole secret of golf had been clearly revealed to me by one single simple discovery. And now for the life of me I cannot remember what it was. I have been through every limb and joint in my body. I have thought of my grip and my stance, and my shoulders and my hips, and my hocks and my arms and everything that is mine. I have thought of the initial movement of the backswing, the position of the hands at the top of the swing, the speed of the club during the downward swing, the follow-through, but not one of these was my secret of last Saturday.

I went to the caddie-master and asked him to find me my caddie of last Saturday. He did so.

"Do you remember by any chance," I asked the boy, "what it was that I was doing right when I suddenly came on my game last Saturday?"

"How do you mean, Sir?" he asked.

"You know—I discovered something I was doing wrong, and from the sixth hole onwards I played marvellously. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, Sir. You seemed to steady down to your shots and take it more easily, Sir."

"No, no," I said, "that wasn't it. It was something else—something quite definite." But he knew nothing of this.

In the club-house I met Brown, my opponent of last Saturday.

"Hullo!" he said, "still playing scratch golf?"

"No," I replied sadly; "I've never played worse in my life. I wonder if you could help?"

"Me?" he asked. "How?"

"Well," I answered, "it's too absurd. You remember my telling you on the sixth tee that I had discovered what I was doing wrong? And that I never made a mistake from then on?"



Beach Attendant (after lengthy wait). "ARE YOU TAKING THAT CHAIR, SIR?" *Visitor.* "THERE WILL BE NA HURRY. I AM GIEING THE MATTER-R-R MA CONSEEDER-R-ATION."

"I do," he replied.

"Well, what on earth was it?"

"Heaven knows!" said he. "How should I know?"

"I thought you might possibly have noticed something."

"All I noticed," he said, "was that from being four up and looking like picking up the easiest half-crown of my life I was crashed by five and three."

So he was no help.

And here it is Friday night. And I *know* that, if I could only remember what it was, nothing could stop me beating Grant to-morrow. But it's no use. I am as far away as ever from my secret.

* * * * *

Saturday night. I have remembered. I remembered this afternoon on the thirteenth tee. It came back to me quite suddenly. The match was over; Grant had won by seven and six. We decided to play to the fifteenth, which is near the club-house. Three holes. What a perfect three holes I played! Long, straight drives, lovely second shots, beautiful chips—4, 5, 4—one under bogey! Think of it. And imagine my feeling of relief, despite my losing this match, at knowing that I have got my golf back for good—that never again shall I forget the one absolutely certain secret of success!

I will tell you the secret; I am in a mood to share it with the whole world, and I beg you, for the love of golf and for the sake of your future happiness, to take out a piece of paper and a pencil and write it down here and now. You may have heard it before, but, believe me, it is only because you have kept forgetting it that your golf has so frequently been rotten.

It is this: *Have your eye on the ball at the moment of striking it.*

L. B. G.

GERMAN MEASLES.

(A Plea for their Abolition.)

"You," said my wife, "had better stay in bed. You're covered with spots and I'm going to ring up the doctor."

"But I feel perfectly well," I objected.

"You will stay in bed," she replied.

So I stayed in bed. The doctor came, and in a gloomy graveside manner diagnosed German measles. I still felt perfectly well and continued to feel perfectly well, but I was cut off from human society for a fortnight. The doctor, of whom I saw a good deal in my period of exclusion, lost no opportunity of telling me that I was infectious. He was a pompous practitioner, addicted to shaking his head and (in my case) his patient's confidence.

"H'm, ha, highly infectious," he observed, looking at me with a long sad face.

"Meaning by that," I returned, "that were I to mingle with my fellow-men they too might become covered with these silly little spots."

"Ah, undoubtedly. That is so. Yes."

"Well, why *not*?" I said sharply.

The doctor's professional fur was distinctly ruffled.

"We have to consider the public health," he remarked stiffly.

I was ready for this. "Consider the



PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR, FINDING THE ADOPTION OF UNSEASONABLE RAIMENT IN WINTRY WEATHER VERY LUCRATIVE—



MAKES THE TACTICAL ERROR OF WEARING EQUALLY UNSEASONABLE RAIMENT DURING A SULTRY SPELL.

public health as much as you please," I replied, "but don't tell me that the public health would be seriously affected by a plague of German measles. We should all feel perfectly well and go about our business with smiling spotty faces.

"And I need hardly remind *you*," I hurried on (for I had looked it up), "that German measles is, or are, the mildest of the exanthemata, and that there are no complications or sequelæ. So why all this fuss? Let the whole country have German measles, I say, and ignore 'em."

I paused to see how the doctor was taking it. He was taking it very badly, and I anticipated his prescribing a sedative for me, but with a strong effort he controlled himself.

"Tut tut, my dear Sir," he rejoined in hollow tones; "you really must not say such things. Most—ah—unsettling. Most. An epidemic of German measles would be extremely regrettable and to ignore it would be little short of criminal. You could hardly expect the Medical Faculty to, in fact—ah, wink at it."

But I am not convinced. No disease is worthy of the name if it neither kills you nor makes you feel ill. A common cold in the head incapacitates you for a day or two at least, but German measles is only recognisable by its spots, and the spots are gone almost as soon as they appear. Why should the presence of a few spots deprive us of the society of our loved ones? The leopard goes through life covered with spots, but nobody thinks any the worse of him for it. Men do not shun him—at least not for his spots alone. German measles, in my opinion, is a pathological swindle, and I submit that it should be struck off the Register of Diseases. So far from not winking at it, I suggest that we should laugh at it, and pass it on, like the latest funny story, to our friends.

Another Impossible Flapper.

"Cupid has been busy at Appledore; in fact, Cupid is always firing her loving darts, and after all it is nice to welcome her amongst us."—*Parish Magazine.*

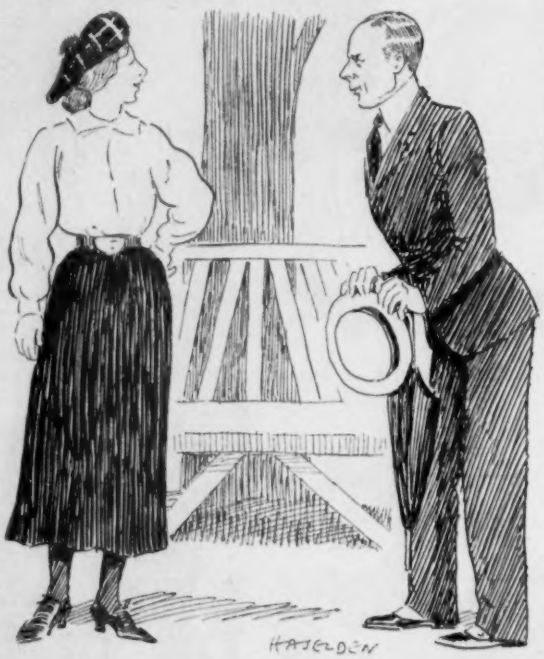
Our Gate-Crashers.

We are asked to give publicity to the complaint that a number of police-officers have been visiting West-End clubs without invitations.

AT THE PLAY.

"MANY WATERS" (AMBASSADORS).

MR. MONCKTON HOFFE, who has been long experimenting with the dangerous episodic method of play-making, has here achieved a very successful hybrid—romantic realism. Only the most perverse "intellectual" could refuse to be interested, entertained and moved by this study in eleven scenes of the lives of two worthy and rather "mere" little people—*James Barcaldine*, one of those vaguely named architects who live by queer little deals in real estate, and his staunch and apparently quite commonplace little wife, *Mabel*. Sentimental? Perhaps and at times—but why not?



EARL'S-COURTING.

Mabel Wingrove . . . . MISS MARDA VANNE.
James Barcaldine . . . MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN.

Compton Schloss, playwright, happens to pop into the office of *Delauney*, suitably expansive and catholic-minded *entrepreneur*, who at the moment is running concurrently a solemn affair, *Putrefaction*; a revue, *Soda and Water*; a standard musical comedy for morons, *The Princess Cinderella*. *Schloss* babbles vaguely to the sceptical *Delauney* of his ideal—to explain to us drab commonplace people that, though there may be no "pattern" in our lives, we really hunger for the romance that we lack, and that he can entertain us by romantical patterns of his own weaving. *Mr.* and *Mrs. Barcaldine*, who are letting their riverside cottage to *Delauney*, are announced. "Here are two superbly commonplace members of the public," says *Delauney*; "let 's try your theories on them."

Whereupon the discussion is interrupted by a "black-out," and we are wafted to the Earl's Court of "years ago" and the chance meeting of young *Jim Barcaldine* and *Mabel Wingrove*, the life-force in *Mabel* very directly fixing on this shy awkward young man with the kind eyes as her predestined mate. Thence we move to the gaunt registry-office with its bored officials heroically simulating a kindly human interest, the mazed happiness of the lovers turning the ugly scene and perfunctory ceremonial to beauty in spite of small anxieties about tips and fees.

Years later. The *Barcaldines* have had prosperous days, but things have begun to go ill with them. They have dropped from five shillings to a shilling a hundred at bridge, and there is real trouble threatening them. *Jim*, pressed for money, blunders into one of those dishonest manipulations which stupid people can so easily persuade themselves to be justifiable and delivers himself into his enemy's hands. His pretty daughter, *Freda*, dies giving birth to a daughter, obstinately refusing to disclose her lover's name. Then the Bankruptcy Court, grim ordeal for the fundamentally honest; reprieve from disgrace through the destruction of the compromising document; a modest financial recovery and the prospect for the two simple faithful souls of declining years in a meagre comfort, lighted by their own abiding love unquenched by the many waters of affliction.

Pattern with a vengeance—richer with suffering and romance than the fantastic schemes of any *Compton Schloss*, the author seems to say, gently quizzing an earlier MONCKTON HOFFE if I am right in my guess that the likeness by assonance of the two names is not without intention. The *Barcaldines*, offered their choice of a box for any one of *Delauney's* three shows, vote for the *Princess Cinderella*, leaving *Schloss*—who has seen nothing of what has been revealed to us—to bewail the stupidity of dull people with no instinct for pattern.

Here, in fact, is an entirely and surprisingly successful stage-play. Perhaps the author's intention is not fully disclosed owing to the undue compression of his discussion scene. But we were

all genuinely moved by the tragic adventures of his well-imagined characters and entertained by his humour, which was used as a discreet seasoning. In particular the jolly libel on the law in the Bankruptcy Court scene, with Mr. HOFFE himself presiding, commended itself entirely to a race that loves not lawyers.

Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN, always ready to forget the vanities of the leading gentleman in the interests of his part, made an undistinguished, real and lovable little man of *James;* and Miss MARDA VANNE, who always fills out with great skill and subtlety any part that gives her scope, sketched in firmly the lines of the determined understanding *Mabel*. Miss MAISIE DARRELL, most capable in her at present, perhaps, rather narrow range, gave us the gaiety and the suffering of *Freda*; and Miss EDYTH GOODALL with all her old fire a richly flamboyant study of an unpleasant Hebrew lady. The twisted welcoming smile of Mr. HAROLD MEADE (*Associate*) was in itself a whole masterpiece. Mr. MILTON ROSMER offered two excellently differentiated portraits—*Schloss*, the playwright, and a distinguished doctor. Mr. ROBERT DOUGLAS played with a finely restrained emotion the difficult part of *Freda's* dancing partner in an excellent scene. Space alone, indeed, prevents detailed honourable mention of the good work of a long cast. Most emphatically a play to see. T.

The Vulgar He-Bike.

"1 common gentleman cycle at £1."
Advt. in Malta Paper.

The Path of Glory.

"83 TO BE GRADUATED AT UNION CEMETERY.

Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, President of Union Theological Seminary, will speak briefly in farewell to the graduates."—*New York Paper.*

"'The Attorney-General is so far better,' it was stated, 'that he hopes to be back at work on Monday.' Wdietsoin etaoin etaoi aodn shrdlu vbgkqjbgkqj."—*Scots Paper.*

We cordially share these friendly sentiments.



TWO OF THE EXHIBITS.
MR. STAFFORD HILLIARD AND MR. PAUL GILL.



QUENCHING LOVE.

Doris Rosel . . . . . MISS EDYTH GOODALL.
Stanley Rosel . . . . . MR. FRANK HARVEY.

LETTER TO A MOVIE STAR.

MADAM,—I gather from magazines and newspapers that every cinema celebrity regularly receives a great volume of correspondence from admirers, and that this correspondence is always carefully answered. I gather further that the favourite request of an admirer (not content with the living likenesses which he can, and does, gaze at for hours in his local cinema) is for a signed photograph of the celebrity, and that in consequence one of the most arduous of the latter's duties is the daily signing of a large number of such photographs. In fact I find that additional photographs are taken of the celebrity in the very act of signing, and these too are made public.

Perhaps, then, a photograph can be found for me. I therefore write to you asking you to be so kind as to send me one by return of post.

Please note that I do not write to propose marriage to you. This is not only because (*a*) your secretary is unable to entertain proposals of marriage on your behalf, and (*b*) you may not want to marry me, and (*c*) you are already sufficiently married, but also because (*d*) I do not want to marry you.

Nor do I write to ask you to give me money. I refrain from that because I feel that the sum set out in the magazines and newspapers as being your weekly salary must surely be much greater than the salary really is.

Nor do I ask you to assist me to become a celebrity like yourself. This is for a reason similar to the last.

I should be grateful if you would simply let me have your photograph, preferably as you appeared in *The Soul of a Queen*. I have undertaken to endeavour to secure it for my youngest daughter's album.

Yours, etc., ——

"A TOOTING GHOST."

Headline in Morning Paper.

Much more probably a motor-bicycle.

RABBITS.

WHEN, over by over, more dismal and dark
My prospects of getting him grow,
And the batsman arrives at the century mark
With a six off my wiliest s'ow—
In short, when I 've bowled myself nearly to death
Without any palpable gain,
I find it relieves me if (under my breath)
I warble this simple refrain:—

"Give me the key of the hutch;
I don't feel I 'm asking too much;
I 'm sick of these stylists who calmly contemn
Each ball I consider a positive gem;
I will let out the rabbits and practise on them,
So give me the key of the hutch."

Or when, ere some smiter has broken his egg,
His weakness I 've cleverly found,
And he offers a sitter to silly short leg,
Who puts it at once on the ground,
Impelled by the thought that my swerving and break
Are wasted, though both of the best,
Sotto voce again (for politeness's sake)
I proffer this humble request:—

"Give me the key of the hutch;
'Tis plainly the quarters for such;
A fieldsman like that, there is not the least doubt,
Were better locked up and not roaming about,
And I 'll jolly well see that he *never* gets out
If you give me the key of the hutch."

So too when, as sometimes has chanced in the past
And may in the future befall,
My turn at the batting crease doesn't outlast
The receipt of the opening ball,
I sadly reflect that the total I 've scored
Won't need much exertion to add,
And, never vouchsafing a glance at the board,
I say as I take off a pad:—

"Give me the key of the hutch;
Some comfort therein I may clutch;
It is clearly the place where I must have been bred;
In its sheltering cloister I 'll bury my head;
I want to go home and get straight into bed,
So give me the key of the hutch."

CAVE EQUUM.

I WAS discussing with some friends the curious inconsistencies of the English tongue in relation to the dog. We are always paying lip-service to the dog—"the friend of man," and so on: he is the paragon of animal intelligence and fidelity. And yet nearly all the common colloquial phrases which use the dog as an image are expressions of dislike or derision, while nearly all metaphors and phrases based upon the horse are complimentary. We say, mysteriously, to indicate moral decline, "He is going to the dogs," never "He is going to the horses." What horse-lover would say that any stick was good enough to beat a horse? When the hero wishes to express an utter contempt for the villain he says briefly, "You dog!" He does not hiss through his clenched lips, "You horse!" though, if there is anything in our professed affection for the dog the distinction is disloyal and wounding. Nor, if he comes to the point of threats, does he say, "Leave that pure girl alone or I shall shoot you like a horse!" You have never heard a gentleman discontented with the food at a restaurant remark scathingly, "I would not give such food to my *horse!*" It is always the unfortunate dog whose meals are made the type and example of a degraded taste.

Consider again our respectful references to the horse. We say "horse-sense," not "dog-sense"; we say "as strong as a horse"; and we speak of the noble crests of the ocean-billows as "white horses."

All this is very strange, and we could not explain it. But, being dog-lovers, we have decided to start a movement to raise the dog to the position of dignity which it deserves in common speech. Our method will be to substitute the word "horse" for the word "dog" in all colloquial phrases.

We have nothing much against the horse, but since they are by common consent our two most popular and noble quadrupeds, this method will best bring home to the thoughtless Englishman his unequal treatment of them. When a man, describing the burdens and toils of an insufferable existence, says lightly, "I am leading a dog's life!" we shall answer gently, "You mean a *horse's* life," and, after one or two corrections, he is unlikely to use that expression again.

We ask the readers of *Punch* to assist us in this campaign. Politicians are implored in future to refer to the "top-horse" and the "under-horse," and in hopeful perorations about the British Empire to "venture the belief that there is life in the old horse yet." If you have an elderly *roué* among your acquaintance, dear reader, say now and then that "he is a gay old horse," or "has been a bit of a horse in his time." Let your rough-and-tumble be a "horse-fight" and your most dangerous enemy "a mad horse." Let your inferior verse be horserel. Let sleeping horses lie. Speak of the horse-in-the-manger, and put up a notice, "Beware of the horse." About lunch-time take a hair of the horse that bit you.

Fanciful, maybe, but we are carried away by our enthusiasm for the Friend of Man. I suspect in this multitude of derogatory phrases a conspiracy against our client. But courage, there are more ways of killing a horse than hanging him. "Give a horse a bad name." All that is needed is a little dog-sense. A. P. H.

THE BIRCH.

You with your shimmering mist of leaves
And the gleam of your white arms under;
You with your web that the June sun weaves
To tangle our hearts with wonder;
You with your message sweet and clear
From the dim green woodland arches,
Framed in a whisper that men may hear
Who are deaf to the limes and larches;
You with the magic that thrills us through
Till the blood in our veins runs faster—
Do you ever think what your twigs can do
In the hand of a stern Headmaster? W. H. O.

The Noise of the Tote.

"La totalizadora . . . . el formidable rival del *boomaker*."
Spanish Paper.

Backing the Weather Both Ways.

"OFFICIAL FORECAST.
The weather settled with scattered showers."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Our Hustling Colonies.

"The home of Mrs. —— was the scene of an interesting wedding on Tuesday, June 19, when, in the presence of many relatives, Miss —— and Mr. —— were united in marriage. A christening service followed, when five children received the rite of Christian baptism. A tempting luncheon was served, after which the bridal pair left on a short honeymoon."—*Canadian Paper.*

COUNTY SONGS.

XXXVIII.—CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

THE little Isle of Ely
That once was all unrest
Is in the reign of GEORGE THE FIFTH
An Island of the Blest;
But WILLIAM called the CONQUEROR
Could never conquer there
Till HEREWARD the wakeful,
Till HEREWARD the vengeful,
Till HEREWARD the handful
Was hunted from his lair.

When youths stride out from Cambridge
And leave their dons and dens
They much prefer the open road
That leads them to the Fens;
And when they come to Ely town
They settle down to eat
A dish of eggs-and-bacon,
A plate of toast-and-butter,
Washed down with hops or tannin,
And find tobacco sweet.

E. V. L.











SAFETY FIRST.

SINCE LITTLE BINLEY HIT ON THE DEVICE OF CARRYING TWO EMPTY BOXES, CLEARLY INSCRIBED WITH A FICTITIOUS STATEMENT OF THEIR CONTENTS, MOTORISTS TREAT HIM WITH RESPECT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is a library of my acquaintance, a rather formidable library in most respects, which boasts the *Collected Works* of BRET HARTE in a long blue row on an easily accessible shelf. When I am left alone in that library I usually find myself harking back to "Mliss" or "Miggles" or "Tennessee's Partner," accompanying my perusal with the comment, so comfortable to the Victorian-born, that there is nothing nearly so good going nowadays. The nine short stories of Mr. OWEN WISTER'S *When West Was West* (MACMILLAN) almost induce me to reconsider that verdict; they are admirable WISTER variants of the genuine BRET HARTE vein. What I miss in some but by no means in all of them is the older hand's exhilarating staginess. True this was occasionally the result of limelight turned crudely on at a critical moment, but it more often consisted of the tactful marshalling of minor traffic in favour of an unforgettable procession. In "The Right Honourable the Strawberries"—a capital legend of an English remittance-man among cow-punchers—Mr. WISTER has recaptured this art. It is not quite so evident in his two tragedies of Yellowstone Park, "Bad Medicine" and "Lone Fountain," though each has a picturesque motive of its own and the great geysers are brought dramatically into play. "Once Round The Clock," "Absolom and Moulting Pelican," "Skip to my Loo" and "Little Old Scaffold" are luridly or comically concerned with the adventures of a Yankee doctor among Western scapegraces; and a charming little idyll, "At the Sign of the Last Chance," laments the passing of the West from the point of view of its last exponents. From the point of view of Mr. WISTER'S readers the West cannot be said to have passed at all.

The date is 1856—which is comparatively modern for Miss MARJORIE BOWEN—and the scene is set in winter in the gloomiest, loneliest part of Cornwall, a spit of land stretching out into the tumultuous sea. Out there, on the terrible rocks of St. Nite, stands a lighthouse, recently rebuilt by the energy and enthusiasm of *Lucius Foxe, Lord Vanden*, happily engaged at the opening of the story to *Ambrosia Sellar*. This lighthouse, one feels at the start, is going to dominate the story; it stands out on the dust-cover, casting a sinister light over the broken waters, while the lovely *Countess Fanny*, who gives her name to the book (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), stands by gazing at the scene, hands crossed modestly over her breast. Indeed *Francesca Sylvestra Caldini*, to give her the full name, whom the handsome and passionate *Oliver Sellar* brings home from Italy in the first chapter to adorn his gloomy house, proved to be one of those wayward foreign ladies whom our grandfathers regarded with well-founded suspicion. It was not surprising that she and *Oliver* quarrelled, or that she did her best to destroy the happiness of her unfortunate hostess, *Ambrosia*. Yet in the end everything is contrived to turn out better than might have been expected. For Miss BOWEN is an eminently capable novelist. Slightly old-fashioned, perhaps, in her methods, but not much the worse for that, she strives conscientiously to send a shiver through her readers. Once, in the night scene at Flimwel Grange, where *Oliver* and *Mr. Spragge* search with lanterns

for the missing girl, she very nearly succeeds. The author of *Uncle Silas*, I fancy, would have made something really blood-curdling out of this.

All anglers know
Their G. E. M.
SKUES, for, oh!
He 's prince of them
While reels are humming or lines are slack,
And they 'll no doubt,
Like me, be glad
That his *Way of a Trout*
With a Fly has had
Its second coming from Messrs. BLACK.

This said, I 'll own,
That I have naught
New to make known;
The book was bought
By you and me a long day ago;
May we who once,
Good gentlemen,
Bought, see our sons
Acquire it when
Their young idea a fly would throw.

Whether to rouse the town-dweller to a sense of what he is missing or to confirm the countryman (or woman) in his (or her) ecstasy of possession, *A Country Calendar* (LANE) strikes me as exactly the book for the *anima naturaliter rusticana* wherever you find it. Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES, who in these pleasant pages sees the twelve months revolve round his Sussex cottage with almost equal enthusiasm, is a thoroughgoing English optimist. I suspect most country-dwellers to be so at heart; even the farmer, who grumbles so ostentatiously on a market-day, is snug enough in his carpet-slippers. But Mr. EDWARDES has apparently no beasts or crops of his own to worry about, though he can write charmingly about the lambs and oats and cider-apples of other people. He is on excellent terms with the climate. "The whole idea of wet weather being bad weather is but a figment of the town-harried brain." And he is as pleased as *Punch* (if I may say so modestly) to think that we have twenty British varieties of common gnat, each exquisitely endowed with devices for the continuance of its species. Yet his predilections are not all unpopular by any means. His birds are enchanting from first to last, and he has no need to sentimentalize his favourites. A man who can write about house-martins as he does can afford to leave nightingales to the poets. Yet he has the makings of a poet in him too, and his hazel-catkins in the rain are almost as good stuff for a lyric as DOROTHY WORDSWORTH's daffodils. If he would only cut out a few of his adjectives in favour of a forceful verb or two, his manner would be as enjoyable as his matter.

It is no use to deny that *Judgment Day* (CONSTABLE) is not everybody's book. Mr. NORMAN DAVEY is flippant about things which many people hold sacred, and tolerant of moral delinquencies which there are still some who reprobate. But VOLTAIRE and ANATOLE FRANCE were the same, and Mr. DAVEY, as a literary artist and a satirist, is no unworthy disciple of those admired masters. Moreover, if some of the sinners of the little town of Quaive, suddenly called upon, one April evening, to give an account of themselves, get off more lightly than a stern Puritan might think they should, at any rate the meaner vices, such as hypocrisy and cowardice and hard self-seeking, are awarded their deserts, which, in Mr. DAVEY's very individual theology, is to return to the life they have made for themselves and go to the devil their own way. The others have each a special heaven suited to their needs. Mr. DAVEY, in short, is a fantasist, with a very pretty wit, a great deal of ingenuity in inventing absurd, if not invariably edifying, situations, and a really delightful style: there are passages of description in his book which touch beauty. And any way, if the people of Quaive are really no



"COULDN'T YOU MANAGE TO HIT ME WITH THE *FLAT* OF THE RACKET SOMETIMES?"

better than they should be, their ultimate interviews, it is to be gathered, are only the dream of *Mr. Peter Young*; and he, being a man of minor letters, might dream anything.

The writers of what are sometimes called "art" stories, in their eagerness to defy the convention which demands that a short story shall have a coherent plot, are now bidding fair, after the manner of rebels, literary and other, to establish an equally rigid convention decreeing that a short story shall on no account have a plot at all. Mr. GERALD BULLETT'S volume, *The World in Bud* (HEINEMANN), is a case in point. Mr. BULLETT, here as in his earlier books, shows himself to be the possessor of a graceful and polished style, if a little inclined to be over-precious, which is seen to admirable advantage in "The Grasshopper" and "The Mousetrap," the latter a clever study of the working of primitive instincts and desires in a middle-aged City clerk, and, though less pleasantly, in a cynical little comedy called "The Puritan." But most of the other stories are marked by that vagueness typical of the new convention, which leaves on the whole a good deal more to the reader's imagination than is perhaps quite fair. In one or two cases I must own to having found it rather hard to make out just what Mr. BULLETT was driving at, and even—though I may be entirely wrong—to a passing doubt whether he was quite sure himself.

Novelists of the open air and with a love for clean sport are not too numerous, and Mr. MAURICE WALSH is a welcome addition to their number. I have not read *The Key Above the Door*, a tale which gained Sir JAMES BARRIE'S warm approval, but *While Rivers Run* (CHAMBERS), Mr. WALSH'S second novel, has given me genuine entertainment. Its scenes are laid around *Sir Hugh MacIan's* home on the moors of Moray, and in London. While he was reproducing, and more than passably well, the atmosphere of the theatre, I was itching all the time to get out of London and back to Moray. For the real savour of the story, and it is very good to taste, comes from the moors and rivers of Scotland. I would ask nothing better than to spend a day's shooting or fishing with Mr. WALSH, while his *Alistair MacIan, Sir Hugh's* nephew, is in the process of falling into love and out of it. Let me add that dramatic incidents find their place in a story whose characters are gloriously alive.

Mr. MARTIN MILLS has all the qualities for the writing of a family saga, but in *The Montforts* (CONSTABLE) I feel that he has indulged his masterly gift of compression almost to excess. The *Montforts* were a large family and they deserved a more leisurely treatment. To dispose of more than fifty members and connections of a family in one volume demands a ruthlessness which makes rather uneasy reading. Just as soon and as surely as a character becomes alive and begins to excite the reader's sympathy, the author knocks him quietly on the head and passes on. There are no tears at the graveside; there is hardly even a decent interment. But this of course was inevitable. Granted his limitations of space, Mr. MILLS has done all that man could do, and it is certainly nothing against him that one would rather have read his book in three volumes than one. As readers of *Brangane* will remember, Mr. MILLS has a quiet if rather cynical air of detachment which his economy of language makes all the more effective. Mercifully he has been under no necessity to dispose of the youngest generation of *Montforts*, so perhaps we shall hear of them again. I sincerely hope we shall; but not too many at a time, please, Mr. MILLS.

If ever there was an almost comfortable and thoroughly workmanlike bit of murdering in fact or fiction, carried out too without bungling or much regret on the murderer's part or the reader's, it is the one that is the principal event in *Cressida: No Mystery* (HEINEMANN). Of course *Lizzie*, who murders, is a disagreeable and rather stupid young person; but then *Cressida*, who gets murdered, though beautiful, has been detrimentally deflecting the attentions of poor *Lizzie's* very unattractive betrothed; so really, you know, in a somewhat complicated fashion, right almost seems to be triumphing in the end. Indeed, if it wasn't that Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES insists that *Cressida* had a very bad time dying, I should be inclined to suggest that her manuals on "Murdering without Tears" are becoming a public danger. *Cressida: No Mystery* is a perfectly simple and straightforward story, though, of course, few people will believe the title until they have read it for themselves. Its novelty lies in the fact that the very usual tangle with which it is concerned has seldom had a simpler or more complete undoing than that which *Lizzie* achieves with the strychnine-bottle and celebrates with her lover's first lover-like kiss.



"DIDN'T YOU DRIVE ONE OF THOSE THINGS WE USED TO CALL 'MOTOR-CARS' IN OUR YOUNG DAYS?"

"YES, THOSE WERE QUAINT OLD DAYS. BY THE WAY, WE'RE STILL PAYING INSTALMENTS ON IT."

The ten stories which go to the making of *The Invisible Web* (HURST AND BLACKETT), "strange and fantastic" as they may seem, are true. Mr. H. ASHTON-WOLFE has taken them from the police archives at Lyons, and they are published with the sanction of Dr. EDMOND LOCARD, who is Chief of the Lyons Technical Police Laboratories. Admirably told by Mr. ASHTON-WOLFE, they are as thrilling and wonderful as any ever invented by the most imaginative romancers. Indeed many of the detective tales that are flooding the market seem dull and anæmic when compared with them. Criminals of various kinds appear in these "episodes," but for sheer devilment *Otis P. Duncan*, in the last tale, is supreme. Excellent photographs add to the enjoyment of a book which is not only exciting but also informing on the subject of the science of detection. Some of Mr. ASHTON-WOLFE'S cases, as he tells us in a foreword, have been deliberately chosen to "illustrate the extraordinary precision of modern scientific investigation." They prove it up to the hilt.

CHARIVARIA.

A WRITER on the subject of Parliamentary personalities describes Mr. L. S. AMERY as a pocket MUSSOLINI. Yet nobody ventures to call the Duce an outsize AMERY.

* * *

It seems that TILDEN was not accused of professionalism, but of an infraction of the amateur rules. Can he have split an infinitive?

* * *

After being at liberty for over a week the white parrot which was a favourite pet of Prince CAROL during his stay in Surrey was recaptured. It is believed to have been trying to fly to Rumania.

* * *

Senegalese soldiers were called up to deal with the burning cork forests at the foot of the Pyrenees. It was felt that they would be comparatively little affected by burnt cork.

* * *

Brighton is not to have riding-camels in charge of a genuine Sheikh. When this decision became known the rush order for real Pyramids for Thanet was countermanded.

* * *

The discovery of Roman remains under a street in Rome which was being widened is regarded as further evidence that the city was inhabited by the Romans.

* * *

It is a rule at Eton that boys must enter shops only by the front-door, which is probably why Etonians so seldom make good burglars.

* * *

Mr. ORMSBY-GORE has drawn the attention of Parliament to the fact that "Good King Wenceslas" is taught to children in Africa, but what so many people complain of is that it is taught to children in England.

* * *

With reference to the sixpence which he took off the income-tax, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL complains that nobody has ever mentioned it to him since. We attribute this to a certain delicacy common to all tax-payers.

* * *

At a recent fancy-dress ball, we read, everybody entered into the spirit of fun with absolutely gay abandon. Too often the abandon with which people enter into the spirit of fun is rather gloomy.

With reference to the alleged cases of botulism among the Bow Street police, an old lady writes to us expressing the hope that the Commission of Inquiry will find that all these allegations are unfounded.

* * *

"Step by step, British artists are dancing their way to recognition," says a famous Russian instructress. Not by leaps and bounds, you will note.

* * *

In connection with the question of pad play, which is so much discussed in cricket circles just now, it seems only fair to point out that batsmen are not credited with leg-byes.

* * *

When five miles of salmon-fishing on the Wye fetched a record price at auction the other day, satisfaction was expressed that it is not to leave the country.

* * *

Professional footballers have gone into training, but of course the close season for referees does not really end till there is an "r" in the month.

* * *

Nothing could be more significant of the consideration that is given to the comfort of passengers nowadays than the announcement that a railway company has declined an offer of two pianos to enliven the journey to Scotland.

* * *

Girls being photographed for *The Daily Mail* beauty competition are advised to express intelligence. To regular readers of our bright little contemporary this should present no difficulty.

* * *

During the North Cape cruise of a White Star liner seven engagements were announced. It appears that this is one of the risks not covered at LLOYD'S at present.

* * *

It is estimated that singers who took part in the recent Austro-German song-festival at Vienna consumed during the four days four hundred thousand gallons of beer. What could they have been singing? The Froth-Blowers' Anthem?

* * *

It is pointed out that with the Totalisator in operation bookmakers will not have to stand in the rain. Anything that brings a little ray of comfort into the lives of these long-suffering creatures should be encouraged.

* * *

A night-watchman recently told a magistrate that he was looking for a lighter situation. Has he tried the job of a tester in a mattress factory?

* * *

The Sydney University Film Society want a convict to lecture to them. We know of several lecturers who, if they got their deserts, would be fully qualified.

* * *

A company has been formed for the exploitation of Dead Sea deposits. These must not be confused with the Black Sea deposits, which of course are used to fill Post-Office inkpots.

* * *

A machine that talks mechanically has been invented, but what is really needed is a mechanical listener.

* * *

The four thousand Roman coins found at Weymouth seem to suggest that some ancient visitor was determined to get something out of the slot machines.

* * *

It appears that one of the chief occupations of peace in these days is to beat swords into gramophone shares.

* * *

The greatly increased harvests in Hungary are attributed to the benign influence of Lord ROTHERMERE.

* * *

An American entomologist claims to have discovered a spider with three-thousand eyes. We should not be surprised if the spider saw him first.

* * *

The glut of runs in club cricket seems to indicate that club bowlers are really no better than those playing for the first-class counties.



DURING THAT CHILLY SNAP CYRIL USED TO GO ABOUT LOOKING RATHER A DEAR.

BUT REALLY! WHEN WE HAD THAT HOT SPELL——!!!

VALERIE'S VACATION.

A sample of the all-weather, self-starting, non-skidding Summer Holiday Fiction feature.

"Eh, lulla me, lulla dee!" exclaimed plump rosy-cheeked Mrs. Gabbage as she bustled about the small table with its snowy cloth, its pats of golden butter, its home-made jams and new crisp bread. "Two weeks of Little Bungling, Miss, and, though I say it as shouldn't, my cooking, and I lay you'll go back to Lunnon twice the young lady who wrote to me for rooms." And she bustled out to her spotless cottage kitchen, leaving behind her a breath of honest soap and water.

"You'll be hungry," she said briskly, returning with a tray on which were disposed a steaming tea-pot, a tempting mound of toast and two freshly-boiled eggs, each covered by a miniature cosy.

Valerie assented with a happy laugh and proceeded without further preliminaries to do ample justice to the simple yet delicious meal which had been set before her.

Oh, the fragrance of it, the dear sweet simplicity of it! London, with the night-club which she helped her father—Major "Dicky" Fetherstounhaughhaugh, late of the "Fighting 176th"—to run in his brave "got-to-make-the-best-of-it-my-dear" way—London, with that ceaseless battle to keep a stiff upper-lip beneath the lip-stick, seemed so far away.

She had just *had* to leave it, to get right out of things if only for a fortnight. "Oh!" she sighed ecstatically as she drank her final cup of tea, "it is going to be very peaceful down here."

* * * * *

With a close-fitting felt hat pulled down jauntily over her small, sleek, shingled head, Valerie swung off up the road, singing a little song. The evening air was full of the scent of hay and tremulous with the homing hum of cockchafers. Shy clumps of "parson's frolic," interspersed with patches of "wench and bumpkin" and "old maid's hat," nodded and blew from the hedgerows. She went gaily by, drinking them all in, her feet in the shadows, her small head with its dainty tip-tilted nose gilded by the last rays of the setting sun.

She turned from the road into a lane. There was a clump of trees in front of her, through which she could see the rich red brick of Elizabethan chimneys. A break in the hedge and a stile persuaded her to stop and rest; but she did not see the loose stone on the bank and, as she stepped up, there was a slip and a sudden excruciating pain in her ankle.

Biting her lips to keep back the tears, Valerie sank down. She essayed unsuccessfully to rise, and a little moan escaped her. She looked about desperately, and then, over the stile leaped a cheerful, rough-haired dog, followed by a young man. His clothes seemed much the worse for wear and he carried an ash-plant in his hand—evidently a farm-labourer out for the evening.

Half-blinded with pain, Valerie hardly saw his face. "Please take me back to Mrs. Gabbage's cottage," she said; "I have been very silly and sprained my ankle."

He picked her up in his arms. She tried to say that she might be able to hobble along, but his arms were intoxicatingly tight about her and her heart was beating with unaccustomed rapidity.

"Thank you," she said when he deposited her on Mrs. Gabbage's doorstep; "I hope you will let me give you a little present?" and she pressed a shilling into his hand. He seemed about to say something, then touched his forehead and was gone, a tall strong figure dim in the twilight.

* * * * *

They met again three days later. Valerie was strolling, whistling gaily, past a group of cows. He came up behind her, coughed and nodded at the calm-eyed beasts. "Sound stock," he said.

Valerie agreed with a merry laugh.

* * * * *

Would she ever forget that night beneath the round red moon? "Will you marry me, wonder-girl?" he had said hoarsely yet softly and tenderly.

"Yes," she had replied with all the engaging frankness of the clear-eyed modern girl; "but who are you?"

He had banished the inquiry with his kisses. No matter who he was, how worn his clothes, she loved him.

* * * * *

"Oh, Mrs. Gabbage," cried Valerie, "I'm so happy; I'm going to be married!"

"Lulla me, lulla dee, bless I!" exclaimed Mrs. Gabbage. "Well, Miss, I'll say as young Lord Bungling is a lucky man."

"Lord Bungling!" gasped Valerie.

"Ay," laughed Mrs. Gabbage; "I knew all the time that he was coortin' 'ee, but he did tell me to shoot oop laike."

Just then a great glistening car rolled up to the cottage door. Lord Bungling, as she knew him now to be, was driving, but he had discarded his old clothes and was wearing an immaculately cut lounge-suit. A gray-haired aristocratic-looking man assisted a gray-haired aristocratic-looking woman to alight.

"Gracious me!" cried Mrs. Gabbage, "'tis the Earl and her ladyship and his young lordship."

Valerie laughed happily. "He's my man!" she said.

* * * * *

The nightingales were singing as Valerie and her *fiancé* walked slowly along the terrace of the mansion whose Elizabethan chimneys she had seen that first evening through the trees. Major "Dicky" Fetherstounhaughhaugh and his host were discussing their cigars in the library, happy in the common recollection of a campaign of the 'nineties.

"I have a little present for you, sweetheart," said Lord Bungling, and he produced a glittering something on a slim platinum chain. "Do you remember?"

Valerie looked. It was the shilling which she had given him, but set in diamonds now.

"You gave me that," he said, "when you thought I was just an ordinary working-man."

"Darling," she replied roguishly, clasping the chain round her neck and sinking her trim shingled head on his shoulder, "I never got a better bargain!"

The nightingales sang on.

TO A CHUB.

You lazed upon the surface, took your fill
Where all your summer delicacies drop
Into the tepid Tamesis, with a flop,
From off the willow boughs below the mill;
Five pound of bronze you were, and, feeding still,
When the tanged "Zulu," tempter Ethiop,
Drew your gross lips a last time to the top
And fin succumbed to finesse, scale to skill.

And yet, mayhap, fat friend of summer's hub,
Yours was the final, if unflattered, laugh
When I, scarce breathed by our prosaic bout,
Gazed down upon you, alderman of chub,
And with a sigh pronounced your epitaph,
"*Ah me, had it been Maytime, he a Trout!*"

P. R. C.

The New Poor.

"Everything in the line of Ladies and Gentlemen has been so mercilessly reduced that every purse will afford to buy. Come early and avoid disappointment."—*Indian Paper.*

"Twenty-tight Wallasey Grammar School boys left Birkenhead on Tuesday on a 2,000-miles European tour."—*Blackburn Paper.*

This should have a sobering effect.



AU REVOIR.

Mr. MacDonald (*off to Canada*). "I SHALL BE BACK SOON. BE GOOD."

Mr. Maxton to Mr. Wheatley. "PITY IT'S ONLY A TRIP AND NOT A TRANSFERENCE."

[The Industrial Transference Board has been considering the possibility of transferring surplus labour to fresh fields of industry at home or in the Dominions.]



Muscular Straphanger (to fair ditto). "MAY I OFFER YOU THIS GENTLEMAN'S SEAT?"

THE PRIZE-FIGHTER'S PROGRESS.

GENE TUNNEY has established a record. Not only is he World's Heavy-Weight Boxing Champion, but he is also no mean performer in the intellectual ring. This higher culture only came, like all worth-while achievements, after long labour. It was away back in the War, he tells us in an interview, that he first concluded that there must be something *to* that fellow SHAKESPEARE and so he bought a copy of *A Winter's Tale*. At first he could make neither head nor tale out of it, and then he understood why. "My mind," he confesses, "had not expanded enough. I was forced to read it ten times before I got the metre. Then my real interest began."

Well, there's persistence for you. Ten rounds with the Hope of Stratford before he got even the metre! And think of the agony he must have expended vainly on trying to get the metre in those parts of *A Winter's Tale* which happen to be written in prose. A dirty trick that of SHAKESPEARE'S! He should have lost on a foul. However, TUNNEY triumphed at last and took his unique place—a heavy-weight champion with something more above his collar than just the solid rock.

But, reading up my daily paper, I see that another and rival star has now appeared above the horizon, one UMBERTO TORRINO, of Trieste. He stands six-foot-two, boxes at seventeen stone and "takes great pleasure" in reading SHAKESPEARE. Also, he admits, he has "found PLUTARCH, HERODOTUS and HOMER most stimulating." That, I am afraid, must be a nasty jar for TUNNEY.

In a later interview UMBERTO'S manager states that the Italian is also a student of science and has a penchant for the guitar, mandoline, ukulele and 'cello. He doesn't appear to have omitted much, except perhaps Mah-jongg.

What TUNNEY is doing about this I have not yet heard. No doubt he is re-reading *A Winter's Tale* three or four times, learning the saxophone and taking up astronomy (always useful to a boxer). Whatever course of intensive training he may now be taking in order to be ready for this rival, the clash, when it comes, should certainly be a good one.

The stage, I understand, is already set for the dispute; but the locale and conditions of the actual *physical* contest have not yet been arranged. But that part of it is only for those who appreciate such low-down exhibitions and for the gentlemen who deal in bogus tickets. It does not interest those of us who, like myself, are more spiritually inclined and know nothing of what is meant by "steering a right to the slats." The arrangements for the *intellectual* battle, however, are well advanced, and I am already in a position to disclose that the disputants will compete against one another in the following fields:—

(1) English Literature (*a*) General.
(*b*) Selected Book.
(2) Social Etiquette.
(3) Renaissance Art (Venetian School).
(4) Mouth-organ Technique.
(5) Practical Chemistry.

The winner will be awarded seventy thousand pounds and a degree at London University; while the loser's end of the

purse will be sixty-nine thousand pounds and a degree at a local University.

I can foresee scenes of wild enthusiasm, scenes beside which the mere body-hammering altercations indulged in by low-brow sock-peddlers will look about as interesting as a row between two small boys over a Sunday-school attendance ticket. And how different will be the circumstances! A University Vice-Chancellor will no doubt act as referee and a British Museum official as time-keeper. The ring-side will be lined with excited professors, ebullient dons and impassioned pedagogues, instead of anæmic Society butterflies in evening frocks eager for a sight of real red blood.

And the subsequent reports of the fight will also be as different as can be. There will be no more of the "*UMBERTO unloosed a foundation-rocker to the point, but TUNNEY covered ahead of schedule and came back at the wop with a hundred-per-cent he-wallop over the blood-pumper.*" No, instead there will be something much more refined:—

"Round One of the Social Etiquette Contest was opened by TUNNEY with the tentative inquiry, 'Say, with which arm do you lead a dame in to the eats?' UMBERTO skilfully countered with the right. Almost immediately the Italian flashed back a 'How you eat-a da asparagus?' TUNNEY ducked his head sideways and took it glancing in the mouth. Before he could recover, the Fascist Hope had followed up with, 'And how you eat-a da spaghetti?' At this TUNNEY became completely involved, and his face soon showed signs of his difficulty. He extricated himself at last, however, and staggered his opponent with a typically American attack: 'D' you take off your lid in an el'vator?' . . ." And so on.

It seems to me that this sort of thing will be infinitely better worth watching than the old stuff. In Class (3), for instance, a rattling interchange on the subject of TINTORETTO's brush-work, or what the BELLINIS did or failed to do for Venetian art, should make every artist present hold his breath, besides providing a chance—dear to any audience—of pointing out to the fighters with devastating effect exactly where they are wrong.

Class (4), Mouth-organ, if well fought out, will certainly leave the contestants more breathless than any amount of sparring for openings; while in Class (5), Practical Chemistry, an error of judgment should obviously provide better thrills than any mere failure to connect a fist with a face.

No, there is not a doubt in my mind that the prize-fighting of the future will be immeasurably superior to anything we have yet had; and it will have one further great advantage which I have not yet pointed out. With so many authoritative works already in existence on the various subjects under dispute there will be no occasion for either TUNNEY or UMBERTO to write subsequent accounts of "How I Won" or "How I Lost." Indeed, a mere reference to a popular Encyclopædia will do more to convince the man-in-the-street of the rights of the matter than any amount of subsequent self-congratulation and self-justification on the part of the principals concerned. A. A.



Butler (commandeered to umpire—to his master who is giving the finishing-touches to his field). "AND WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO GO, SIR?"

WEST HAM.

[Lines gratefully inscribed by a ratepayer to Sir ALFRED WOODGATE, on the publication of the latest report on the successful administration of poor-relief in the Borough of West Ham.]

Two years ago you stopped their game
By methods fair but thorough,
And timely to our rescue came
In this benighted Borough;
Gauging our plight with valiant eye,
You and your fellow hardy 'uns
Soon faced the mess begotten by
Our gay old Board of Guardians.

Two years you 've toiled, and lo! to-day
You 've weeded out the shirker
And sent rejoicing on his way
The honest out-of-worker;
Filling with food the hungry still,
You 've taught 'em too a pretty sense
Of how the grist comes to the mill,
And made 'em worthy citizens.

For daily local acts of grace
And justice blent with mercy;
For making Ham a happier place,
Our pockets far more pursy;
For all you 've had the wit to do
As practical provisioners,
Our Borough doffs its hat to you
And t'other two Commissioners.

A. K.

More Improbable Flappers.

"S. F. Barnes has taken 529 wickets for the club. Of his 153 overs 861 were maidens."

IRREVERENT RADIOS.

VII.

[To ginger up the little talks on Literature, Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE, in the well-known *rôle* of *Bertie Wooster*, recommends the stories of TCHEKOV for holiday-reading.]

CHEERIOH!

Cheeri-abso-bally-utely-oh!

I want to tell you Daventry fellows about a fellow I've been reading lately, a fellow called ANTON TCHEKOV. One of the merry Russian boys. Fruity, if you know what I mean. Ripe.

I've been asked to run over the scenario, so to speak, of a few of his niftiest things.

But first of all let me tell you how it all came about—occurred, if you know what I mean.

I was feeling a little bleak the other morning and rang the bell for my man Jeeves to rally round with a spot of the usual, and, when he slunk in, "Jeeves," I said.

"Sir?"

"How would it be if I had a stab at jolly old literature for an hour or two to-day?"

"I should hardly recommend it, Sir."

"But dash it all, Jeeves," I said, "I want to. I mean, dash it all—what?"

"Very well, Sir, if you insist."

"Waffle out, then, like a good chap and get me a bit of the soul-stuff," I said. And he waffled.

When he came trickling back with old ANTON under one arm and put him across the table to me, I own I felt a bit stung.

"Hello, Jeeves!" I said. "And hello!"

"Sir?"

"Who handed you out this dope, Jeeves? I mean what about it, and all that?"

"The book was very favourably recommended by the young lady at the library, Sir. She pointed out to me that, whereas other writers, in the opinion of a most eminent critic, lift us to the height of comprehension in their own created worlds, this man TCHEKOV appears to transmute the common reality, causing the scales to drop from the eyes."

"She said that absolutely, your young girl-friend?"

"She did, Sir."

"Buzz it down, then, and I'll have a pop at it."

Well, after that he oozed off, and I began to toy with the thing. And believe me, you chaps, after the first five or six sentences the old man ANTON had the half-nelson on me and kept it there.

Snappy, if you know what I mean. The first yarn was all about a lady and a dog, who fell in with a man called Dimitri Dimitritch Gurov. Hold your end up, and I'll say that again. Dimitri Dimitritch Gurov. That's what they'd called the bloke. Pronounced by keeping both hands well down and giving a slight flick to the epiglottis.

Well, this chap met this girl at a kind of a local Palm Beach called Yalta, and she had a dog. I forgot to say she was married, and the chappie was a married chappie too. Well, he met her, and they started yawing a bit, and he said it was dull there, and she said it was dull too, and after a while he said how would it be if they palled up a bit? And so they did, and went for walks and what-not, and a little bit over. And then he had to wriggle off, and she had to wriggle off too, and he buzzed back to Moscow and she buzzed back to a place called S——.

Well, this egg had never really been in love before, but this time, after he'd been back in Moscow a bit, he began to give at the gathers and feel all goofy and pop-eyed and think he must go down to S—— and see her again. So he did, and there she was, and there was this dog, and they met at a kind of theatre place, and biffed round the vestibule together and did a spot of kissing, and she said he must fade away now, and he faded.

And then she started coming to Moscow to see him, and one day he thought how pretty well mouldy everything was, and she burst out crying, and he told her to mop it up and they'd think out ways of keeping on meeting as long as they could. How could they be free, says old ANTON, from this intolerable bondage, if you know what I mean? "How—how?" he makes this Gurov pippin ask, clutching his head. "How?" And both of them agreed that it was going to be pretty dashed difficult—what?



Channel Swimmer (to rival). "I WISH YOU WOULDN'T CUT IN LIKE THAT, SIR."

And that, mark you, is where old ANTON leaves it. Tears it right off, like the tape at the club, and not another bit comes through. Ripe stuff. Oh, ripe!

And then there's another about a lad called Ionitch, who was a doctor. And I say, of course, I'm not quite putting the bally old atmosphere over on the wave-length the same way that ANTON does in the book, but believe me it's there all right. Fruity, if you know what I mean. You can hear the samovar sizzle and smell the jolly old white lilac and the onions and all that sort of thing.

Well, this lad Ionitch lived at the same place, S——, that I mentioned in the last tale, and between you and me and the gate-post one of the world's dreariest plague spots it seems to have been, with Little Pedlington in the Pound also ran. Mildewed, if you know what I mean.

Well Ionitch kept on going round to see some people called Tarkin, and the old man had whiskers and made jokes, and mamma read her own rotten novels out loud, and the girl thumped the piano, and something about her made Ionitch slop over, and one night she said, "Meet me near the cemetery;" but she never turned up, and that got his goat and made him feel rather a wen. So he asked her again, but she turned him down because she was going to Moscow to study music, and he said "Right-ho" and went back to plugging away at his hospital. By-and-by she found she was a bit of a mutt with the ivories, and came back home, thinking she could corral old man Ionitch again when she wanted to; and he biffed in once or twice and found the sloppy feeling had all dried up, what with the years and one thing and another,

SCARS OF THE SEASON: PAST AND PRESENT.



DEAREST LOUISA, I WRITE WITH THE HEALING BREEZES OF THE BRAES PLAYING UPON MY BROW. BUT CAN THEY HEAL MY BRUISED HEART?



I FIRST MET ADOLPHUS FITZDALLY AT THE ARCHERY GROUND, AND HE COMPLIMENTED ME ON MY SKILL WITH THE BOW.



OFTEN AFTER THAT HE WOULD MAKE HIS WAY TO OUR COACH WHEN I DROVE OUT WITH MAMMA.



HE WOULD DANCE AS MANY AS THREE TIMES WITH ME.



AND WHEN ONE NIGHT HE EXPRESSED ADMIRATION OF MY DRESS WHAT COULD I THINK? NOT THAT I WOULD HEAR OF HIS ENGAGEMENT TO ANOTHER.



DARLINGEST DAPHNE, HERE I AM ON THE JOLLY OLD BRAES DOING THE BRUISE-HEALING STUNT.



THAT BOY ARCHIE GREENLEES WAS NEARLY THE DEATH OF ME FROM THE MOMENT I FIRST MET HIM AT SOME DANCE OR OTHER.



HE NEARLY BIFFED MY BRAINS OUT POACHING IN THE MIXED DOUBLES AT RANELAGH.



NEXT DAY HE INJURED MY ARM WITH HIS BEASTLY LITTLE 11IN BATH.



AND, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, AFTER ALL THAT, HE HAD THE COLOSSAL NERVE TO SUGGEST A SPOT OF DOUBLE-HARNESS!

so he biffed out again and got fat and took to playing cards at the club.

And mind you, of course I want to warn you again. I 'm not putting all the atmosphere in, nor the psycho-what 's-its-name, which this medico Johnny banked on pretty heavily when he was sorting out the reasons why he handed this young girl the mitt. Oh, absolutely. Somehow this love's young dream had got packed away where he couldn't reach it again with a tin-opener, and the Tarkin family had him bored stiff. Now and then he 'd say, "What-ho! I 'll go and call on these Tarkins;" but every time he 'd pull himself up and say, "What-bally-ho! I won't!" And then he 'd go back to the club and puff a bit, and give the once-over to the waiters and open another bottle of the jolly old Lafitte. And so it drooled on to the end, and that was all. Ripe—oh, ripe!

And there were a lot more of these yarns. I do assure you, when my man Jeeves came rustling around with the lunch, he found the young master's eyes bulging out and the hairs of the bally old bean on end.

"Jeeves!" I said.

"Sir?"

"This is the goods, Jeeves. The goods, if you know what I mean."

"I am glad to think you have derived entertainment from it, Sir."

"You ought to curl the grey matter round it yourself, Jeeves, when you have time."

"I shall be glad of an opportunity to do so, Sir, when you have completed your own perusal of the work. You consider it has genuine merit?"

"Fruity, Jeeves. The full orange."

"I am pleased to hear it, Sir."

"Ripe stuff!"

"I will acquaint the young lady at the library with your verdict, Sir. Will you be wearing the light-brown trilby this afternoon, Sir, or the grey?"

Rummy cove, Jeeves. But what I mean to say is that I want you all to put Comrade ANTON into your suit-case along with the green slumber-wear and the two-piece brine-raiment this jolly old August, and you won't go far wrong.

Cheerioski!

Cheeri-bally-ovitch! EVOE.

Restauratio Amoris.

"IF YOUR WIFE CAN'T COOK, DON'T DIVORCE HER, EAT HERE, AND KEEP HER FOR A PET."
Notice outside a Californian Restaurant.

"The bridegroom's mother was attired in brown satin and georgette with gold georgette, adorned with silver beads. She had a wreath of orange blossom and a veil of Brussels net embroidered with silver, and her bouquet was of red and white roses."—*Lancashire Paper.*

"Now look at the bride, if you dare!"

THE COST OF NOISE.

"'THE money cost of noise,'" read Barbara, "'is estimated by Professor Spooner at one million pounds a week.' Seems a lot, doesn't it?"

"An under-estimate," I said. "Peter has made at least five thousand pounds' worth of noise this afternoon."

"How clever of the little chap! Why, that 's more than a saxophonist gets."

"But Peter hasn't earned it. He 's wasted it."

"He hasn't got it to waste. He 's only ten pounds in the Savings Bank and three-and-twopence in his money-box."

"You don't understand," I began.

"I 'm afraid I don't," she interposed; "first you say Peter has earned five thousand pounds, and then you say he 's wasted five thousand pounds. And then Professor Spooner says——"

"Please," I insisted, "the Professor means that noise causes a loss of efficiency."

"Whose?" she demanded.

"Mine and yours."

"Curious," she remarked; "I hadn't noticed any loss of efficiency."

"I have," I retorted grimly.

"Then you 've lost five thousand pounds this afternoon. That 's rather a lot, isn't it?"

"I haven't lost five thousand pounds," I replied patiently. "I 've lost the efficiency with which I might have earned it—or some of it."

"Because of Peter?"

"Because of noises and interruptions. Peter did his bit."

"I didn't know you were going to earn five thousand pounds this afternoon. Why didn't you tell me? I could have taken Peter out for a walk and you could have showed us the five thousand pounds when we came in."

"I didn't mean to say I was going to earn five thousand pounds this very afternoon," I began.

"Five hundred would be something," she interrupted; "I 'd keep Peter quiet for that. It 's never too late to begin. I 'll put Peter to bed early and sit with him so that he doesn't make a sound, and then you can get on earning money. When you 've earned five hundred or so, you may knock off and take a hand at bridge. Don't drive yourself too much, dear. Money isn't everything. Five hundred is quite enough for one evening."

"It isn't that," I explained when she paused for breath; "and it isn't all Peter's fault. It 's the constant wear and tear on the nerves caused by unnecessary noises."

"Any noise?" she demanded.

"Any noise. That motor-cycle exhaust, for instance. It 's tiring, and when the brain is tired one cannot think of bright ideas."

"I see," she said. "I 'll speak to the police about these motor-cycles. Or we 'll have some straw laid down. But it was dreadfully quiet in the country this summer—so quiet it nearly made me scream. You could hear a sheep cough half a mile away. Did you make five thousand pounds then? If so, what have you done with it?"

"That," I explained, "was a holiday. I didn't try to earn any money. But the conditions were ideal, except, of course, for the cocks crowing and the dogs barking and the cows lowing and——"

"Then we must do what we can here," she decided. "I will see you have perfect quiet. Don't worry about that. You settle down and earn that five hundred pounds. Is your watch going?"

"Yes. Why?" I cried irritably.

"I 'm stopping the clock. Such an annoying tick. And I 'll take Peter down to the police-station to complain. Ah, here he is! The darling! Yes, it 's a lovely trumpet, dear, but don't blow it here. Daddy is frightfully busy earning five hundred pounds—aren't you, Daddy? And we 're going to help by being as still as mice. Hush, darling, don't speak. And do walk on your toes. Yes, there 'll be lots of strawberry ices when Daddy has earned five hundred pounds. Oh, no, he hasn't earned it yet. But he 's going to do it by tea-time. He 's only earned about a hundred so far."

"By the way, Daddy," she asked, "who is going to pay you this five hundred pounds?"

I hadn't thought of that. So if this reaches the eye of the learned Professor will he please tell me where I may apply for my share of that million pounds? Barbara wants to know, and she has already drawn five pounds from me on account. W. E. R.

A Moving Ceremony.

"The church bells rang merrily at the conclusion of the ceremony, and the departure of the sacred edifice for the home of the bride's parents was witnessed by a large number of people."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

"Yesterday was favoured with blue skies so deep in the intensity of blue that the blues skies of Africa did not excel it. The day was better than that same type of day in Egypt."
Daily Paper.

He means that it was a very fine day.

"Mrs. ——, another member of the committee, said the boys went to the dogs in parties and often took their parents with them."
Daily Paper.

The old folk get no end of treats in these days.



The Lady. "YOU OUGHTN'T TO MIND; HE'S VERY PARTICULAR WHO HE LICKS."

WILD WALES:

Being a free translation of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's unpublished Welsh War-song.

MEN of Harlech, ever marching
Neath your mountains overarching,
Though your throats are dry and parching
And your Muse is mute,
Yet new hope is dawning
And the abyss is yawning
Dark and deep before the sheep
On BALDWIN'S favour fawning;
Forward, then, be up and doing,
Holy ends and aims pursuing,
Soon shall all of you be chewing
Rare refreshing fruit.

Men and boys and girls of Criccieth,
Every child the leek that licketh,
Screw your courage till it sticketh
At the highest pitch!
Sound your horns, your Klaxons,
Terrify the Saxons,
Let your harps with flats and sharps
Dismay the Smiths and Jacksons.
March in serried ranks to glory,
Trample down the Whig and Tory,
Robber barons old and hoary,
Young and idle rich.

Men of Gwalia, gallant warders
Of your blessèd hills and borders
'Gainst the pestilent disorders
In your pathway strewn;
Shun the lures of WHEATLEY,
Charm he ne'er so sweetly;
Break the bond with ALFRED MOND
Entirely and completely.
Rally round your only wizard
And, advancing like a blizzard,
Perforate the treacherous gizzard
Of the Lossie loon.

The Gate-Crasher.

[Uninvited guests profess to have a grievance when they are ejected.]

WHEN to the door they turn him right about,
What marvel if the crasher feels put out?



"NOW WHAT D' YE SUPPOSE I HELD ME HAND OUT FOR?"
"HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST. OFTEN DO IT MYSELF."

THE HALFPENNY MOTOR TOUR.

Henry says he had the idea in the Tube, and that he slapped his leg violently and said "Got it." The lady on the neighbouring strap looked at him doubtfully and squeezed herself a little further down the car. Henry thought she suspected him of having more than one. Anyway he came home very pleased with himself.

You see we have been for so many motor tours and we wanted something quite new. At least Henry did. He has never really trusted me with the map, and says I do not know my right hand from my left.

I give his Idea as he explained it to me:—

"We'll take this brand-new halfpenny with us," he said. "It has never been out in the world and has therefore acquired no vices. Every time we come to a choice of turnings we toss. Heads we go right; tails we go left. The rule at cross-roads is straight ahead."

"We shall just go round in circles or land up in the heart of the Black Country," I objected.

But Henry would not be discouraged. He had a "hunch" (a term he has picked up at the "movies") that the Halfpenny would turn up trumps. When Henry has a "hunch" I usually give in, but I provided against emergencies by packing maps of every part of England, Wales and Scotland into the back of the car, which was also occupied by Beelzebub, our wire-haired terrier, and the luggage.

We decided not to start the tour officially until we were at least thirty miles from London. It would not, we thought, be a successful holiday if we got caught up in the traffic of Piccadilly Circus or Hammersmith Broadway indefinitely. After we had started to use the Halfpenny we bound ourselves by a solemn oath that where it directed we would go.

"We are quite mad," I said.

"No," said Henry, "I have a hunch."

When we passed the thirtieth milestone Henry drew out the fateful coin. I admit I felt a slight thrill as he threw it in the air with a flick of his thumb, and we watched its red gold glint in the sun.

"Heads," he said. "After this you can do the tossing," and he turned Maurice's Roman nose down the right-hand road. (You can have three guesses as to the make of our car.)

Henry was right, and the Halfpenny turned up trumps. That day was a huge success. We were taken off the beaten track, down leafy lanes (with really excellent surfaces), through fascinating woods and common lands, into old-world villages. In fact it showed us England at its best, still unspoilt by the ravages of the motorist. In many places the very cows looked at us as if we were visitants from another world, and Maurice purred along proudly as if his were the very first tyres that had ever pressed that virgin soil.

The Halfpenny drew us up at lunch-time at an inn where we got some excellent Stilton cheese, and at night deposited us in an hotel famous in coaching days for good fare and now brought up to date with every modern convenience. We drank to the Halfpenny during dinner in some rare Burgundy.

Fortified by an excellent breakfast we left next morning in the best of spirits, and all morning the Halfpenny carried on the good work. At about 12.30 we arrived outside a small village.

"Left," said the Halfpenny, and we turned left, rather sharply, it must be owned, into the village street. As we did so a lady with many summers to her credit and a good deal of weight,

who was having a good gossip with a neighbour, stepped off the pavement almost under Maurice's nose. "And you mark my words, Mrs. Brown . . ." was cut short by a shriek, a wild scream from Maurice's brakes and a perfect cascade of the lady's Saturday shopping. Probably never sweet-tempered, fright made her abusive. "You brutes, you road-'ogs," she cried almost before she had recovered her breath, "flyin' about the country in them stinkin' motors, killin' 'armless folks! Can't yer look where yer goin'?"

We should have stopped to help her pick up her goods and smoothed her down, but this stream of vituperation was too much for Henry's already shattered nerves.

"I am sorry, Madam," he said stiffly, "but you too were not looking where you were going." And he let in the clutch with an unaccustomed jerk.

The road swung to the right at the bottom; three hundred yards further on it forked. "Right," said the Halfpenny, and the road slid round to the right to another turn, which in our agitation we did not recognise. Another "Right" from the Halfpenny brought us once more alongside our friend, who, her gaily-flowered hat at an angle, was holding forth to a crowd of supporters on the iniquity of cars and their drivers, while small boys picked up her apples and oranges from the road, and a mongrel dog sampled the Sunday joint unobserved in a corner. We slipped past as quickly as we could, but the eagle eye of the injured one saw us.

"Them 's them—them with the dog!" she shouted. "Stinkin' road 'ogs."

But Maurice pushed on and was soon back at the forked roads. Tremblingly I tossed. "Right," said the Halfpenny firmly. Just before we got to the main street again Henry pulled up.

"Give me that Halfpenny," he said fiercely. He tossed it, but even as he did so voices were heard and at the corner appeared our victim, just moving away from the scene of disaster. "Left!" cried Henry, and the car moved forward into our original road of entry. But we could not get away so easily; she had seen us and burst again into violent abuse.

"Doin' it a-purpose, they are," she cried, and shook her umbrella at us as we passed, which made Beelzebub reply with furious barks. The small boys joined in the fray and hurled some of the more damaged oranges at us. One of them missed me by an inch and splashed on to the wind-screen. Henry's foot came down on the accelerator, and we left the village—for ever, I hope—in a cloud of dust.

Half a mile further on we had the option of a turn to the left; we took it without consulting the Halfpenny and began to climb a steep road at an incredible pace.

The character of the country now began to change and we were coming on to moorlands with stone walls and very few houses. Up and up we mounted, till just as we topped the ridge Maurice gave a sort of splutter and stopped.

Henry and I looked at each other. We had meant to fill up with petrol in that disastrous village. Now there was no sign of human habitation and it was well past lunch-time.

Henry climbed out of the car wearily.

"I'll walk on and see what I can find," he said. "You can amuse yourself by looking up the shortest route to Brighton if you like."

He took the Halfpenny and threw it over a stone wall.

"This," said Henry bitterly—"this is what comes of cheating."



Mother (to small Daughter, who has told an untruth). "DO YOU KNOW WHAT DADDY WOULD SAY IF I TOLD HIM?"

Small Daughter. "YES, MUMMIE. HE 'D SAY 'THAT 'S JUST LIKE YOUR DARN FAMILY.'"

MOTTO FOR THE SEASIDE GIRL: "Knee plus ultra-violet."

THE TRUTH ABOUT BIRDS.

BY AN EXPERT BIRD-WATCHER.

WHY are women always so sceptical, I wonder.

I had a notion that I might become a sort of faun this summer. I was going to watch the birds, getting up very early in the mornings in order to do so. I should find Reed-warblers' nests, I assured myself, in the osiers at the far end of the garden; the Lesser Whitethroat would come and eat crumbs out of the brim of my hat.

"I shall become," I foolishly confided to Them, "Mr. ——, the eminent bird-watcher."

"Try something easier," They scoffed. "There are easier things to watch than birds. Now cricket. . . ."

Yes, cricket, or hot-cross buns, or (easiest of all, perhaps) other people working. But one can't, as I observed at the time, become "eminent" as a watcher of hot-cross buns. So few people would be interested in the notes one made.

As usual, of course, They were quite wrong. I have now watched birds, off and on, for nearly a whole day, and, as it happens, I have made sundry discoveries which I anticipate will cause quite a stir in bird-watching circles. The fact is the self-styled bird-watchers have been deceiving the world for centuries.

The following rules and notes, in which the real truth about birds is set forth clearly and plainly, will not only prove a reliable guide but will save all intending bird-watchers a great deal of pains and disappointment.

(1) *The only birds which really build nests are Blackbirds and Thrushes.* If there are others it is not at all possible to find the nests. (This is not mere conjecture; I personally have looked for birds'-nests.)

(2) It is an extraordinary but indisputable fact that *whereas an enormous number of birds built nests last year, practically none have built nests this year.*

Or is there some antiquarian bird which builds old nests? Here, I feel certain, is an avenue of possible investigation which has been inadequately explored.

(3) There is a phrase commonly met with in handbooks on birds and in rural reminiscences, viz.: such and such a bird "*is not a shy bird.*" This is very misleading and can apply in reality only to the Pigeons in Trafalgar Square and on the steps of St. Paul's. It is, on the contrary, an important rule to remember that *all birds are a very long way off.*

It should be noted also that they fly even further away or hide in bushes long before you can focus your field-glasses on them. Nor is the informa-



Stout Lady. "IT'S LOVELY, AIN'T IT, SIR?"
Vicar. "LOVELY! WHAT IS LOVELY?"
Stout Lady. "WHY, THE BACK-TALK WOT SHE GIVES 'IM."

tion given in the handbooks that a certain bird is "5¾ inches long" anything but quite desperately useless. There is no bird in garden, field or jungle which will allow you to approach it with a tape-measure. I know, because I have tried.

(4) Birds utter a great variety of noises, some of which are called "songs." Unfortunately these are all uttered at once, so that they get hopelessly entangled and are quite indistinguishable one from another. Thus among the "woodland sounds" of which one so often reads the "quiet chirrup of the Dumpling, as it hops from branch to branch," makes a sort of fugue with the "metallic alarm-note (uttered two or three times in rapid succession) of the Madcap," and the two together are lost in anonymous confusion along with the "very distinctive *Tu-ee-wit-wee* of the Backchat, which fills the air during the breeding season." In the cause of Truth, therefore, it must be stated that:—

The only bird whose song can be identified for certain is the Swan.

This can be done by watching the bird singing; if the bird dies at the end then you know it was a Swan.

(5) For one brief moment, it is true, you may think you have recognised the "loud whirrup of the Hoopoe," which, the books say, "is emitted incessantly for two or three hours on end at the approach of weasels, otters, moths, dromedaries or other vermin." Yet actually there is no guarantee whatever that the sound was not made by a Starling; for "the Starling," according to the books, "can imitate the call of all birds with extraordinary exactness." And their colours too, no doubt. It is therefore another important rule that:—

In case of doubt the answer is probably a Starling.

(6) *A propos* of colours it should be observed that the glossy plates in illustrated books on birds, although beautiful, bear no relation to actual fact. The truth is that:—

All birds are more or less brown, though here again adult Swans are an exception.

Some birds, though largely brown, have some white about them. But reference to any bird-book will show that there are fifty-nine more or less brown birds with some white about them. It is therefore wrong to suppose that it is in the least possible to distinguish between the Bannock, the Hassock, the Tussock, the Trollope, the Whatnot and the Green-eyed Dudgeon.

(7) Finally—and this is perhaps the most solemn warning of all—the female of, it seems, *nearly all* birds "lacks the distinctive colouring of the male," and is therefore to all intents and purposes a Sparrow.



Betty (who has been given a penny for the collection). "MUMMY, DO WE GET *ALL* THIS FOR A PENNY?"

Sparrows obviously don't count.

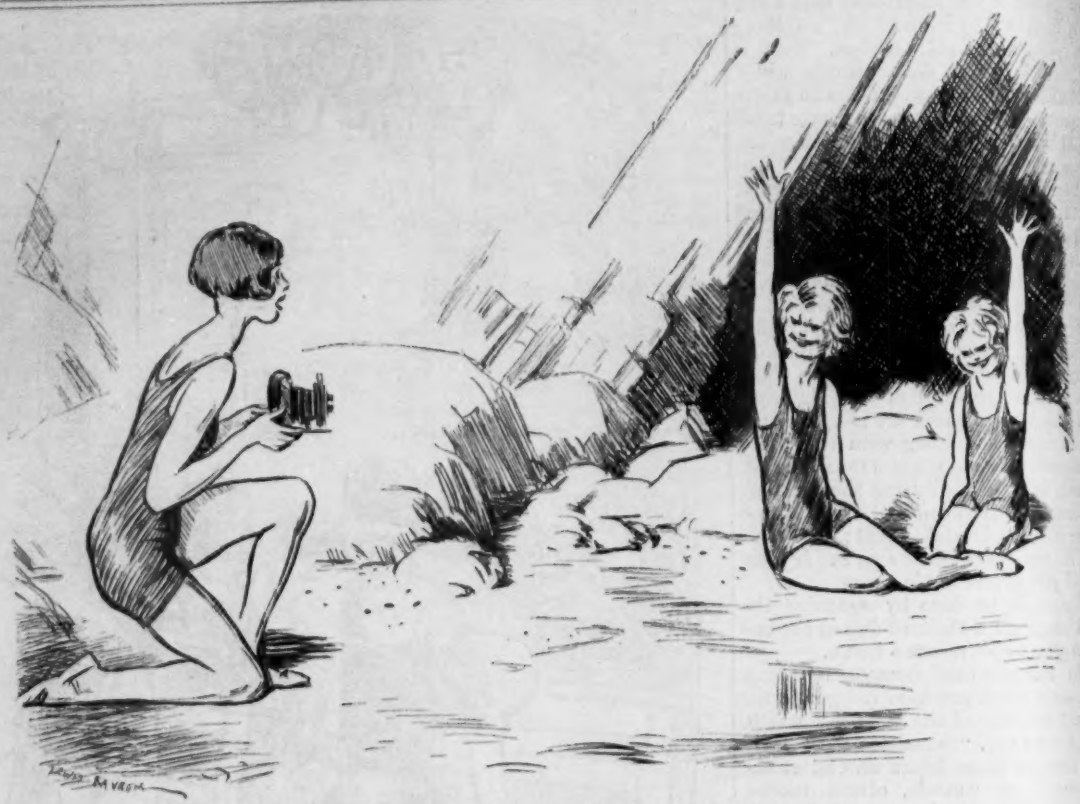
The day which brought to light these startling revelations of the Truth drew peacefully to a close. As I lay in bed I heard a sound which was familiar to me—the hollow *Too-hoo-hoo* of the Tawny Owl. Determined to verify the identification and assure myself that it was indeed the Tawny Owl, and not the Hook-nosed Nightjar or the Lynx-eyed Night-Warbler, I sat up in bed and consulted my *Handbook on Birds (Illustrated).* Certainly it seemed to me from the book that I was right. Yet who shall say if it were not the last surviving Dodo, the Pterodactyl or (more probably) nothing but a wakeful Starling?

"ADVICE SOUGHT.

Sir,—Could any reader tell me the best way to clean a white elastic cricket bat?"

Local Paper.

Our method is to give the bat a thorough scrubbing with bails dipped in wet sawdust.



Elder Sister. "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TWO DOING? DON'T MAKE THOSE GHASTLY FACES."
Young Student of the Illustrated Press. "BUT AREN'T BATHING BEAUTIES ALWAYS PHOTOGRAPHED LIKE THIS?"

ENJOYING THE COUNTRY.

"The old 'Blue Lion'!" exclaimed my aunt as I helped her out of my two-seater. "Such a quiet little place. So old-world. It doesn't seem to have changed since I came here with my dear parents forty years ago."

She drew my attention to the thatched roof, the creeper-covered walls and the painted sign hanging from the branch of the elm-tree on the green before the door. We went in, and the landlord suggested that we should have lunch in the parlour upstairs. He was expecting rather a large party who would be accommodated at long tables set out in the garden. We gathered that it was a staff outing from some factory.

"How lovely for them!" said my aunt feelingly when he had left us. "Just think of those poor things, shut up all day with the terrible grinding roar of machinery and the dreadful noise of the traffic, coming to this peaceful spot, bathing their jaded souls in the healing silence of the woods and hills."

We had nearly finished our meal when the "poor things" arrived in two motor-coaches. They looked hot but happy. Two had brought cornets and a third a saxophone, and someone else discovered a penny-in-the-slot machine that emitted fragmentary renderings of "Annie Laurie" and "The Lost Chord." The cornet-players, ignoring their mechanical rival, proceeded to give faithful imitations of demented motorists hooting their way through a fog, while the owner of the saxophone in a series of blasts betrayed a slight acquaintance with the melody and rhythm of "Ole Man River." The remaining members of the party indulged in a little community singing while waiting for their meal to be served.

After our luncheon we left them and went for a stroll through the woods. My aunt wanted to show me a field she remembered that sloped down to a little stream. We found it and sat on the grass under a tree. Some people were picnicking not far away, but they showed no trace of the exuberant high spirits of the merrymakers at the inn.

"Our own class," murmured my aunt. "They enjoy this as we do. Of course with the others one cannot expect——"

But even as she was speaking one of the party stooped over a brown leather case half hidden in the lush grass. Instantly a cultured but slightly husky voice informed us that the song we had just heard was "*Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix*," from the opera of *Samson and Delilah*, by SAINT-SAËNS, and that someone whose name I did not catch would now give us a talk on the value of hypophosphates.

We fled from that field as we had fled from the inn and returned to my car. Our friends at the "Blue Lion" had finished their meal and were climbing back into their motor-coaches. Apparently the supply of coppers had been exhausted for the mechanical piano was silent, but the three instrumentalists were still rending the air. I spoke to one member of the party.

"Had a good time?"

He beamed. "That's right. We thought at first it might be a bit dull, but Erb and Bill and Charlie they've made things go." He turned to my aunt; "Nothing like music," he told her. "You need it in a place like this."

A terrific blast from the saxophone drowned her answer. Perhaps it was as well.

Arson from the Beyond.

"Occupants ran into the street in their night clothes and spirits caused the bar to burn fiercely at a fire in the —— —— public-house."
Daily Paper.



THE KNIGHT REPELLENT.

Distressed Damsel. "SIR KNIGHT, I AM IN SORRY CASE. I PRAY YOU, SAFEGUARD ME."

Sir Stanley: "AS I TOLD YOU, MADAM, IN 1925, WHEN YOU MADE A SIMILAR APPLICATION, I DESIRE TO AVOID THE POSSIBILITY OF REPERCUSSIONS WHICH WOULD EXPOSE ME TO THE CHARGE OF PHILANDERING WITH THE PRINCIPLE OF PROTECTION." *(Passes on.)*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 23rd.—Apprehension lest the Government, after adoptively patting the "Tote" Bill's little head in the Lower Chamber, should deny all connection with it in the Upper, caused Lord NEWTON to ask why the Bill was to be in charge of a Private Member, when in another place it had been sponsored in its later stages by a really-truly Minister. Lord SALISBURY explained that it was because Lord HAMILTON OF DALZELL had had more to do with and knew more about the subject-matter of the Bill than anybody else.

The Easter Bill in Committee found Lord BIRKENHEAD moving to leave out the words "the Church of England, the Roman Catholic Church and other Christian bodies," and substitute the words "any Church or other Christian body." The rejected formula, he explained, was objected to by the Churches of Scotland. Certainly it smacked somewhat of the old Army ritual, by which the unwilling worshipper on church parade was tersely asked if he was "Catholic, Protestant or fancy religion?"

Accepting the Amendment, the PRIMATE said that it was progress indeed when Presbyterians desired to be associated with other religious bodies in establishing a fixed Easter. He recalled the day when an eminent divine of the Church of Scotland was brought before the General Assembly for observing December 25th as Christmas Day.

Lord DUNEDIN had a regular Scottish debate all to himself when he moved an Amendment to the Reorganisation of Offices (Scotland) Bill. So deeply was his argument involved with Hornings and Sasines (which *Mr. Hansard* later spells "Sassines," possibly in the cloudy belief that it has something to do with Sassenachs) and the Search Sheet (sprung, his Lordship explained, like Venus from the sea, engendered by a Treasury minute), and Inhibitions and Adjudications, that the Duke of SUTHERLAND, for the Government, could only accept the Amendment with pleasure and congratulate the noble lord on the extent of his knowledge of the arcana of Scottish Registration.

By comparison Lord WRAXALL's Bill to enable a man to marry his aunts and nieces by marriage, but not, as Lord ULLSWATER complained, to allow a woman to marry her uncles and nephews by marriage, was simplicity itself, so simple indeed that the debate concluded as an argument as to whether Lord WRAXALL had delivered three speeches or one speech and two explanatory interjections.

Chiding the loquacity of his Ministers is one of the things the PRIME MINISTER does really well. For example no one could fail to notice the nice gradation between the relatively stern rebuke



"A. J. B."

WITH MR. PUNCH'S SINCERE WISHES FOR MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF JULY 25TH.

administered to a peccant ASSISTANT-POSTMASTER-GENERAL and the discreet reproof tendered to the blazingly indiscreet HOME SECRETARY. But, if Mr. BALDWIN's chastening of his colleague was a model of gentility, "Jix's" behaviour as the erring but repentant brother was a masterpiece of propriety. While waiting for the blow to fall Sir WILLIAM was observed to have betaken himself to the far end of the Treasury Bench, next to Lord WOLMER, presumably on the principle that birds of a feather ought to flock together.

The slipper having been duly wielded and put away he was observed to edge his way circumspectly back to his usual seat beside the PRIME MINISTER. So Towser, when he has been "for it," circumspectly seeks a vantage-point from which to lick the hand of correction with the tongue of affectionate contrition. But Sir WILLIAM's grand act of contrition came later when he was asked by some Member if he had seen some statement of Judge ATHERLEY-JONES. "Judge ATHERLEY-JONES," said the HOME SECRETARY apologetically, "is rapidly becoming as loquacious as myself."

Advancing his proposal to reduce the Betting Duty rates, Mr. CHURCHILL admitted that he had only got a third as much out of the duty as he had hoped, but declared that that one-third was well worth going after. He hoped the reduction would result in larger returns and less evasion.

"Gaze upon yon spectacle of mingled humility and melancholy," mocked Mr. SNOWDEN, "but never believe that the right hon. gentleman, in abandoning revenue from one source, has not got his eye cocked on some other source from which he hopes to scrounge the deficiency."

The House nevertheless accepted the CHANCELLOR's largesse with considerable unanimity.

Tuesday, July 24th.—"Ole Man River," we are told,

> ". . . don't plant taters and he don't plant cotton,
> And them as plants 'em is soon forgotten."

He just keeps rolling along. The Lords rolled along to the Committee stage of the Agricultural Credits Bill, more, Lord STRACHIE hinted, to remind the farmers that they are not forgotten than because they will get any material advantage from the Bill.

Sir R. THOMAS, like all Welshmen engaged in challenging the darkness, is in a hurry. He wants what he wants when he wants it. To-day he wanted to know what reductions in Army Estimates the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR was going to make next year as the result of the signing of the KELLOGG Peace Pact. Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS intimated that it was much too soon to say.

"Did the right hon. gentleman know that it was a matter of great importance?" asked Sir ROBERT. "Oh, yes, indeed, whateffer," replied the Man of War wearily. "Would



A CONTINGENCY OF THE NEXT ELECTION, SHOWING A POSSIBLE EXTENSION OF WHEATLEYISM.

he then reply to Sir ROBERT's question?" "In due course." "Would that be before the House rose?" persisted Sir ROBERT. "It would be at the usual time, when the Estimates were presented," said Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS.

Another young man in a hurry is Colonel WEDGWOOD. He besought the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT to make the L.G. omnibuses go faster. "But not by omitting to stop at the recognised stopping-places," said Commander BELLAIRS, who, like others of us, has stood upon the kerb and seen them whizz by.

"O willow, willow, waly-O!" sighed Colonel HOWARD-BURY, for the water-mark disease is ravaging the cricket-bat willow-trees, and the whole crop will soon be destroyed if something is not done. Sir GEORGE COURTHOPE said that on completion of inquiries the question of issuing a further Order under the Destructive Insects and Pests Act would be further considered. Obviously the Forestry Commissioners cannot act until they have ascertained whether the water-mark disease is an insect or merely a pest.

The Opposition's Motion of Censure on the Government for not dealing effectively with unemployment crops up with the regularity that used to attend the appearance of the sea-serpent. It cropped up again to-day with the Industrial Transference Board's Report as its central theme. But, as a later speaker in the debate said, perhaps more tritely than wisely, it is one thing to state a problem and another to find a solution. The usual litany of odds and ends of things that would help if they were practical or that are practical but would not help were recited, and reference was carefully avoided to the big remedies—Protection and State Ownership—to which Conservatives and Socialists are respectively supposed to be ready to pin their faith as soon as the electorate will allow the pin to be stuck in it.

Alone of all the speakers Mr. WHEATLEY boldly announced his plans for remoulding the sorry scheme of things entirely. Let the State pay a living wage to every man, whether he is at work or not; let it grant him the wherewithal to keep his children at school till eighteen. Let foreign competition be met by keeping out of the country, at the point of the Navy if need be, every foreign article produced under conditions less favourable to the worker than our own. And to get the needful money, why, what could be simpler than to take it away from all the people who so obviously have more than they need?

It requires that agile individualist, Mr. AUSTIN HOPKINSON, to deal shrewdly with galloping Wheatleyism; but Mr. HOPKINSON was elsewhere, and it was left to Sir HILTON YOUNG to ask pertinently what would be the use of working if everybody was to get a wage whether he worked or not? He might have gone further and asked what would be the use of Mr. WHEATLEY getting re-elected for Shettleston under those conditions when as defeated Candidate he would still presumably draw his four hundred a year.

Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD, seconding an Amendment by Sir HENRY PAGE CROFT, raised, or at any rate tentatively waggled, the banner of revolt of the Conservative Members—more than two hundred strong—who are demanding with ever-increasing vehemence the safeguarding of the steel and iron industries. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER closed the debate by promising one concrete if problematically efficient remedy—he would advance railway rate relief from next year to this coming December, provided it could be shown that the relief could immediately be handed on to the basic industries.



THE STANDARD OF REVOLT.

"Shall Steel and Iron die?
Then ten-score good Conservatives
Shall know the reason why!"
(After "Trelawny.")

SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD.

Wednesday, July 25th.—This day's event of importance took place for once without the actual walls of the House. In the SPEAKER's courtyard many eminent statesmen from both Houses gathered to congratulate Lord BALFOUR on his eightieth birthday and to present him with a motor-car, a gift, as Mr. BALDWIN exp'ained, which definitely placed one who had had everything the world could give, and contrived to remain young in spite of it, in the ranks of modernity. Lord BALFOUR in reply gave a comprehensive summary of his long and distinguished career when he said, that except for a few weeks he had never been out of the historic Chambers of the Commons or the Lords, and that never for a moment had he ever failed in his loyalty to Parliament, however Parliament was constituted.

The Lords made progress with the "Tote" Bill and the Commons with the Companies Bill, Lord NEWTON in the debate on the former claiming that his had been for a quarter of a century a voice in the wilde ness (a term which presumably includes both Newmarket Heath and Epsom Downs) crying for the Government to interest itself in betting.

"The two big public school matches took place last week. Both provided drama. Cambridge started favourites against their Oxford rivals. . . Equally thrilling was Eton and Harlow."
African Paper.

The University Schools have often provided dramatic finishes.

"Londres.—Dans un discours qu'il a prononcé aujourd'hui à Hounslow, sir William Joynson Kicks. . . ."—*French Paper.*

We have been expecting him to do this for some time.

Unseen French for translation: *Le lapin se hâte de rendre son dernier soupir.*

The rabbit hates to be made finally into soup.



A SUGGESTION FOR BRIGHTENING THE SUBURBS.

MEMORIAL STATUE OF THE MAN WHO NEVER BORROWED A GARDEN IMPLEMENT.

TWO TOURNAMENTS.

[The preliminary Olympic games in Holland overlapped the bi-millenary celebrations at Carcassonne, where on one day at least the temperature was a hundred degrees in the shade.]

I HAVE no great
  Desire to cram
Through any gate
  In Amsterdam
Where men, like Greeks
  In far-off days,
But wearing breeks,
  Contest the bays.

But I could wish
  That I had been
In that great squish
  Which marked the scene
When mailéd knights
  With armour on
Rehewed their fights
  At Carcassonne.

O town of pride,
  To tour whose flanks
One gets a guide
  For fifteen francs!
O pennoned lance!
  O terraced seat!
O ancient France
  (In fact) complete!

Let others tell
  If Norsemen throw
The pilum well—
  I merely know
The pilum cuts
  No ice with me,
Whose heart is nuts
  On chivalry.

And no strong Finn,
  Whate'er his rights,
More praise shall win
  Than those French knights
Full armed and brave
  Who dared the shock
Of this heat-wave
  In Languedoc. EVOE.

Another Illusion Gone.

"Mr. Wallace, who is abroad, was not present."—*Evening Paper.*

It is disappointing to have his ubiquity denied like this.

"We have just learnt that in Tinnevelly the people of a village named Virapandianpattanam are much aggrieved because the railway authorities have called a new station for which they agitated Adaikkalapuram instead of by the name of their village."—*Calcutta Paper.*

Couldn't the railway-porters shout "*Virapandianpattanam-cum-Adaikkalapuram*," and please everybody?

THE MOST TERRIBLE THING THAT EVER HAPPENED.

"THE most terrible thing that ever happened to me," said Ellanby, "was in Buda-Pest."

"It well might be," I said.

"It wasn't that sort of thing," said Ellanby. "In fact it wasn't the sort of thing you might expect to happen at all. One couldn't have guarded against it. Least of all in Hungary. You haven't been in Hungary?"

"No," I said, "but I've heard about it from Lord ROTHERMERE."

"You know enough to realise, anyway," he went on, "that it's a sad sort of place. A tragic place. The shadow of the Treaty of Trianon lies over it like a monstrous——" He caught my eye and pulled himself up. "Well, anyway, there's a lot of sadness about. And you know when you're in Hungary you feel yourself part of it. You share in it. That beastly Treaty of Trianon matters. I'm not really an emotional chap and I don't care a hoot about Hungary really; yet when I was there I used to be always asking them to play the Rakoczy March in restaurants and so on. It gets you. These Tsigane

orchestras, and people sitting listening to them and looking so sadly at the drinks they can hardly pay for——"

"'The most terrible thing that ever happened,'" I said encouragingly. Ellanby came back to earth with a start.

"Oh, yes, that! It *was* awful too. A really horrible thing to happen, especially when I've just told you how I always felt about Hungary.

"As I was saying, it happened in Buda Pest. You know Buda Pest—or, rather, you don't. Anyway, it's two places—Buda one side of the river, Pest the other. They keep a face on things in Pest, which is really rather like Paris; when they want to give way to their sadness they cross over into Buda. Except very late at night, when they give way to it all over the place."

"That isn't confined to Hungary," I said; "I've seen in Scotland——"

"Oh, I know, I know," snapped Ellanby; "but it isn't that at all with them. Nobody can afford to get drunk in Hungary; but late at night, when the restaurants and cafés have nearly emptied and it's quiet and the Tsiganes are playing their last little tunes, *then* you can see them thinking of it. You can see the sadness in their eyes and you know where their thoughts are. It's as if a breeze blew in from their lost lands."

He caught my eye again and saw that I was thinking of Lord ROTHERMERE.

"Well, anyway, on this night, this beastly night, I had been over in Buda. I'd been up in the Citadel; glorious up there—fine cold breeze and the stars and the lights along the Danube and all. Great! Then I'd been sitting in one of those tiny little gardens in the Taban, down by the Fisher Ramparts somewhere. It was a heavenly place, only half-a-dozen of us sitting at little tables and the Tsiganes playing divinely. You could simply *soak in* Hungary in that place that night.

"In the end I cleared out and walked back across the Elizabeth Bridge, back into Pest and up what they call Kossuth Street nowadays to the place where I was staying. I had stayed longer in that divine garden than I had meant, and the big café-restaurant place in my hotel was almost empty. I saw, in fact, it was empty altogether except for one party of Hungarians at a table in the corner. There were three men and one woman—a stunningly beautiful woman. There are, you know."

I said I had heard so.

"Well, there was just time for a beer before going to bed (they close down at two in Pest; it isn't a late place—not like some), so I sneaked in and gave my order and sat down at a little table."

"Why did you sneak in?" I asked. It would be a little difficult to imagine Ellanby sneaking into even Buckingham Palace.

"Didn't I say? Oh, well, I was going to. I saw just as I came in that the leader of the Tsigane band had left his place and was playing to this woman, this beautiful woman. You know how they do, these Tsiganes. The first violin leaves the orchestra altogether and goes and plays to anyone he specially fancies in the room—close beside them, you know. If he gets too far away from the rest the second string comes part of the way after him and does sort of liaison officer. That was what was happening now. The leader of the Tsiganes was bending over this woman, sort of crooning to her, playing to her for all he was worth—all these old, old, never-ending heart-breaking tunes of theirs. It would have torn tears out of a stone elephant. I felt like crying myself."

Ellanby paused dramatically, struck a match, watched it burn away unused.

"And, you know, I could see how those people were feeling it. The three men were biting their lips and not saying a word, and the tears were rolling down the woman's cheeks. Man, I can't describe it to you—that quiet great room and the half-lights and the violin running on and on! I was so charmed and carried away by the whole thing that when the Tsigane stopped for a minute I applauded. Just gently, you know, just tapping on the table. And, by James! that did it."

"What happened?" I asked breathlessly.

"It happened—the thing; the most terrible thing. That little beast of a Tsigane whipped round and stared at me. I suppose he hadn't noticed me before. I heard him say 'English!' and he nipped back to the band, and before you could say 'knife' the whole boiling of them burst into 'Bye-Bye, Blackbird,' like to lift the roof off. I never knew Tsiganes could make such a row. Oh, hell!"

He sat aghast at the awful memory. I asked him what he did.

"What *could* I do? I waved at them to stop, but they took it for encouragement and hit it up all the harder. I saw these Hungarian people getting up to go, and I'll never, no, never forget the expression on that woman's face. I suppose she thought I'd asked for the infernal thing. What *could* I do? I simply fled. . . . And that," said Ellanby, "was the most terrible thing that ever happened."

"Worst of all," I said, "you lost your beer."

"Oh, well," said Ellanby shamefacedly but with that touch of simple truth that hall-marks and guarantees the whole, "I had that sent up to my room." H. B.



WE OFTEN WONDER IF OUR POLICEMEN ENJOY THESE FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS?

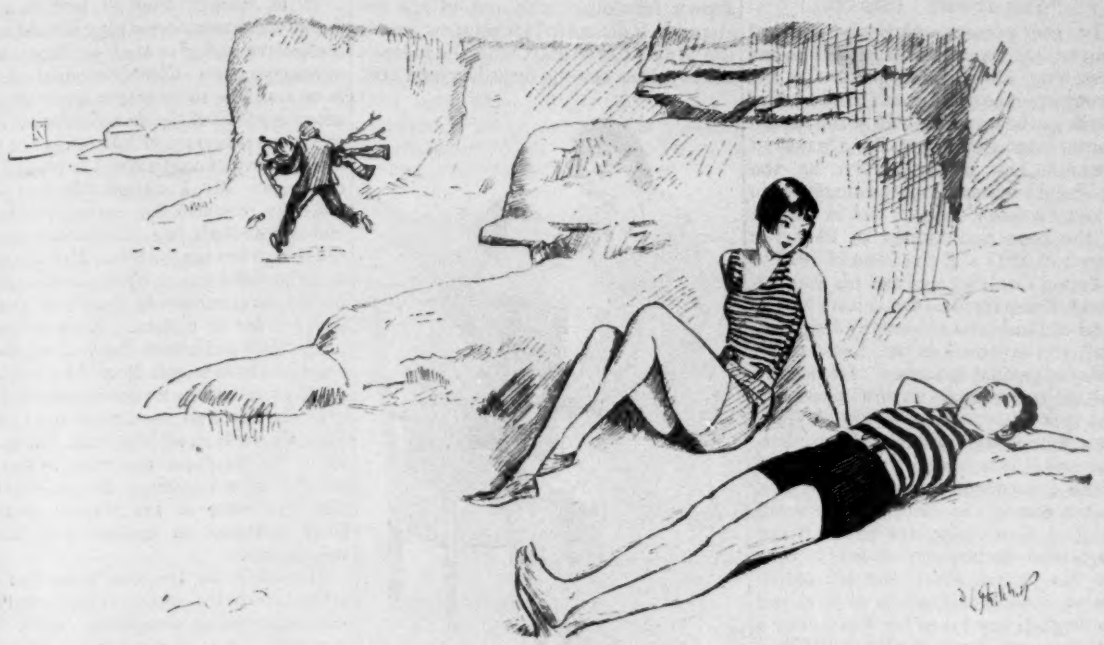
Mechanised Slaughter.

"Wanted, Ford Van Driver with slight knowledge of Butchery."—*Country Paper.*

We have met a good many on the road lately who have more than a slight knowledge of it.

"Two hundred undergraduates from the Canadian universities will visit Durham, Harrogate and other English universities."
North-Country Paper.

Honorary degrees in water-divining are to be presented by the Chancellor of Harrogate University.



Young Wife. "WHAT'S WORRYING ME IS THE THOUGHT THAT, WHILE WE 'RE HERE ENJOYING OUR LITTLE HOLIDAY, BURGLARS MAY BE MAKING QUITE A HAUL AT HOME."

MORE FAME FOR THE FAMOUS.

NOT long ago it was the fashion for composers to build Jazz from classical music, and to crown the good work by naming the result "Peter Gink" or "Mendel's Son." I now notice a tendency among composers of vocal foxtrots, etc., to annex as nearly as they dare the titles of famous poems for their numbers, although I give these gentlemen full marks for the restraint they have displayed in the matter of adhering to the themes of the poems themselves. The latest knockout is entitled "Miss Annabelle Lee." If this sort of thing spreads it will offer endless possibilities to the lyric writer, and I would like to be first in the field in drawing all dancing London's attention to the following novel hits:—

RED-HOT RAVEN.

("Black Bottom." Words by Edgar Allan Posenthal. Music by Buddy Blooey, Rex Streisemann and Rube Hoboe.)

Featured at the Piccalilli by the Six Saveloy Orphans.

My Blue Bird of Happiness has tumbled off his perch;
I 've lost Lenore;
Now all my song and laughter have left me in the lurch;
I 've lost Lenore;
Birds don't seem to sing so sweet as once they did,
Raven, red-hot raven, since I missed my cutie kid.

CHORUS.

(Oboe, ocarina and mustel organ: pianissimo e molto espressivo.)

I 'll ask the widgeons
If they 've seen Lenore;
I 'll ask the pigeons
To wing their way,
For I have a presage
A loving message
Will be carried to her ears
some day
(Some way).

In the twilight hushes
I 'll ask the thrushes
If I 'll meet the sweetheart
That I adore;
But the answer to my query
Makes the world seem sad and
dreary,
For the raven in his eyrie
Answers Never, Nevermore.

EXCELSIOR.

(Vocal One-Step. Words by Syd Longfellow; music by Sham Kolinsky.)

N.B.—Admirably suited either to the dance-hall or to the *finale* of the first half of a revue. Could be worked as a production number, and chorus may be "plugged" *ad lib.*

Folk who are belated
Rush the Elevated,
Some take trolleys, it 's true;
If you wanna save time
It costs you a dime,
But dollar-chasin' ginks
Ain't wastin' any thinks
On the snappiest way t' get through.
Ev'ry way 's a dub way
'Cept the local Subway,
Where they don't let time save you.

CHORUS—

Excelsior! Excelsior!
Move a little higher up the car.
Oh, boy! I 'll put you wise,
Yo' crushin' all them guys;
So clear the beat, pick up y' feet,
Rustle some t' hit the breeze for hell.
Excelsior! Excelsior!
That 's the Subway-porter's yell.

SHADWELL CLARA VERE DE VERE.

("Oriental Blues." Words by Toddy Tennyson; music by Hal Columbia.)

(Cymbals, triangle, trap-drums and wood-wind. Adagio e ben marcato.)

Clar—a, the kid that we all called De Vere,
Gone the wrong way like the rest of them here,
Flattered by suey and drowsy with tea,
You 're not so proud as you
Once seemed to be,
Down in the doss-house the o-pi-um curls,
Wreathed round the heads
Of our sweet English girls;
Doped by a slant-eye and doomed from the start—
That 's how Life treats 'em
In grey Shadwell's heart!

In Preparation: "My Ship" (Whistling Waltz. Words by Ella Wheeler Woolworth; music by Piccolo Strauss).

Fearless Folkestone!

"The annual ball in connection with the Folkestone Regatta will be held on Wednesday, July 25th. Dress is optional."
Folkestone Paper.

"Good all-round man wanted for Beef and Pork; age 26; permanent."—*Sheffield Paper.*
A circular candidate for a square meal.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ENEMY" (STRAND).

IN our present relatively rational temper any dramatist may count on our stretching all possible points in his favour when he sets himself to so worthy a task as the reminding us of the fundamental insanities of war. Mr. CHANNING POLLOCK has wisely shown us the mournful business from the single angle of old *Professor Arndt's* flat in Vienna in the June and August of 1914, the March of 1917 and the June of 1919.

Young *Carl Behrend* and his English friend, *Bruce Gordon*, are suitors for the hand of *Pauli*, the *Professor's* daughter. *Carl*, the favoured suitor, has written a play of pacifist tendency. He doesn't manage to convey to us any impression that it is likely to be a very good play; but a famous *entrepreneur* thinks otherwise and it is accepted. In the midst of the consequent rejoicings over this matter comes the disturbing news of Serajevo, *Carl's* marriage to *Pauli* and the fateful declaration of war. *Carl* and his friend *Fritz*, the journalist, receive their mobilization papers, and the English boy takes his leave after a bitter quarrel about insults to the flag, in which *Carl* forgets the doctrine of his play, and *Fritz* wounds the now hated alien with one of those extraordinary effective pieces of domestic cutlery that only appear on stage tables, *Pauli* vainly and passionately appealing to reason and private friendship against these insensate nationalist instincts.

Three bitter years of waiting. The *Professor*, who can never forget that "the others are saying the same things" and with as little reason, is driven from his chair, a pacifist in disgrace. No news of *Fritz*. *Carl* is hourly expected back to a home denuded of every saleable treasure. Instead arrives his servant, a broken ghost of a man, with news of his master's death. *Pauli's* baby dies for lack of proper food, and the mother thanks God that he at least has cheated the god of battles. Thereafter an epilogue. *Carl* lives in *Pauli's* heart and in his play, now at last to be produced and bear its fruit. The *Professor* again in honour, but not in funds: *Fritz*, a nerve-shattered wreck, turned out of his job. *Carl's* father, who has made corners in food and grown fabulously rich out of the exchanges, is decorated for services during the War. *Carl's* play, with the incredible royalties coming from England and, no doubt, America, brings material prosperity at long last to the *Professor's* household. Poor *Bruce Gordon*, united to his old friends, must be content with no more than friendship from *Pauli*.



DEPRESSED PLAYWRIGHT AND MINISTERING ANGEL.

Pauli Arndt . . MISS ROSALINDE FULLER.
Carl Behrend . MR. JACK LIVESEY.

It is curious that in fact this no doubt well-intentioned play should be so ineffective and give such an impression of exaggeration. Clearly no single detail is or could be more tragic, more stupid, more ironic than the dreadful facts. But the mere piling up of horrors is not the artist's way of contriving the true effect of horror. Mr. POLLOCK, who has consistently moulded less serious material cleverly enough, has, I am afraid, found his theme too big for him. The attempt to lighten the gloom by the buffooneries of the shameless old profiteer was a grave error in tactics. It would have been wiser to lighten the load of stark emotionalism which defeated its object by rousing within us fierce protest that even in war and even with foreigners life isn't really at all like that. I wonder too if the producer was wise to stress, instead of mitigating, this effect by allowing some of his players to tear their passions to tatters with such vehemence.

Here not for the first time has an artist been betrayed by his better nature into attempting something beyond his strength. Art, cynical detached mistress, recks nothing at all of good intentions. T.

REARING RODDY.

[This is the first (and last—ED.) of a popular series, "Shaping Celebrities." It shows how Roderick Furnace, the fire brigade chief, hero of a hundred conflagrations, grew up, and how his youthful ambitions were fostered. The story is related by his sister, whose style, at once natural and vivid, is based upon that of the contributors of similar articles to the evening Press.]

Roddy came naturally into the world, as if that kind of thing happened every day; and my father and mother, not being inclined to make him the subject of food experiments, agreed that he should have a milk diet to begin with. The doctor, I remember, though I was only four years old at the time, was of the same opinion, and subsequent events have shown that we were all of us right.

It was not until he was nearly two years old that Roddy (I cannot even now discard the familiar name of the dear home circle in writing of him) began to walk, or perhaps I should say attempt to walk—little promise of



INIMICALS.

August Behrend . . . . . MR. SAM LIVESEY.
Dr. Arndt . . . . . MR. HORACE HODGES.

the activities on ladders and so forth to follow!—nor did he talk really clearly, at least not whole sentences, until even later. But our folk were never ones for hurrying things.

And that was their general attitude. I remember so well because they thought I was "being married in a hurry to repent at leisure" when my Frank and I, after an engagement of two years, were wed at the dear old church at home. Roddy had a splendid time on that occasion, for it was in 1919, and confetti had just been decontrolled, so he was able to revel in that part of the ceremony. He was well into the twenties and still quite boyish. But it's the time before that that I am interested in and want to relate.

On the whole Roddy was a pleasant child to have to deal with. Of course, being the elder, I saw things in him that I shouldn't have noticed if I had been the younger. He never gave much trouble, though there were naughtinesses that I remember. But what can one expect from a healthy child? After he had learned to walk and talk he learned little sums, and then bigger sums; and so it was with the spelling—short words followed by long ones. It was over the spelling-book that he first showed an inclination towards the profession he eventually took up. The first difficult word he had was "helmet," and he soon learned to write it properly, though I confess I didn't realise what it meant then, at least not fully.

He liked to hear stories and much preferred those about engines; and one about a horse fire-engine I had to tell him over and over again, for he could hardly believe there had ever been such things, so quickly does time pass and he having seen only the motor sort. His uncle on Mother's side was a hosier, and that word was another he loved to spell out with the cardboard letters that had been a Christmas gift from Grandfather. He used to ask if his uncle (the one on Mother's side) worked at fires with the horse fire-engine, and was always disappointed when I told him "No," because, as he said, it would have been splendid to have had a man like that in the family, and if he wasn't the man why did he call himself a hosier? I never cured him of speaking of his stockings as "hoses." It got to be a joke between us, and I daresay in his lighter moments he still calls them that.

When school began for Roddy the family went to live at Tottenham and, like other boys, Roddy went to see the Hotspurs; there was something in the name that he liked, he said. He never took much interest in cricket. I think it was the word "blazer" upset him. He said it was like "hosier" and didn't mean what it sounded like. He loved "Snakes and Ladders," though, and playing with the hose in the back-garden. I remember too he had a hatchet from the butcher as a present, and we thought he would play GEORGE WASHINGTON with it; but as a matter of fact he made a hole with it in the coal cellar-door and climbed through and got very dirty and a whacking. That is the only one I remember him getting.

When he had stopped crying he turned the hose on a bonfire in the next garden. Some times he tied a table-cloth between four chairs in the garden and threw my dolls into it from a window. I used to get upset, I expect; but he was a dear child and gave very little trouble.

He didn't do too well at school, and used to slip out of the room to polish the brass on the fire-hose there. In fact he was always polishing something. He was a fine climber and used to get the men in uniform at the big flats to let him climb the fire-escapes. It was when he left school that Father—and I know he would forgive me saying it—showed a lack of imagination about Roddy. My brother had spent all his evenings in going to look at fires, when there was one, and that with all the other things that I have related showed clearly where his inclinations lay. Besides, he was very good at not falling off the back of a motor-lorry when it was going fast—he used to jump on them, like other boys—and was never scared by a skid. Yet Father insisted on Roddy's going into an insurance office. It was gall and wormwood to him, poor boy, I know, but he stuck to it to please Father until he was twenty-five, and then he took a line for himself. His ambition, once he had got into the splendid uniform he now adorns—if I may use the expression—was to go to a fire at the old home, where our parents still live, and rescue them.

It is hardly for me to speak of his rapid promotion. What else could I expect for him? And yet to me he is still Roddy with the garden-hose.



FIFTY YEARS A QUEEN.

(An Author's Tribute.)

[A scheme is on foot for presenting a National Tribute to Miss ELLEN TERRY on April 28, the fiftieth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage.]

Reproduced from "Punch," March 28, 1906.

UNDER THE WORD.

You know with what anxiety on the morning of a Channel-crossing we look at the weather report in the paper, and how we are affected by the news, "smooth," "moderate," "rough," and, that most terrifying phrase of all, "very rough." You know how just as the train approaches Folkestone or, if we are embarking at Dover, just after the train emerges from the tunnel by the coal-mine on the shore, we scan the waves to see how broken is the horizon. Should the sea be angry, those of us who have had the good sense and financial courage to take a cabin are comparatively at ease; but the others? How their hearts sink!

In such heat-waves, however, as we have been having there are no fears. Heat presupposing serenity, no one worries, and those who have engaged cabins reflect with satisfaction that these luxuries do not have to be paid for in advance, but on the ship, and no one need avow his name.

I remember a short week-end in France in just such a heat-wave as this last, when such was the stillness of the sea that on all sides there was but one simile—just as, on returning by train from Sandown Park on Eclipse Day or from Wembley on Cup-tie day, there is also but one. Those who have witnessed that race or that football match find the sardine in its box not only their best, but an unavoidable, conversational friend. "Like sardines we were," they say. "It was terrible—just like sardines in a tin." "The only way I could describe it is to say, 'We were packed like sardines.'"

Similarly the placidity of the English Channel on those torrid days sent our minds singly and collectively to mill-ponds. Disagreeing probably about almost everything else, our unanimity here was wonderful.

High-brows and low-brows equally leant upon this word to describe that glassy sheet of water. Even as the train came out of the tunnel by the coal-mine on the shore the glad comparison found voice. "Thank Heaven it 's like a mill-pond!" "I 've never seen it so calm—just like a mill-pond." "Well, of all the mill-ponds!" And it continued to rule us all the way to France. "I said to my wife this morning—didn't I, dear?—it would be just like a mill-pond—and look at it!" "I remember some shocking crossings. I was on the *Maid of Orleans* when she had to put back from Calais all the way to Dover and we lost our reservations for the Riviera—but I 've never seen it so smooth as this—like a mill-pond." "Amazing, isn't it, how changeable the Channel is? You never know when you leave London what it 's going to be. I've left London with not a breath of wind and found a gale on the coast; and another time I 've left London in a gale and found it all serene here. But never as it is to-day—a mill-pond 's not in it!"

Thus they compared notes, while I looked on and listened, not, I dare say, without a slightly superior smile. But when on my return I was asked what the crossing had been like, and I thought to be original, I was lost. "Could hardly have been smoother," I began. "As level as—as undisturbed as—well, it was like a mill-pond;" but I had the presence of mind (such snobs we are!) to interpolate a saving clause: "It was like," I said—"well, as the saying is, it was like a mill-pond." E. V. L.

THE GOLFER'S DAUGHTER.

DADDY 's nearly seventy-two,
And his handicap 's eighteen;
Daddy follows nicely through,
And he 's useful on the green;
But he always likes to play
Two full rounds of golf a day
Underneath the brazen sky
Of this wonderful July,
And he won't, though we implore him,
Let a caddie carry for him.

Hence these riddles of the links,
Which are worthy of the Sphinx—
Should Daddy have a caddy?
Should Daddy make his tees?
Is it just an ineradicable habit or disease?
Or is it that he 's showing off
His strength instead of slowing off?
Is it in fact mere vanity
Or that he tries to minimize
The scope of his profanity?

Daddy 's very far from scratch,
Though he sometimes wins a match,
But when it comes to cusses
Oh, he 's high among the "plusses,"
For he 's no anæmic rabbit
But of full and sanguine habit,
And his violent remarks
Simply terrify the larks,
So it might be a refresher
And diminish his blood pressure
If Daddy had a caddie,
But—what about the laddie?

The fact is that we 're rather
Inclined to think that Father
Might demoralize the younkers
By his language in the bunkers.
If he would wear a muzzle
It would solve this painful puzzle,
But the use of this protection
Is a counsel of perfection;
So, weighing *pro* and *con*,
We have resolved that Daddy
Must simply carry on
And do without a caddie.

THE ILLUSIVE HEADLINE.

"THE newspaper of the future," said my cousin Thomas, "will consist almost entirely of headlines."

I said I was not so sure. He rolled over in the short grass (we were lying on the side of a hill) and devoted himself to the task of convincing me.

"Yes, it will," he said. "You can observe the tendency in the things already. There is a language of headlines, just as there is a language of flowers. For instance, if I see a headline, 'Colonel Shot,' I know just what the report is about."

"I feel bound to admit," I said, "that I should consider you a trifle weak in the head if you didn't."

"You don't see what I mean," he protested. "I mean that I know just how that report differs from the one under the heading, 'Shot Colonel,' which will appear a day later. The second will treat of what they call 'further developments' in the case, whereas the first is a report of the actual incident."

"I see," I said; "but you can't expect that in every case."

"I know. But it's surprising how much you can tell from one head-line. Have you got a newspaper here?"

I had not. But when I began to look in earnest I found a piece of one immediately—near the notice-board forbidding litter.

"Here you are," I said, walking back to Thomas. "What do you make of this—'MR. SHAW'S CRITICISM'?"

"Almost too easy," replied Thomas, rolling over again on to his back; "apart from the fact that I don't know what he's criticising."

"I'll tell you that. Most of it's torn off, but it's obviously something about the Labour Party."

"Well, then, in the first place it's from *The Times*. Any other paper would have put 'G. B. S.'s CRITICISM,' or, more likely, 'G. B. S. AGAIN.' Am I right?"

I said he was.

"Well, it's perfectly obvious," continued Thomas. "Everybody knows exactly the sort of thing SHAW says, and you've told me what he says it about, so I've only got to combine the information, like the Chinese metaphysics man. You should have given me a more difficult one."

"I think not," I said. "You happen to have got this one wrong."

"Never!" cried Thomas, sitting up. "How?"

"Well," I said, "the headline is immediately followed by these words: 'Mr. T. SHAW (Preston, Lab.) said that he . . .'"



H.E. Sir RONALD STORRS.

Down at Jerusalem he made 'em learn
To fear the judgments of the ruling genus;
Then (like Tannhäuser), having had his turn
Of Zion, hankered for the haunts of Venus;
And so to Cyprus, her peculiar isle,
Where it is P.M. nearly all the while.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXIV.



Mother. "MUST I SEND AN INVITATION TO THAT AWFUL BLANK GIRL?"
Daughter. "YOU MAY AS WELL, MOTHER. SHE'LL BE SURE TO COME, WHETHER YOU DO OR NOT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE seems no end to the carping of certain modern poets over the accidental conditions of their art. Their editors, their publishers, their critics, their predecessors, their contemporaries, their public (real or imaginary)—all at one time or another have been blamed for the disesteem of modern verse. In fact you would have said that there was no person or institution left to pillory; but this I regret to say is not so. Miss LAURA RIDING and Mr. ROBERT GRAVES have just combed the preserves of Helicon very thoroughly, and another corpse, reputed to be vermin of the most predatory character, is now hanging in the larder. This—I can't help feeling sorry for the poor beast—is the anthology. Personally I have always thought of the anthology as the domestic pet of the Muses and the friend of man; you met it perhaps casually and it lured you on to better acquaintance with the Nine. You were given in youth *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, and before you knew where you were you were buying CAMPION and BEDDOES (usually second-hand) on the strength of *Winter Nights* and *Wolfram's Dirge*. *A Pamphlet Against Anthologies* (CAPE) has, of course, little use for this aspect of things. It treats the anthology of masterpieces as a soporific rather than a stimulant, and maintains that the only tolerable portfolio of this kind is the published scrap-book of stray rarities or the unpublished horde of personal preferences. The popular anthology is not only a public danger; the lowbrow poet writes with an eye to inclusion in it, the highbrow with a view to being left out. Such revelations as these will assuredly shatter many illusions, but I much doubt whether the anthology will be one of them. "The dog it was that died."

Brigadier-General W. H.-H. WATERS declares without a smile in *Private and Personal* (MURRAY) that a small pet chicken, which was in the habit of following his wife like a dog, on one occasion saved her life by killing a poisonous snake which was attacking her. This story comes from China and is one of a series of expansive yarns from the Far East much more cheerful than his narrations of intimate conversations with the EX-KAISER, whose capacity for self-deception the writer apparently never quite fathomed. As military *attaché* at Berlin he was elevated to the rank of Excellency and received marks of confidence and friendship which he has not been slow to reciprocate. Indeed the greater part of this book, which is rather a slender gleaning after his more generous harvesting in *Secret and Confidential*, is taken up with pleasant gossiping recollections from German Court and military circles of nearly thirty years ago, when the coming of the War was already at times foreshadowed. But the author is more intricately discursive even than the average writer of memoirs. When he is to tell a story, for instance, of NAPOLEON'S famous carriage captured after Waterloo, he first deals with his own associations with the BLÜCHER family, passes to a yarn or two about the famous Field-Marshal, comes circuitously to another BLÜCHER who, objecting to pay taxes, went to live in the Channel Islands; then, after touching lightly on one-man companies, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and submarine bases, notes the effect of Zeppelin raids in filling our recruiting offices. He visits the BLÜCHER home in

Silesia and produces the story of the five-hundred Brandenburgers murdered in the old castle many pages before bringing his carriage to the end of his story, the line of thought having been generally fairly traceable but the progress of the vehicle along it remarkably gradual. Still it is well worth while to meet the General in his own good-humour and enjoy his book along with him.

Most of us fancy there 's a sort
  Of special deity or devil
Creating for the Centre Court
  Beings of supermundane level,
Who win or lose, unmoved, serene,
  Collecting earth-born adulation,
Like gods from some superb machine
  Whose very faults spell inspiration.

That 's all a myth. It isn't so.
  Lacoste on Tennis (Burrow) shatters
The fond illusion at a blow
  And tears the hero's robe to tatters;
He lets us know, behind the scenes,
  The human details of the story,
And indicates just what it means
  To reach a pinnacle of glory.

Aided by camera-work *de luxe*,
  Which makes no bones about grimaces,
He puts Borotra, Tilden, Brookes
  And others sternly through their paces;
The Davis Cup—he tells us what
  The tactics are if we would grab it;
But, spite of everything, my lot,
  I fear, is to remain a rabbit.

As most of Mr. John Buchan's new short stories are as entertaining as ever, it is no great matter that some of them do not seem to fit very credibly into the frame assigned to them. A metropolitan dining-club for youngish veterans, each with a queer life behind him and the task of *Scheherazade* in front of him, would hardly, I feel, produce so many excursions into demonology as Mr. Buchan has assigned to a dozen sittings of *The Runagates Club* (Hodder and Stoughton). Personally I am a little sorry to see so gallant a purveyor of "straight" romance depart himself to the shadowy territory of Mr. Arthur Machen, especially as Mr. Buchan seems inclined to leave his better judgment behind him on his expeditions to the underworld. His last tale, which describes an historic form of Christianity as emanating like a miasma from a "little wicked house," seems to me as unsuited to the taste of the *Runagates* as it should be to that of a popular audience. However there is plenty of wholesome and exhilarating fare before we come to "Full-circle." There are the escapes and hurried journeys of "The Frying-Pan and the Fire," in which a sane peer blunders into a Scots asylum. There is "Dr. Lartius" of Regent Street and his mysterious transactions during the War. There is an anonymous German of the same period with an undecipherable cipher, and an unsuccessful emigrant with an unexpectedly mettlesome end. "Sing a Song of Sixpence" is a "Lodging for the Night" with a South American President as chief lodger; and "The Last Crusade" describes a piece of Russian scandal disseminated in all innocence by the stunt Press. The settings of all the stories—particularly, I admit, the uncanny ones—provide notable scope for Mr. Buchan's descriptive powers.



The Girl. "Perfectly sickening! All my friends are at Deauville or the Lido, and here am I stranded on the South Coast!"
The Boy. "Are you fond of gadding about?"
The Girl. "Not particularly; but it 's too noisome to be *nowhere*."

The Forsyte Saga is finished. *Soames* is dead, and one cannot but condole with Mr. John Galsworthy on his bereavement. For he had lived with *Soames* through forty years of fiction and more than twenty of fact, and one feels that he had come to love him as he did not in the beginning. In the old days, during the sad bad business of *Irene* and *Bosinney*, Mr. Galsworthy's sympathies were, perhaps a little too patently, on the side of the lady; but, as we watch the Man of Property ageing and mellowing, we see clearly that he came to feel for him not only respect but affection. Certainly *Soames* was the Achilles of this epic in six books—the noblest Forsyte of them all, if one may so mix one's analogies—and his vulnerable heel was his love for his daughter, *Fleur*. *Swan Song* (Heinemann) is the story of the second approximation of *Fleur* and *Jon*—of *Soames's* daughter and *Irene's* son—and of *Soames's* dogged, purblind

Forsytian efforts to prevent *Fleur* from going *Irene's* way. It was those efforts which indirectly were the means of his death, for a distraught, cigarette-smoking *Fleur* was responsible for the spark which caused the conflagration in her father's picture-gallery, and *Soames*, Man of Property to the last, perished in an heroic attempt to save his carefully-amassed treasures. *Swan Song* is a worthy conclusion to a very nearly great matter and, though narrower in scope than some of its predecessors, it abounds in those delicately ironical pictures of social England for which its author is famous—pictures, for instance, of London during the Great Strike and of Ascot on Cup Day. It may be that Mr. GALSWORTHY sees life through a rarefying-glass; but what he sees and what he presents is life none the less, various and complicated and in perpetual motion.

I wish that Mrs. FRED REYNOLDS, if she felt obliged to make *Peter*, the hero of *Players in the Dark* (LANE), suffer from some infirmity, had chosen a less ghastly privation than that of being legless or practically legless since babyhood, a cobbler version of LUCAS MALET'S *Sir Richard Calmady*. Comparison too is all in favour of the earlier book, for it had brilliance and originality to justify the painfulness of its theme: here is neither. *Harley*, the very unpleasant young man who marries the even more unpleasant heroine, *Colomb*, sees *Peter* hanging from a rope by his hands and thinks of a disgusting simile to describe his appearance, while *Peter's* very fineness all the way through makes the stressing of his infirmity more unbearable. *Harley* himself must have been a rather queerly constructed young man, for we are told that, as he walked the lanes with *Colomb*, "his arms felt wrenched at the shoulders by the longing to hold once more her soft body." In the end, as I had long been expecting, *Peter* gives his life to save *Harley*, who, like *Colomb*, seems remarkably little upset about it all. *Colomb's* prettiness is convincing and *Peter* is a dear, and there are pleasant touches here and there in the book; but, as *Colomb* and *Harley* are such hateful young things that I didn't want to hear anything about them, and I didn't feel that I ought to be told much about *Peter*, I got remarkably little pleasure out of *Players in the Dark*.



"I TOLD YOU NOT TO CHEW GUM WHILE YOU WAS BLOWIN' IT."

My enjoyment of *Claudia Decides* (CONSTABLE) was interrupted by failure to believe that the heroine could be so curiously ignorant on questions of sex as Miss PRUDENCE CADEY makes her out to be. Thinking no evil, *Claudia*, a sixth-form monitor at her school, went out at night (by way of a drain-pipe) to walk with a boy. For which offence she was expelled. Presently the War gave her an opportunity to escape from an unsympathetic home, and she went to Serbia as ambulance-driver to a women's hospital unit. The life was full of incident and is vividly described, but try as I would I was unable to persuade myself that a girl so common-sensible in many ways could be so perilously innocent in others. But if you can accept *Claudia's* virginal state of mind you will find nothing to spoil your pleasure in a tale that is adventurous and excellently written.

If the quality of a man's enthusiasm for his special hobby is to be measured in terms of the amount of discomfort which he will cheerfully endure in pursuit of it, then that of the lover of small-boat sailing must surely be an easy first on the list. Such an enthusiast is Mr. H. IAN MACIVER, whose *Amateurs Afloat* (HOPKINSON) records his adventures and misadventures in various types of small craft in peace and war; and it is interesting to note, by the way, that the successive phases of his enthusiasm reverse the order usually met with, since, starting as the owner of a motor-boat, he soon transferred his allegiance to sail. On the outbreak of war Mr. MACIVER, like so many of our nautical amateurs, was able to turn his peace-time hobby to practical account, and he has some interesting chapters on life in the examination service at Liverpool and, later, mine-sweeping in the North Sea. His narrative is throughout straightforward and unassuming, and if some of the events it chronicles are more or less small beer there can be no doubt about the engaging zest with which he has both taken part in and recorded them.

I have Mr. PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT'S authority for calling *Major Wodell* a buffer—a nice old buffer, "slightly convex at the zone," whose love for small children and heroic efforts to amuse them (and incidentally himself) are described with humour in the eleven stories which make up *Knee-Deep in Daisies* (BENN). Mr. WRIGHT has carefully avoided the pitfalls, many and deep, which lie in the path of those who treat of the relations between the elderly and the very young. He is often funny and never facetious, and he knows full well what terrible devastation a small child can unconsciously inflict on a grown-up's *amour propre*. These mild adventures of *Major Wodell* are the right stuff for holiday-reading in a heat-wave. I have read them with pleasure and not the smallest exertion on (so far) the hottest day of the year.

Things You Didn't Know.

"A haggis is a fish consisting of a calf's, sheep's or other animal's heart, liver and lungs. The derivation of the word is obscure."
Provincial Paper.

Yet how lovely is the creature it denotes!

"Tutor wanted to learn young girls tennis; please state terms."
Scots Paper.

He might at the same time "learn" the advertiser English.

"King African grey parrot (rather rude), last owner publican, complete, splendid cage; only £12; no offers."—*Commercial Paper.*

Very useful, when your guests want speeding, to have a parrot (rather rude) who will cry "Time! gentlemen."

CHARIVARIA.

DEAN INGE writes of the pleasure of getting into comparatively rational clothes after stewing in a heavy black coat and the rest of the habiliments proper to an Anglican dignitary. We can only regret that the holiday spirit should move the Higher Clergy to pass reflections on the cloth they adorn.

* * *

According to a Sunday paper, peers' sons who have to work for their living find their titles a hindrance in almost any kind of employment. A notable exception is the profession of gossip-writing.

* * *

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT announces that he has read an EDGAR WALLACE thriller and wouldn't mind reading another. We feel sure, however, that Mr. WALLACE will not allow this to turn his head.

* * *

"Modern composers are endeavouring to attract the unmusical," says a writer. We had suspected as much.

* * *

Stockholm post-office, a contemporary informs us, was blessed by the POPE in 1262. Post-offices in this country have never been blessed by anybody.

* * *

Mr. J. H. THOMAS is said to be very fond of his pet monkey from the Gold Coast. He doesn't say of whom it reminds him.

* * *

Signor MUSSOLINI, we are told, has remarkable powers of mimicry. His imitation of NAPOLEON must be a scream.

* * *

The DUCE has decided to abolish the house-fly. We were under the impression that since he 's been in power there were no flies on Italy.

* * *

A well-known actress was ten minutes late for her wedding the other day. On these occasions it is advisable to employ a call-boy.

* * *

We have been unable to obtain confirmation of the rumour of a panic at the Conference of the British Medical Association at Cardiff, caused by some mischievous person throwing an apple among the assembled doctors.

* * *

A procession of singers in the streets of Vienna took eight hours to pass a given point. From our experience of singers in the streets we can well believe this.

* * *

Mr. TRUMBLE recalls that SPOFFORTH, "The Demon Bowler," could throw a new-laid egg fifty yards or so on turf without breaking. Most batsmen find that the easiest egg to avoid breaking is a duck's.

* * *

Sea-anglers are reported to be enjoying good sport on the coast. Not, as you might expect, on the Serpentine.



Jones (giving a description of his wife whom he has brought on a day trip and lost). "AND—ER—TWO VERY PRONOUNCED DIMPLES."

Constable. "CHIN OR KNEES?"

Many rich Americans carry their own doctors about with them. They can of course afford to choose their own ailments.

* * *

Dr. H. CRICHTON MILLER has spoken of the absurdity of calling a nineteen-year-old girl "Bobbie" because her mother had wished for a son. Many a modern girl's mother would have preferred a daughter.

* * *

A writer says that more and more lady motor-cyclists are on the roads. We have noticed their reckless methods and are not surprised.

* * *

The Daily News reader who complains that his wife is jealous of him without the slightest cause has taken the wisest course in ventilating this matter in the popular Press.

* * *

It was recently pointed out that we have fifty-four peers aged eighty and over. So this is why there is always a creaking noise when the House of Lords rises.

* * *

A policeman in Munich fines you a shilling on the spot for throwing litter about, and gives you a receipt. If you throw the receipt away, that 's another shilling.

* * *

Certain hotels advertise that they have special rooms for reducing figures. We shall take our bill into one of these rooms before we pay it.

* * *

The question is being raised whether some professional Spiritualists are quite honest, and the answer seems to be, only just medium.

* * *

Prohibition failed in Russia, says a daily paper writer. Perhaps that is why they don't have it in America.

* * *

A doctor says that the dentist is a real beauty specialist, but what we don't like is the way he does his face-lifting with a pair of forceps.

* * *

Engineers have examined the Eiffel Tower, which has been displaced six inches from the perpendicular by the heat, and report it safe for ascent by tourists. They don't report it safe for ascent by Parisians.

* * *

Mr. A. J. COOK nobly declares that he is determined to stick to the miners. Many of them were beginning to fear that that was his intention.

* * *

Omnibus conductors in London are not now allowed to whistle or sing at their work. Much the same rule applies to cornet-players in orchestras.

* * *

A husband has resented hearing his pet name for his wife used by another man. And quite rightly. Other men should use pet names of their own.

"OLYMPIC GAMES.

House of Lords passed Racecourse Betting Bill."—*Evening Paper Stop Press.*

Another triumph for Great Britain in track events.

HOLIDAY WEATHER.

[To M. and K. on a near prospect of their hospitality at "Goldensands."

"Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands . . .
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear."
Ariel's Song.]

ALL through July my beaded brow
Over the grindstone dripped, and now
The killjoys tell me: "Summer 's waning;
You 've had your jolly spell of heat
And, by the rules, you cannot eat
Your cake and have it still remaining."

That is to say that, when at last,
My tedious term of duty past,
I 'm free to wallow like a lizard
(Not of the lounge) in baths of sun,
I am to have my hopes undone,
Blasted with icy rain and blizzard.

Thus for our joys we mortals pay,
For that 's the high Olympians' way,
Who love to lavish bounties on us,
Then biff us hard, for fear that we,
Getting above ourselves, should be
A source of jealousy (or *phthonos*).

But you beside your Northern surge
Will offer sacrifice, and urge
Upon the gods' consideration
Merit that might appear too poor
(Although I say it) to secure
Their grace without your mediation.

So on those yellow sands that lie
All laughter in the lee of Skye
We 'll "foot it featly," hands together,
And, while "sweet sprites the burthen bear,"
Wash from our hearts the dust of care
In dancing waves and halcyon weather.

O. S.

MIDNIGHT.

COLOMBO at dawn or Colombo at sunset—it is certain to be one or the other. It seems to me an extraordinary thing that no ship worthy the name gets in at any other time. The first time I visited this cosmopolis of the East our ship, the *Monomania* (Calcutta to London, with a cargo of jute and groundnuts), arrived in the gloaming, with the twinkling harbour lights and the faint after-glow of the sunset making a veritable fairy scene. And the next time I called there our ship, the *Pianola* (Calcutta to London, with a cargo of jute and ground-nuts), arrived at daybreak, with the faint flush that heralds the dawn and the twinkling harbour lights making, I am told, a veritable fairy scene.

Mind you, I am not saying that all ships do this sort of thing. So far as I am aware the Commissioners for the port of Colombo have laid down no regulations on the subject, and Colombo pilots are, I understand, quite prepared to earn their fees at any moment of day or night. In fact I believe that quite a number of vessels actually arrive in the middle or forenoon watches, or even the second dog watch. But by a consensus of opinion—descriptive writers' and travelled talkers' opinion—these are the hours which all self-respecting ships select for slipping into Colombo harbour.

And, just as tradition and good form seem to postulate dawn and dusk as the hours for correct arrival, so they lay down midnight as the hour for correct departure.

Now, weighing anchor in Colombo at midnight is an exciting business, and passengers who wish to extract the maximum of enjoyment out of a voyage should on no account go to bed until the Chief Officer's stentorian voice has cried from the fo'c's'le-head that the port anchor is clear by twenty-two shackles in the deep nine, or whatever his voice really does cry. (It is a little difficult to follow the Chief Officer on these occasions.)

When I had the pleasure of accompanying jute and ground-nuts on their homeward voyage the other day the ship was to sail from Colombo at midnight. There could be no doubt about that; the matter had been made clear both to shore-goers and to passengers embarking at the port.

I had myself been ashore, and, though I had had my passport viséd, bathed at Mount Lavinia, bought a model catamaran and a pair of cuff-links, and dined at the Galle Face Hotel, I was back on board by 10 P.M. From that hour on I enjoyed to the full the vastly entertaining spectacle of the preparations for sailing at midnight.

There were the farewells to passengers embarking. Farewells at Colombo have a quality of their own, largely because ships do not dock there but anchor in the harbour. That means that visitors who wish to speed the parting passenger have to come out to the ship in launches or boats. One of our new passengers, a planter, I think, brought with him a squad of such visitors, also planters, I think, who gave him a most excellent send-off. As the hour of midnight approached they collected at the gangway and shook hands with him warmly in turn. "Good-bye, Bart, old man!" "Cheer-ho, Bart!" "All the best, old boy. Give my love to Margot," "Goo'-bye, Bar'!" and so forth. Then they got into their boat and pushed off. As the boatman bent to his oars they raised a united shout—

"GOOD-BYE, BART, OLD BOY! GIVE OUR LOVE TO MARGOT!"

Their boat edged further away and began to melt into the murk. Again they cried in unison—

"Good-bye, Bart, old boy! Give our love to Margot!"

By this time they were almost out of sight, but Bart still hung on, looking over the rail.

"Good-bye, Bart, old boy! Give our love to Margot!"

Again and yet again the cry came from the darkness, fainter but vociferous still. And then silence. A very proper farewell, you will agree.

I turned my attention to other scenes. Suddenly across the water, from the very heart of Colombo city, or so it seemed, came the cry again, faint but distinct—

"Good-bye, Bart, old boy! Give our love to Margot!"

A very proper farewell indeed. How pleased Margot would be!

By now the shore-going parties had nearly all returned. As the last of them came clambering up the companion-way eight bells rang out clear and insistent and a wave of excitement stirred the whole company on deck. All aboard, and heigh-ho for Merrie England.

There seemed to be something wrong, however. The cargo was all stowed and the hatches battened down. All the passengers had returned. The pilot was aboard. But for some reason nothing happened, and as a matter of fact it began to look as if we should not move for some time. One by one the passengers who had stayed up to see the thing through drifted off to their cabins. I stuck on till 1.25 A.M., and then I too gave it up. I was about the last.

Some time later I was awakened from a troubled sleep by a great shout outside my cabin—

"GOOD-BYE, BART, OLD BOY! GIVE OUR LOVE TO MARGOT!"

For the moment I thought it was some kind of nightmare, but when I poked my head out through the port-hole there they were again, the whole boat-load of them. And Bart was on deck giving them a lot of back-chat. I could now hear the fo'c's'le winches heaving up the anchors; we were really off at last. I looked at my watch. It was 3.48.

Next day I began a letter to a friend in Bombay. "We left Colombo," I wrote, "at midnight." And a hundred other passengers wrote the same thing in letters before we got to Port Said.

Traditions die hard, especially at sea.

"All judges makes mistakes."
Evening Paper.

Even printers is not infallible.



AVAST HEAVING.

Cap. Baldwin. "WHAT DO YOU TWO THINK YOU 'RE DOING?"
Jix and Amery. "WE 'RE GETTING A BIT MORE SAIL ON HER."
Cap. Baldwin. "NOT WHILE I 'M SKIPPER. YOU 'LL HAVE THE WHOLE THING OVER."



THE ART OF TOPICALITY.

Press Photographer (to Channel swimmer). "BEFORE YOU START I SHOULD LIKE TO GET ONE OF YOU LANDING."

DAYLIGHT EXPOSURE.

"Hold my hand, Priscilla," I said, "for I am feeling shy."

"Don't be so perfectly ridiculous," said Priscilla. "I do wish you would learn to behave properly in the streets."

It was 8 o'clock (summer time) in the evening of a glorious day. The sun was still shining with incredible brilliancy, and Priscilla and I were going out to dinner. I really was feeling shy. It seemed so wrong and vain-glorious of me to be promenading London on this golden afternoon in white tie, white waistcoat, shiny shoes, top-hat and all the rest—the garish insignia of plutocratic conviviality. I had no overcoat (I wanted to wear one, but Priscilla wouldn't let me, and it certainly was very hot)—I had no overcoat, and my stiff shirt, aggressive in its purity, caught and reflected the dazzling rays of the staring unmannerly sun. My beaver towered above me like a sleek self-conscious black cat.

For Priscilla it did not matter at all. A little more nudity, one more string of pearls. She might almost as well have been going to play tennis. But I . . . There was no doubt what I was going to do—I, an ostentatious walking advertisement of champagne and caviare. It was enough to make all London Bolshie, really it was.

"Hide your pearls, Priscilla," I said; "such a parade of wealth before the eyes of the poor is indecorous. And pray put on a more modest demeanour. Have you absolutely no sense of shame?"

"Why should I be ashamed?" asked Priscilla, serene and cool.

"You should be ashamed of your vanity and your uselessness," I said. "You are so obviously nothing but an idle butterfly. Do try to look a little more industrious. And hide those pearls," I repeated savagely as we approached a group of workmen who, hands in pockets, were smoking their pipes after a day's hard work, no doubt.

I wondered how I should pass them. Should I give them a bright smile and a brisk "Good evening" as I stepped smartly by with an air of business and efficiency? Should I be lightly bantering with Priscilla, my head averted as if quite oblivious of their presence? Or should I, with something of *hauteur*, even arrogance, in my deportment, stalk past them like an aristocrat on the way to the guillotine?

We came nearer. Their eyes were fixed upon me. I bowed my head and slunk—yes, I am afraid it was "slunk"—slunk past fearfully and ignominiously. But this piece of cowardice did not save me. "'Ere, Bill, look at this bloke!" said one, and, though I did not so much as glance in his direction, I felt that he was pointing at me with the stem of his pipe. "That's a bit of orl right, ain't it?" said another, and then there was a great guffaw of laughter, and so we passed out of ear-shot.

We only had about five hundred yards to go to our destination, but that walk seemed to last an eternity. Never had people stared at me so much; never had my clothes seemed so outrageously inappropriate, so vulgarly rich, so offensively immaculate!

* * * * *

At last we reached the house; we

passed along a red carpet between two giggling crowds. In the hall Priscilla vanished.

I found myself surrounded by strange men, fellow-guests who had just arrived. They were remarkable for the spick-and-span correctitude of their dress and they looked coldly at the collar of my coat, which I now remembered was slightly threadbare.

I shifted uncomfortably and turned to give my hat to the footman. He stared at it. Good heavens! it *was* badly brushed.

I observed that the footman was considering my shoes. Great Scott! they *did* look shabby.

The footman's eyes rested on my stomach. Ye gods! how grubby was my white waistcoat! My stiff shirt? Why, the thing was *dirty*!

The footman glanced at my tie. I looked in a mirror. My aunt! it was all askew. What an untidy disreputable wretch I looked!

Priscilla appeared, cool and serene (though her pearls were too patently sixpence a string).

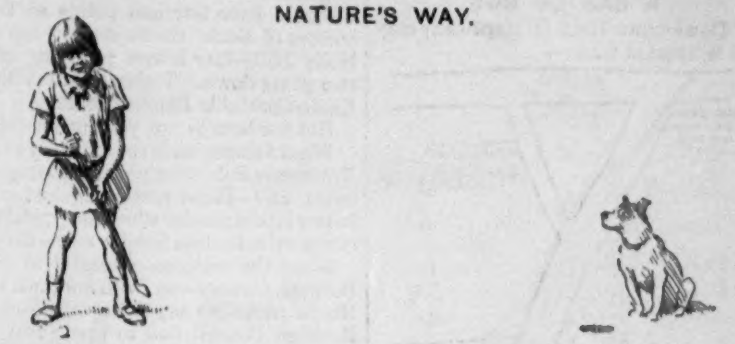
"Hold my hand, Priscilla," I said, "for I am feeling shy."

FAUTE DE MIEUX.

Queen Elizabeth found one day
A note from Spain on her breakfast-tray.
"Philip the Second," it ran, "presents
His not very heartfelt compliments,
And he 's been told
That Queen Elizabeth's merchant men
Could tell him how and where and when
A galleon new from Martinique
Got lost on her journey home last week
With a freight of gold
For the King and his highly-incensed Grandees.
And pretty young ladies
Are crying at Cadiz,
'Now tell us, King Philip, oh, *do* tell us, please!
Where *is* all this gold that we might be enjoying?
Qué desgraciado! It 's worse than annoying.'
I'm tired of writing
Again and again;
You 'll drive me to fighting,"
Wrote Philip of Spain.

Queen Elizabeth smiled, and then
She sent for her saucy merchantmen.
They sparkled with gold from top to toe,
And they winked at the Queen as they louted low.
And Elizabeth said:
"Welcome, my Bullies, and give you Good-day!
Our cousin King Philip has written to say
That his lords and his ladies are sore at the loss
Of a cargo of gold, and he 's ever so cross;
And I simply dread
These foreign disputes and political shindies;
So you might find it better,
In view of this letter,
To stop plucking flowers that grow in the Indies.
Forget if you can their seductive gold petals;
There are other quite useful inferior metals.
If gold 's out of season
Just now, I can see
No logical reason
Why silver should be."

NATURE'S WAY.



His master's daughter—



has none of his master's reverence for theory.



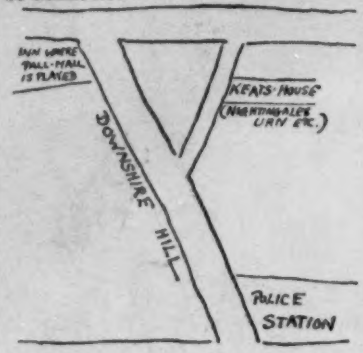
Also, unlike his master's—



her putts go in!

À BAS LE BUS.

DOWNSHIRE HILL (Hampstead) may be delineated thus:—



The houses in Downshire Hill are mostly small, Georgian and genteel. They have trim little gardens in front, but because of their years they are frail. A Sunday bus service, operating every ten minutes, has now started running up Downshire Hill, and the inhabitants are, justly, I think, incensed, because plaster has begun to fall off their ceilings and flake into their baths and on to their breakfast-tables. Very soon, no doubt, the houses will collapse and leave them bathing or breakfasting in the street.

Further, this part of Hampstead has always been exempt from the barbarous tumult of London, which is poured out upon the Heath. No motor-bus runs anywhere between the police-station and the tube-station, or, if you like to put it rather more pleasantly, within the area haunted by memories of KEATS, CONSTABLE, ROMNEY, ROGERS and BLAKE; or, again, if you like to put it so, between the rat-catcher's house and the place where the flower-sellers stand.

The reasons for this are physical as well as sentimental. The High Street, into which Downshire Hill debouches by the police-station, is very steep, and the London motor-bus apparently has a poor wind. It is true that a horse-bus used to operate in the High Street, and I have a plan to reinstate this service some day, if it is allowed, and drive the bus myself. It will be the only horse-bus in London, and for that reason ought to pay, especially in August, when the Americans are here. I should have terminal points at the bottom of Keats' Grove and the top of Holly Hill—four horses going up and two going down. I should call it the Keats-Constable-Romney route.

But the hour is not yet ripe for this.

What amazes me is the difficulty that Downshire Hill has experienced in registering any official protest against the falling bits of plaster which keep getting mixed up with their Sunday marmalade.

When the residents appealed to the Borough Council—so I was informed by No. 75 (shall we say?) in person—the Borough Council had to apply to the Ministry of Transport, which did not even trouble to answer their letter at all.

"Was it a saucy letter?" I inquired.

"How do you mean?" asked 75.

"When I was buying tobacco the other day," I told him, "the lady who keeps the shop could hardly serve me on account of her agitation. She had just had the *sauciest* letter I could possibly imagine, she said, from the Borough Council. So I am afraid our Borough Council must be a bit of a minx. But I don't think the Ministry of Transport had any business to light their pipe with a letter from the Borough Council just because the Borough Council had been a saucy cat to it. The Ministry of Transport should just have given the Borough Council a quiet piece of its mind, and explained that a motor-bus is not a transport but a tribulation, or whatever the difficulty was."

The difficulty apparently was that alterations in the Sunday bus-service, like the moral control of Hyde Park, are in the hands of the Commissioner of Police, who has no interest in the baths or the marmalade of Downshire Hill, but merely studies the general convenience of the traffic system.

"There is nothing left to do," said my friend, "but write to *The Times*."

He showed me the letter he had drafted. I read it through and trembled at his temerity. There seemed to me to be several sentences of which the syntax could be improved by four or five hours' hard work, and there were no quotations of any kind. "Considering," I said, "that Keats Grove runs into Downshire Hill, you could surely get in something about 'Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards' with reference to this Sunday motor-bus."

However, he demurred.

"What I want you to do," he said, "is to sign it."

"But I don't live in Downshire Hill," I said.

"No, but you live near the original well, where the pump-room was," he said, "and if Downshire Hill is broken to pieces your turn may come next."

"Since you appeal to my sense of civic duty . . .," I said, and, looking up at our own plaster, I sighed and signed. "All the same," I went on, "I don't care for this word 'amenities' that we've used."

"Why not?"

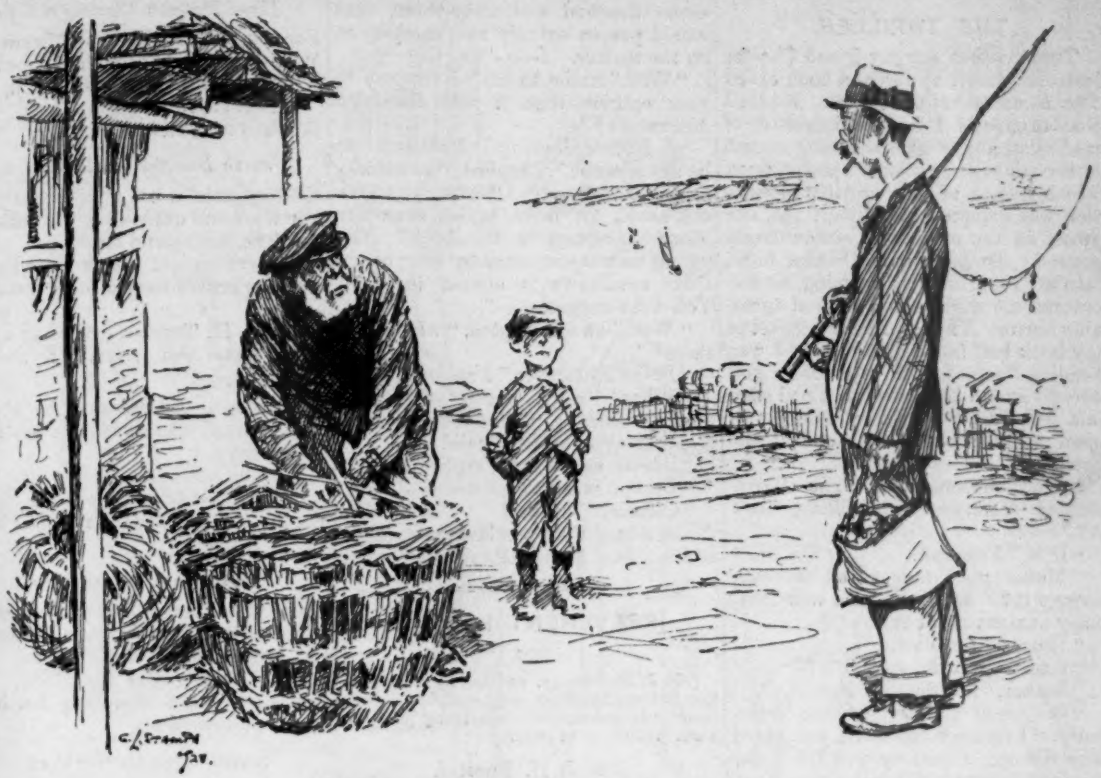
"Everybody talks about amenities when they write to *The Times*, and I'm not quite certain what amenities are. Several people have used the word, for instance, about this new motor-racing track on the Sussex Downs. Other people might say that a motor-racing track was an amenity. The point is that these other people are fools, who ought to be stamped upon. I maintain that the sound of birds calling and sheep bleating is pleasanter to anybody but an idiot than the sound of a motor exhaust, and that a dew-pond is prettier, except to a nincompoop, than a racing-track. So here I think you ought to say that a motor-bus, which is an invention of Beelzebub, ought not to be allowed to shatter the Sunday calm of a lot of nice little Georgian houses which were there when KEATS wrote the 'Ode on a Grecian Urn,' and that anyone who thinks otherwise ought to be hamstrung."

"I don't think you could put that in *The Times*," he said.

"Perhaps not," I agreed; "but there is one other thing you might do instead



"I BELIEVE WE MUST BE IN DEVONSHIRE ALREADY. DID YOU NOTICE THAT FELLOW'S BROAD ACCENT?"



City Man. "YOU 'RE ALWAYS FISHING, I S'POSE?"
Fisherman. "AY, SIR—MORE OR LESS."
City Man. "YOU 'RE LUCKY TO HAVE A LIFE OF RECREATION."

of sending this letter to *The Times*, and in many parts of the world it *would* be done."

"Go on," he said patiently.

"The Downshire Hillmen," I pointed out, "and their families might come out every Sunday morning and sit down in the road on mats, making an unbroken line between pavement and pavement, and dare the motor-buses to come on. The publicity of the appeal would be tremendous."

"But suppose they did come on?" he objected.

"'Now more than ever seems it rich to die,'" I quoted to him. "Still, I should be sorry if that occurred to you."

So the letter went to *The Times*.

Meanwhile the abomination of the Downshire Hill motor-bus still stands —or plies. EVOE.

The Value of Grit.

"Wanted, four sand-faced Brick Moulders." *Bucks Paper.*

The Decadent Edwardians.

"The cottage was probably built before the Reformation, in the reign of Edward the Seventh."—*Evening Paper.*

Whose Reformation?

STANDARD SPEECH.

WHAT do they know of English,
As English should be spoke,
Who never heard Eblana's child
Warble his Shavian woodnotes wild
In "Dawblun's" dialect, undefiled
By the vile Saxon's yoke?

What do they know of English
Who, wedded to the past,
Affect the finicking, "refaned"
And mincing Oxford style, arraigned
By ST. JOHN ERVINE and disdained
By beautiful Belfast?

What do they know of English
Who know not Yorks or Lancs,
Where aspirates are cast aside,
And vowels, very broad and wide,
Flow forth in an unfettered tide
Unknown to cultured Yanks?

What do they know of English
Who have not learned to use
The lingo that befits the mien
Of conquering sheikh or cow-girl queen,
To con the "captions" of the screen
Or court the movie Muse?

What do they know of English
Who fail to take their cue
From the sleek beauties of the shop,
Radiant in silks and Eton crop,
Who let the frequent "Moddam" drop
From lips of scarlet hue?

I know not and I care not,
Because the average man,
Unawed by what reformers preach,
By high-brows' wail or low-brows' screech,
Will never follow in his speech
The standardizing plan.

Tell it not in Gath.

"Taking his theme from the third chapter of St. Paul's letter to the Philistines, Dr. —— said . . ."—*New York Paper.*

"This piece is undoubtedly most unique, and probably the only one of its kind in the country."—*From advertisement of wardrobe in Daily Paper.*

Yes; but, after all, just whereabouts probably are we exactly?

"A leading part will be taken by the Right Hon. Sir E. Hilton Young, M.P., a former Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who is Limited."—*Daily Paper.*

This is the first time we have heard this charge brought against a Privy Councillor.

THE THRILLER.

Three weeks ago my friend Chester lent me (almost by force) a book called *The Bloodstained Marzipan*. I admit that originally I had no intention of reading it, and what made me succumb in the end was its coloured jacket, upon which a scene of truly horrible fascination was depicted in brilliant red and green on the customary yellow background. To-day, when Chester burst into my room without warning, he discovered me reading in a state of agreeable horror. The lurid yellow jacket of my book had fallen at my feet; I was bending forward, with my hair on end and my eyes dilated; my pipe had gone out. Chester observed all this with great satisfaction as he stood at the door.

"Ah," he remarked, "*The Bloodstained Marzipan* is thrilling, isn't it?"

"It is," I replied.

"Makes your hair stand on end, doesn't it?" he asked. He was obviously anxious about this.

"It does," I replied.

"Positively baffling, isn't it?"

"Rather," I replied. "But——"

"Oh," said Chester, smiling tolerantly, "I daresay you think you know who did it. I daresay you think the grim and inscrutable Oriental, *Ung Ping*, did it."

By this time my hair had completely subsided.

"I do not," I replied, relighting my pipe. "I have no suspicions whatever of the grim and inscrutable Oriental, *Ung Ping*. I always ignore grim and inscrutable Orientals like *Ung Ping* on principle. They used to take me in terribly, but now I see through them with ease. They seem to think almost anything's worth being grim and inscrutable over. I don't mind it if they've committed a murder; but there was a Chink in a book I was reading the other day who, let alone being grim and inscrutable, was always narrowing his eyes to slits; and it came out in the end that all he knew was the winner of the 2.30. I mean to say——"

"Well, then," he proceeded, "it's pretty certain you have your suspicions of *Edwin Higgup*, the young man who stands to gain a cool hundred thousand."

"I do not suspect *Edwin Higgup*," I replied. "Most certainly not. I never give a second thought——"

"Gave," he corrected gently.

"I never give a second thought," I repeated with dignity, "to people who stand to gain any cool sum of money. But if, for instance, he had sat down to gain, say, a warm sixty-nine thousand, seven hundred and forty-three, that would put an entirely new complexion on the matter. I——"

"Well," he broke in, "I suppose in your opinion then it was *Randolph Maltravers*?"

"I believe *Randolph Maltravers* to be as innocent," I replied, "as a suckling babe. Surely, Chester, you give me credit for more brains than the other characters in the book? The young man is suspected by everybody; their unanimity is almost indecent. You don't suggest——"

"Well," he interrupted, "who else *is* there?"

"*Brian Mastertree*," I said.

"What!" cried Chester with pretended scorn. "The distinguished scientist—you believe *he* did it?"

"I *know* he did it," I replied firmly.

"Do you mean to tell me——"

"Certainly," I said. "I read *The Bloodstained Marzipan* last week. This is *The Fatal Sewing-Machine* I've got here."

IRREVERENT RADIOS.

VIII.

[Mr. J. H. Thomas, assisted by a party of four Railway Directors, sings antiphonal songs in order to encourage the travelling public to make greater use of trains.]

Mr. J. H. Thomas.

O broadcatchers, wake from your dream!

First Director.

O listeners, attend to our theme!

Second Director.

O holiday-makers

Third Director.

And charabanc-takers,

Fourth Director.

Remember the glories of steam!

First Director (suddenly recognising the metre).

There was a young girl who said "Pah!
Why on earth should I go down by car
To delightful Southend
With my gentleman friend
When the railway is lovelier far?"

Mr. J. H. Thomas *(nobly responding).*

I once knew a Duke who said "Mirth
Is the keynote of travelling to Perth,
And a cosy express,
Where you dine and undress,
Is the lordliest life upon earth."

Second Director (also doing his best).

There was a young couple at Harwich
Who never got out of the carriage;
They preferred to remain
Sitting there in the train
Till the friendship resulted in marriage.

Third Director (failing a little).

For those of His Majesty's lieges
Who want to take rooms at Lyme Regis,
The Southern will send you,
And guard and defend you,
Beneath its beneficent ægis.

Fourth Director (really hard up).

Enchantment is not a misnomer
For week-end excursions to Cromer;
The engine and tender
Seem fraught with a splendour
And the brakes have a briny aroma.

* * * * *

Mr. J. H. Thomas *(resuming after a slight pause and reverting to the true limerick vein).*

There was an old Sultan of Salisbury
Who wanted some wives for his halisbury,
So he had them sent down
By a fast train from town,
For he thought that his motor would scalisbury.

First Director (doggedly).

There was a young lady of Cirencester
Whose fiancé went down to virencester
By the Great Western line,
Which he swore was divine,
And he couldn't have been much explirencester.

Second Director (inspired).

There was a young lady of Shropshire
Who went for a holiday gopshire
With a well-to-do bloke
Who was changing at Stoke,
And with whom she decided to popshire.

Third Director (with a touch of audacity).

There is an old party whose jowey
Is to stand in the station at Fowey
And to greet with loud cheers
Every train that appears;
He has done so since he was a bowey.

Fourth Director (baffled, and striking a less hilarious note).

Remember, good people and voters,
Devourers of whelks and of bloaters,
The newspapers pay you
Far more if we slay you
Than if you are slaughtered by motors.

Together (in unison).

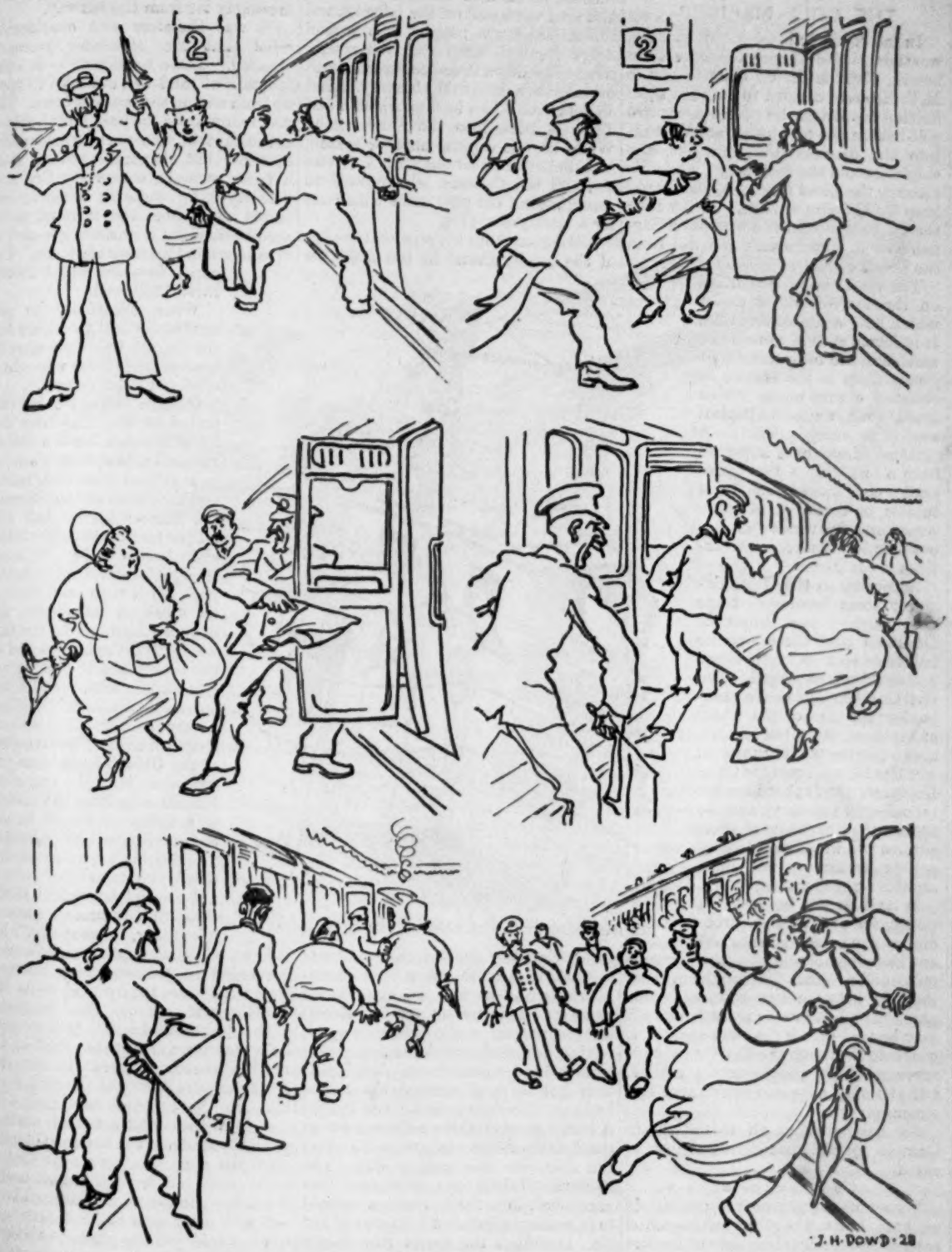
O listeners, attend to our cry!
O holiday-makers, be nigh!
Don't travel by bus
To the sea, but by *us*,
Or the railways of England will die,
(*tremolo*) Or the railways of England will die.

Good-bye!

Evoe.

Modes for Men.

"Prince Arthur, dressed in a brown hat and brown coat trimmed with summer ermine. . ." *Sunday Paper.*



THE DEPARTURE.

THE GOLF MARINES.

In lat. 2°34′ S., long. 81°48′ W., the weather being clear with a light westerly breeze, Captain R. G. Gamble of the M.V. *Bombero* decided to cure his slice. Seizing his driver he placed a captive golf-ball on the fore-hatch and drove it into the derricks, the bulwarks, the ship's cat and the deck-cargo, while his mentor, the Chief Engineer, told him to keep his left arm straight. Every time the Captain replied the virginal flying-fish rose in silver shoals and fled from the ship's vicinity.

The vessel was due to arrive on the morrow off a desert which lies on top of some oil. It is devoid even of camels and cacti, and the only thing that grows there is the species of skeleton church-spire which lends such an ecclesiastical aspect to every oilfield. A resident oilman once imported from a fertile spot two thousand miles away a couple of tubfuls of earth. He grows geraniums in window-boxes; but this is considered ostentatious if not garish.

According to the Chief Engineer some Sassenach bogie had wagered the Prince of Darkness that there was no habitable spot on earth where golf could not be played. The Evil One, having found a sand-bunker the size of the whole of Scotland, attracted inhabitants by laying on oil beneath it.

"The Deevil," said the Chief Engineer, "ken't that a bunker caused great misery, and he argued that naebody of their ain free will would elect to play golf in continuous and inescapable t-r-reebulation."

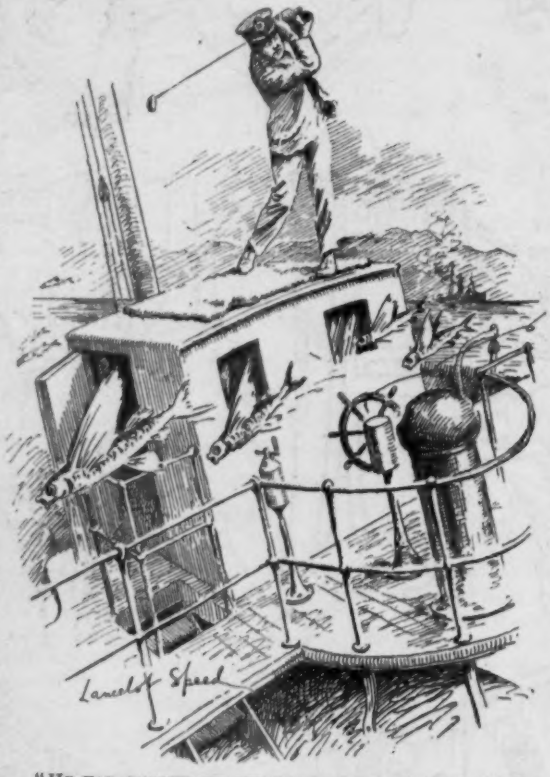
If this is so he lost his wager, for part of this Brobdingnagian bunker is fenced off and has nine holes in it. The fairways only differ from the rough in that they lie between two rows of white pegs. If a ball lands on the fairway it may be teed up for the next shot; if it goes into the rough the Evil One has his revenge. Most people take a niblick, but the only adequate instrument is a steam-navvy.

So, having heard all this, Captain Gamble decided that his slice must be cured.

* * * * *

Conscious of the danger of quicksands on both bows, the Captain steered a careful and seamanlike course for the first two holes, which he halved. At the third tee, tempted by the prospect of success, he tried to increase the range. His shot went well off the fairway, and the mischief was begun. His second drove the ball deep into the rough, whence he dug a knee-deep trench with his niblick back on to the fairway. After a short "easy" he teed up his ball and drove it back into the rough again. While he was digging another trench, Mr. McAlister holed out with a careful six, and the Captain, who refused to give up, sank his putt some time later for a courageous 47. . . .

Sitting smoking his pipe on the edge of the sand-"green" at the fifth, the Chief Engineer decided that golf was a lonely game. Profiting by a gentleman's agreement with the Captain, he had long ago holed out, but the indefatigable mariner was nowhere in sight, having resumed trench-digging operations behind a sand-dune. Mr. McAlister got up and scanned the barren horizon. No human being was visible. A sucking and clanking noise came from the distant oil-derricks, and in the offing the ship was discharging cargo into lighters. Inland the sandscape was unrelieved, and the low dunes seemed to be waving about in the ripples of hot air. Doubtless the desert was strewn with the bones of inaccurate golfers who, niblick in hand, had pursued the mirage of a sand-green and perished miserably far from the fairway.



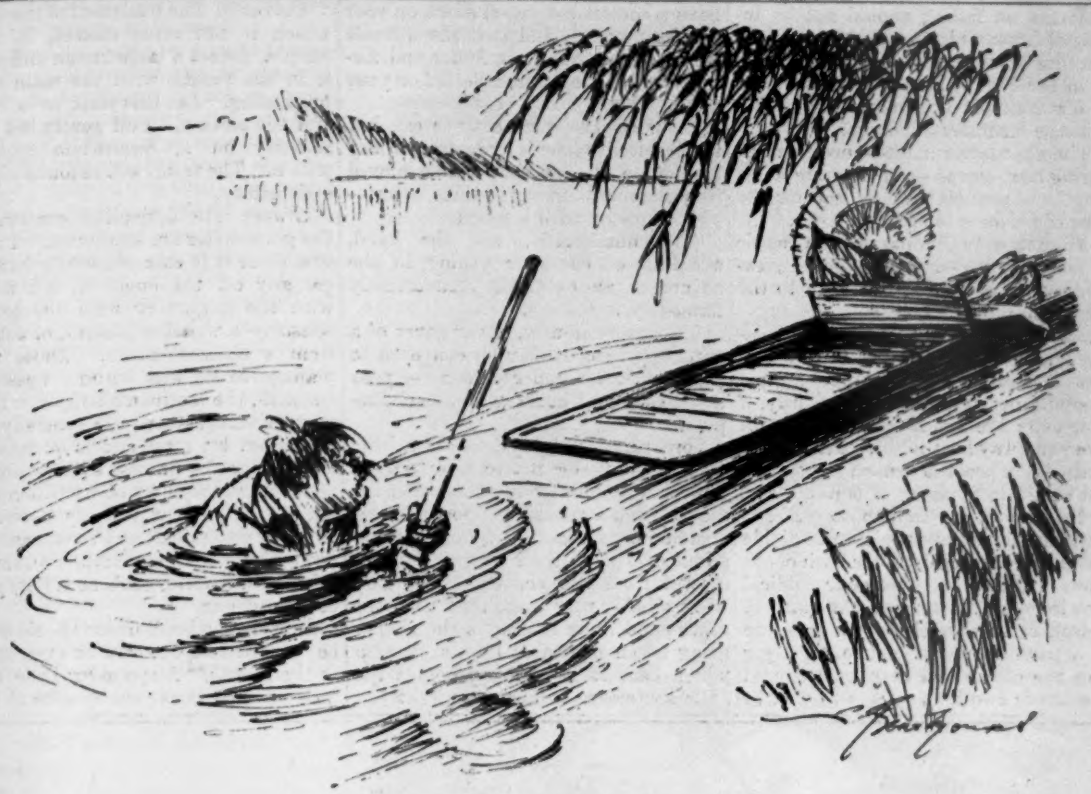
"He had climbed to the roof of the chart-house."

It was therefore with considerable relief that Mr. McAlister presently shouted, "There he blows!" A small fountain of sand was observed to spurt up from among the sandy billows. This was followed by the head and shoulders of the Captain, who was now progressing in short but demoniac rushes along a fairly straight course for the hole. "Thirty-two" came in clear concentrated tones from the intrepid sailor, accompanied by a crunching sound as of sand ground between the teeth. Two paces forward and "Thirty-three" followed.

When eventually he persuaded his ball to trickle into the tin, the Captain's score for his last three holes was a hundred-and-twenty-one. . . .

On the sixth tee he intimated to Mr. McAlister that his slice was a bit of a bother. He set his jaw, took his driver in a grip of iron, and, calling on Providence and the Mercantile Marine, hit his ball with all the fury of despair. Sliced and half-topped, it made straight for one of the boundary pegs, hit it with such force as to break it off short and bounded back on to the fairway. The Captain picked up the broken peg in passing and regarded it with a sullen but not unjustifiable pride. Then he produced from his pocket a length of twine. With the help of the Chief Engineer he proceeded to bind the peg along his left arm after the manner of a splint. "Shan't be able to bend it now," he explained; "I shouldn't wonder if this didn't cure my slice."

I am not competent to discuss the technical question "*post hoc, propter hoc*," but it is certain that Captain Gamble now succeeded in remaining on the fairway with a regularity that made Mr. McAlister so nervous that he putted with a trembling hand. At the eighth hole they were all square. But at the ninth a tragedy occurred. In achieving a magnificent drive the Captain broke his peg. Nevertheless he attacked his second with confidence and made a passable stroke in the direction of long-off. His approach was a neat shot to cover-point, but brought him no nearer the hole. He therefore addressed himself with great care to his fourth. In front of him was the green, to his right the pavilion. Paying particular attention to his swing, he struck with infinite



Wife. "DON'T SAY YOU 'VE FALLEN IN, CYRIL."
Husband. "I W-WASN'T (*puff*) GOIN' TO."

caution. The ball went into the pavilion. Captain Gamble, entering in pursuit, decided to swallow his defeat and a convenient quantity of beer.

* * * * * *

Not for nothing is there a bull-dog breed. The same evening, as his ship sailed off westward, the Captain could be seen taking the first available opportunity to resume the cure of his slice. He had climbed to the roof of the chart-house above the bridge, the highest flat spot in the ship, where there was just room for a man and a mat.

As the ship rolled in the Pacific swell he performed an imposing compound waggle which took both his club and himself through an arc of about fifteen feet. In due course the M.V. *Bombero* delivered a determined salvo of one golf-ball. So majestic a drive should have taken it across three thousand miles of casual water to the Marquesas Islands, whence a brassie would have reached to within approaching distance of the setting sun.

Actually the string got entangled in one of the starboard davits.

While the Captain was disentangling it, shoal after shoal of virginal flying-fish arose and fled from the ship's vicinity.

HOW TO EAT DESSERT.

DESSERT is a very difficult course to manage. Especially, I find, at my Aunt Jessica's dinners, for she is old-fashioned and particular in small things. Under her keen eye dessert, troublesome enough at any time, becomes a terrible ordeal of etiquette. Indeed, a friend of mine once ceased to be mentioned by her for six months for having cut an apple from east to west instead of from north to south.

Mind you, privately I maintain there is only one proper method of eating fruit. That is the old method of your childhood. Something was tucked in round your neck, oilcloth was spread round the outskirts of the battlefield, and you got at the job as Nature intended. After which a kind grown-up opened all doors in the direct line of ascent to the bath-room; you were aimed and despatched, and the penalty for a sticky return was no fruit next time.

Naturally I quite admit that that is rather impracticable at a formal dinner-party, but still it had one great advantage: your choice of fruit was only limited by what was present. At a formal dinner-party your choice is limited by what you think you can deal with in the correct manner. And this is far too much of a strain on the mental machinery, coming as it does just at that stage of the meal when I personally like to sit and rest the brain. Indeed, if it wasn't for the fact that with any luck the champagne has by then been round three or four times, many a nervous young man would have a breakdown.

It is to help such that I have compiled from my own observation and arranged in alphabetical order the following hints on how to deal with various fruits, both in attack and defence, with especial reference to the offensive, the consolidation of gains and the final mopping up:—

Apple. The apple is easy. It should be held in the left hand and peeled with the knife. Care should be taken at the later stages to ensure (*a*) that the globe does not bound across the table under a too great pressure of the fingers, and (*b*) that the gradually lengthening by-product of peel does not become entangled with the clothing. This peel should be looped up as it becomes available and neatly coiled on the plate. The practice of throwing it over the left shoulder to see what girl's initial

it forms on falling should not be indulged in except in the seclusion of your Tooting home, at the local tennis club or in the Park. In any case it should be discontinued after marriage as likely to cause misunderstandings.

The alternative habit—once common during heat-waves—of plastering short lengths of peel on the forehead for the sake of coolness is fast dying out.

After the preliminaries the apple should be divided into segments, excluding the core, and conveyed to the mouth on a fork.

Bananas. The novice generally half-peels a banana with the fingers and eats it with the petals thus formed drooping over the cuffs. Obviously, if your cuffs are not reversible, this will give you away next night. The correct method is to peel the banana completely and cut it into pieces of suitable size for the fork. To avoid monotony I have found that an excellent plan is to divide it into twelve pieces, one for each of the tribes of Israel, and test your Biblical knowledge by murmuring the name of each piece to yourself as you consume it. Judah should of course be larger than the others and Manasseh should be eaten in two bites. It is as well to have a correct list jotted down on your cuff, or you will find that the difficult ones, such as Naphtali, Asher and Zebulun, will be left unrecollected on your plate.

Cherries. These are easy to eat, but the resultant stone is by no means easy to dispose of. It should be removed from the mouth in one of three ways:—

(*a*) Openly, with a spoon.

(*b*) Confidentially, *vid* the hand, avoiding of course anything in the nature of an oubliette inadvertently formed by the sleeve.

(*c*) Surreptitiously, under cover of a napkin, whence it may be conveyed to the pocket or under a chair—your neighbour's, of course, to divert suspicion.

Some people, notably those of a retiring disposition, prefer not to remove them immediately, but to retain them all in the mouth till a favourable opportunity for abandonment occurs. Since they are admittedly shy their enforced withdrawal from the conversational ring will probably pass unnoticed. On the other hand there is always the risk of being taken unawares by a sneeze, in which case it is highly probable the little subterfuge will come to light.

Currants. The treatment of this fruit, which is not often offered, is quite simple. Select a large bunch and place it in the mouth with the main stalk protruding. Let this stalk be called A, and the teeth B. Pull gently but tenaciously on A, meanwhile gripping with B. The result will be found highly satisfactory.

Grapes. The difficulties confronting the grape-eater are enormous. In the first place it is extraordinarily hard to get any off the bunch at all, either with the fingers or with the grape-scissors—a wedding-present, of course, from a distant cousin. Those who manage to do this without upsetting the dish, the footman's temper or their partner's finger-bowl are generally too exhausted by these efforts to consume any. For the process of disposing of the skins and pips, see under "Cherries." On the whole, it is perhaps preferable to avoid raw grapes and to concentrate on this fruit in a manufactured and more exhilarating form, such as claret, port or champagne.

Melons. A slice of melon should *never* be hooked into the ears or even lifted to the mouth. A spoon (or knife) and fork are necessary, but be careful not



Shipwrecked Person. "What did you say was the name of this bay?"
Rescuer. "This 'ere 's Belsom Bay."
Shipwrecked Person. "Thanks. I'll just send a postcard to Mother to say what I've swallowed."

to slice out of the fairway and to keep your spoon-shots to yourself.

Oranges. Oranges present many temptations to go wrong, and incidentally to try to be funny. There is really only one way to eat an orange, and that is to suck it through a lump of sugar. This, however, is too noisy and unrefined for the best circles. The insane longing to fashion a set of imitation false teeth from the peel should also be kept in subjection. It seldom amuses the sophisticated. On the whole an orange should always be avoided at dessert, for if you try to eat it the proper way you will be at it all night. Indeed, I have only once seen a man brave enough to take an orange, and everyone displayed such excitement about it that he lost his nerve and put it in his pocket. Since then he has not had another opportunity.

Pineapples. There is no finer fruit for the centre of the table than a pineapple; there is also no surer way of becoming unpopular with a hostess than by being the only one to want pineapple. Sometimes, if there is a quorum, the pineapple is cut. Otherwise it probably goes back next day to the emporium from which it was hired for the occasion. A. A.

MUTUAL PLEASURE.

[Now that they are illuminated after closing hours, a night walk among the shops is becoming a recognised form of entertainment.]

WHEN shades of night begin to fall
And we who toil for pay
Have duly terminated all
The labours of the day,
'Tis then I bid my Jane complete
Her household tasks (or chores)
And take her as a little treat
To wander round the stores.

At each illuminated pane
She gazes with delight,
And I myself contrive to gain
A pleasure from the sight;
The wealth with which the shops are stocked
Entrances her, and I
Rejoice in knowing they are locked
And so she cannot buy.

Mislaid From the Agony Column.

"Having lain on the table for seven days, the Johannesburg Town Council will be asked to-morrow to vote £5,313 for additions to the Fever Hospital."—*Johannesburg Paper.*

You can get most things out of most people by torture.

"SEATING COMFORT.

. . . . adequate cloakroom accommodation will do away with the necessity for hats and cats being 'nursed' in the theatre or placed beneath seats."—*Daily Paper.*

We hesitate to leave our Tibbits in a cloakroom.



Voice. "I HEARD YOU PERFECTLY. FUNNY YOU COULDN'T HEAR ME."
Long-suffering Subscriber. "GOOD HEAVENS! THEY 'RE BRINGING IN ONE-WAY TELEPHONES NOW!"

Fashionable Remorse.

"Mrs. —— wore a brown tailored coat, fur trimmed, and smart feeling of regret."
New Zealand Paper.

"The new Ford Roaster has arrived in Bulawayo."—*Rhodesian Paper.*

You ought to try a Flivver Grill.

"Owner of good Bus seeks pushing young Man."—*Local Paper.*

We suggest that a nursemaid would be a more experienced candidate.

Exodus.

Saint Pancras pulls his holy hairs;
Victoria is not amused;
King's Cross in regal fashion swears;
Euston grows visibly confused;
At Waterloo they 're frankly beaten
(Despite the playing-fields of Eton).

"The soft colours that meet the eye all round seem to melt into one another here, and the furnishing articles are most aptly described by the American term 'chic.'"—*Scots Paper.*

Or the French word "dandy."



Country Cousin. "HAVE YOU BEEN RAIDED YET TO-NIGHT?"
Manager. "NO, MADAM."
Country Cousin. "THEN WE 'LL WAIT A BIT."

PERFECTING THE PIANO.

UNTIL now, while pianists have differed, one piano has been very much like another. That has always been my grievance.

If we must have pianos, it is time we had a change of some sort, and a fortune awaits the man who will put on the market a piano that varies from the common type. Therefore I congratulate the inventor of the piano which will "spurt forth a pint of lager beer," about which I have read in my evening newspaper. He has created a very ingenious instrument, and at the same time, I hope and believe, has incidentally given the piano a chance at last. For while we often contemplate with emotion the meekness of the piano-hearer—in this country at all events, where the shooting of a pianist is a far less frequent occurrence than it might be—our sympathy should be extended also to the piano itself for the daily and nightly treatment to which it is subjected, with no power of retaliation.

The new beer-spurting piano is the property of a comedian, and that being so one may assume that his pleasure in its ownership is enhanced by the fact that the beer is spurted forth to his advantage. But are there not other possibilities in this kind of device? By the adjustment of a nut here and a spring there, surely the beer could be made to spurt, not for the refreshment of the player while he mops his brow after the second movement, but for his admonishment when he is making too free with the cadenza. And bear in mind, if you please, that beer is not the only practicable liquid; there are ink and tar as well.

Then again, an ingenuity that can introduce a beer-spouting accessory would not be hard put to it surely to arrange some simple mechanism for bruising a shin or gnawing a finger or upsetting the piano-stool.

I now have hopes of living to see the day when we shall have a concert-grand that will back away from the pianist in the middle of the concerto and, if the intrepid fellow follows up, will rear and bite him. I trust it may not be long before the improvement in our pianos will ensure that little Phyllis, at "The Turrets," shall be smothered in soot or flour immediately she opens the book containing RUBINSTEIN'S "Melody in F" and other choice pieces for the beginner. Let us have a piano which, when driven to the limit of endurance, will rush out of the drawing-room into the garden and sulk in the toolshed, refusing to come in when called.

In the meantime there is my own piano. I have often felt that I should like to solace the poor thing. Perhaps a pint of lager beer spurted *into* it. . . . I must think that over.

Our Cynical Choirboys.

"Subject (by request):—'The Modern Christian and Modern Marriage.' Solos—'Lead, Kindly Light' and 'Bondage.'"
Church Announcement in Local Paper.

"On board *The Daily Mail* musical yacht *Celo*, Ilfracombe, Friday.—The *Celo* is due at the Isle of Man on Tuesday. In the course of that day and Wednesday and Thursday it will broadcast to Douglas, Ramsey, and Peel."
Daily Paper.

We trust it won't be long before Lord ROTHERMERE recovers the bread he has cast on the waters.



TWENTY YEARS ON?

American Tourist. "PARDON, ME, SIR, BUT CAN YOU PUT ME WISE TO THE NAME OF THIS THRIVING INDUSTRIAL BURG?"

Mr. Punch. "I REGRET TO SAY, SIR, THAT THIS IS OXFORD."

[A Trust has been formed to protect the beauties of Oxford and its environs, and has appealed for a sum of £250,000 to purchase the land required for this purpose. Donations should be sent to the account of the Oxford Preservation Trust, Barclay's Bank, High Street, Oxford.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 30th.—The Rating and Valuation Bill in Committee of the Lords found Lord THOMSON in a difficulty. The Bill, it had been explained, was intended to give relief from rating to buildings or other property "used for the purpose of production by manual labour." He, Lord THOMSON, had sought for a definition of manual labour in *Murray's Dictionary* (meaning presumably the *Oxford English Dictionary*), but could not find a good one. He was satisfied, however, that a distributive trade was one which employed manual labour, and he moved an Amendment accordingly. Lord PEEL in reply deftly declined to be entangled in definitions. Nothing would be nicer, he said, than to derate everything and everybody, but they had just so much money to spend and it must be spent where it would do most good.

Lord THOMSON withdrew his Amendment, but the Scots are made of sterner stuff, and an Amendment by Lord NOVAR dealing with Scottish Valuations was taken to a division, and only defeated by thirty-six votes to twenty.

When Lord SALISBURY proposed the Second Reading of the Registration (Births, Deaths and Marriages) Bill, observing, "I recommend this Bill to your Lordships only if you are willing to accept it," the refinements of *toujours la politesse* surely required Lord STRACHIE to reply in effect, "This is a controversial Bill which I am eager to controvert, but my first thought is to fall in with the wishes of the Noble Marquis who leads the House." Instead, Lord STRACHIE moved that the Bill be read six months hence, and, as Lord PARMOOR supported the Amendment, Lord SALISBURY withdrew his motion.

A like fate nearly befell the Committee stage of the Marriages (Prohibited Degrees of Relationship) Bill, Lord ULLSWATER moving by way of amendment that the House go into Committee on the Bill that day six months. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY supported the Amendment, and so did Lord BEAUCHAMP, but Lord RUSSELL said that the Committee stage was no time for second-reading speeches or for such an Amendment, which, he complained, was against the settled practice of the House.

Lord SALISBURY explained that the Government had an open mind on the Bill, and a division ensued, wherefrom it appeared that there were less than thirty Peers present. Standing Orders in such a case adjourn the debate until the next sitting of the House. As the voting resulted in a tie—fourteen for and fourteen against—Rule XXXIII. happily enabled the members of the Government present to keep their minds open, at least for the present.



"A PRODUCT OF BRITISH AGRICULTURE."

SIR J. AGG-GARDNER (CHAIRMAN OF KITCHEN COMMITTEE) SUPPORTS HOME INDUSTRIES.

In the Commons Mr. BOOTHBY extracted from the SECRETARY OF THE OVERSEAS DEPARTMENT that a herring and a half still costs a zloty, thanks to the high Polish duty on British-cured herrings. Further representations are being considered, but not, we imagine, a safeguarding duty on Polish eggs.

Sir A. CHAMBERLAIN, answering various Questions, rather intimated that the United States has stolen a march on us in concluding a "lone hand" treaty with the Chinese Nationalist Government. A question by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY drew from the harassed FOREIGN MINISTER the observation that he, Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, was always inclined to think his own Government in the wrong. "A most uncalled-for remark!" protested the Member for Central Hull. "It is quite true!" cried Conservative Members in chorus. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY might have retorted that it is the business of the Opposition to think the Government in the wrong. Instead, he protested that he was trying to be helpful. Hon. Members "Oh'd," and the SPEAKER reminded the House that there were thirty-nine more Questions to go. One of these, by Major COHEN, referred to the interference by U.S. coastguard cutters with British vessels in British waters. Sir AUSTEN explained that certain high-handed seizures of rum-runners had been duly investigated and apologized for. In fact there was harmonious co-operation between all Governments and parties concerned—except the rum-runners.

Sir HARRY BRITTAIN, one of the leading spirits in the "See Britain first" movement, asked the FOREIGN SECRETARY if cheaper British visas would not make for more American tourists. Sir AUSTEN replied that we were willing to have cheaper visas all round, but not to reduce visas on tourists only. It would seem that to Sir AUSTEN fifty-fifty ought not to mean one American horse—one British rabbit.

"I see a noise," said one *Bottom* on a certain occasion. Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN declined Major EDMONDSON's invitation to see a whole lot of noises as matter for a commission of inquiry, whatever the B.M.A. might think about it.



THE AERIAL CHOIR IN UNISON.

MAJOR HILLS, COLONEL MOORE-BRABAZON, MR. HORE-BELISHA, CAPTAIN F. E. GUEST AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENWORTHY.

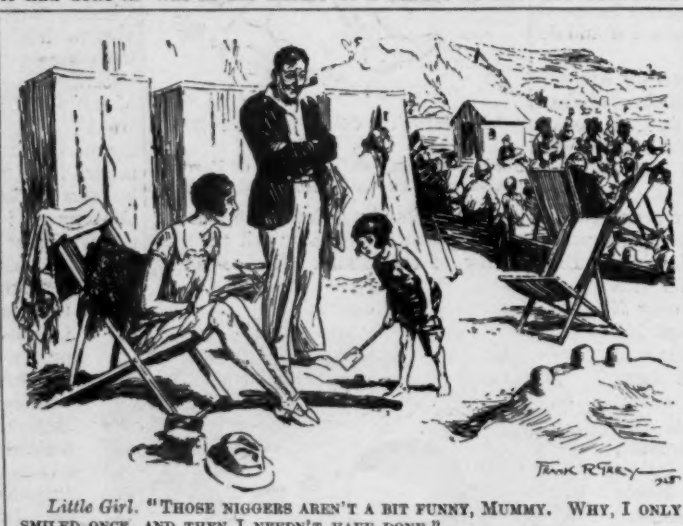
Debate on the Foreign Office Vote in Supply gave Members a much-desired opportunity of unburdening themselves on the subjects of the KELLOGG Pact, the position in China and the *coup d'état* in Egypt. Nothing very new or inspiring was said, though Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's speech cut, by its well-reasoned destructive criticism, across the pæans of praise bestowed by other Members on the KELLOGG Pact.

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN explained, not for the first time, that our reservations in the Pact had been accepted beforehand by Mr. KELLOGG and only protected our obligations under the Locarno and other Treaties; that all we asked of the Chinese Nationalist Government was that settlement for the Nanking outrages should precede recognition and a treaty, as it had done in the case of China and the United States; and lastly that the *coup d'état* in Egypt was not inspired by, or was any affair of, the British Government.

The stars singing together produce no such echoing harmonies as did Members of all Parties chanting aerial pæans in praise of our civil aviation and all concerned with it, from the AIR MINISTER to the highly-skilled technician in the aircraft factory. Captain GUEST, Major HILLS, Lieut.-Col. MOORE-BRABAZON, Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY and many another participated in a debate which the SECRETARY FOR AIR must have found very flattering. There were critics, of course, notably Captain GARRO-JONES, who recently went for a walk in Northern Nigeria and found an expensive aerodrome degenerating into primeval bush. Taking other walks abroad, presumably to Croydon, Captain GARRO-JONES has discovered that "under the monopolistic development of Imperial Airways, Ltd., British civil aviation is characterised by the abandonment of air-routes, negligible Imperial expansion, no flying-boat services except the very minor services from Southampton to the Channel Islands once a week, no night flying, and failure even in the concentrated areas of London to the Continent."

Otherwise everything is presumably all right. Sir SAMUEL HOARE said we were getting a keener air mind, as shown by the increasing number of flying clubs and privately owned machines. It does not appear that when trains came in people were encouraged to acquire the train mind by joining locomotive clubs or keeping private trains, and the way to make people air-minded is probably to offer them cheap and punctual air services from where they are to where they want to go. But Sir SAMUEL managed to satisfy the House that, considering all our national disadvantages, we were doing that too.

It seems a shame that the noble rage of Sir J. AGG-GARDNER in defence of the Kitchen Committee's honour should ever be required to waste its tartness on the desert air of a written answer. His indignant reply to Lieut.-Colonel WINDSOR-CLIVE, to the effect that the cream used in the House is unadulterated and a product of British agriculture, was in the nature of a rebuke to one who needlessly denigrates his own nest and should have been reprimanded *coram publico*.



Little Girl. "THOSE NIGGERS AREN'T A BIT FUNNY, MUMMY. WHY, I ONLY SMILED ONCE AND THEN I NEEDN'T HAVE DONE."

FILM SHRIEKS.

THE talkies are coming over here. Mr. Attaboy Hoosh, the film magnate, has let me see and hear one. It is founded on a well-known English poem and is called "Father's Boy." It deals, I need hardly say, with a "Stirring Story of Self-Sacrifice and Soul Sentiment."

I will try to describe it to you.

The *Robert E. Lee*, or some such battleship, is forging powerfully along. The crew spring alertly about the decks singing sea-shanties. The wind whistles in the rigging. The bo'sun whistles on deck. The talkies reproduce whistling splendidly.

The captain and his little son—a powder-monkey—stand by the mast.

The captain's voice is heard above the other noises: "Remember, son, always obey orders. Get a cinch on that right now."

"Always, Pop?" says the golden-haired child."

"Sure," says Pop impressively.

A little more of this idyllic scene and we change to another. The *Robert E. Lee*, or whatever it is, is sinking with all hands. Her guns still fire spasmodically. She is alight. Her captain falls, a bullet through his breast. We hear the thud of the bullet even above the roar of the flames and the admiralty language of the crew, which is dashing desperately in all directions. The talkies bring out all the confused din splendidly. I never heard anything more confused in my life.

The golden-haired hero stands once more by the mast. He has neither seen nor heard his father fall lifeless, after bidding him await his return. He has been too busy powder-monkeying. His lips move, silently at first. Then—

"Say, Pop, this darned vessel 's getting mighty warm! . . . Say, Pop, reckon I want to quit . . . Pop! . . . Say, can't I quit? . . . Pop!! Guess the old man's gone bughouse. . . . Pop!!!"

It is all over. The last loud "Pop" corresponds with one louder yet, a burst of thunder sound, in fact; the devoted vessel goes sky high amid a deafening medley of jazz noises and then the tragic spectacle fades to a shimmering sub-title—

"The noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart."

Mr. Hoosh says that he is told that even in England we reckon that poem to be real he-man stuff. He is so impressed by what he has heard of it—he hasn't read it yet, of course—that he is buying a copy of HEMANS' poems.

I fear he will be disappointed.

"Slightly-coloured Lady's Maid desires post."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

O slightly-coloured lady's maid,
Your fears should surely be allayed,
For if your tint a pinky-beige is
You should command quite special wages.

"A Harrow Weald man raised a gate-post out of the ground and found a he said, had a wife and a six-months-gold half-sovereign beneath it."—*Evening Paper.*

We hope that Miss GERTRUDE STEIN will not be jealous of this short story.



AN ILL-JUDGED INTRUSION.

GATE-CRASHERS FORCE AN ENTRY TO THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE COMPANY OF IRON-SCRAPPERS.

RHUM BABAISTS.

No. III.—Clarice and Otto Bümmerlion.

I put Clarice first because Clarice always *does* come first and because Otto would be nothing if he were not her husband. She is not, strictly speaking, a practising Babaist, but she is an entertaining Babaist. I mean, she entertains; her only vices are social *devices*; she plans parties and dinners almost with the regularity of breathing. Anything is made to serve as an excuse. A meeting at a friend's table, at a theatre, concert or lecture, and immediately she sets herself to snaffle the object of her interest for one of her *chic* dinner-parties. She has been a godsend to the more impecunious Babaists; she buys their books and pictures, takes blocks of tickets for their readings, and even cashes their cheques (this last I have in sad confidence from Otto).

But it is in the intimate dinner-party that Clarice excels. She meets this or that person who has written or painted or composed something (it scarcely matters what) and out flows the inevitable invitation: "You *must* come to dinner, you really *must!*" and, having said this with shining enthusiasm, she looks round for poor little Bümmerlion, and says, "Otto, darling, I 've just told Mr. Lupin—you remember his *marvellous* 'Rhapsody in Mauve' at the Chenil? —that he *must* come to dinner one evening. Now when are we free?"

And the little man hunts up his diary and makes a date while she holds the stranger captive with her china-blue eyes.

Of course all her social devices depend on Bümmerlion. He is the head and front of her offending; he and the Stock Exchange make her path straight; he pays. In a way he must like it, but to me he has always the look of one who yearns hopelessly for carpet-slippers and crossword-puzzles. When he dies I imagine he will hold his diary in one hand and his little gold pencil in the other, and his faint last words will be, "We 'ave nozzing on on T'ursday." He adores Clarice and, such is her peculiar temperament, she couldn't like him more if he were a stranger.

I met the Bümmerlions at a reception they gave in honour of Sebastian Simcox and Eglatta Monkes. It was a babel of Ba-Ba that night and Sebastian held his own with a sheaf of more than usually incomprehensible poems which were helped out by a megaphone trumpet (he always takes a small collapsible trumpet with him on these occasions) and a steel triangle (for bird and water effects) operated by his sister Amaryllis. With these adventitious aids Simcox got in a full twenty minutes more Ba-Ba verse than Monkes, and was accordingly rather pleased with himself. I fancy he must have invented some extraordinary art predilection for me, for Mrs. Bümmerlion paid me marked reverence on that occasion and has made me one of her "invariables" ever since. And, after all, a bachelor with a sense of humour can do worse with his evenings than dine out in such company.

Clarice's latest device was the "surprise" dinner-party she gave last Thursday. When she told me over the 'phone in the morning that she wanted me to ask my immediate table companions at the opening of the third course if they did not agree with me that the art of letter-writing was on the decline, I was given a clue. This, then, was her long-meditated dinner to a number of confirmed writers of letters to newspapers. The occasion promised to be amusing.

When I arrived at the house poor little Bümmerlion looked as bewildered in his sleek stockbrokerish way as Rilly Simcox does in hers. He told me that we were sitting down eight to table and that I was the only guest he knew. Then Clarice emerged radiantly and swept me in to cocktails and introductions. I took five of each with enthusiasm, and an angular lady of great height in to dinner.

My impressions are still a little confused, but I remember that the angular lady had purple hair and carried a reticule. Also there were present a curved lady of great breadth, with an

acousticon; a preserved flapper with glazed poll and a monocle; and, completing the ladies, Clarice, half BAUMER and half BOTTICELLI. And as for the men—a stertorous, red-faced, snow-bald, plump individual with pince-nez and a white walrus moustache; a small timid-looking clerkly person with tired eyes and fidgeting hands; Bümmerlion, glossy and inarticulate and watchful; and myself.

The ice was terribly thick. Stimulated by cocktails and the imploring eyes of Clarice, I hammered it with small-talk and direct questions throughout the *hors d'œuvre* and the soup. The break came with the fish. First Clarice, to the Walrus: "I was reading a letter in *The Times* this morning." Then Bümmerlion to the Angular Lady: "Zis morning a man write to *Ze Express* and say his goldfish live twenty years." And, very earnestly, I to the Curved Lady: "Surely I saw a letter of yours the other day? It interested me because I had begun to think the art of letter-writing was on the decline."

The triple assault was triumphant. Three of the five were soon in full cry, and were shortly joined by the Clerk and the Preserved Flapper. The Curved Lady was breaking bread all over me in her excitement.

"I'm glad you saw my letter in *The Spectator*. For a long time I have specialised in these neglected aspects of biology. I spent ten years on the sex-determination of Antipodean shell-fish, with particular reference to the incidence of the twist in the tail of the Tasmanian winkle. DARWIN failed to offer any satisfactory explanation of many things that call loudly for explanation. I have set myself the task of tracing by chemical stimuli the development of those hitherto secret processes of growth among aquatic shelled molluscs which we have termed spontaneous variation."

"Quite," I said; but all the time I was half-listening to the gusts of earnest talk that traversed the table.

"Did you see my letter in *The Mail* last week?"

I turned and looked into the eye-backed monocle of the Preserved Flapper, who continued with the dripping insistence of a tap with a defective washer. "It would be foolish to deny that men have biological importance in the present stage of evolution. The great reptiles and mastodons are extinct, but they were significant in their times. In a like manner the human male as we know him will become extinct or be considerably modified. Women meanwhile are shaping their way to freedom, away from the paralysing dominance of the male."

"Quite," I said encouragingly as she dropped her monocle into the fish sauce; and while she was extricating it I tactfully paid attention to the Walrus, who was addressing all and sundry from the other side of the table.

"As the cloud drew nearer," he was saying, "my nostrils inhaled the unmistakable effluvia of Siamese fish-bats. Millions of them, Sir, flying from the delta of the Oojawooja, where they had been feeding on crabs and pink mackerel. It may not be generally known in England that these monster bats utter cries like to new-born babes and make excellent footwear. I should be pleased to give any Government my advice if an aerial expedition of extermination and commercial exploitation were contemplated."

Here the Clerk rode in on his hobby-horse, the nature of which I forget. I remember that I said "Quite," but my attention was again absorbed by the Angular Lady, who appealed to me to check an algebraical equation whereby she sought to demonstrate to little Bümmerlion the recurrent crises in the emotional life of guinea-pigs.

The scribes were now, as I have said, in full cry. I looked at Clarice and saw that she was happy. I looked at the wine and saw that it was good. I looked at Bümmerlion and saw that he saw only ineffably beautiful carpet-slippers in a haze. I looked at my watch, but I couldn't desert my post. If my memory is not at fault we had canvassed, in various breath-lengths, by the time that coffee was served:—

An Alternative Family.
Jaundice in Canaries.
Should Statesmen Smoke?
A Wife for the PRINCE.
A Holy War for Women.
Agriculture in Herm.
Socks and Longevity.
Longer Lives for Sticklebacks.
Our Decadent Children.
Cinemas and Lost Teeth.
Companionate Marriage.
Do We Believe in Doubt?

Clarice rang me up the next morning and said everything had gone off *simply splendidly*. She thought of starting a Society, and I begged her to do nothing of the kind. But she will, and little Bümmerlion will find the money to pay the secretary. Bümmerlion is always financing something he doesn't believe in. He is financing *Blurt*, at least until Clarice tires of Ba-Ba and things Babaistic.

And that reminds me that the Ba-Ba issue of *Blurt* is out; I must tell the world what I think of it. W. K. S.



Supporter (feeling something ought to be said). "WELL, ANYWAY, OLE JARGE AIN'T THE SORT WOT STANDS STILL AND LETS THE BALL 'IT THE BAT."

A MARTYR TO DUTY.

[The Boy Scouts of Cleveland, U.S.A., have been directed to go up to any woman they see smoking and point out the error of her ways.]

Oh, what is the matter with Cyrus the Scout?
Oh, why is he sombre and sad?
What sudden calamity 's quite blotted out
The smile of that excellent lad,
Until it appears from the look in his eye
That poor little Cyrus is going to cry?

To each of these questions, I rather suspect,
The answer is perfectly clear;
Some lady he 's publicly dared to correct
Has clipped his impertinent ear;
And he 's thinking how often he 'll suffer that way
After doing (as ordered) his good deed a day.

Another Problem for the League of Nations.

"OUBE BOARD BOMBS HELL."
Cambridge Paper.

We have always wondered why this has not been done before.



Maid. "AND WHAT WILL MADAM LEAVE OFF TO-DAY?"

AT THE PLAY.

"Contraband" (Princes).

This is one of those jolly nonsense plays in which the Idiot-Hero tackles single-handed a gang of unmitigated villains and needlessly involves his friends in peculiarly desperate situations from which there would be no possible escape if the villains had not such hopelessly complicated minds. I think it probable on the evidence available that *Lieut.-Com. Richard Greville* (Mr. Frank Vosper), gallant to a fault and entirely lacking in grey-matter, had been found too dangerous a person to harbour on one of H.M.'s fighting ships and had been palmed off by some prudent captain on the Naval Secret Service which he now adorns.

Jensen, the arch-villain (Mr. James Carew) runs a shady cabaret in Malta—town not specified. *Jensen*, I imagine, is a retired inventor, the products of whose ingenious brain have been too elaborate to attract the capitalist. His bar revolves on a pivot, disclosing a trap-door to the cave below, in which is housed his submarine, engaged in piracy and contrabandage. On the bar-counter certain liqueur bottles, when manipulated after the fashion of beer-engine handles, signal to his confederates down below the "All clear" or "Danger," and have the additional advantage, by showing coloured lights, of betraying the fact to anybody of intelligence who happens to be in the bar-parlour at the time. Luckily nobody of intelligence ever enters, a fact, no doubt, on which the inventor was entitled to bank. Below, an apparatus with the innocent appearance of a cigarette automatic machine can flood the cave, overwhelm anybody against whom the inventor has a grudge and spoil the five thousand pounds' worth of goods therein concealed. A door in the bar-parlour, worked by a secret spring—yet not so secret but that the fatuous *Greville* spots it after the most casual inspection—conceals a den into which are heaved decoyed and doped sailor-men whose groans are easily audible to patrons of the cabaret, including inquisitive Lieutenant-Commanders. Another door, operated oddly enough by normal handle, lock and key, gives on a room into which are rudely flung able-bodied petty officers of the Navy who have on their entrance carefully drawn their revolvers from their holsters and laid them on the table.

And finally there is a curtain, a simple red rep curtain. When the secret service men wish to utter their carefully-garnered secrets they sedulously examine



Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies does nothing in particular and does it very well.

everything except the curtain, behind which are concealed sundry armed pirates, and, brightly observing, "We are alone," proceed to babble. The pirates in their turn, in this ding-dong struggle as to which party shall give itself the more hopelessly away, repeat the simple process. When the simple-minded hero wishes to communicate with the police he sends an urgent message by his even more simple-minded friend, *Bob England* (Mr. Lamont Dickson), who delivers it to the head-waiter of a neighbouring café, of course a confederate of the contrabanders. And when *Greville*, finding that his beloved *Tommy* (Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies), one of the cabaret artistes, is being pursued by all sorts of undesirable people in this thoroughly undesirable place, he, with that emphasis on the supreme importance of his "job" which distinguishes wooden-headed and over-confident heroes, urges her to put up a little longer with the inconveniences incident to her sex in such situations, and says "My God!" in a surprised and exceedingly tragic manner when he discovers that the cave-dwellers and the casual patrons of the cabaret are not behaving like perfect gentlemen. The poor girl has of course, according to the rules of the game, to go through further perils by pistol-fire, explosions, gun-fire and water, before all is ended happily by the arrival in force of the Navy, which might just as well have used their special powers under the Defence of the Realm Act five minutes after the curtain had been rung up.



THE SMOKE-SCREEN; OR, A WAY WE HAVE IN THE NAVY.

Jensen . . . . . Mr. James Carew.
Richard Greville . . . . Mr. Frank Vosper.

From all which it will be evident that Mr. Noel Doon and Miss Marion Warren Fawcett, the lively authors, have no more sensitive artistic consciences than other melodramatists, and that Mr. Sewell Collins, producer and effects-contriver, has one of those opportunities which he so dearly loves. It certainly was great fun to see the water coming down like the cataract at Lodore, and the submarine, fitted certainly with the most miraculously effective self-starter, glide out from the cave under the command of the intrepid *Greville*, with its crew of one old submarine-hand and its supercargo of imbecile friend and faithful heroine; to see and hear the rocks falling as the result of a shell fired by the lynx-eyed cruiser in the offing immediately the submarine put its nose outside the cave; to watch the pointers of the dials in the admirably devised "set," the inside of the submarine, registering lower and still lower depths till the doomed vessel sat hopelessly on the bottom of the Mediterranean. Even when the sporting craft had sur-

vived its hundred-to-one chance of regaining the surface by over-ballasting its stern, and had been rescued instead of being sunk by the cruiser, *Greville*, whom no misfortune could daunt or instruct, led his three companions without escort straight into the pirates' den for a final gruelling.

We no longer hiss our villains of melodrama, which is a pity, but we applaud them less heartily than our heroes and our heroes' friends, so that we made a nice distinction between our tributes to Mr. Vosper and Miss Ffrangçon-Davies, with Mr. Lamont Dickson (comic friend) and Mr. Eliot Makeham (comic faithful sailor-man) of the one part, and to Mr. Carew, with Messrs. Frederick Peisley, H. St. Barbe-West and Esmond Knight, associated villains, of the other; and wandered out notably heartened to face the real but commonplace perils of one-way traffic. T.

THE PICTURES.

"Love" and "The Politic Flapper" (Tivoli).

I went to the palatial Tivoli to see a well-advertised film called *Love*, based on the book *Anna Karenina* and "starring" a famous charmer called Greta Garbo, "Filmland's Most Attractive Woman." There was a curtain-raiser called *The Politic Flapper*, featuring Marion Davies. The curtain-raiser lasted about an hour-and-a-half and *Love* about an hour only. But I thoroughly enjoyed the *hors d'œuvre* and was rather bored by the *pièce de résistance*. Indeed, I left the building before the climax of the tragedy was reached, so that, not having read, I confess, Tolstoy's book, I still do not know what happened to the beautiful wife, or the elderly husband, or the dull young man (who seemed scarcely worth the trouble and expense, anyhow), or who died, or what.

And the awful thing is that I do not really care. But I cared enormously what happened to Marion Davies as the politic flapper. Your Greta is certainly a seductive creature in a wax-model kind of a way, and she may be Filmland's First Fascinator, but Marion Davies in my humble judgment is Filmland's Funniest Female. And much more than that. Greta can act, but Marion knocks spots off her as an artist. She is the only film-woman I ever saw that I would mention on the same day as Charlie Chaplin. She can do everything, and do it with nothing. She expresses more with the flicker of an eyelid than these heavy tragedians could pack into a week of "close-ups." She has hundreds of expressions where they have one. She can clown and charm with the same sweet ease. She needs no captions to explain what she is doing or thinking (though the captions in this film, by the way, are good). The scenes in which the flapper seeks to acquire "personality" from one of those curious hand-books and tries to vamp the reluctant youth in the styles of various film-stars are brilliantly done. She makes you laugh and laugh; but there is under it all a hint of seriousness which shows what she could do with tragi-comic material of a less boisterous order. In short she is an artist, she is alive, and you believe in her.



DRESSING FOR DINNER ON THE MOVIES.
Pa Harrington . . Mr. Dell Henderson.

After this, by comparison, the passionate folk in *Love* are stuffed—or, rather, they have no stuffing. They are never really alive. It may not be their fault. I have an idea that it is impossible to present the tragic-passionate-triangular drama convincingly on the screen, though Heaven knows enough people are trying. It needs the human voice, the human flesh and the spoken word. For the emotions of tragedy are very few and produce few differences of facial expression. The jealous man looks much the same as the homicidal man, or the man who has lost his job, or the man who has a painful disease. At any rate he does on the pictures. After all these years there is still, seemingly, only one facial method of suggesting a serious emotion in a serious film. The actor (or actress) stares at the camera for a few seconds, the eyes slide shiftily into the corners, there are faint movements of the lips suggestive of "chaps" or excessive thirst; the eyes return to the camera and then the head nods slightly and vacantly two or three times as if it were insecurely fastened on.



"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I my honour more."
Anna Karenina . . . . Miss Greta Garbo.
Vronsky . . . . . Mr. John Gilbert.

This does for passion, hatred, virginal love, moral indignation, remorse, jealousy, scorn, modesty, resolution and doubt; and it would do equally well for senile decay or incipient drunkenness. When I have seen this done once or twice, any interest I may have had in the characters departs, and so do I.

Let me add that *Love* seemed to be a good film of its kind. There was nothing blatant or crude about it, and I have no reason to suppose that it bored the audience, for few of them went out when I did. And I did enjoy *The Politic Flapper*. To the Director, King Vidor, and presumably some author (unnamed), Marion Davies owes much. And I owe them all a very good laugh. A. P. H.

Parochial Gratitude.

"St. ——'s, Regent's Park, is being closed during August for repairs. A special thanksgiving service is being held at 11 a.m. to-morrow."—*Evening Paper.*

THE SUN-BURNING QUESTION.

(From Phyllis in Cornwall.)

WHEN in the empyrean
The sun began to shine
As in the isles Ægean,
Life seemed to me divine;

But, after full exposure
To Phœbus for ten days,
I long to move the closure
On ultra-violet rays.

Warmth is a pleasant feeling
And brings the body balm,
But when her face is peeling
What woman can be calm?

Lips must be red, oh, very!
But when a maiden's nose
Is ruddier than the cherry
Her cup with grief o'erflows.

Were I a "Highland Mary"
Or occupied with churns
And working in a dairy,
I could put up with burns.

But such fond speculations
Run counter to my code;
My maiden meditations
Are governed by the mode.

And till I can recapture
My nose's normal hue
Life is devoid of rapture
And all the world's askew.

ORANGE AND APPLE POLITICS.

I WAS sitting in the garden when I became aware of Podgy McSumph's sturdy little figure standing at my gate. He was eating an apple. I called him, and he came in and sat down beside me.

"You haven't been to see me for a long, long time, Podgy," I said reproachfully.

"I couldn't hae come to see ye last nicht," said Podgy, "because I was busy wi' the Tories."

"The Tories, Podgy?"

"I hae to go to the Tories on the Tuesdays," said Podgy, "because I 'm a member."

He took a card from his pocket and held it out for my inspection. The card certified that Podgy's name had been entered on the membership roll of the Auchterbrose Conservative Association, Juvenile Branch.

I was impressed. It seemed to me a wonderful thing that the Party organisation should extend to the inclusion of a kindergarten section.

"And when did you join the Tories, Podgy?" I asked.

"It was Mr. Pinkerton that came to the hoose," said Podgy, "and my mither said I was to get goin' if I was hame in time for my bed. Ye pay yer penny an' ye get yer ticket, an' then ye're a member."

"And what do you do at the Tories, Podgy?"

"We've not to eat nothing that 's not within the Empire," replied Podgy glibly. "It 's Mr. Pinkerton that speaks to us. He 's got a terrible squeaky voice. Maggie Stoorie gies us fun aboot him." He threw the core of his apple away. "That 's my BALDWIN'S Bunkum feenished," he announced.

"Your what, Podgy?"

"It was Comrade Bawl," explained Podgy. "Maggie Stoorie told him the Tories was givin' us apples, and Comrade Bawl said it was just some more of BALDWIN'S Bunkum. But after that the Labours gave us oranges. An' noo we get apples every nicht at the Tories and oranges at the Labours. An', d' ye know this——?"

"Wait a moment, Podgy," I entreated. "Why do the Labours give you oranges?"

"Because I 'm a member," said Podgy. "It 's twopence ye pay for the Labours," he added, producing another card. This token was dark red in colour and bore the inscription: "The Labour Band of Youth, Auchterbrose Nucleus."

"Do you mean to tell me, Podgy, that you are a member of the Labours as well as the Tories?"

"Ay," said Podgy calmly; "we 're a' members. It 's Tuesdays we go to the Tories and Fridays to the Labours."

"And how did it come about that you joined the Labours?" I inquired of this amazing infant.

"It was Comrade Bawl that met us when we was comin' oot from the Tories, and he said we was to go to the Labours, and we just went. My mither said I was to get goin'."

"And what happens at the Labours?"

"We 've to stand up and say after Comrade Bawl"—he took a deep breath and went on slowly—"'I promise to steadfastly and always work for the comin' of the Red Dawn.'"

This effort seemed to have an exhausting effect on Podgy. It made me feel rather limp too.

"And after that?"

"Comrade Bawl speaks to us."

"What does he say?"

"I don't know," said Podgy. "He gets terrible angry, and then he eats his moustache. We get oor oranges when we 're comin' oot. That 's the best bit. D' ye know what we 're gettin'?" he went on, a look of awe coming into his face. "We 're gettin' two picnics. There 's to be the Tories' picnic and the Labours' picnic."

"But," I suggested, "if they give you picnics perhaps they 'll stop giving you apples and oranges."

"If we don't get oor apples and oor oranges," declared Podgy with absolute assurance, "we 'll not go to the meetin's."

That night my sleep was seriously disturbed. In a wild dream I beheld Mr. Pinkerton and Comrade Bawl. The former was a tall, thin, delicate-looking young man. Comrade Bawl's face seemed to be all moustache. They were fighting savagely for possession of the prostrate body of Podgy, who, it was revealed to me, had been laid out by a surfeit of apples and oranges.

CONGESTION.

THEY say the energy displayed,
The haste, the hustle and the roar,
In works where motor-cars are made,
Are stunning, staggering, and more;
Strong men in overalls arrayed,
Men of the toughest, hardiest breed,
Just hurl together wheels and wings,
And slap on axles, bolts and springs,
And stuff in sparking-plugs and things,
At terrifying speed.

There too in those amazing scenes,
With wheels that whizz and belts that fly,
Function incredible machines
More human (so I 'm told) than I;
No check, no stoppage intervenes;
Managers bustle, foremen urge,
Workmen perspire and engines clank,
And ere you mutter, "Well, I 'm——!"
Equipped and ready, rank on rank,
The finished cars emerge.

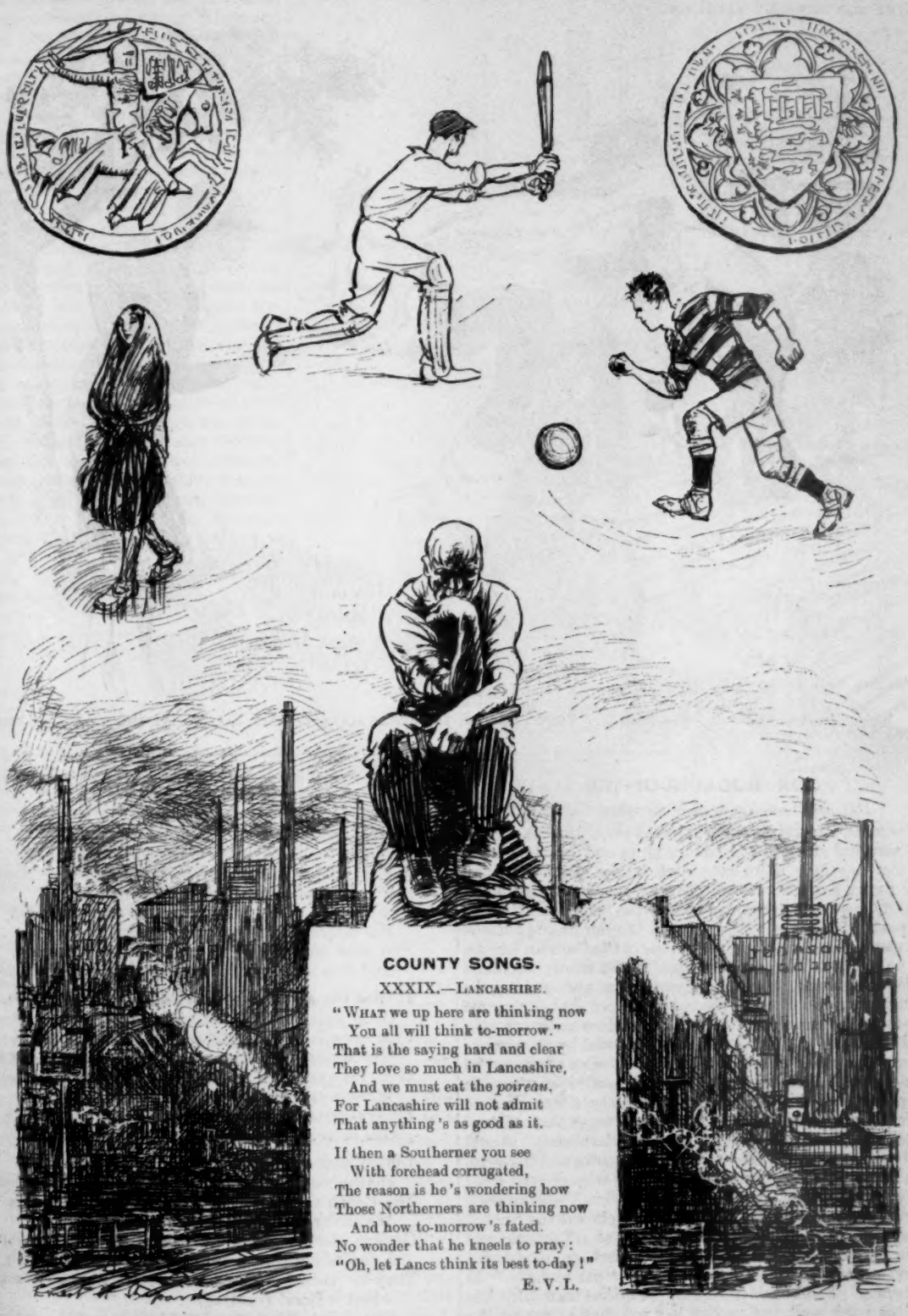
So the press thickens day by day
On roads that widen year by year,
And harassed motorists turn grey,
Having no room in which to steer;
I pass them, wondering, on my way,
The mild pedestrian, and I blush
To move about on toes and heels
When half one's countrymen, one feels,
Are almost motionless on wheels
In that prodigious crush.

Unless the overwhelming tide
Of new-made vehicles is dammed,
We shall have highways, furlongs wide,
One mass of motors tightly jammed,
No longer honking in their pride,
But helpless. What is to be done?
We dare not let the matter rest;
What remedy can you suggest?
Although I 've racked my brains, I 'm blessed
If I can think of one.

An Umbrageous Ambush.

Extract from a recent article in an Indian paper on a debate in the Legislative Assembly:—

"It is useless for Government to attempt to subvert the Legislature by taking umbrage behind technical loop-holes."



COUNTY SONGS.

XXXIX.—Lancashire.

"What we up here are thinking now
You all will think to-morrow."
That is the saying hard and clear
They love so much in Lancashire,
And we must eat the *poireau*,
For Lancashire will not admit
That anything 's as good as it.

If then a Southerner you see
With forehead corrugated,
The reason is he 's wondering how
Those Northerners are thinking now
And how to-morrow 's fated.
No wonder that he kneels to pray:
"Oh, let Lancs think its best to-day!"

E. V. L.



Wife of Amateur Caravanner (*breathlessly*). "THERE, HAROLD, YOU OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE TAKEN THAT THING OFF LAST NIGHT WHEN YOU UNDRESSED IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

SINCE Mr. ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON published his stirring and beautiful stories of Canadian birds and beasts I have not met anything more attractive in the same vein than Herr FELIX SALTEN'S *Bambi* (CAPE). As Mr. GALSWORTHY suggests in an enthusiastic preface to the book, Herr SALTEN is a poet. He has not only attuned himself to the outlook of his hero, the white-dappled red deer of the German forests, but he has lent his golden tongue to the whole woodland world. Squirrels, hares, magpies, jays and owls make eloquent use of it; even the oak-leaves of *Bambi's* covert lament the approach of winter and speculate on their earthward destiny. The huntsman's dog, viewed by unanimous opinion as a renegade and traitor, is allowed an unsuccessful defence. But Man only speaks by deeds of blood; save in one case where his capricious kindness to a fawn has an ironically cruel sequel. Mr. GALSWORTHY urges that children as well as "those who are no longer so fortunate" should find the adventures of *Bambi* as delicious as he and his circle have done. I would advise you however to pick your child with caution, for the inevitably tragic fate of all wild animals—noted sadly enough by the comparatively callous SETON-THOMPSON—loses nothing at the hands of a Teutonic and poetic partisan. Mr. GALSWORTHY is perhaps on sounder ground when he recommends *Bambi* "particularly" to sportsmen. The book's obviously American translator has done his work well, but no one has so much as named the illustrator, whose drawings in black crayon on rough Whatman are monuments of unsophisticated grace.

Of dinners to eat and of hunters to straddle
And of how a highflier emerged from the grub
We are told in this book, *Bench and Bar in the Saddle*,
The book of the galloping Pegasus Club.
The Pegasus Club? Yes, the club that embraces
His Majesty's Judges and Counsel who plead
And meet once a year for to ride steeplechases
And dine to a wealth of winged wit and winged steed.

It runs like a ripple, good friends and good horses,
Good jests too (just see how hilarity walks
Cum caricature and light verse), and its source is
(*Per* Messrs. NASH GRAYSON) the ink-pot of HAWKES—
C. P. HAWKES, and he traces the club from a minute
When a casual word and a ride in the Row
Set GRANTHAM agog (GRANTHAM, J.) to begin it
One morning in March thirty seasons ago.

Indeed here are records of thirty-three seasons;
The flag's dropped (by DARLING) and forward from thence
The Bench sits on pigskin, and advocates' reasons
Are all for a brief getting over a fence—
Getting over a country 'twixt bits o' bright bunting
A-flap where the 'chasers come rattle and swish;
They 're records (you 'll read) of *Bonne Chasse*—
that 's Good Hunting,
And of *Bon Appétit*, and what more would you wish?

The Letters of Robert Burns (LANE) are tempestuous reading. "Whim and fancy, keen sensibility and riotous passions made him (he said) zigzag in his path of life;" and the zigzags, vividly reproduced in his letters, give any faithful selection of them the ominous liveliness of a seismograph. Life and its gifts and disabilities were notoriously too much for BURNS. He had not only to tackle the discrepancies of his own character, coupled with "the task of the superlatively damned, to make one guinea do the business of three"; he had to fit himself, either intermittently or for good, into one or two incompatible societies. His rustic equals gave him the finest material of his art; the urbane society to which his art gave him the *entrée* hinted at securing him a competence to pursue it. He obviously mistrusted patronage and was half-damned in both circles. Edinburgh and Dumfries, "CLARINDA" and JEAN ARMOUR, devour him like Promethean vultures, and his consciousness of their assaults runs through the best of the seventy-three letters which Mr. R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON has selected from an extant two hundred. They are not great letters; compared with KEATS, BURNS speaks like a child, whether on himself, his art or the world around him; and his style is a disconcerting blend of *The Polite Letter Writer* and the man. Had Mr. JOHNSON'S Introduction added a critical note to its extremely useful biographical details it would undoubtedly have pointed out that "models by some of the finest writers in our language" guided the poet's first essays in letter-writing, and are probably responsible for the Micawberish tone of some of his correspondence with his patrons. Luckily the genuine BURNS, writing to some congenial crony or fair enslaver, is as preponderant here as he obviously was in life.

Mrs. ALFRED WINGATE'S recent study, *A Servant of the Mightiest*, is quickly followed by another and even better volume—*Jen* (CROSBY LOCKWOOD)—of romantic history written in the stately manner she has developed as befitting the dignity of the Great Khans. Her method of filling up to a satisfactory content the meagre records of an obscure period depends quite frankly on such a free use of the imagination in regard to details as the strictly critical historian may not tolerate; yet her system will be approved by those normal readers who are only by degrees emerging from a kind of half-confessed scepticism as to the actual bodily existence at any time of such very remote persons as the thirteenth-century conquerors of Central Asia. Mrs. WINGATE leaves one feeling no sort of doubt as to the living personality of her principal figures, yet retains as her own peculiar possession the right to convert mere fog of time and distance into a kind of spiritualised haze much more impressive than the materially sordid details of the realist. In this later volume she is no longer dealing with that monster of slaughter and austerity, CHINGIZ, but with his grandson, KUBILAI, who sought enlightenment as the highest good and actually, so it would seem, did not particularly care for war or conquest for their own sakes. Moreover the narrative is lightened and brought back comfortably within the focus of European history, as it were, by the presence of the three POLOS—NICCOLO, MAFFEO and the immortal MARCO. Their companionable gallantry should win the writer many friends. Yet even better is the elusive tenderness she has recovered from a series of brave pathetic legends, ages old and distant, of lovers who were true when fates were cruel. First among these ranks the love-story of MARCO himself and his Princess KOKACHIN, a little lady of long ago as winsomely pitiful as the most hardened reader could require.



Passenger (whose new dentures have fallen into the street). "PRAY DON'T TROUBLE TO STOP THE BUS. MY DENTIST ASSURED ME THEY WERE ONLY TEMPORARY."

When Mr. ALOYSIUS HORN surprised and entranced us with his memories of the Ivory Coast, we most of us, I daresay, took it for granted that he had shot his one and only amazing bolt. But now it appears that he had two more in his quiver, already feathered for flight; and with the second of them he has scored another indisputable bull. *Harold the Webbed; or, the Young Vykings* (CAPE), is fiction, and it is stirring stuff: a tale of piratical adventure on the high seas, in which we visit FINGALL in his cave and assist at a raid on the transport ships of no less than JULIUS CÆSAR. Mr. HORN'S spelling is personal, his punctuation parsimonious, and he sometimes ascribes to words meanings unknown at Oxford; but he has imagination and a glorious gusto. Also he knows about vikings, from whom he claims descent, having a cousin web-footed like his hero, a viking characteristic. But the vikings, it seems, were descended from a walrus, of which Mr. HORN is very proud, for, though a loyal Lancastrian, he is Daytonian in his rejection of the Simian hypothesis; and he has kept the ancestral habit of talking of many things. He did so when he carried his weekly packets of manuscript to Miss ETHELREDA LEWIS, in Johannesburg, and she, as before, has faithfully recorded his conversation, giving us first a chapter of *Harold* and then one of HORN. *Harold* is good, but HORN is better, whether PHIL MAY or philosophy be his theme. Miss LEWIS'S devoted Boswellism is a benefaction to mankind.

Debonair (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is offered by Miss G. B. STERN as the tale of Persephone re-told in modern surroundings. *Loveday Trevelyan* was the only child of an adoring mother who lived peacefully on the Riviera and tried to keep her daughter with her as long as she could. But the underworld of cocktails and night-clubs also claimed *Loveday* and, in defiance of the original legend, gained the greater share of her company. In the end she gets the best out of both worlds. She keeps her mother and also her prince of darkness, who, as he offers marriage—"regular at St. George's"—and is also immensely rich, is found to be as welcome in Demeter's world as in his own. Though the story is told with Miss STERN'S characteristic vivacity, as an allegory it can hardly be acclaimed a success. We do not perhaps know much of the mythical Persephone, but at least we know that Pluto entertained her for six months in the year and gave her up with regret. No one, I am convinced, could have endured *Loveday Trevelyan* for more than six days in any one year, or parted with her at any time without a sigh of thankfulness. As a girl of the hard and mercenary sort she is the very travesty of a travesty. I can only hope that she is meant as such. In *Debonair* Miss STERN may have intended to strike a back-handed blow for reaction and the return of the feminine girl to our fiction. She has done it in fact, whether she would or no.



"GRANDPA, HOW OLD ARE YOU?"
"NINETY-FIVE, MY BOY."
"COO! WHY, YOU MUST BE NEARLY DEAD."

The port of Liverpool at the close of the eighteenth century makes so attractive and picturesque a background for the tragical little story Miss HANNAH YATES has to tell in *Dim Star* (COLLINS) that she might well have been excused for falling into the pit which yawns for so many "period" novelists, and allowing her characters to deteriorate into mere shadowy impalpabilities moving through spacious Georgian interiors amid gilt mirrors and shining tallboys. But Miss YATES, I hasten to add, has done nothing of the kind. Fascinating as her background is, it still remains a background; and against it the people of the story—*Amos Bernand*, the young painter whose love and whose art go so sadly agley; *Silvia Badelly*, an *Amelia Sedley* without *Amelia's* mawkishness; and *Anna Hartle*, oddly pathetic in the futility of her fierce possessiveness, to say nothing of a dozen or so minor characters drawn with equal care—stand out with a clearness and fidelity to nature suggestive of the portraiture of the period. Altogether, a novel of quite unusual distinction, marked even in its most tragical and emotional moments by a quality of dignity and restraint admirably in keeping with its atmosphere.

The stage for the stories in *Black Sparta* (CAPE) is set in Greece between 500 and 370 B.C., and, as Mrs. NAOMI MITCHISON is frank in her references to the morals of that period, it follows that the flavour of some of her tales may not be acceptable to readers who are easily shocked. Known and unknown characters figure in these stories, and among the known is PINDAR, a tedious person as Mrs. MITCHISON represents him. There is indeed ample opportunity to find faults with this collection, but there are also sound merits in it. The story, for instance, that gives its name to the book is a delightful fancy and one that very few authors of to-day could have handled as happily. Mrs. MITCHISON is both provocative and attractive, and whether her work is to your taste or not you will have to admit that it stirs the imagination.

By this time Mr. F. D. GRIERSON'S *Professor Wells* and *Inspector Sims* have become such old and respected friends of mine that I feel almost personally concerned that they should acquit themselves well in their tasks of detection. Consequently I am glad to say that in *The White Camellia* (BLES) they emerge from a very tricky contest with colours flying. For this victory they have partly to thank *Mr. Bucktoddy*, an astute and amusing little man, of whom I hope Mr. GRIERSON will not lose sight. Another character to be remembered is one *Vronsky*, who plays the rôle of chief villain with intense fervour. Altogether this is a cleverly-contrived and well-told tale and provides a more fruitful field for the skill of sleuths than was to be found in either *The Zoo Murder* or *The Smiling Death*.

CHARIVARIA.

THINGS are once more normal in London. Workmen are again pulling up the roadway in the Strand.

* * *

With reference to the decision to move Charing Cross station across the river we understand that it is feared that it will be impossible to accomplish this without disturbing the persons sleeping in the waiting-room.

* * *

Small quantities of the stone removed from the Houses of Parliament in the course of repairs may be acquired by M.P.'s for rockeries or crazy-paving. It is understood that anybody is welcome to fragments of old policies dislodged from split Parties.

* * *

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD says that the Government is merely scratching at the surface. Perhaps it is emulating the early bird with the view of making the Liberal Party come up and be swallowed.

* * *

It is said that the modern woman keeps her complexion longer than she used to. This is probably because she buys it in a tin instead of a cardboard box.

* * *

IBSEN'S *Peer Gynt* is to be produced in its entirety in Beckenham next November. So much for the allegation that there was no pep in the Brighter Beckenham movement.

* * *

It is said that Hampstead Heath is covered with more litter than any other place in London. Perhaps the trouble is that so many poets don't feel that their effusions are worth taking home with them.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the bullying methods of seaside motor-coach touts in persuading people to go for trips against their will. We should try to think less harshly of those who may have been kidnapped.

* * *

A clubman has related his experiences as a tramp for *The Daily Express*, and it is rumoured in Fleet Street that several tramps have intimated their readiness to sample the life of a clubman on behalf of *The Daily Mail*.

* * *

The Rome Municipal Committee is conducting a campaign against noises. Only one Big Noise is tolerated in Rome.

* * *

A weekly paper writer states that he does not know what to think of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. We understand that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has offered to tell him, and to do so free of Entertainment Tax.

* * *

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining dairymen's roundsmen in London, country boys are to be trained for the work. Their voices will of course be subjected to a preliminary audition.

* * *

Lord LAMBOURNE has expressed regret that even at flower-shows some competitors are unable to run straight.



Mistress (to maid involved in cliff subsidence). "MARY, WHAT ON EARTH HAS HAPPENED?"

Mary. "I'M SORRY, MUM, BUT I THINK IT MUST HAVE BEEN CRACKED BEFORE."

Scarlet-runners, for instance, are suspected of having been deliberately pulled.

* * *

Pigeons are reported to have eaten all the mulberries at Finsbury Square before they were ripe. They were very unwise.

* * *

A man arrested in New York claimed to be England's most successful cat-burglar, but it was too late then to arrange a civic reception for him.

* * *

A ten-year-old Northampton boy is known as "Frederick the Highwayman." We understand that his childish ambition is to be the proprietor of a garage.

* * *

A best-selling novelist declares that he does so much typewriting that he has forgotten how to write. We find this easily credible.

* * *

At Colchester a doctor was roused from sleep at 2.30 A.M. by a man who wanted a shilling for two sixpences to put in a petrol-pump. We are not told whether the doctor brought his bedside manner with him.

* * *

The opponents of Prohibition ought to remember that it has made the Americans the greatest travellers in the world.

* * *

It is noteworthy that an article in an evening contemporary on "What Every Woman Knows" filled little more than half a column.

* * *

"Comments Harden," says a City paper headline. Well, what are they for?

* * *

Now that it has been decided that athletic sports are too strenuous for women we may see the abolition of the Sales.

* * *

It is said that the latest burglar alarm not only rings a bell and photographs the criminal, but sets off a gramophone record that exhorts him to lead a better life.

* * *

The Royal Automobile Club is about to issue a leaflet giving hints to motorists. It is expected that drivers of small two-seaters will be requested to remove their hats when passing underneath charabancs.

* * *

Miss ——, we note, is the sixth member of her family to take to novel-writing. Still, few families are without some failing.

* * *

Apparently plus fours are to be so roomy this summer that we shall have to refer to them as surplus fours.

* * *

Seagulls are returning to London much earlier than usual. They find it quieter than the seaside.

The Line of Least Resistance.

"When deployed, section commanders were apt to shoot themselves instead of seeing that their men understood and were carrying out the Fire Orders."

O.T.C. Report in School Magazine.

"Young Aristocrat, handsome, wants country home, kind treatment essential."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

"Let art and letters, law and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility."

OUR MANŒUVRES AGAIN.

Of course manœuvres are now on again in our barracks. There is something about August which goes to the head of the Higher Command. Perhaps it is the thought of the grouse-shooting they are missing or the leave they are just going to take, or perhaps it is just because they are built that way, but they inundate us with advice during the daytime and with printed instructions during the night. In between times they implore us to take an intelligent interest in the operations. How anyone can take an intelligent interest in questions of far-flung strategy when lying behind a hedge on his stomach gazing into a pool of muddy water two-and-a-half inches below his nose, I don't know. About all he can take an intelligent interest in is the diving powers of water-beetles. But at least we speculate quite intelligently and interestedly about the kind of sandwiches the mess-caterer will have provided for our haversack lunch.

We are terribly up-to-date this season. I mean in the old days we used to talk about rifles and extended order and maniples of hoplites and so on; but now we talk about tanks and aeroplanes and machine-gun nests (machine-guns nest rather late in the season) and aerial bombs and whippets and mechanised infantry. In fact we are all *frightfully* mechanised. The Transport Officer (new style) carries an oily rag in his pocket instead of a straw in his mouth and looks out for petrol-pumps instead of horse-troughs. Captain and Quarter-Master Ledger creaks rustily when he walks and talks about his differential; and subalterns carry spanners. Even the Colonel has been heard to mention semi-elliptical springing for the arm-chairs in the Mess, while the other day our Doctor diagnosed Private Muzzle, a bronchitis case, as suffering from choked carburettor. So you see how mechanised we are.

The other day we had quite an up-to-date manœuvre. The cavalry (whom we look upon as obsolete—indeed we are inclined to believe they still carry cross-bows) made an early-morning attack on our outposts, drove them back and blew up a certain supposedly important railway line. Actually it was not very important because it had been hurriedly laid just for this manœuvre, without beginning or end, and no engine could have got on it at all nor stopped on it if it had. But to us it represented a vital link in the communications of a Blue Army.

Captain Bayonet received the news of this outrage at 9.0 A.M. in the Mess (where the orderly had been told he would be). It is difficult to instil realism into manœuvres, but we do our best, so it was not our fault that the orderly happened also in less strenuous times to be Captain Bayonet's batman, and therefore panted out his message thus:—

"Sir, from Commander Outposts, Lootenant Holster, Sir: 'Enemy 'ave blew up the railway.' (Mr. Holster 'ad to go over and 'elp, Sir, 'cos they wasn't certain about the exploder.) 'I 'ave been drove back.' ('Im and the boys is in the sheds near the old rifle-range, Sir, 'cos 'e said it looked like rain.) 'Reinforcements are requested immejit to retake line and repair damage.' (An' he said would you kindly bring 'is lunch with you, Sir, which 'e left on the writin'-table. And I 've put out your old puttees)."

Pausing but to finish his breakfast, write to his best girl and glance through the paper, Captain Bayonet soon had the situation in hand. Within two hours (parade couldn't be any sooner because of a kit-inspection) "A" Company and some of "B" were moving up into the jaws of death. The meeting between succourer and succoured was touching. War is terrible. Holster's men were smoking stolidly in ruined sheds whither the pre-arranged Orders for the day had told them to retire in case of wet. Holster himself was seated apart in a bower of green leaves, closely resembling one of those *al-fresco* sitting-out places at a Mess dance (which I once heard one of a fatigue party, detailed to erect them, describe as "Orficers' 'ugging 'uts").

James, having anxiously said, "Have you got my lunch, old man?" and being reassured, fell to discussion of tactics.

We then carried out a masterly advance and drove the cavalry outposts back. This we did without much difficulty, for not only was it in the Orders that they had to retire, but their men had to be back in barracks in time for dinner.

Then we threw out a protective screen and set to work to repair the line. They hadn't blown it up very well. I think they had been deterred by the presence of their Quartermaster with an Army Form checking the damage they did to W. D. property.

While we were repairing the railway hostile aeroplanes came over and bombed us. I can tell you we are right up to date in our manœuvres. They bombed us with little bags full of flour. Captain Bayonet was standing directing operations when he heard a loud smack behind him like a sergeant-major kissing the Book at a court-martial and was told by an umpire he was out of action.

We sent back the news by field-telephone, asking for Lieutenant James to come up as Captain Bayonet was killed. We heard the orderly break the news to James, who was evidently lunching. We heard James reply—not very sympathetically. We heard the orderly, the unimaginative Private Sling, who believes all he is told, suggesting a telegram to Captain Bayonet's next-of-kin. We heard James's answer to that one too. It was even better.

Then James came up and the battle of flour went on. How long it would have continued I don't know, but a General appeared in order to watch the proceedings, and while he was going round an insubordinate aeroplane dropped a bag of flour on the back-end of his horse. That stopped the war at once.

It is the aftermath of battle that is so terrible. Late that night ominous shadowy figures were seen creeping out from our barracks towards the scene of recent conflict, chuckling with a horrid glee. Were they despoilers of the dead? Were they torturers of the wounded? No, they were the battalion cooks gathering unauthorised flour.

The troops (like officers' wives) had puddings and pies for weeks. One particularly successful pudding was named by the sergeant-cook, who has education, "*Bombe Hostile.*" A. A.

ICE-BOUND.

(Rondeau.)

[The comparative lack of success of American athletes in the Olympic games is ascribed to unsuitable diet.]

"I SCREAM above Olympic sports,
By field and flood, on tracks and courts!"
The Eagle clamoured from the West;
The Lion heard with interest
And made no ill-advised retorts,
But saw his cubs in racing shorts
Scoop in events of various sorts,
Then said, "Now, Eagle, shout your best,
Ay, scream!"
The Eagle, stung by Press reports,
Asked wildly, "What is this that thwarts
My sons, who should outdo the rest?
It is their meals that indigest
And clog their gallant gold with quarts—
Ice-cream!"

Cannibalism in the North.

"TOOTHSOME GIRLS."
Headline in Liverpool Paper.

Cheshire Cat Outdone.

"GIANT MOTH.
A death's-head moth with a wink spread of four and a quarter inches has been caught at Wigan."—*Scots Paper.*

"DIAMOND SKULLS GO TO CANADA."
Indian Paper.

Gold teeth we know. . . .



A BIT TOO STRONG ON THE WING.

Messrs. Lloyd George and Ramsay MacDonald (*together*). "MY FEATHER, I THINK."



Inquisitive Lady (to policeman removing Bolshy orator). "WHAT 'S HE BEEN DOING, CONSTABLE?"
Constable. "HOVERTHROWIN' THE GUV'MENT."

CASH ON DELIVERY.

"THAT," said Pamela, sinking restfully into a corner of the sofa, "was quite a good supper. I couldn't possibly dance again for at least an hour."

"That being so," I said, "I propose——"

"No," Pamela protested, "that 's the one thing I couldn't bear. Besides you 've already used up your ration for the week—don't you remember?—at Lord's yesterday. I 'm looking forward, if you 're a man of honour, to another three days of peace. But by all means let us be what Mother calls 'plutonic' friends."

"Your presumption," I told her with all the dignity I could muster, "is only equalled by your bad manners in not letting me finish my sentences. I was going to suggest that, now that we have won this sofa, we should stick to it until some part of this hustling mob has passed on elsewhere. As for marriage, it is out of the question with a woman who has three helpings of lobster. Just imagine if——"

"It must be rather fun," Pamela broke in, "to go to a dance where you really *can* dance. It 's all very well its being a charity show, but it would be infinitely easier to stay at home and write a cheque and go to bed early. Because it 's a little absurd to pay all that just to be buffeted about by a mass of charitably-minded people. And——"

"Charity begins at home and all that," I agreed, "I know. And anyway I don't suppose they make very much out of these affairs. What with the band and the rooms and lobsters——"

"I do think you 're a pig," Pamela objected. "You 're really just as fond of them as I am, only I 'm honest about it and you 're not."

"Blatant, I should call it. Have a cigarette?"

The main ballroom of the Majestic is usually a fairly packed conservatory of tired Society blooms, but I had never before seen it so crowded. The band was scarcely audible above the buzz of tongues and the shuffle of feet, and the jam of dancers revolved like a deafening merry-go-round, shouting ineffectually to each other as they went. I began to wonder what KING HENRY THE EIGHTH or his Cardinal, for instance, would have thought of it all.

Pamela seized my arm.

"My dear," she cried, "look over there!"

She pointed excitedly to a notice on a swing-door.

"MADAME BAZZI, THE RENOWNED FLORENTINE, WILL TELL FORTUNES FROM ELEVEN TO TWO," I read.

"We *must* do it. I haven't been done since that old gipsy woman at Avignon; and she wasn't much good, or by now I 'd have three sons and be living in Texas."

She grabbed my hand and towed me reluctant through the arch to Madame Bazzi's door.

"Madame will be but a leetle minute," the chocolate-coloured attendant assured us in a deep Bayswater accent. "Ten shillings, please."

"It 's well worth it," Pamela whis-

pered. "Of course it 's awful rot and I don't believe a word of it, but it 'll be such fun. You *must* come and hold my hand."

The door swung open and out came George, Pamela's brother, mopping his brow.

"I 'm completely undone," he groaned; "I 'm going to marry a widow within three weeks and cross the Sahara with her. I suppose I 'd better go and look for her; we haven't much time to get the trousseau. Don't go near that woman, John; she 's a public menace;" and he passed on. But Pamela was unflinching, and we were ushered by the Bayswater lady into the presence.

Madame Bazzi contrived to look magnificent in what was ordinarily a waiter's pantry. Swathed in Oriental rugs and incidental veils she sat at a small table, comfortably at grips with a crystal. Beside her were a large plate of sandwiches and a depleted bottle of champagne. She bade Pamela be seated and clasped her hand in a claw which sparkled like a jeweller's dummy. I hovered in the background.

"Yours is a loving nature," Madame Bazzi intoned into the crystal; "you are affectionate and given to strong emotions. I see a tall building with four chimneys that stands out of your past, which is otherwise a little dim."

Pamela sat up a bit at this. She had been born under the shadow of the Chelsea Power Station.

"You are generous, fond of travel, somewhat imperious. I see a river and a rowing-boat floating slowly down it; you are going on a journey. I can't say for certain where, probably Asia. You may cross a desert; I think you will. But if you do you will undoubtedly find an oasis. There will be many oases in your life. I think you should be very happy. Would you like to ask any questions?"

"You 've said nothing about—about marriage and that sort of thing," said Pamela shyly. "Do you think I ever will?"

"It is very difficult to tell," Madame Bazzi replied; "I will look again."

Very quickly I dodged behind Pamela and, holding a Treasury note above her head, I made a terrible grimace at the Bazzi indicative of C.O.D.

She was one of nature's actresses; she never faltered.

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"Can you see—what he 's like?" Pamela whispered.

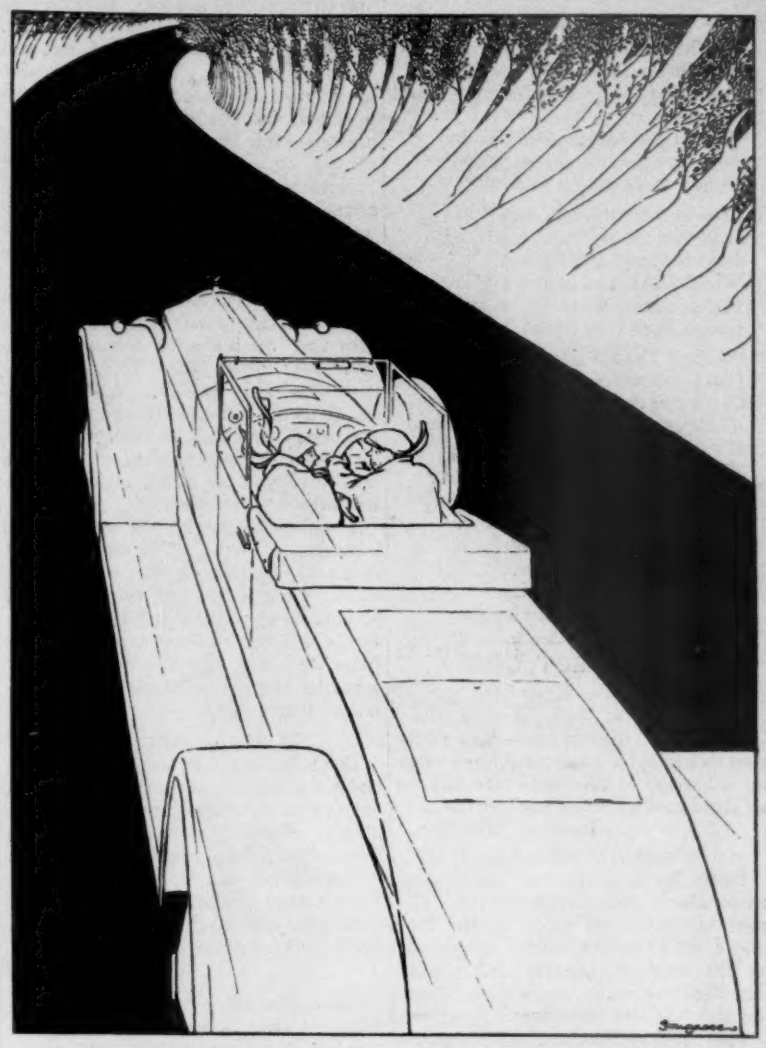
"I see—a dark man—he is not beautiful—a snub nose, protruding ears and a wart on his chin. There can be no doubt; he is clear in the crystal. But even now it may be too late—you should lose no time."

I could have hugged the woman. I thrust the note into her hand with my blessing and followed a suddenly subdued Pamela back into the ballroom.

"Of course," she said, "it 's awful rot—it must be—but——"

"But?" I demanded.

"There may," she murmured, "be something in it after all."



"GEORGE, CAN'T YOU GO A BIT FASTER? THERE 'S A TERRIBLE WIND COMING IN AT THE BACK."

"Evil communications, as the copy-book reminds us, corrupt good manners."
Daily Paper.

But SAINT PAUL thought of this first.

From Smith minor's examination papers:—"Tedium is the thing we sing in church."

The Language of the Finns.

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". . . . people who in many such little matters make us long for a Pooh-Bah to 'put 'em on the list.'"—*The Times.*

Ko-Ko loquitur:—

"And that very careless person
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Lactic Treatment.

"PARLIAMENT.

. . . . Comments by members after the meeting indicated that in adopting this resolution the party intended to administer a milk rebuke to the two members concerned."
Bournemouth Paper.



Inquisitive Lady (to policeman removing Bolshy orator). "WHAT 'S HE BEEN DOING, CONSTABLE?"
Constable. "HOVERTHROWIN' THE GUV'MENT."

CASH ON DELIVERY.

"THAT," said Pamela, sinking restfully into a corner of the sofa, "was quite a good supper. I couldn't possibly dance again for at least an hour."

"That being so," I said, "I propose——"

"No," Pamela protested, "that 's the one thing I couldn't bear. Besides you 've already used up your ration for the week—don't you remember?—at Lord's yesterday. I 'm looking forward, if you 're a man of honour, to another three days of peace. But by all means let us be what Mother calls 'plutonic' friends."

"Your presumption," I told her with all the dignity I could muster, "is only equalled by your bad manners in not letting me finish my sentences. I was going to suggest that, now that we have won this sofa, we should stick to it until some part of this hustling mob has passed on elsewhere. As for marriage, it is out of the question with a woman who has three helpings of lobster. Just imagine if——"

"It must be rather fun," Pamela broke in, "to go to a dance where you really *can* dance. It 's all very well its being a charity show, but it would be infinitely easier to stay at home and write a cheque and go to bed early. Because it 's a little absurd to pay all that just to be buffeted about by a mass of charitably-minded people. And——"

"Charity begins at home and all that," I agreed, "I know. And anyway I don't suppose they make very much out of these affairs. What with the band and the rooms and lobsters——"

"I do think you 're a pig," Pamela objected. "You 're really just as fond of them as I am, only I 'm honest about it and you 're not."

"Blatant, I should call it. Have a cigarette?"

The main ballroom of the Majestic is usually a fairly packed conservatory of tired Society blooms, but I had never before seen it so crowded. The band was scarcely audible above the buzz of tongues and the shuffle of feet, and the jam of dancers revolved like a deafening merry-go-round, shouting ineffectually to each other as they went. I began to wonder what KING HENRY THE EIGHTH or his Cardinal, for instance, would have thought of it all.

Pamela seized my arm.

"My dear," she cried, "look over there!"

She pointed excitedly to a notice on a swing-door.

"MADAME BAZZI, THE RENOWNED FLORENTINE, WILL TELL FORTUNES FROM ELEVEN TO TWO," I read.

"We *must* do it. I haven't been done since that old gipsy woman at Avignon; and she wasn't much good, or by now I 'd have three sons and be living in Texas."

She grabbed my hand and towed me reluctant through the arch to Madame Bazzi's door.

"Madame will be but a leetle minute," the chocolate-coloured attendant assured us in a deep Bayswater accent. "Ten shillings, please."

"It 's well worth it," Pamela whis-

pered. "Of course it 's awful rot and I don't believe a word of it, but it 'll be such fun. You *must* come and hold my hand."

The door swung open and out came George, Pamela's brother, mopping his brow.

"I 'm completely undone," he groaned; "I 'm going to marry a widow within three weeks and cross the Sahara with her. I suppose I 'd better go and look for her; we haven't much time to get the trousseau. Don't go near that woman, John; she 's a public menace;" and he passed on. But Pamela was unflinching, and we were ushered by the Bayswater lady into the presence.

Madame Bazzi contrived to look magnificent in what was ordinarily a waiter's pantry. Swathed in Oriental rugs and incidental veils she sat at a small table, comfortably at grips with a crystal. Beside her were a large plate of sandwiches and a depleted bottle of champagne. She bade Pamela be seated and clasped her hand in a claw which sparkled like a jeweller's dummy. I hovered in the background.

"Yours is a loving nature," Madame Bazzi intoned into the crystal; "you are affectionate and given to strong emotions. I see a tall building with four chimneys that stands out of your past, which is otherwise a little dim."

Pamela sat up a bit at this. She had been born under the shadow of the Chelsea Power Station.

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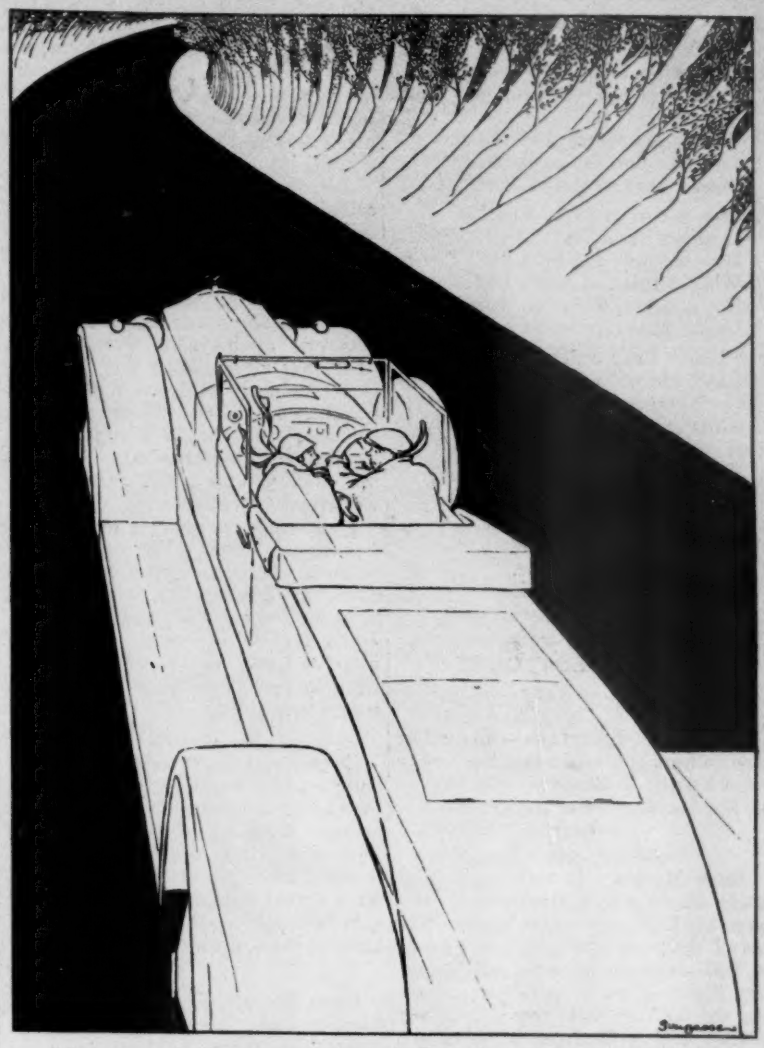
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S.O.S.

WHEN I go to bed at night,
When they take away the light,
When they say "Good-night" once more,
When they nearly shut the door,
And they don't come back again,
Then I have to call to Jane.

Jane is two and very small;
Jane can hardly talk at all;
Jane is lovely fun by day,
When I think of games to play,
But at night, when we're in bed,
I wish Jane was Nurse instead.

"Jane," I call, "dear darling Jane,
Can't you wake and have a pain?
Can't you make a crying noise
(Girls can do that more than boys)?
If you have the littlest fright,
Nurse will come and bring a light."

Jane won't answer, and it seems
Jane is having jolly dreams,
So I lie quite still and see
Just how quiet I can be,
And, until it's day again,
Try to share a dream with Jane.

THE PERFECT CURE.

2, Feline Mews Studios, Kensington.

DEAR AUNT EMMELINE,—So awfully glad to hear you've decided to go away for a change to Shellsea. Do tell me all the humours when you get there.

Love, RAYDIE.

200, Grosvenor Square, W.

DEAR RAYDIE,—It was really your uncle David who persuaded me. His gout has been very acute lately. Not that I shall not be thankful to get out of 200—*such* an inconvenient house: four flights of stairs, spare rooms leading through the little room I put the sewing-maid in; basement kitchen, very dark, and *such* an old-fashioned range—*eats* coal, and whenever they have friends in they let it down to its fullest extent and the bills are double what they need be. And in hot weather the dustbin comes up to the drawing-room—you know what I mean; and the dustman is so irregular unless one tips him all the time, which he has no right to expect. I believe he gets far more a week than the cashier at the bank.

By the way, I am *so* obliged to you, my dear, for boarding Pugsie and the birds. I know I can *absolutely* trust you as to their happiness and diet.

Your affectionate AUNTIE EMMELINE.

P.S.—Pugsie won't eat liver, so it's no use getting it in. Siamese cats are terribly particular. I will of course leave his food to you, but I suggest

Cod's heads (boiled)
Scraped meat (not too often)

and an occasional sardine; and don't let him have his food too hot or he is sick. And he likes his milk *warmed*, but put down water too. And for the rest he will eat some sorts of table-scraps (chicken, and the carcase of Bordeaux pigeons—not the pinions or he will choke).

P.S.S.—The budgerigars will be *great* company for you. Don't forget their bit of greenstuff and their cage sanded every morning, and if Joey bites you when you're giving him his drinking-water it's only nerves. Parrots are extraordinarily *moody* creatures. If he gets one of his silly screaming-fits, *cover him up at once*. They've complained already at 201. When (or if) he opens out his crest like an umbrella, it means either that he is angry or that he wants to be scratched. Don't let him think you are afraid of him or he will attack you *at once*.

I am really aching for a change—looking too awful! We are going to rooms at Shellsea, as your uncle wants quiet. When next I write I shall be looking at the sea and basking in a deck-chair. *To change one's set of ideas* is, I am sure, the real solution. I am in two minds about having any letters forwarded.

16, Marine Parade, Shellsea.

DEAR RAYDIE,—It seems too good to be true to have put everything behind me and to have nothing to do or think about. Excuse postcard. Will write to-morrow. Our rooms are on the right of the clock-tower. This card gives you quite a good idea of the place, but must have been taken quite fifteen years ago. Look at the women's skirts!

Shellsea.

DEAR RAYDIE,—I can't make out whether I like this place or not. The scenery is rather unenterprising, and the sea seems to do nothing beyond going out and coming in again. The guide-book says that MONMOUTH passed through the town on the eve of Sedgemoor; but there are no hanging-cupboards in my bedroom, and hot water only once a day. My room faces front, and I cannot sleep for the motor-cycles. The service is exceedingly slapdash and the electric-lights put just where one can't see to eat or read by them, and I have to get out of bed to turn them off.

P.S.—And no waste-paper basket in the sitting-room, though I have asked *three times*. What do they expect one to do?

2, Feline Mews Studios.

DEAR AUNT EMMELINE,—You don't sound very comfortable, but I expect you'll learn to manage in time. There never are w.p.b.'s in lodgings. It's one of the rules of the game.

Yesterday Joey bit me to the bone, reversed his bread-and-milk all over my lap and then said something which I feel sure it's a good thing I didn't understand.

Love, R.

Shellsea.

DEAR RAYDIE,—You say nothing about the budgerigars or Pugsie. Does this mean they are ailing? And do run round to 200 and find out why the painters have not started work.

Shellsea.

DEAR RAYDIE,—Such a dreadful thing has happened. My house-parlourmaid has given notice. Please run to Mrs. Lysle's and get her to send me a list of "possibles" at once. Yesterday we made an excursion to Grisley Castle—and she must be ready to come in in a fortnight.

Shellsea.

DEAR RAYDIE,—Cook writes me that the foreman says he can't match the door-paint with the window-boxes. Isn't it *too* tiresome? And they've discovered that that leak—you know—in the maids' room comes from a split pipe *next door*. The Telephone Company has sent me one of their letters saying we haven't paid the account and they will cut us off, and I can do *nothing*. All my receipts are locked up in my desk in the drawing-room. I am crazy with worry. I think the air here is too strong. The cooking is very poor—everything *à l'eau*. And everything unpunctual, which worries me so that I can't eat it when it arrives. There is a museum of local Roman relics here, and your uncle's gout is no better. Bits of pottery, and so on; and the local doctor doesn't seem to understand his case at all—medicine he gave him no good. Oh, my bed is so uncomfortable and the blankets so thin!

200, Grosvenor Square.

DEAR RAYDIE,—We've cut short our holiday, as we were neither of us happy at Shellsea, and I simply have to supervise things at 200. Came home yesterday to find awful confusion; workmen not nearly done, servants forgotten to re-order the papers and the extra milk, etc., and the morning-room carpet not yet back from the cleaners. The enamel in the bath still wet, and Ethel has broken my jug—shall *never* match it. I am thankful to be back, and now we are here things will be seen to properly.

P.S.—I nearly cried when I tumbled exhausted into my bed last night, after a punctual meal that one could really enjoy, and enough hot water, and found a switch to my hand. When all's said, there's nothing like having one's home comforts round one.

Yours affectionately,
AUNTIE EMMELINE.



"WE AIN'T GOT ENOUGH, ALFIE."

IN EPPING FOREST.

WHEN I went to Epping
I never chose Bank Holiday;
I always went at moonrise on misty
nights of May
To watch the pretty wood-nymphs
Delicately stepping,
Dancing capriciously
With fauns from the Forest,
Dancing deliciously,
Oh, daintily dance they!

Once, by an error,
I got there on Bank Holiday;
The rabbits stayed at home that day,
the birds postponed their song.
Monstrous motor-coaches
Filled the groves with terror,
Roaring unforgettably;
Paper-bags and bottles
Were strewn around regrettably.
I didn't stay for long.

But next time I crept there,
When all was still and shadowy,
To lay the horrid memories of what
I'd seen before;
I watched and I waited,
But nobody stepped there.
The wood-nymphs had heard of it,
"He comes here on Bank Holiday!"
The peering fauns brought word
of it—
They 'll dance for me no more.

So if you go to Epping,
At all costs shun Bank Holiday;
Go quietly at moonrise and see
what you may see;
For then the timid wood-nymphs,
Exquisitely stepping,
May leave their trees, perchance, for
you,
And venture through the Forest
And delicately dance for you
As once they danced for me.

COWARDS ALL.

We were talking about character, courage, fidelity to self, and the odd moments when the breaking-point comes.

"I," said one of the company, "can give you an example on the frivolous side, but none the less a test. I should value your views."

We composed ourselves to arrive at such views as he would value.

"It was at the house of my friend Stonehouse," he said, "and I was asked to meet a distinguished scholar at dinner. We were supposed to have tastes and tasks in common. Stonehouse, I may say, is a teetotaler of life-long standing who keeps a sound but not ostentatious table and, for his guests, a tolerable cellar.

"Shortly after the meal had begun, but not quite soon enough for me, the maid at the sideboard drew a cork with an agreeable pop, far more musical to my ears than the old concerts of that name, and poured into my glass and that of the other guest some of that animated frothing fluid which may be described as the life-blood of banquets. I refer to champagne."

We bowed.

"When, however, I raised my glass to my lips I shuddered and set it down. Then I looked across to the savant, who also had sipped, and met his eyes. They said in unmistakable language, 'Corked.'

"To ask our host for an opinion would be ridiculous. I therefore, after another trial, took charge of the matter myself. 'I 'm awfully sorry,' I said to him, 'but I 'm afraid this bottle 's corked. What do you think?' I added to the other guest.

"'I 'm afraid it is,' he replied. 'In fact'—he sipped again—'there 's no doubt. What a pity! A fine wine; one of the best years.'

"'It 's all right,' said Stonehouse; 'there 's heaps more. Mary, bring another bottle.'

"We resumed our food and our conversation, and in due course were rewarded by the gracious melody of another pop, and into new glasses the new cataract tumbled and laughed. After a decent interval I raised the beverage to my lips and again withdrew them, but with rather more revulsion than before; for not only was I more disappointed, more thwarted, but, the wine not being this time properly iced, the alloy was even more repugnant.

"Our host being deep in some theory or argument, as teetotalers can be, was, like a teetotaler, not looking to see what the impact of the new bottle was, and therefore missed my recoil.

"I waited until my *vis-à-vis* had an opportunity to drink and again sought his eyes, and again they telegraphed his tragic acquiescence. I made interrogatory movements of facial muscles indicating the desire to know if he did not agree with me that to go on with it would be both beastly and perilous, and across our preoccupied host he authorised me to protest again.



Country Hotel Waiter. "You wished your coffee without cream, Sir. I 'm sorry, we have no cream. Will you have it without milk?"

"'My dear Stonehouse,' I began, 'this is really too ridiculous, and you 'll wish you 'd never asked such a pernicketty fellow, but I 'm terribly afraid that this bottle 's corked too.' And again I roped in my fellow-guest, who, registering profound dejection at having to be so tactlessly truthful, again said that that was the case was his greatest fear.

"The faintest note of acerbity was detectable in Stonehouse's voice as he called for a third bottle and more glasses. 'You should drink water,' he was so graceless as to say, 'and then you 'd be free from these contingencies, which I much regret.'

"We went on with the meal, parched with thirst, and awaited Mary's return, which, like all returns for which one waits parched with thirst, seemed to be malignantly delayed.

"At last she came with the third bottle, and our ears twitched for the pop. Foaming and hissing the blessed liquor rose in the glass, and when the other guest was also supplied I prepared for a real draught. But this was more foully corked than either of its predecessors, and tepid at that. . . .

"'Well,' said Stonehouse with deadly geniality, 'it 's all right now, I trust. Luck in odd numbers, eh? Such calamities couldn't happen three times.'

"What would you have done? Repressing an expression of disgust, I sought my fellow-victim's eye. With his support I might tell the truth yet once more; but alone, no. It eluded me. Instead, I heard him saying, 'It 's perfect,' and, fascinated, I watched him empty the glass. Not till then did he look my way, with a glance that said as plainly as a sergeant-major's voice, 'Do that too.' And I did.

"Now, how many of you would have had the pluck to complain and ask for a fourth bottle? Comfort, health were at stake, yet how many of you would have said, 'This is corked too'?"

I ask you. E.V.L.

Uncle Arthur's Gaiters.

"The Right Rev. Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P., is coming to Leigh on Thursday, October 11th, to address a mass meeting."
Provincial Paper.

"There are nearly four million dogs in the country, approximately one to every twelve persons. Many of them are to be found among the readers of this Journal."
Suburban Paper.

Our own puppy devours it every week.

The correct title for the new Archbishop of Canterbury would be, not the Metropolitan but the Cosmo-politan.

"The first, an old single-cylinder —— tdfft shrdu rhsllud shrJlu shrdlubm of 1912 vintage and still going well."
Motor Notes in New Zealand Paper.

It probably sounds just like this.

"An insight into flying under service conditions has been given as a thrilling wind-up to the training of more than 200 of 3,000 public school boys in the O.T.C. camp at Strensall, York."—*Daily Paper.*

"Fear gave wings to his feet."—Virgil.

A girl who was lovely and lithe
Quite dazzled beholders at Hythe;
But she suffered eclipse
When she opened her lips
And announced her intention to "bithe."



Schoolmaster. "NOW I WANT YOU TO TELL ME WHICH OF THOSE WORDS ARE SINGULAR AND WHICH ARE PLURAL. TOMKINS, YOU TAKE THE FIRST, 'TROUSERS.'"

Tomkins (after deliberation). "SINGULAR AT THE TOP AND PLURAL LOWER DOWN, SIR."

SOLOMON.

I.

CHILDREN whose parents live in India often spend unhappy holidays, I fear, in England. But perhaps a bachelor-barrister uncle and a maiden step-aunt in a smallish house did not offer ideal conditions for a high-spirited girl recently imported from Madras. Further, some distinguished imbecile had obtained for her an extra week of summer holidays. For which of course the parents would pay and we suffer.

I was in my study after breakfast perusing a catalogue of seeds when Julia came in looking gloomy.

"You know, George," she began at once, "you promised faithfully you would speak seriously to Betty——"

"I'm sorry, dear, I forgot," I said, half laying down the catalogue.

"Things can't go on like this," said my step-sister. "Elizabeth must be checked. She is disobedient, unpunctual and uncleanly about her person. She was late again to-day for breakfast; and did you notice her nails? I know one mustn't expect too much from children dragged up in a pagan atmosphere of ayahs and coolies and nabobs and poppadams, whatever they may be exactly——" She stopped for breath.

"Poppadums—not dams—are farinaceous addenda to a real Indian curry," I explained.

"Exactly," said Julia. "Curry and condiments—what a diet for a child of fourteen! Of course I know you won't listen to anything I say against her."

"Really, my dear Julia," I began, when there came a sound of splintering crashing glass from the direction of the greenhouse, followed by a joyful shriek that was unmistakably Elizabethan.

"*Now* perhaps you will believe me," said Julia grimly.

"If that is Betty's doing," I began wrathfully.

"Well?" said Julia provokingly.

"I shall . . . speak to her in here," I ended lamely.

"If either John or dear little Richard had done that you would cane them severely," said my step-sister. "But as it is Betty, of course——" and she sniffed audibly.

"If it is Betty," I said valiantly, "the law must take its course. She shall get exactly the same as the boys. I mean it," I said firmly. Whereupon my step-sister left the study with suspicious alacrity.

I remained sitting. Somehow even seeds had lost their savour. Why do people have rows?

Then I heard Julia say in her most awe-ful voice, "Elizabeth, you are to go at once to your uncle in the study."

"Thank you, Aunt Julia," said a meek voice.

II.

Betty danced in, making powerful imaginary strokes with a tennis-racket.

"Yes, Uncle George?" she said radiantly.

"Did you smash a pane just now in the greenhouse?"

"Three panes—so sorry," said Betty.

"Why did you do it?" I asked irritably.

"Well, you surely don't suppose I did it on purpus," said Betty reproachfully. "I was trying a *pukka* B.N. shot on the court and the rotten old ball just whizz-banged through the glass."

"Trying to become a better than BETTY?" I remarked with fatal felicity.

"Yes," said Miss NUTHALL's junior.

"We're getting away from the case," I said, clearing my throat ominously. "Betty, I am sorry to say your aunt——"

"Step-aunt," corrected Betty.

"Your aunt," I repeated firmly, "has been much upset by your conduct."

I paused for some sentiment of contrition.

"Go on," she said resignedly.

"The charges are that you are unpunctual, and—er—let me see—yes, perfunctory in your—er—toilet."

"My hands, I suppose?" said Betty. "I was helping James to slaughter slugs," she explained. "Suddenly the breakfast-bell rang and I had no time to have a scrub."

It seemed a good defence, but I felt it must be rejected.

"So I am going to punish you; or—er—rather provide you—er—with a painful incentive to more regular conduct," I said. "I hope you understand?"

"I understand all right," said Betty.

"I must therefore trouble you to fetch Solomon," I went on. For that is our name for Black Rod.

Betty went briskly to the big cupboard, pulled out the bottom drawer, took out Solomon and came back to my table.

"Come on," she said, holding out the cane and her left hand. But I kept my hands deep in my pockets. Perhaps Julia might still intercede.

"One moment, Betty dear," I said, listening for footsteps in the passage and thinking of *Sister Anne*. But nobody came. . . . Well, it had to be.

"I shall give you two cuts, or rather strokes, for your double fault," I said slowly.

"What's the good of only two?" said Betty. "Be a man, Uncle George! Besides, you gave John six."

"Do they ever cane you at school?" I asked.

"*They* don't; the prefects spank with a brush," said Betty.

"Recently," I continued, "I read in *Truth* of a striking incident which constitutes a precedent. It appears that a Prince's daughter was whipped at her school."

"She jolly well deserved it," said Betty unfeelingly. "Come on."

"It will hurt me much more than it hurts you," I protested.

"No pi-jaw, please," said Betty.

"You don't seem to believe me," I remarked.

"No, I don't," said Betty bluntly; and again she tendered Solomon.

"Honestly, Betty," I said, "I wish I was going to be chastised instead of you."

"That's a good one, Uncle George," she replied.

"I will prove it," I said, and I held out my left hand for Solomon.



"I HEAR MRS. PETERS HAS A NEW BABY."
"BOY OR GIRL?"
"CAR."

"Gosh!" murmured Betty incredulously.

"Come on," I said according to formula.

"One moment, dear Uncle George," said Betty, trying not to grin. "'Course you understand this is not a punishment, only a sort of 'centive——"

"Come on!" I said a little sharply.

And she came on—twice—jolly hard.

The next moment she had flung down the cane and was in my arms sobbing.

"I am sorry . . . ever so sorry . . . I wish I'd never done it. . . . I'm a b-b-beast!" she wailed.

At that moment Julia entered the study and with her womanly intuition took in everything at a glance.

"This is most gratifying conduct, dear Elizabeth," she said in an unusually gentle voice. "From what I quite accidentally overheard when passing the strokes were somewhat severe. But don't cry any more, child, and we will say no more about the little accident with the tennis-ball."

Betty, who had dried her eyes, stood up shakily.

"But you don't understand, Aunt Julia," she began tremulously.

"Oh, yes, she does," I said hastily, in fear of a horrifying confession. "And if Aunt Julia will just let me finish something I want to say——"

"Certainly, George," said Julia. And as she left the study I could see that I had risen enormously in her estimation.

"You absolute old ripper!" said Betty. "And if you like you can give me four *pukka* stinkers in return."

I had my reward. At lunch Betty's hands and nails were immaculate. Even Julia was satisfied. I saw her take a good look while I was saying grace.

III.

That night, as I passed Betty's room, I saw the door ajar.

"Is that you, Uncle George?" she whispered.

"Sh! Sh!" I said, and went in quietly.

"Fancy!" said Betty, sitting up in bed and holding up a half-crown. "Aunt Julia gave me this just now because she said I had behaved this morning with Christian meekness.

"I'll make it five bob," I replied. "But you needn't squeeze my left hand *quite* so hard."

"Sorry, darling," said Betty.

As I said good-night I whispered, "Betty, I've just burnt Solomon in the study fire."

Virtuosi in Vice.

"COTTON MILLS SOLD.
FINE SINNERS BUY STOCKORT WORKS."
Lancashire Paper.

Poise on the Links.

"COMPETITION RESULTS.
Division 1: A. ——, 2 up, all square; C. H. ——, 2 up, all square; R. A. ——, 2 up, all round."—*Country Paper.*

NO MORE TIGHT COLLARS.

POSSIBLE OUTCOME OF THE LATEST CAMPAIGN.



IF THE MOVEMENT CATCHES ON—



AND SPREADS—



TO ALL CLASSES—



AND AGES—



SOONER OR LATER UNIFORMS ARE BOUND TO BE AFFECTED—



AND VARIOUS SERVICES—



MAY COME INTO LINE—



FOLLOWED EVEN BY THE CRACK REGIMENTS;



IN WHICH CASE THE NAVY WILL EITHER HAVE TO DO SOMETHING DRAMATIC TO KEEP IN THE SWIM—



OR ELSE DISSOCIATE ITSELF EMPHATICALLY FROM THE ENTIRE MOVEMENT.

MINOR MISCREANTS.

I CAN endure the signs that glitter
  In their kaleidoscopic twirl;
Can tolerate the squeal, the titter,
  The giggle of the modern girl.

I can endure the coloured critter
  Who whacks the drum with furious bang,
Or from the banjo or the zither
  Evokes a chronic nasal twang.

I'm fairly patient as a sitter
  When cornered by a wireless fan,
Or forced to hear the last side-splitter
  Told by the Have-you-heard-this? man.

But there are others who embitter
  The cup of life with poisoned drops,
The unwelcome guest, the tardy quitter,
  The bore whose cackle never stops.

And very few I deem unfitter
  For complimentary remarks
Than those who strew with loathsome litter
  Our pleasances and public parks.

THE TRUTH ABOUT "ALICE."

HIGHER criticism of *Alice in Wonderland* has made startling progress since English scholars have been untrammelled by access to the manuscript, and the book, with its companion, *Through the Looking Glass*, can now be given to the world as an historical document of first importance.

Little research has been needed to expose the vulgar error that the author was an Oxford mathematician. Starting from the established principle that a pseudonym is always accompanied by textual clues whereby posterity may penetrate it, students have examined the various characters for a common feature which must be the outstanding trait of their creator. This has been found to be complete mathematical ineptitude. From the many instances we need only quote the words of the *Duchess*, "I never could abide figures!" and of the *White Queen*, "I can do Addition if you give me time—but I can't do Subtraction under *any* circumstances."

Rid of the DODGSON myth, we can ask ourselves anew, who was LEWIS CARROLL? What do the *Alice* books tell us of the identity and date of their author?

Labyrinthine though their motive may seem, there is a guiding thread which, diligently followed, leads to their secret. In *The Looking Glass* we find the thread in the contest between two parties distinguished as the Red and the White, and we trace it back to the scene in *Wonderland* where the royal gardeners are busy painting white roses red. *Gardener Two's* words reveal the secret: "This here ought to have been a *red* rose-tree, but we put in a white one by mistake, and if the Queen was to find it out we should all have our heads cut off, you know."



Wife. "LATE, AS USUAL!"
Husband. "BUT AN ABSOLUTELY NEW REASON, MY DEAR."

Where in history do we find red and white at variance, and men liable to decapitation for favouring a rose of the wrong colour? The answer leaps to the mind, carrying the conviction that the *Alice* books are a satire on the Wars of the Roses.

On that hypothesis the characters fall readily into their historical places. The Queen of Hearts (the *Red Queen* of *The Looking Glass*), who demanded red roses, can be none other than the Lancastrian Queen MARGARET, wife of HENRY VI., the somnolent and ineffectual Red King. The critical student has a right to ask whether LEWIS CARROLL'S presentation of Her Majesty accords with that of any other historical character. The answer is in the Shakespearean. Take the *Wonderland Queen's* favourite utterance, "Off with his head!" It cannot be mere coincidence that in *Henry VI.*, having derisively crowned the captive Duke of YORK (the *Knave* in *Wonderland*) Queen MARGARET commands, "*Off with* the crown, and, with the crown, *his head*;" and again, "*Off with his head* and set it on York gates."

The *Alice* manuscript was clearly a Shakespearean source (though it is as yet premature to assert that the author of *Alice* actually wrote the plays), and we can therefore turn to CARROLL to supplement some of the incidents which SHAKESPEARE records.

To give one instance: in the *Duchess* of *Wonderland* we cannot fail to recognise ELEANOR, Duchess of GLOUCESTER, Queen MARGARET'S mutual enemy. SHAKESPEARE tells us how the QUEEN boxed her ears, whereupon the DUCHESS vowed: "She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged."

We find the sequel in *Wonderland*. In the scene on the croquet-ground *Alice* asks the *White Rabbit*, "Where's the Duchess?"

"Hush! Hush!" said the *Rabbit* in a low hurried tone . . . "She's under sentence of execution."

"What for?" said *Alice*.

"She boxed the Queen's ears," the *Rabbit* began. . . .

Genealogists may advance the baby as an objection to identifying the *Duchess* with Dame ELEANOR, who had no son. But consider the attitude of the *Duchess* to the baby—one of such hostility that she administered first pepper and then chastisement for sneezing. Clearly the baby was no son of hers, but some infant against whom she had a grudge, and who should that be but her husband's successor to the title of Gloucester?

The baby stands for RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER, who eventually mounted the throne as RICHARD III., and this is confirmed by its transformation into a pig, which is paralleled by RICHARD'S adoption of a boar as a badge (whence the York ham). The *Cheshire Cat's* interest in the baby's welfare is understandable when we remember that in political rhymes of the period the *Cat* stands for Sir WILLIAM CATESBY, RICHARD'S follower. CATESBY became Speaker of the House of Commons, so that the *Cheshire Cat's* appearances and disappearances refer to the assembly and prorogation of Parliament.

As RICHARD III. is represented as an infant, the *White King* must be his elder brother, EDWARD IV. The King's Messengers, *Hatter* and *Haigha*—the *Mad Hatter* and the *March Hare* in *Wonderland*—are of course of the White Rose faction. Turning to history for a supplier of distinguished headgear, we at once identify the *Hatter* with WARWICK the Kingmaker. The *March Hare*, however, is impersonal. He symbolises the Yorkist claim to the throne based on descent from MORTIMER, Earl of MARCH, *heir* to RICHARD II.

The alternate victories and reverses of the White Rose and the Red are hinted by the battle between the Red and White Knights: "One Rule seems to be that if one Knight hits another he knocks him off his horse, and if he misses he tumbles off himself."

Could anything sum up the military operations between York and Lancaster with greater accuracy and conciseness?

The fall of *Humpty Dumpty*, attended by the complete army of the *White King*, refers to the shattering defeat of the Lancastrians at Towton. But the contest between *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee* is not one of the fights of the Roses. The two brothers, who, it will be remembered, abandoned their intended battle on the arrival of a "monstrous crow," are the old English kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex, which ceased their internecine strife to resist the Danish Raven. This is one of several references to earlier history which have crept into the *Alice* narrative, another being the ballad of *Father William* and the *Young Man*, who are, of course, the CONQUEROR and RUFUS.

As to the author's identity, the fact that he lampooned both parties in the dynastic struggle tells us that he belonged to neither, and was therefore probably a foreigner; while his pen-name, consisting of the names of the two Kings of France contemporary with HENRY VI. and EDWARD IV., suggests that he was a Frenchman writing under royal patronage. The work therefore appears in the light of an official expression of French jubilation at the internal dissensions of England which put an end to the Hundred Years' War.

We regard the theory that LEWIS CARROLL is an anagram of EORL WARIC. S(uus) L(iber) as frivolous and unworthy the attention of truly serious scholarship.

What Do You Know?

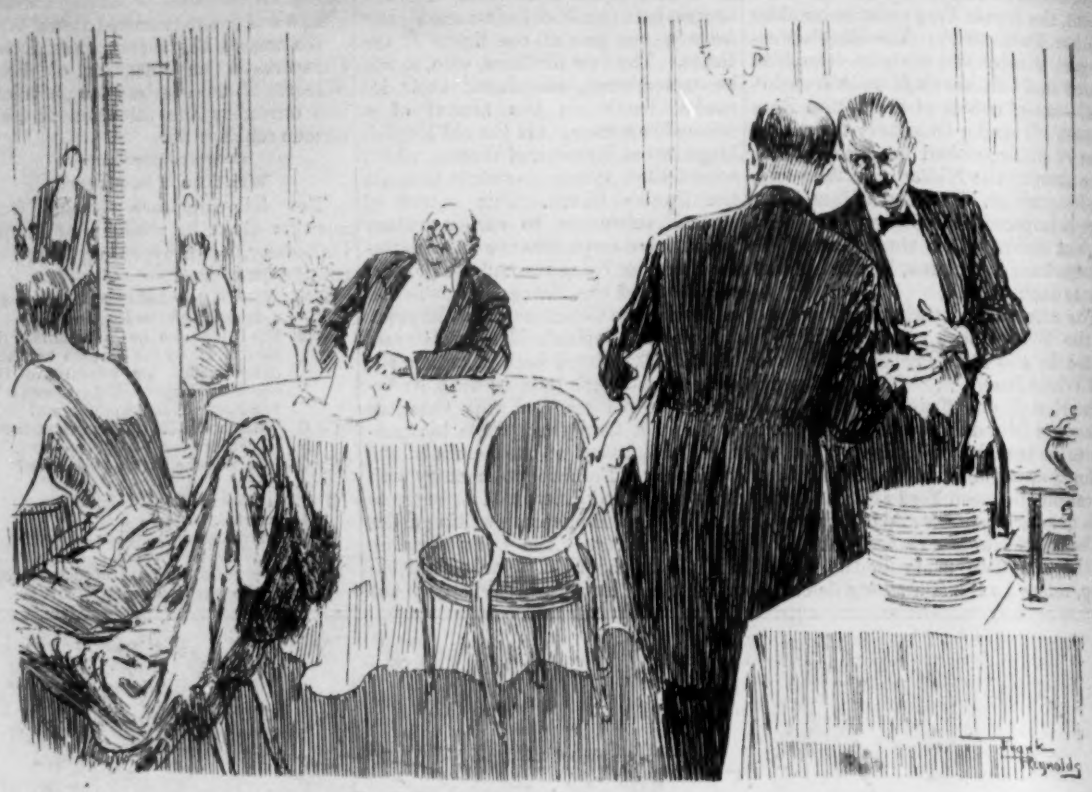
The following are selected from answers given by students of Punjab University, when appearing before an employment board:—

"(1) *Q.* What is the difference between the British and the English?
A. The Brit'sh are the inhabitants of the British Isles; the English are those tribes which are relating to His Gracious Majesty King George V. The English come from Sussex.
(2) *Q.* Where do the Highlanders come from?
A. Holland.
(3) *Q.* Where do the Dutch come from?
A. Spain.
(4) *Q.* In what continent is India?
A. America.
(5) *Q.* Are you a quadruped or a biped?
A. Sir, I am a half back.
(6) *Q.* Is your father a quadruped or a biped?
A. Sir, he is a shopkeeper."



THE THIRTEENTH.

New Member of shooting syndicate. "HERE, THAT BIRD 'S MINE!"
Manager of shooting syndicate. "OF COURSE I'LL PUT IT DOWN TO YOU. WE HAVE A TEN-SHILLING FINE FOR EVERY GREY HEN, AND IF THE EXCISE PEOPLE HEAR OF IT IT MIGHT COST YOU A FIVER."



Head-waiter. "LOOK AFTER THIS CUSTOMER—HE 'S AN AUTHORITY ON FOOD—WRITES THOSE DOMESTIC NOTES, 'WHAT TO DO WITH SUNDAY'S JOINT ON THURSDAY.'"

HOW TO FLOAT.

["In sea water almost anyone can float with ease by spreading their limbs on the surface in the form of a letter 'X.'"—*Daily Paper.*]

As I sturdily stepped from my cabin I whistled a blithesome note,
For I 'd read that day on my seaward way an article, "How to Float";
"There is nothing," it said, "to frighten; there is nothing that need perplex;
Just spread your limbs on the surface in the form of the letter 'X.'"

I painfully passed the shingle; I steadily strode the sand;
Where the ripples flashed I bravely dashed, and I waded away from land
To the calm beyond the breakers, where floated the foam in flecks,
There to spread my limbs on the surface in the form of the letter "X."

One matter alone disturbed me as I faced the initial plop—
I knew I could start on my floating part, but how in the world to stop?
Should I float, float on for ever, an object for seagulls' pecks,
Having spread my limbs on the surface in the form of the letter "X."?

So I called to my friends to join me; I stood between them and the shore;
I said, "Please note, I 'm about to float, as I never have done before;"
And afar on the sands the children were craning their little necks
When I spread my limbs on the surface in the form of the letter "X."

I glanced at the Lifeboat Station and it gave me a nervous jar;
I recited again the instructions plain I had read in the Pullman car;
"Be a man, my boy," I murmured; "remember your fearless sex!"
And I spread my limbs on the surface in the form of the letter "X."

* * * * * * *

Had my article's author failed me? Was my "X" not quite "O.K."?
Down, down in the deep, where the flounders creep, I sank from the light of day;
I was filled with the saline liquid which our maritime edge bedecks,
After spreading my limbs on the surface in the form of the letter "X."

When consciousness found me later I was spread on the grateful beach;
And I hope you 'll see from what happened to me that a lesson I have to teach:
If you 've ever a deathly grievance, if you 've ever a foe to vex,
Bid him spread his limbs on the surface in the form of the letter "X."



A REAL LABOUR EXCHANGE.

CANADIAN CERES (*to British Miner*). "LET ME CHANGE YOUR PICK FOR MY SICKLE."

[Ten thousand men, recruited mainly from the mining districts, are starting for Canada to assist in the harvesting operations.]



THE PERILS OF GATE-CRASHING.

THE UNINVITED GUESTS WHO BROKE INTO THE WRONG KIND OF PARTY.

THE MAKING O' T.

WHEN a Poet writes a poem I have often wondered what *exactly* happens, what processes occur and what little figments take corresponding form in far-off fairylands and in musical spheres. I met the other day with Alfred Anon, the well-known bard, and asked him of it. The following is founded on what he told me on the matter, he illustrating his meaning with an old and famous poem which he claimed to be the work of an ancestor of his own, a troubadour. I can't tell you the tale in Alfred's picturesque words, but the facts pleased me, so possibly you also may find something in this repetition of them to amuse or interest.

* * * * *

A troubadour took a scroll and began to scribble on it. "Lambs," he muttered to himself—"*lambs* they *should*, artistically, be, but lambs won't rhyme; well, anyhow, lambs are sheep." And he got on with it.

* * * * *

People such as she differ from other people; I mean that they, all suddenly and fully equipped, as was Minerva, come to pass, and so it was early on a sunny May-day in the pretty land of Make-Believe that at one moment there was *nothing* under the stem of the wise old oak on the hillside only sun-splashed turf and the fresh emptiness of morning, and at the next *she* sat there, the dearest little shepherdess ever you saw. She had simply, as far as one could see, occurred out of nothing at all. There was no doubt about her being a shepherdess, because she had a golden crook, but never sheep had she to pasture, and there she sat, unserviceably enough, in a pretty blue silk tea-party dress with a sash, and oh! her stockings were of blue silk and her shoes were of blue leather, and *yes*, she'd a picture-hat with a fine feather in it; and the dress matched her eyes and her eyes matched the bits of blue sky that peeped through the new leaves of the old oak. It was all so pretty.

The little shepherdess—she looked about twelve, judging by appearances—yawned and said, "I suppose I *am*——"

"*Beaux-yeux, Beaux-yeux, Beaux-yeux,*" shouted the old golden-billed blackbird at the top of a may-bush and at the top of his form. "Bo-peep I think you must mean?" said the little shepherdess politely. "Same thing," sang the blackbird; and now that he's mentioned it, so it clearly is. And that's how it all began, my dears.

* * * * *

The West Wind blew in merry mood through the warm and honeyed hill gorse; he loitered and came on, moving gallantly among the great oak-trees. He stopped when he saw Bo-peep and said fatuously, "May I be blowed!" He looked about and added, "I presume, my child, that you've lost your sheep?"

"I have not, then," said Bo-peep, "for you can't lose what you've not got." "Never mind," said the Wind, "you *will*," and off he went over the hills and far away.

"I suppose," said Bo-peep, looking at her fine golden crook that lay idle on the turf beside her—"I suppose I ought to be *seeing* about them." She jumped up and ran off, a butterfly brightness, through the big trees and came to the Palace of Pan, the kindly patron of all shepherdesses, even little tea-party poetry ones.

Pan, as he lay, as he lay, saw that little blueness come running from the



THE WORLD'S WORK.

PUTTING THE GILT EDGES ON THE BEST SECURITIES.

greenwood, and he clapped his big hands at such beauty until the hillside shook with the cheerful shock of them.

"Girls and boys," he halloo'd to the shepherds and milking-maids, "here 's a new playmate for you."

"Oh, *what* a darling!" said all the girls, and so thought the boys too, but they were too shy to say so aloud. And indeed she did look a darling, did Bo-peep, as she stood up in that fair and forest place, and a little poem too she looked in all her pretty clothes, her golden crook a-wink and her eyes a-sparkle, for 'twas of course an exciting moment for her.

"And so," said Pan, "you want some work, do you, my dear?"

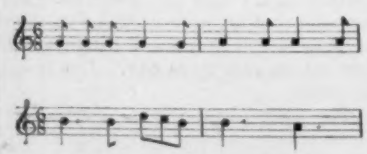
"If you please, Sir," said Bo-peep with a curtsey.

"But," said the old god of the shepherds a bit doubtfully, "you're so little; wouldn't you, did you have sheep to shepherd, go and *lose* them?"

Now before Bo-peep could reply a pretty rosy creature with freckles on her nose whispered rapidly in the god's goaty ear. Bo-peep couldn't catch what was said, but 'twas with authority and in this wise: "That 's my Bo-peep," said Thalia—for the pretty thing was indeed the Pastoral Muse and a frequent visitor to the father of pastorals—"that 's my own Bo-peep, and she 's come for her lambs, and of *course* she 'll lose them—that 's what she 's *for*."

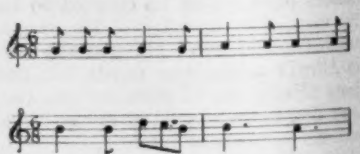
Pan remembered at once, Thalia was always leaving lambs about, and at that very moment he was in fact boarding for her, besides Bo-peep's lot, Lammikin-lammikin, Baa-Baa Black Sheep and a lamb labelled "Mary." "But," he went on to Bo-peep, "even did you lose 'em you 'd *find* them again, wouldn't you, my dear?"

"Yes, Sir," said Bo-peep, "assuredly I should," and for the second time she curtsied. The god then put his reed to his lips and blew a pretty little tune; it began like this—



and lo, out of a hollow in the hill there scampered and jostled as jolly a jumble of woolly lambs as ever were. *How* they frisked and gambolled when they knew that Bo-peep was to be their shepherdess, and when she led them off into the pleasant valley all the company cheered, and old Pan clapped his mighty hands like thunder, and little Bo-peep turned to curtsey for a third time and to kiss repeatedly her pretty fingers to her kind friends.

Soon she found a greensward where a group of fir-trees afforded agreeable shade, and in the midst of the green she mounted her golden crook on end and, recalling the little tune that begins—



she commenced to sing it, and the lambs stopped feeding to listen and ran together and danced and skipped around the golden crook with such merry capers that Bo-peep had to stop singing to laugh at the fun of it. As she laughed she heard the West Wind in the pines; he said, "Hullo, Bo-peep, found 'em again?"

"No, silly," said Bo-peep, "you can't

find a thing *again* till you've lost it at least once."

"Never mind," said the Wind, "you will;" and off he went over the hills and far away.

Now the sunshine was very sunny and the turf was as cushiony as cushions and the burden of the grasshoppers *did* make the most delicious lullaby.

So Bo-peep found herself nid-nodding, and with a jump she sat up; then, new to her job, thought to keep wakeful, poor innocent, by counting the lambs. Well, you know what happens when you count sheep? Lambs, then, are equally fatal (lambs, as the troubadour said, *are* sheep) and in a minute Bo-peep had fallen asleep.

Far off, in the world of work-a-day, the troubadour, in an agony of concentration (troubadours, poor devils, had to do the music as well as the words), began to whistle through his teeth while he wrote the selfsame funny little Panic Bo-peepian "Come hither" that we know already.

* * * * *

"Make haste," said the lambs to the troubadour, who was still busy with them; "we've got to go *home* again, you know." "Of course I know," said the troubadour, "who better? but I'm just going to end you off." "We can't wait another minute," said the lambs, so the troubadour took his scissors and cut their tails off since they wouldn't wait, and he'd done all the rest of them, and lambs don't mind, and presently he wrote "Finis" at the foot of his scroll.

* * * * *

The shadow of the crook was long when Bo-peep awoke. She'd been dreaming of lambs, but now there wasn't a lamb in sight.

"Hullo, Bo-peep," said the West Wind; "lost your sheep?"

"Yes," said Bo-peep briefly. "Never mind," said the Wind, "they'll turn up;" and at that moment the lambs began to turn up all over the shop, for were they not being what is called "a success"? "But they've left their tails behind them," said Bo-peep, and her heart bled. But when she saw that the lambs didn't mind she didn't either.

"*Bind'em, bi-ind'em*," crooned the West Wind, in soothing echoes, referring to the endless editions that the troubadour's poem ran into.

* * * * *

"I fear I'm a frightfully bad shepherdess," began Bo-peep when she got back with her charges and had to explain why she was late for supper. "My dear," said Father Pan, "that's as may be, but you will certainly become the most *celebrated* one of all."

And hasn't she done so, bless her?

P. R. C.



STUDY OF A TOURIST WHO HAS JUST LEFT THE OSTEND BOAT AFTER THREE WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT, BEING OFFERED VEAL AT A DOVER RESTAURANT.

Our Distracted Farmers.

"At this juncture the rank and file can only watch and wait. They may watch if they care, but the one thing they must not do is to wait."—*Farming Paper.*

"The bride, who was given away by her veil of embroidered tulle, carried a bouquet of pink and white carnations."—*Country Paper.*

We always thought that veils were intended to *keep up* illusions.

A Freehold Ownership.

[In self-possession the modern girl is reputed to surpass all her predecessors.]

WHEN you are most yourself I most adore,
And yet your independence I deplore;
How shall I ever get you to resign
That self-possession, Madam, and be mine?

W. K. H.

BUS CONDUCTORS.

I KNOW the police are delightful,
I know that they keep me from harm;
They're truly seraphic in handling the traffic—
But give me conductors for charm.

The drivers of taxis are marvels,
And, though they alarm me a bit,
Their ways of abusing are apt and amusing—
But give me conductors for wit.

Oh, often I think a conductor
Would just be the husband for me,
So kind and so funny (and regular money)—
But I fear that it never can be.

R. F.

THEY.

"THEY say——" With this beginning we make Them responsible for all superstitions, platitudes, proverbs and most unpleasant remarks about others. Very few people have seen Them, but one person did, and wrote about Them, and drew Them, and sent Them down to posterity as a warning to mankind.

According to LEAR They are bald-headed, mean-featured, short-legged, tip-toed busy-bodies, either gloating over or horrified at the doings of others; wet-blankets nearly always. When the gentleman in a boat exclaimed ecstatically, "I'm afloat, I'm afloat!" They dispelled the illusion with a flat "No, you ain't," which had disastrous results upon this experimenter in auto-suggestion. They love to make merry at other people's eccentricities or misfortunes and are masters of the art of asking irritating questions. When They inquired of the Old Man of the West (who, you remember, wore a pale plum-coloured vest), "Does it fit?" he replied very simply, "Not a bit;" but anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with Them will know why he was uneasy.

In the same way all one's sympathy goes out to the mendacious old person of Gretna, who, as he fell down the crater of Etna, answered Their question, "Is it hot?" with "No, it is not." In each case the answer is a model of brevity and restraint.

They know exactly how to Treat their victims so as to cause as much pain as possible. On some people subtleties and suggestions are wasted. Such was the Old Man with the gong, and to him They merely said, "Oh lor! You're a horrid old bore," and smashed him. They said to the Old Man with a poker, who painted his face with red ochre, "You're a guy;" but for once They had mistaken the object of Their attack, for he made no reply and knocked Them all down with his poker. This is one of the rare occasions on which They came to grief. They were also embarrassed by the forsaken Lady of Lucca, who ran up a tree and said "Fiddle-de-dee!" and They ran away from the young lady who had unique eyes and boldly made the most of them; for They are, above all, conventional.

They take a morbid interest in people's ailments, and Their remedies are original and usually successful. They cured the restless Old Man of the West by setting him to spin on his nose and his chin. The bad dreams of the person of Cromer They warded off with cake. When the Old Man of Nepal had a terrible fall, They managed, though he was split quite in two, to mend him with very strong glue. They knew that butter induced muttering, and that muttering cured the plague.

But They are most dangerous when Their victim is most harmless. Witness the tragic fate of the innocuous Old Man of Whitehaven, who danced a quadrille with a raven. They said, "It's absurd to encourage that bird," and smashed him for his pleasant absurdity.



Little Jones (soliloquising). "I WONDER IS IT BEST TO MAKE THE ATTEMPT FROM THE FRENCH OR ENGLISH SIDE?"

History suggests several methods of dealing with Them. You can answer Their odious inquiries as if they were kindly meant, like the man who was bored by the bee. "Does it buzz?" They asked, and he answered, "Yes, it does." Or the blind old man who, when They seized on his foot and said, "That's your toe," replied, "It is so." But this method requires an unusual amount of self-control. You can lie, like the old man in the crater; you can forestall Them, as did an old man when he got his word in first and said, "If you choose to suppose that my nose is too long you are certainly wrong;" you may scare Them away by unconventionality, like the ladies to whom I have alluded; if you are a very exceptional person and have a poker, you *may* be able to smash Them; but the chances are greatly in favour of Their smashing you.

TICK, TOCK.

TICK, TOCK, said the clock,
Time to go to bed.
Half-past seven, Drowsy-eyes,
Good-night, Nod-a-head!
Up you get and off you go,
And fold your clothes up nicely,
Wash your hands and brush your hair
And kneel and say a sleepy prayer,
And you'll be tucked in bed, I know,
At ten-to-eight precisely.
Then what loveliness you'll find
Waiting for your coming,
Fairies merry, fairies kind,
Tiny nests of fairy birds
Singing songs with pretty words,
Meadows full of flowers and trees,
Gay-winged butterflies and bees
With their drowsy humming.

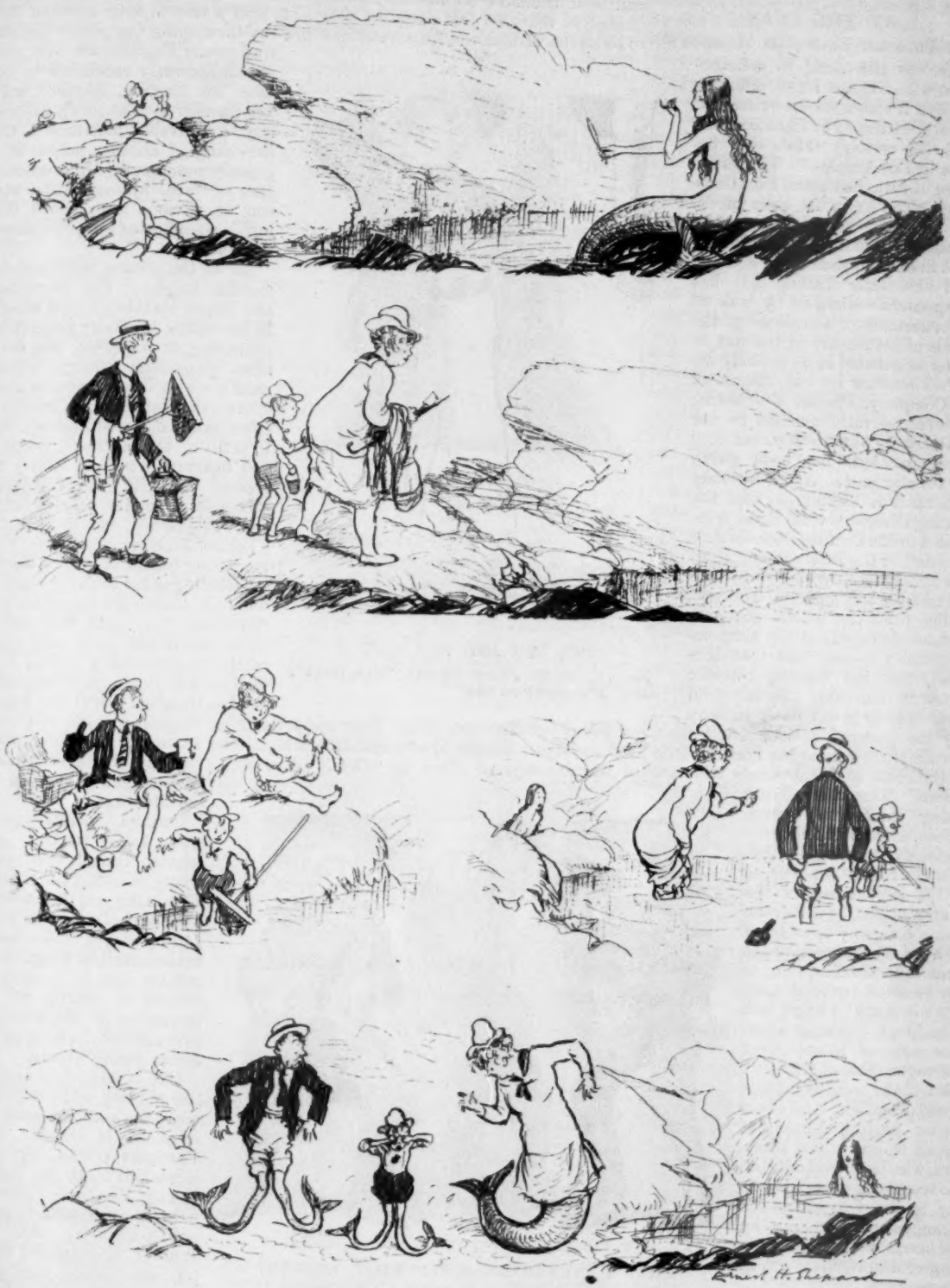
And the lucky child who comes
Finds—I tell you true—
A little house of sugar-plums
With barley-sugar window-panes
(They melt a little when it rains)—
It may be all for you.
The roof is made of caramel,
The walls are gingerbread.
Tick, tock, said the clock,
Time to go to bed.

And there are joys I may not tell
If you go by bridge and stream
In that kingdom of a dream,
And watch the spraying waterfalls
And hear the fountain-fairies' calls,
And see the water-lilies lie
Delicate and pale
In their secret pool of green,
Beautiful and shy.

But if we ask you where you've been
You cannot tell us all you've seen,
No matter how you try;
We may not hear the wonder-tale
Of where your wanderings led,
For over all a gauzy veil,
A magic cloak is spread.
Tick, tock, said the clock,
Time to go to bed.

"The Portuguese Government has decided to have meteorological stations erected in the Cape Verde Islands to give air to airmen."
Manchester Paper.

The danger is that they will contract a severe depression.



THE ENCHANTED POOL.

A HOLIDAY TRAGEDY.

AT THE PLAY.

THE PHANTOM FEAR (HIS MAJESTY'S).

VERNON SYLVAINE, in collaboration with SYDNEY LYNN, offers us a naïve if elaborate *divertissement* under the title of *The Phantom Fear*—or, (let us say) "How they behave in Los Angeles." Things are going ill with the Kestrel Film Company. The Press has been knocking them for some time, unduly stressing those little scandals incident to stars in their queer courses. And now their leading lady has disappeared—whether by way of advertisement or suicide or at the hands of kidnappers in the pay of rivals is debated in an entirely detached manner by the officials of the Company. Further, the Casting Director, secretly married to one of America's worst women and very worst actresses, has been giving her the star parts. And Somebody in control is kicking, so that the Casting Director's wife, *Mona*, is informed by the Casting Director that not she but the lovely young English film-artiste, *Marion*, is to take the missing star's part. You may gather from the baleful gleam in *Mona's* eye (she is of the cling-as-long-as-you-can-and-then-bite type), that the Casting Director is for it, and that the beautiful *Maid Marion* is not likely to have any too peaceful a time. And when you see *Mona* leaning her head tenderly on the chest of the obviously reluctant "*Devil*" *Mace*, the bullying young American screen-artiste, who is himself pertinaciously pursuing *Marion*, it is clear that whether or no the derelict barque, the *Southern Mist*, to which the whole company is ordered off by a telephone message from central office, is or is not haunted by dead men, there is going to be no lack of incident. You get a further hint of trouble from the vague hints of "*Chair*" *Davies*, the famous murder squad detective. And so the rather halting First Act shows us one of the Directors, who has found out that the telephone order is a fake and is about to cancel the arrangements, putting up his hands at the silent bidding of an unknown out in the passage.

Our friends of the Kestrel Company, however, knew nothing of the faked order and were therefore considerably more impressed than we felt ourselves able to be by the various odd manifestations



THE ARM AND THE MAN.

James Carol (*Mr. FRANK ROYDE*). "SAY, WHAT 'S THAT? I 'M GOING TO SEE."

on board the *Southern Mist*. True we had an honest murder by strangulation of the uncongenial *Mona* by "*Devil*" *Mace* in a fit of warrantable exasperation, and a terrific fight between this brawny thorough-going person and the frail young Englishman, *Neil*, who was desperately concerned to defend the heroine, *Marion*; with yet another murder (OFF), without any conceivable motive but the providing of another corpse as a ghastly property in the manufacture of terror by the sinister person or persons engaged in this highly complicated form of business intrigue.

As for the groans, wails and demoniac laughter, the scurryings and heavy breathings, and bloody finger-marks, the hairy green faces grimacing at portholes, and dead arms projecting through broken panes, and bodies propped against doors—these appeared to have due effect on the fluttered Kestrels; but I take it the author's purpose and business were not merely to present us with the gratifying spectacle of sundry persons being badly frightened, but to raise the emotion of terror in ourselves. The increasing bursts of cheery laughter which greeted each new horror will have shown the misguided authors that they gave their secret away much too soon, and were moreover guilty of a further tactical error in putting into the mouth of Miss BARBARA GOTT (*Mrs. Foley*, yet another English film star of second magnitude) so many laughter-moving lines as to destroy whatever tension there might have been in the situation.



WHAT 'S EVERYONE DOING? WHAT, INDEED!

Jake . . . . . MR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON.
Neil . . . . . MR. ROBERT HASLAM.
Edwards . . . . . MR. BREMBER WILLS.

Certainly we didn't guess who were working the effects, though we were pretty sure that the sinister Irish sailor was their accomplice (and of course we were quite wrong). There could in the nature of things be no reliable clue in a series of actions so entirely out of proportion to the effect to be contrived, the kidnapping of one young woman.

One cannot safely discuss the players without giving away the authors' secret for what it is worth. Mr. BREMBER WILLS, Mr. EDMUND WILLARD, Mr. FRANK ROYDE, Mr. DENNIS WYNDHAM (in a particularly good performance), and Mr. ROBERT HASLAM did their job adequately, and you must pick the principal villain from among these gentlemen. Miss HILDA MOORE

can always give you a sound, slinky, vicious vamp; Miss BETTY STOCKFELD was a charming heroine, and Miss BARBARA GOTT gave full point to the authors' technically misplaced humour. But you might just as well try to frighten us with a hollow turnip, a candle and a white sheet in Piccadilly Circus. T.

THE SKULL (SHAFTESBURY).

After *The Phantom Fear*, *The Skull*. If the thrillers really thrilled, my unhappy colleagues and I would be now obviously suffering from severe nervous prostration. Fortunately they don't; and they won't till the thrill-manufacturers learn to depend less on mechanical and electrical toys and tricks. Having laughed, then, half-heartedly at *The Phantom Fear*, we now come from uncomfortably sitting under *The Skull*. The two affairs show a distinct family resemblance. A disused church is substituted for the abandoned vessel; the various characters keep on darting aimlessly into holes and emerging therefrom, announcing the discovery of nothing; the weaker ones continually cry out, "Don't leave me!" and the stronger promptly abandon them to be conveyed through trap-doors, for no perceptible reason but mere wanton restlessness, by the villain, now disguised as a skeleton instead of as a corpse. In the matter of holes this new effort has the advantage; there are no fewer than nine doors and two traps, which is quite obviously overdoing it, and makes one long for one large cavity into which the entire show could be quietly dropped. The clanging of a tongueless bell in the belfry, where the eccentric bats are, takes the place of the sinister ship's bell; the more perceptive of the audience giggle or guffaw as horror succeeds horror. Possibly that is what Messrs. BERNARD J. MCOWEN and HARRY E. HUMPHREY expected.

Apparently jewel-thieving, counterfeiting and murder are so easy near Greenwich, Conn., U.S.A., that any criminal of sporting instincts throws in a few clues just to secure a run for his money. The villain of this piece makes a practice of announcing his imminent feats by the hooting of an owl (the ingenious authors, by way of taking any appearance of likelihood out of this business, perch a stuffed owl with blinking eyes on a corbel by the organ-loft). He also makes a point of wearing a skull mask on his face and leaving another skull as his sign-manual when he makes his *coups*, as other villains of his tribe leave a black spider or cross-handled dagger or bloody finger-marks. There is nothing new under the limes. The stolen jewels are cached in the crypt, and when you want to produce them you simply press a spring in the wall and the bright-red leather casket is conveyed by a small service lift through the reading-desk and brilliantly illuminated, a most gratifying labour-saving device, of course. The secret of the spring is known not only to the villain but to the ghost of the sister of the *fiancée* of the man falsely suspected as the thief, and this poor ghost alternates her mournful booming of the name of her murdered lover by giving her sister precise instructions as to the secret spring. I didn't tell you that there'd been a murder in the church? Well, there had.

Whether the villain is *Professor Vaughan*, the spiritualist, or the drug-debauched *ex-fiancé* of the distracted heroine I could not if I would disclose. In a shameful and exceedingly rare and, I hope, in the circumstances entirely forgivable neglect of the call to stern duty, I stole from the theatre at the end of the Second Act, just as the villain was removing the comic assistant of the brainless English detective through one of the nine doors, and just after the corpse of the detective's stool-pigeon had fallen out of the coffin with a sickening thud.

A pretty pass the London Theatre has come to that Miss ALISON LEGGATT (heroine) and Mr. JOHN GIELGUD (detective) should have to play this kind of nonsense. Mr. JULIAN ROYCE (the Professor) walked through his part with an admirable gravity and steadfast air of taking it all seriously; Mr. LESLIE PERRINS and Mr. ALEXANDER FIELD received the tributes of applause that a crouching crablike gait and hoarse utterance so readily receive from the easily pleased; Mr. JOHN DEVERELL shed a ray or two of his particular brand of idiotic humour over the mournful scene. It is sad to observe among other unhappy latter-day decadences the progressive decay of honest melodrama. *The Skull* is a sorry business. T.



COLNEY HATCHWAY.

Mrs. Foley . . . MISS BARBARA GOTT.



WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT? WE CANNOT SAY.

The Skull	ANON.
Part of Dorothy Merrill	MISS ALISON LEGGATT.
Bob Demarest	MR. JOHN DEVERELL.
Professor Vaughan	MR. JULIAN ROYCE.

An Alternative Ladder to Health.

"In his annual report, Dr. P. ——, Medical Officer for the County of ——, deplored the fact that oatmeal porridge, a splendid article of diet, was becoming unfashionable, and is supplanted by silk stockings."
Irish Paper.

We shall probably all go back in time to curried cummerbund.

"Mr. —— —— is a barrister and solicitor, and his father, Sir Edward, was for twenty years a pudge of the high court."
Provincial Paper.

That 's a difficult thing for a son to live up to.

SUNSHINE IN THE HOME.

"WHAT do you think," she asked me, "about this new idea of Sunshine in the Home?"

"It isn't a new idea," I answered with gloomy emphasis. "Years ago I remember we had a relative who was like that. She was always telling us how she tried her hardest to be like Sunshine in the Home. Well, she 's dead now, and it was a natural death, too, no ground for suspicion whatever. And then I had a friend once who married another of the same sort. He 's dead now, too, poor fellow, and that was a natural death as well."

"I don't mean anything like that," she protested. "It 's not a metaphor at all—it 's actual sunshine. Everyone 's talking about it."

"Mere talk," I declared, "and little else, especially at holiday time, when even people who pursue the sun to the South of France are quite capable of babbling of sunny hours, though the mistral has blown without ceasing and the rain never stopped."

"I mean," she explained patiently, "artificial sunshine—you buy something at the stores, and you turn it on, and there it is, and nothing to do with the weather at all. We are talking of having it installed. I do think it would be so nice, don't you? Every time Cook gives notice we should just turn on the sunshine. And Tom says perhaps we could have an automatic arrangement so that whenever the telephone rings a ray of sunshine would appear. And then imagine," she went on enthusiastically, "each morning at breakfast—and breakfasts, you know, can be so very trying, can't they? Because people's tempers——"

"Exactly," I murmured in sad agreement; "I have often noticed that at breakfast the tempers of other people——"

"Exactly," she agreed in her turn. "And somehow it 's always at breakfast-time that the coffee 's cold and the bacon 's burnt, and there isn't a single letter that isn't a bill. I often wonder," she mused, "why one has to begin with breakfast—suppers would be so much jollier to start the day with, wouldn't they?"

"It 's an idea," I agreed with enthusiasm, "that certainly ought to be taken up."

"Only," she continued, brightening, "all that will be changed now that the moment you come into the room, before there 's time for even the tiniest grumble, you turn on the sunshine."

"But will that," I wondered, "warm the coffee, unburn the bacon or even pay the bills?"

"It will at least," she pointed out, "show everything under a different light. I do think it 's wonderful what science does. I think the Government ought to take it up. Just picture London bathed in perpetual sunshine—except, of course, for strikes."

"Would foreigners like it?" I asked. "Wouldn't they feel—well, *cheated*?"

"Foreigners," she answered coldly, "must take our weather as they find it, and if they find it ceaseless sunshine——"

"If," I said. "Of course I 'm all for sunshine myself, nothing like sunshine as a reason for sitting in the shade and drinking iced cup, which is probably man's highest function here on earth."

"Artificial sunshine," she said sternly, "has nothing whatever to do with being lazy——"

"Oh, I didn't mean being lazy," I interrupted her, a little hurt; "I meant watching other people getting hot over lawn-tennis."

"It would just mean for everyone," she continued unheedingly, "perpetual summer—like the summers in the advertisements of all the holiday places you haven't gone to."

"I suppose," I observed thoughtfully, "I could have it in my rooms too? There 's a well-known quotation—you 'll remember it, I expect—'To be handsome a man must be slightly sunburnt.'"

"And I think it 's quite true," she declared; "handsome men are sunburnt, and, if you get it installed, you can easily be the one, even if you can never be the other."

"I don't quite follow you," I said coldly; "but do you suppose—would it be possible? I 'm thinking of the Stock Exchange."

"What about it?" she asked.

"Well," I explained, "I was wondering whether your Sunshine in the Home could be turned on to Home Rails."

E. R. P.

GOAT.

THE little young goat he wanted his mother,
He bleated an' bleated for lonesomeness,
So Molly she brought him the milk of another—
Now could she do more or could she do less?
For on Pillicock's Hill his dam at dawn
Was gone to suckle a daft-like spawn—
To suckle a little young pagan Faun,
Oh, yes, indeed, an' indeed, oh, yes!

The little young Faun he nuzzled agin her—
Molly's old Nan that 's white as foam,
And laughed how he was a-stealin' the dinner
Of her little he-goat at home, at home.
A flat and a frecklety nose he 'd got
And a milky mou' when he 'd sucked the lot,
And his eyes were slitted forget-me-not,
An' his face was brown as a honeycomb.

He didn't remember the mother that bore him—
Bore him under the wild-rose bank;
He didn't remember his father afore him—
A hoof, a horn or a hairy shank,
The little young Faun on Pillicock's Hill
That nuzzled and guzzled and sucked his fill,
For, bless your life, he didn't do ill
On the love he stole and the milk he drank.

The little young goat (on the milk of another—
The milk of another he never did lack)
He trots on the truanty track of his mother
Up Pillicock's Hill with a *tic, tac, tac*;
And the little young Faun, he says, says he,
"Here 's White Goat Nan and Young Goat and me,
Let 's all of us go to Arcadee—
Arcadee,
All of us three,
All of us, all of us, Arcadee."

* * * * *

So they all of 'em went an' never came back,
Which was tough on Molly an' that 's a fac';
But she married the man that they call Man Jack.

P. R. C.

Journalistic Ambiguity.

"RAIN PREVENTS A MILK SHORTAGE."—*Daily Paper.*

Another Middle-sex Venture.

"An interesting experiment was tried this year, he lady members of the staff arranging for a separate outing consisting of a dinner at the —— Restaurant, London."—*Electrical Paper.*

The Lighter Moments of a Conqueror.

"The twenty-one guns are relics of a large and perfect model of a battleship named the *Royal Adelaide*, which was constructed for William I. and sailed for his amusement on Virginia Water."
Daily Paper.



SIR ALFRED YARROW, BT.

Of that Concern which bears his name
He was the fountain-head;
With boilers made for war or trade
It keeps the navies fed;
Let no man view the Clyde and leave
YARROW'S "unvisited."

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXV.



Father. "I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT A NIGHT CLUB WAS THE VERY *LAST* PLACE A DAUGHTER OF MINE WOULD GO TO."
Daughter. "IT USUALLY *IS*, DARLING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Heading for the Abyss* (CONSTABLE) there is reprinted that famous indictment of his own country's foreign policy by Germany's Ambassador in London, which was first published with devastating effect actually during the War. The amazing series of indiscretions which led to this wartime publication, altogether against the late Prince LICHNOWSKY's wish or intention, is traced here, and the translator gives some indication of the storm of renewed controversy recently aroused in Germany by the present volume. In itself the notorious document strikes one as no more than a moderately-worded statement of the causes leading up to the War, and it is almost with an effort that one realises that here was a German who had actually succeeded in seeing others as they saw themselves—the normal attitude of his countrymen being something very different. Prince LICHNOWSKY's other essays, in which BISMARCK's preference for an Austrian rather than a Russian alliance is placed foremost as a historical cause of Germany's troubles, are not free from a certain amount of rather dull repetition, but no one should put the book aside without coming to the section in which are included the Ambassador's despatches to Berlin in the closing days leading up to the fatal 4th of August. These are tensely dramatic, as the lover of peace and friend of England is seen to be driven from one reserve of hope and expedient and passionate warning to another, until the last grain of sand is run. If the final judgment on all the causes of the War is still to be made, here is proof positive not only of the honesty of this country's attempts to avert the conflict, but a certainty also that at least one clear-sighted German gentleman was not lacking in his efforts for a solution. Prince LICHNOWSKY may have been deceived by his own Foreign Office, but he failed in nothing either to his own country or to the peace of the world. His reputation is cleared through all history.

Mr. J. C. SNAITH'S *Surrender* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) opens, with a verisimilitude I cannot sufficiently commend, in an African barracks of the French Foreign Legion. Here *Dorland* (Harvard and Paris), who has enlisted as the only means of taking a hand in the pre-American stages of the War, meets the Englishman, "*Jimsmitt*," whose motives for joining the Legion are understood to be less unmixed. Motives, however, are at a discount in this caravanserai of "wrong 'uns." "*Jimsmitt*," despite his lurid past, is a corporal; *Dorland*, with the white flower of a blameless life conspicuous in his *képi*, a highly unpopular private. Yet both unite in deploring the life they have let themselves in for; each makes a gallant effort to keep the other off absinthe, and finally the couple agree to desert together as the duly walnut-stained and heavily-veiled harem of a friendly Arab. Realising that a trek to the coast is out of the question, they make for Cairo *viâ* the Sahara; and their efforts to find water and avoid Touaregs—both intermittently unsuccessful—are generously piled on to the best piece of drama in the book, their escape from the barracks. The unfortunate Arab is lost on the way; but the two Europeans reach England, where their adventures, social and amatory, take a less sympathetic turn. The heroic yet practical *moral* of desert days strikes me as suffering deterioration in Wapping and Chelsea; and the final curtain, featuring a practical dissolution of the partnership, is sure to come as

a shock to most of that partnership's admirers. I think Mr. SNAITH will have to choose between the call of the wild and the talk of carpet-knights. To a yarn-spinner of his imagination the choice should present no difficulties.

It seems that in Hawaian seas
The trade-winds raise so stiff a breeze
That dusty islands, there to-day,
To-morrow may be blown away;
Or, anyhow, a year or so,
If you're inclined to let things go,
Will see the land that you possess
Growing quite noticeably less.

It 's on an island such as this,
A place of ill-repute, that Miss
ARMINE VON TEMPSKI's gone and thrust
The hero of her novel, *Dust*
(Which MURRAY publishes). It 's not
You 'll say, a very taking spot,
But what with bursts of love and hate,
Both in a pretty healthy state,
And cut-throat gangs who make things hum
By smuggling loads of opium,
Vernacular in italic print
To give the talk a local tint,
Innumerable heads of goats,
And sampans (which are really boats),
And Kanakas and Chinks and Japs
And other sorts of native chaps,
There 's so much going on that you
Will gladly see the whole thing through.

I admire the courage and generosity with which Miss REBECCA WEST tackles the art of criticism. She is so pluckily resolved to welcome experience from every quarter, to err—if err she must—rather from over-receptiveness than from over-exclusiveness, that her reviews are seldom lacking in enthusiasm and never in animation. But when she approaches the philosophy of art she reminds me of the caddis in *The Water Babies* who could never resist a shred of floating finery, but wove all the débris she encountered into her gay but cumbersome coat. A similar lack of austerity, a kindred industry in turning to account every shred of intellectual flotsam current in her world, renders Miss WEST's analysis of art, *The Strange Necessity* (CAPE), an unremunerative essay as a whole. It makes, I feel, more good points than bad ones, but these are extraordinarily unrelated save by the writer's acquisitive curiosity. She has a great deal to say about Professor PAVLOV's dogs, who, deprived of portions of their brains and with their salivary ducts transferred to the outside of their cheeks, react to food or noises in a fashion which reminds Miss WEST of her own "conditioned reflexes" to JOYCE or INGRES. These reactions, together with her response to such minor *stimuli* as hats, frocks and investments, are described in the first half of the book. The second shows Miss WEST in a more congenial rôle. Her dissertations on the four "uncles," WELLS, BENNETT, GALSWORTHY and SHAW, on WILLA CATHER, H. M. TOMLINSON, SINCLAIR LEWIS and ETHEL M. DELL, are all bright and capable journalism with no enduring pretensions. Her last essay, on the architect and cook of a Provence villa, is the tribute of an artist to artists.



Substitute (returning). "I ONLY WENT OUT TO OBLIGE THEM, AND THEY STARTED CALLING ME 'SILLY SHORT-LEG'!"

I never realised until I read *First Love* (CASSELL), by Miss OLIVE WADSLEY, how largely the upper classes, particularly the families of statesmen, live upon sandwiches. Time after time here, generally after some domestic upheaval, such as a murder on the stairs, the "little silver dish of delicate sandwiches" makes its welcome appearance and duly sustains the beautiful and heartless *Lady Greville*, who is at the bottom of all the troubles Miss WADSLEY has to tell us about. It is entirely her fault, for instance, that, to the intense annoyance of her statesman husband, a certain good-looking young diplomat, one *Robin Waine*, has been making love to her, though you are to understand that *Robin*, a very *Galahad* in such matters, limits himself strictly to kisses. *Lord Greville's* man-servant, by his master's orders, entices *Robin* into her ladyship's room, and then *Lord Greville* takes down a "kukri" from the landing wall and neatly and secretly sticks the valet. When the police come *Robin* is found in *Lady Greville's* room and, faced with the choice between acknowledging himself in hiding as lover or murderer, chooses the latter. This is *Greville's* plan to protect his name and his "position of honour in the service of his country" from calumny. I must admit that it does not strike me as a particularly sound one. *Robin*, with the assistance of all sorts of officials,

high and low, escapes from prison and begins a new and nasty life in the Argentine, and *Greville* commits suicide. The second half of the story, which tells of the love between *Robin* and *Greville's* young half-sister, *Lady Valerie*, takes place in South America with a complete dearth of sandwiches, and the story ends happily after plenty of trouble for everybody. There are many nice, manly, typical Englishmen, friends of the principal characters, scattered about in the story, and altogether, although it is rather a silly book, *First Love* has a charm and a vividness of imagination which make it quite enjoyable "light reading."

To *The Strange Family* and *Rudolf Strange* Mr. E. H. LACON WATSON now adds *The Last of the Stranges* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) and thus concludes his trilogy. It may fairly be called a triumphant conclusion. Good Third Acts are few, and here the Third Act is the best of the three. In *Rudolf Strange* Mr. LACON WATSON seemed in danger of getting bogged in a morass of trivialities; in *The Last of the Stranges* he is on sure ground throughout. It is still a quiet chronicle, in which the author seems reluctant to exploit even the incidents that lie to his hand, but it holds the attention by its obvious truth and sincerity. Not much may happen to *Rudolf*, but he is so clearly presented, and with all his weaknesses so human and lovable, that it is impossible not to be interested in him. Nor in *Elsie*, for that matter, but in her case the interest is possibly tinged with malice. Personally I longed for something unpleasant to happen to that infuriating creature; and most readers, I suspect, will feel that she calls for a good deal more charity than they possess. I cannot say that I liked the spiritualist propaganda which Mr. LACON WATSON has permitted himself in his closing chapter. He should not have done it; as his hero, *Rudolf*, himself a reviewer of books, might have told him, he was imperilling the artistic unity of his work. But it is, after all, a slight blemish in a charming and admirable book.



Imperturbable Burglar (as nervous householder's head appears). "WELL, INQUISITIVE, WHAT IS IT?"

It is easy to forgive the venom with which Mr. WILLIAMS-ELLIS, in *England and the Octopus* (BLES), anoints the tips of the barbed shafts of irony and obloquy he has loosed into the backs of those who are fast destroying the beauty of England—building speculators, advertisers, oil and refreshment mongers, indifferent professional and public bodies, even indifferent universities, for their offence is rank. One may, however, doubt the wisdom of his tactics. It is great fun, of course, to bait the Philistine. It is a more difficult business to convert him, and requires more patience than our puckish author can command. He might profitably have argued his irrefutable case more soberly and illustrated it with more of the illuminating contrasts of things well and basely done which adorn his appendix; have brought forward more explicit evidence—there is plenty—of how Continental peoples, notably Germany, Sweden and Holland, put us to shame in the matter of preserving and creating the amenities of town and countryside by enlightened public control over the vagaries of private greed and thoughtlessness, and that without sacrifice of efficiency or material progress. Yet no ally is to be disdained in so good a cause. And it is time somebody spoke his mind about Peacehaven.

The fortunes of our great public schools are of national interest, and as Mr. C. H. P. MAYO has been intimately connected with Harrow's for some forty years and writes of them discreetly his *Reminiscences of a Harrow Master* (RIVINGTON) are very welcome. From time to time all of our big schools have their set-backs, and possibly Harrow in recent decades has had more than its fair share of them. The reasons for this are patent to anyone who studies Mr. MAYO's reminiscences; but now the horizon is quite clear again, and Harrow's prospects were never brighter. Some of the facts mentioned in this volume are really amazing. For instance, less than ten years ago only six boys in Harrow were learning Greek. No wonder that Mr. MAYO appeals to the shades of WESTCOTT and BUTLER and FARRAR, and asks what they would think of such a state of things. Becomingly illustrated these recollections are both attractive and illuminating.

It is a moot question whether the novel is really a particularly effective medium for the airing of politico-sociological theories. Miss STELLA CALLAGHAN'S *Nor Shall My Sword Sleep* (HUTCHINSON) is a case in point. It tells how a young man who has inherited a great estate is prompted by his own conscience and the urgings of various idealistic friends to turn his park into a city for the benefit of the dwellers in the Thames-side slum area whence his revenues are derived, and of the obstacles to be overcome before his dream can be realised. Miss CALLAGHAN writes well, and her views in the abstract are admirable. But *Rex Hollaford's* city, regarded as a practical proposition, is singularly unconvincing, and her characters are little better. The hero shares with several other principal personages a distressing habit of making perfervid speeches three pages long on the slightest provocation; and the *dramatis personæ* as a whole are mostly drawn from the stock figures of the novel of "uplift."

Detective fiction in these days has become so elaborately embroidered that it is a relief to come across a story as free from trappings as *Search Will Find It Out* (MILLS AND BOON). Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN gets to work at once with the murder of a celebrated violinist, *Karl Wolfgang*, after a concert in London. Her theme, however, has more to do with fiddles than with fiddlers, for it was a collector's lust to possess a priceless instrument that at least indirectly caused *Karl's* death. The situations resulting from this crime are handled with restraint and ability, and many of Miss HARRADEN'S characters, notably *Matthias*, who made beautiful scrolls and loved his work, are extraordinarily alive. Of its class this is an admirable story.

CHARIVARIA.

IN order to contribute to the realism of last week's air-raids on London many civilians bolted to Brighton.

* * *

The latest agricultural reports seem to indicate that grumbling is well up to the average.

* * *

Picnickers are blamed for contributing to the increase of bluebottles. They are also responsible for the prevalence of picnickers.

* * *

A health specialist describes the symptoms of being out-of-sorts which appear immediately after returning from a holiday. His warning should decide many people to stay away.

* * *

Women's choirs at the Treorchy National Eisteddfod were criticised by the adjudicator for singing like whales. Gallant little whales, of course.

* * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE urges that the English language should be made a navigable river, not a flood. Fears are entertained, however, that it may be affected by the rising tide of Liberalism.

* * *

The installation, in a Lincolnshire Institution, of a wireless set with loud-speaker for tramps seems to be the latest expedient with the object of discouraging vagrancy.

* * *

In order to test the smooth running of trains between London and Edinburgh, a *Times'* correspondent placed a penny on the footboard. The Scottish feeling is that the experiment was attended by grave risk.

* * *

Heavy traffic at Beaconsfield sets electric bells ringing and shakes crockery off the shelves. The same effect is said to be produced locally when Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON passes by.

* * *

The Alsatian League points out that an alleged Alsatian dog which recently attacked its owner was a cross between an Alsatian and an Airedale. The question arises: Are Airesatians treacherous?

* * *

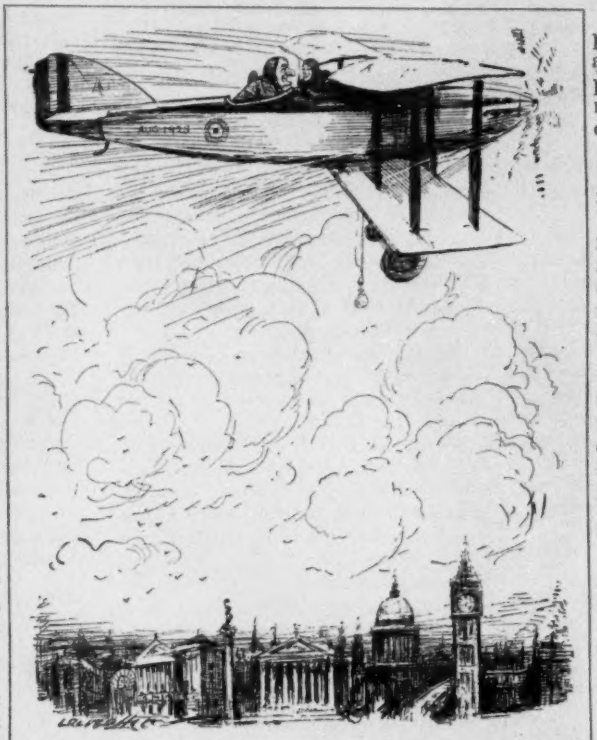
Broadcast television in New York has enabled listeners-in to see the singers. The real benefit of television, however, will not be apparent till broadcasting vocalists can see the listeners-in.

* * *

So little has been heard of "BIG BILL" THOMPSON of Chicago of late that there is a feeling that he must have joined Our Dumb Friends League.

* * *

"War" Office being too aggressive, M. PAINLEVÉ has decided to call it the "Army" Office. But seeing that France is spending seventy-five million pounds to dig trenches on the frontier, why not call it the Ministry of Geological Research?



Mr. Punch (going over the scene of the aerial attacks on London). "CONGRATULATIONS! BUT I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT SOME OF THE NICEST BUILDINGS ARE STILL STANDING."

In view of the proposal that artificial teeth should be marked with the name of the country of origin, we anticipate the smile that spells "Made in Czechoslovakia."

* * *

The series of articles on the towns of Thanet which have been appearing in *The Daily Express* are understood to be the outcome of a feeling that hitherto these secluded resorts have been too little known outside the narrow circle of *Daily Mail* readers.

* * *

It is rumoured that the agitation for a telephone between the Isle of Man and here was started by a man who wants to ring up a furrier's in Oxford Street and order an artificial tail for his cat.

* * *

A famous actress intends to introduce *Shakespeare* to the South African natives. Or, as some would prefer to put it, to further the association of HAM with BACON.

* * *

Mr. F. C. FIELD-HYDE advises people to sing for the good of their health, but, on the other hand, some people who value their physical well-being would be wiser to refrain from singing.

* * *

The publication of short pieces of fiction by well-known authors in a popular daily paper is described as a journalistic novelty. Except of course in the news columns.

* * *

There are only three specimens of a rare British moth. We understand that the reason why there are so few is because the insects live exclusively on a diet of the ear-flaps of discarded deerstalker caps.

* * *

We read of a photographer who boasts that it is his intention to live to be one hundred. We understand that his ambition is to take a slow-motion picture of two chess-players in full cry.

* * *

We notice from recent food statistics that in spite of the fact that there is no war on at the moment several firms are still making plum-and-apple jam.

* * *

It is pointed out that when a person is knocked down by an Ambassador's motor-car no claim for compensation lies. Persons should therefore be especially careful not to be knocked down by Ambassadors' motor-cars.

* * *

A London magistrate has been asked if a husband's habit of reading a newspaper at the breakfast-table is sufficient reason for breaking up a home. In our opinion it depends upon which newspaper he reads.

* * *

Mayonnaise is one of the shades that are to be fashionable this autumn. It should go well with a salmon complexion.

* * *

When London has its floating theatre on the Thames "the house rocked" will have a new meaning.

A SEA CHANGE.

THE waiter's lips moved, but if any sound came from them it was drowned in the tidal wave of discordant crashes made by a passing tram on the boulevard. My message to him was important and had to be delivered before the heat overpowered me altogether.

"*Deux bocks,*" I said, "*Deux bocks frappés!*" and at the last word the heat rose from the pavement and sneered.

"*Entendu, Monsieur,*" said the waiter with a triumphant glance at the tram.

"Why do I like beer in France and not in England?" asked Joan, and I was about to create an epigram when the waiter returned. "*Vlà,*" he said, with the air of one who has creditably accomplished an almost overpowering feat.

He put the beer on the table; the sun came several thousand miles closer; the pavement threw up more heat than ever and the ice disappeared.

The heat, said the waiter, was insupportable. Was it business that kept me and so gracious a lady in Paris? Of a truth it must be important, for who would stay in Paris when it were possible to be on the coast of Normandy, where the cool blue sea ripples over the shimmering sand, where one knew an hotel at which one ate the best things in the world in the cool green seclusion of the garden.

"Is it nice ribby sand?" asked Joan, "like a——" she broke off. "What 's the French for a mackerel sky?" she demanded.

Fortunately before—long before—I could reply the waiter resumed.

"The sand, Madame? Ah, the sand was firm and soft and free from blemish."

I took a sip of beer; it was warm.

"Of course," said Joan, "it isn't as though we hadn't the money."

Now this was a curious thing for her to say, because it was true; and it was a curious thing for us to "have the money" for anything—in fact we were *nouveaux riches*, though of course we tried not to show it.

The heat grew in intensity and I drank some more beer: it was hot.

"My old," I said, "tell us more of this little lost hole in Normandy."

* * * * *

All the time we were in our Norman retreat we blessed the name of our Parisian waiter—eight times every day—after each meal and after each bathe, for he had spoken nothing but the truth.

Not only that, but the things he had left unsaid were equally true. The other people in the hotel were charming and very nice to us both. They were all diplomats who were tired of the town or young parents who were not tired of their children; and there were no English-speaking people there to say, "Please can you tell me the way to Cook's?" So you see it was a complete change from Paris.

Also all the people there were rich like us, just nicely rich, so that we could have a bottle of champagne with dinner without looking round and feeling sorry we couldn't order a bottle for everybody else; and none of them realised at all that we were only very new-rich.

Every morning before luncheon the proprietor of the hotel came to me and said would I deign to taste the cocktail he had prepared, as I was English and the English had the taste for cocktails. . . . I would understand that he would not like to give his guests anything but the best.

I think perhaps Joan and I enjoyed it more than the others, because we were not so used to being wealthy and having as much money to spend as we wanted, though there was a Russian diplomat who was very nearly as happy. The Norman sun had changed him from a Bolshevik into a quiet cultured gentleman who would talk wisely on any subject in any language.

One day he was called away suddenly and we never saw him again. Everybody was sorry about this, but, as we all said, that is Life.

Soon after this I got a letter from England, and I said to Joan, "This must be attended to at once; we must go home." And everyone said, "That is a shame, but it is Life. Will you be at Pau in the winter?"

We said we hoped so.

When we were alone Joan said, "What *was* that letter?" and when I showed it to her, "Ooh! but it has been worth it."

The letter said:—

"DEAR SIR,—

I have to inform you that your account with this bank is overdrawn to the extent of £10 2*s.* 9*d.* I shall be obliged if you will remit this amount at an early date."

So now, you see, though we are still very grateful to our Parisian waiter, we are not *nouveaux riches* any more. Which is Life.

What to do with Cats in Holiday Time.

"One Manchester restaurant chartered a fleet of cats to bring birds straight off the Yorkshire moors."—*Daily Paper.*

Another Impending Apology.

"A visitor to one of the camps on Salisbury Plain wrote:—'If a man had tooth-ache he came to the Y.M.C.A. ladies for a remedy.' The special correspondent of *The Times*, after visiting another of the vamps, wrote:—'The Red Triangle workers are doing their usual excellent work.'"—*From a Y.M.C.A. Circular.*

THE TRIUMPH OF CULTURE.

[According to a newspaper paragraph "the name of Mr. Gene Tunney is to be inscribed on The Social Register, which is the Debrett of New York."]

NOT that his smile is sunny,
Not that his fist is steel,
And not on account of his money,
Although I could do with a deal,
Am I praising EUGENE TUNNEY,
But because he is so genteel.
(It may be a trifle funny,
But that is the way I feel.)

Great is the victor's glory
When he hears the vanquished groan
His last long grunt of fury,
Shattered and overthrown;
And his own two eyes are gory
And himself he is badly blown,
But he pluckily tells his story
Right there to the microphone.

But better than fame and dollars,
Of which there are quite a lot,
And the cinema rights he collars
And goodness alone knows what,
Is to raise the ring from squalors
By being a kind of swot—
And TUNNEY is one of your scholars;
DEMPSEY, it seems, was not.

And TUNNEY to-day is tasting
The welcome of aristocrats,
And the whole Four Hundred hasting
To kneel at his new white spats;
And his fame shall be everlasting—
Or so I believe—and that 's
What a good boy gets by pasting
A heavy-weight over the slats.

A common or garden bruiser,
With his cash and his motor-cars,
Winner alike or loser
Can never be one of the stars;
But TUNNEY, the text-book user,
Who burst through the social bars,
I toast him, and so shall you, Sir,
Because he can punch and parse!

EVOE.

Community Birdcasting.

"The gigantic loud speaker sent forth songs, dances, marches and every form of music, and when duck fell there must have been at least 10,000 people who could hear the powerful strains from this amazing instrument."
Evening Paper.

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And other living things to freeze,
But never had the wondrous luck
To bring to earth a flight of duck
Before a crowd of monstrous size:
It must have been a great surprise!

"TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED. DOGS SELF-HUNTING WILL BE DESTROYED."
Notice on gate in Hampshire.

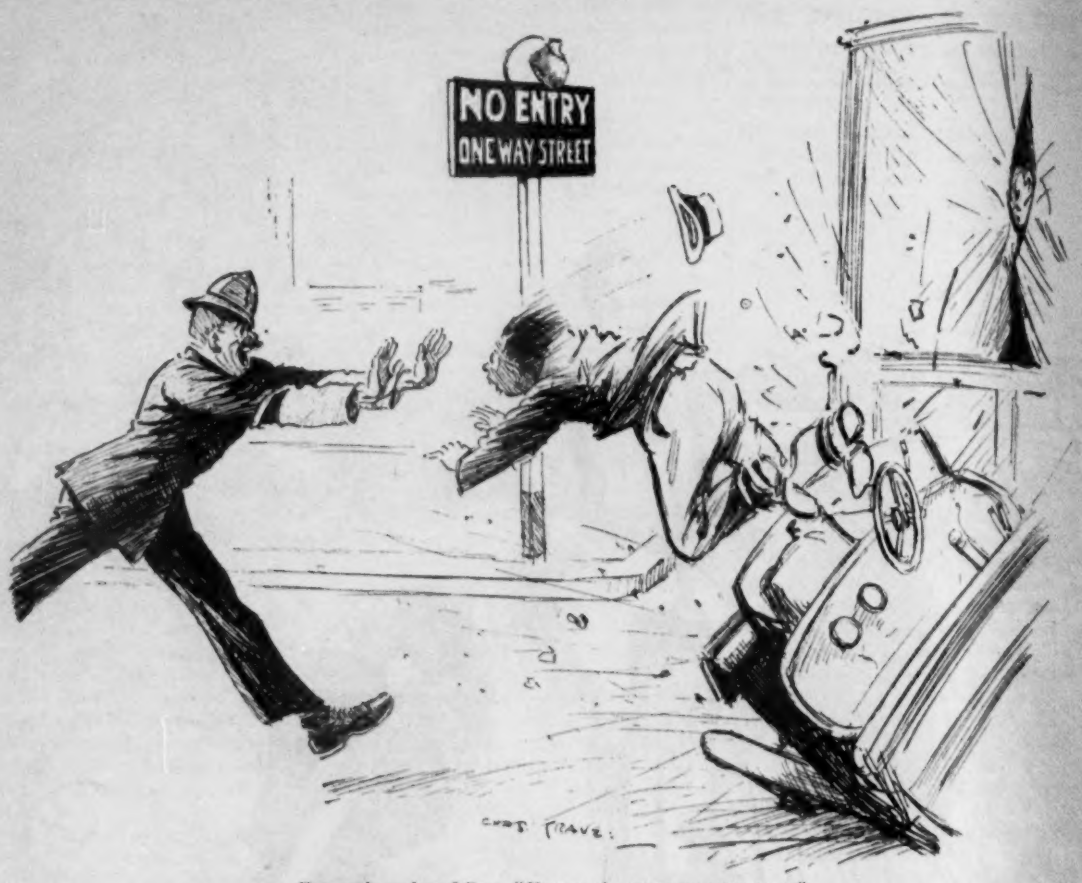
Mr. Punch will see to it that Toby doesn't chase his own tail if he visits this neighbourhood.



FIFTY YEARS OF SPEED.

(The C.T.C. celebrates its Jubilee on Saturday next.)

Cyclist of 1878. "WELL, AT ANY RATE WE COULD SEE SOMETHING OF ENGLAND!"



Extremely zealous Officer. "YOU CAN'T COME IN THIS WAY."

INNOCENTS AT HOME.

I.—WE START ON "LA TOUR."

As "Insulars Abroad," you may remember, Percival and I did France fairly thoroughly. By France of course I mean Paris and the Riviera. But the trouble about all sight-seeing is that it *is* always done abroad. At home in England we never enter a Place of Interest except by accident, and then the guide is talking about it in Lithuanian or American.

So we decided the other day we must rectify this, and we had a brain-wave. We would do it quite naturally, as foreigners. We had seen Paris through English eyes; we would see London through French ones. In a word, the "Insulars Abroad" were to become "Innocents at Home."

An inquiry at the information bureau of the Savritz Hotel revealed that London was full of queer out-of-the-way places, like the British Museum and the Houses of Parliament, that we as true Londoners had often heard of but had never visited. We determined to start with the Tower of London, and set out to procure guide-books, foreign-looking clothes and copies of "*Anglais en Six Leçons pour le Voyageur.*"

Percival had a hat, bought in Paris, which was a disguise in itself. There is something about a French hat which attracts attention anywhere. Whether it is the too large brim or the too small top, or the little metal clip they put in to hold the dent in place and which catches in your hair and plucks out a bunch when you raise your hat, I can't say. But Percival had only to put it on, and then, even if he were smoking a bull-dog pipe and carrying a walking-stick and *The Times*, I felt people would have said "*Bon jour*" to him. I armed myself with the phrase-book and practised raising my lid in French in front of the glass. After that, not knowing where the alleged Tower of London might be, we delivered ourselves over to a taxi-driver and set off. *Vive la France!* Henceforward, for the afternoon, our motto would be "*Politesse oblige!*"

On being decanted somewhere in the East End, we addressed the first man we saw, a rough British working-man at work.

"*Pardon, M'sieu,*" we said, "but vere is ze Tour of London?"

He came out of his rough working trance with a jerk, and at the third repetition informed us briefly that this here was it, this here what he was leaning agin, replugged his face with his pipe and relapsed into work once more.

We entered the Tower by the front door and bought tickets in our best French. Our disguise was good. Nobody suspected we were Londoners and we were allowed to pass unchallenged.

Inside, we were acquired instantly by a Yeoman of the Guard, or "Beef-eater." He was a very young Yeoman—more of a Veal-eater, I thought. He looked quite innocent; but little did we suspect what lay behind that imposing uniform. He led us off, talking rapidly.

We had had a stupid idea we were going to drift around where we liked and see the Tower; but this we found was quite wrong. After the first minute we had no more to say in the matter of

where we should go than a company of infantry has on a march-past. But we were gratified to learn that our Veal-eater had placed us properly on hearing our first spoken word, for, apologising for his lack of French, he had replied with an address of welcome: "All you 'oo come from ercrost the Chennel to visit this hancient spot. . . ." We raised our hats in answer and murmured, "*Vive la France et vive le franc!*"

He showed us everything, including almost at once that he was the Tower champion in long-distance non-stop talking. We tried every now and then to stem the man, but without success. Our only triumph was at the Beauchamp Tower, where we scored a mystified two-minute silence by pronouncing "Beauchamp" in French. The Veal-eater looked at us sadly, corrected us with all the care of a nurse explaining something to children, and then slid into the longest sentence I have ever heard. It went on for seventeen-and-a-half minutes by Percival's watch, and it dealt entirely with a gentleman called "Pore Rawley," who went to America to buy tobacco but completely lost his head. We stood by and interjected at intervals, "*Vraiment!*" and "*Pensez de cela!*" and "*Est cela ainsi?*" (Percival's idea of "Is zat so?"), but without effect.

At last we made a determined offensive and, producing our dictionaries and phrase-books, made him repeat every word over two syllables while we looked it up. This brought him to his knees at last and settled "Pore Rawley." He took us away quietly and led us up a flight of dark spiral steps. They were very dark and very spiral. I only twisted my ankle at the top, but Percival stumbled at every other one and barked his shins as well. His comments, begun in Anglo-Saxon and translated hurriedly into French, reverberated weirdly up and down the narrow stairway like mutterings of bilingual thunder. Arrived at the top he sat down in a vile temper. He seemed to think the steps were very poorly made and, while the Veal-eater drew breath for further effort, examined his legs and commented to me in an undertone on the cheap workmanship of the Tower staircases. He was just cooling off when the Veal-eater started once more. He began: "Them steps is called Norman trip-steps and is made with unequal steps so as to confuse attackers and prevent them being carried by swift assault." He paused, looked at Percival and added innocently, "You gemmen may not 'ave noticed this. . . ."

I was just able to stop Percival in time from saying what he felt in good Anglo-Saxon, and, as he did not know enough French to do the matter justice, he merely sat there like a corked-up volcano while the Veal-eater droned on. Owing to our preoccupation he beat his previous record easily and moreover disclosed an unexpected ability to walk backwards and talk at the same time. This I hardly consider fair. We limped after him saying, "*Mon Dieu!*" when he was listening and "Damn the man!" when he wasn't.

Half-an-hour later two weary people, dressed so nicely in French and thinking so horribly in English, were allowed to tip and depart at the gate.

As we passed out of earshot we heard our Veal-eater remark to a friend: "Couple of blooming froggies, Bill. Couldn't talk much to 'em." A. A.



Uncle. "WHAT ABOUT A TRIP TO THE ZOO, PAM?"
Pam. "RIGHT-O, IF YOU 'LL TAKE ME TO SEE *SMIRCHED SOULS* AFTER."

More Railway Enterprise.

"An official of the L.M.S. said to-day: 'The door-to-door scheme for the delivery of gods by road transport in the North Wales area has proved satisfactory.'"—*Evening Paper.*

And now let us hope they will try to convert this wicked London of ours.

"Red leaders wanted, accustomed to ship repairing work."—*North-Country Paper.*

The ship of state presumably.

TO THE MANNER BORN.

"AND what makes you think that Peter is definitely marked out for a career at the Bar?" my wife asked.

"I was thinking," I said, "of his masterly defence when you charged him with surreptitiously and feloniously removing the three doughnuts."

Doughnuts had been ordered because the Vicar's wife was coming to tea; she is so fond of them. The number three was in the nature of a compromise. The sight of four or more doughnuts on a plate would, we decided, give both of us indigestion, while two or under might make our guest feel a little diffident about taking a second one.

"But I'm sure he took them, dear," my wife insisted; "who else would or could have done so? The theory that the doughnuts came to pieces in Mary's hands is too fantastic altogether. Peter took them all right."

"Yet you acquitted him of the charge," I said.

"Yes," she admitted; "but what else could I do in——"

"In the face of his masterly defence? Exactly," I said.

Our son and heir had indeed risen to the occasion. It was pre-eminently desirable, he pointed out, in a case like this, where suspicion seemed to be the only evidence against him, that motive be proved. Now what motive, he asked, could a boy who had just finished his tea—a tea with which the most exacting seven-year-old could not possibly find fault—have for stealing three doughnuts. He admitted that there might be other boys less fortunate than himself who might be tempted to steal—boys with less generous mothers who did not understand the importance to a growing boy of a liberal supply of cake. But he, Peter, was under no such temptation. Why, he asked, should he steal doughnuts when, if he wanted some, all he had to do was to ask for them in the certainty that his wise and kind mother would see that they were immediately forthcoming. No, he concluded, the charge was patently ludicrous in view of the circumstances of his home life.

"Masterly defence or not, I do not want Peter to embrace the Law," said my wife with an air of finality. "Such a marvellous boy is certain to be a success, no matter what he takes up; and I don't think the legal profession can be quite nice if the prospects of success demand that he first attain proficiency in the art of deceiving his mother."

"But think of the rewards of success," I protested; "five hundred pounds a day just to argue——"

Suddenly the front gate banged and we looked out of the window to see the subject of our discussion running up the drive.

"Where's he been to?" I asked.

"He went over to the Robinsons' just before you came in," my wife replied. "He went over to mend Joan's scooter for her; but he seems to have come straight back home again. He must have quarrelled with the young lady. I hope you're proud of our son," she continued—"deceives his mother, argues the point and quarrels with little girls——"

"Really, my dear," I interrupted, "I am surprised you can think our son capable of such an ungentlemanly act. A veiled innuendo or two, perhaps, a suggestion by him, maybe, that Joan's conduct fell short of the standard demanded of a lady, but vulgar quarrelling—no, I can't believe that."

"Perhaps you're right," she agreed; "more likely, with his legal instincts, he refused to drive a single nail unless a 'refresher' was forthcoming."

"And why shouldn't he?" I asked.

"Is that you, dear?" she sang out as we heard someone rush down the passage.

Peter entered very hot in the face and short of breath.

"Have you quarrelled with Joan?" she asked him.

"No, Mummy, of course I haven't," he replied.

"Then why did you come straight back home again? You couldn't have finished mending the scooter in that short time. You must have been quarrelling," my wife insisted.

In view of Peter's answer I am inclined to agree with my wife. There are better things in store for him than a life of comparative poverty as a successful barrister.

"No, really, Mummy," he answered, "I haven't been quarrelling with Joan. I had to come back for my tools."



Proprietor of recently-opened shop. "AND WHERE SHALL I SEND THE GOODS, MADAM?"

Customer. "MRS. CEDRIC HAW, 'HOUGHTON,' BEAUCHAMP AVENUE."

Proprietor. "AND THE NUMBER, PLEASE?"

Customer. "IN BEAUCHAMP AVENUE WE HAVE NO—AH—NUMBAHS."

Mono-Parentalism.

"Readers of 'Pearson's Magazine' will be convinced that the evidence points to only one man and only one woman as father and mother of the Man in the Iron Mask."
Glasgow Paper.

Cricket as She is Played.

"Sinfield did his side splendid service by holing a catch offered by Hendren with the total 42."
Manchester Paper.

"Playing for Coalville Town against Bardon Hill, Fred ——, the ex-Wolverhampton and Chesterfield footballer, took all ten kickets at a cost of 30 runs."—*Provincial Paper.*

"The river rolled like soft glass; there were coloured carts beside the mounting stack, red, blue and yellow, and a cow with amiable neal at fly on shoulder. Many were the sounds to be heard; the whole firmament was full of larks, and sylvan air, the neigh of a horse, a blackbird over the road."—*Newspaper Serial.*

Need we wonder that the unhappy hero thought this a most suitable place for committing suicide?

"It has been estimated," writes the correspondent of a London evening paper "that if all the sandwiches cut by the head cutter of one of the large London terminal stations were laid end to end they would extend six hundred miles." Or (still better) laid in two rows four feet eight-and-a-half inches apart, they would make three hundred miles of excellent permanent-way.

MOUSTACHES ARE BACK!

[To lend a fillip to the moustache's returning popularity we suggest a few quite new styles.]



THE NOSE-RING.



THE FINGER-PRINT.



THE CASCADE.



THE PITCHFORK.



THE BANANA.



THE PAIR OF SPECTACLES.



THE CUPID'S BOW.



THE LANCE-CORPORAL'S STRIPE.



THE PEN-WIPER.

DIBBY.

DIBBY was a mouse
Pretty as a toy;
She lived in our house
To please a little boy;
White she was, her eyes
Pink, or rather red;
Dust upon them lies:
Dibby is dead.

She would climb a pole;
Cleanly ways she had
(White mice, on the whole,
Do not smell so bad);
When she heard you come
She came to be fed;
She would bite your thumb:
Dibby is dead.

When she married Clym,
Who alone survives,
She took care of him
Like the best of wives;
Regularly brought
Meals up to his bed;
Sometimes, though, they fought:
Dibby is dead.

We shall buy a wife,
If we can, to-morrow,
To share Clym's future life
And ease a small boy's sorrow;
She will be quite nice,
But, when all is said,
Dibby, best of mice—
Dibby is dead.

ETAOIN SHRDLU.

I HAVE recently had to go through a large number of misprints from English newspapers, sifting and collating until I flatter myself that I am somewhat of a connoisseur on the subject; and from my researches there stands out prominently a most significant fact, that whenever a linotype machine in a printing works kicks over the traces and takes a line or two into its own rollers, so to speak, it nearly always has one special message which it feels bound to impart to the world, and that is ETAOIN SHRDLU.

Sometimes there are slight variations. "Etaoin" is fairly constant, but the "r" of "shrdlu" is occasionally omitted, and two "l's" are not uncommon. Sometimes the machine, not content with having said its say, is in a repetitive vein, as for instance when it produces "ppxermcu ½£%bebung etaoin shrdlu wonkk etaoin etaoin £0000 honk shrdlu" as a serious piece of printing. And occasionally, in a less rampageous frame of mind, it makes a compromise with its public and prints with delightful ambiguity something like this: "In yesterday's etaoin cricket-match shrdlu won very easily. Etaoin pfizz played a great innings."

It is a curious phenomenon, and none of the printing experts whom I have asked to explain it have been able to do so. They talk vaguely of jammed levers and blocked pipes, but when I retort, "But why *those* pipes?" they hedge and look uncomfortable.

There must be some less material explanation. At first I thought that a Celtic revival must be on foot, headed by certain machines of æsthetic inclination; or I thought that perhaps Welsh printers when they die were condemned to miserable durance in the insides of linotypes, and that ETAOIN SHRDLU was the unearthly cry of inky souls. I gave up the idea, however, on seeing the phrase in a Chicago newspaper, for it seemed unlikely that even a Celtic-minded linotype would push a literary revival in that city.

I am still at a loss for an explanation. CAXTON perhaps swore strangely, abusing his baby rollers with mediæval, possibly with private oaths; and when our great crashing newspaper presses are angered and burst out in ETAOIN SHRDLU, who knows but it may be a garbled version of what was muttered into their first parents by the great master printer himself. I cannot say.

I only know that if ever I should write an opera (which is extremely unlikely) I shall call it *Etaoin Shrdlu*, and then people who haven't seen it will say to each other, "Oh, yes, one of those wonderful queer things by FIONA MACLEOD. You ought to go to it!"

And if ever I have a daughter—but no, that wouldn't be fair.



Boy. "MOTHER, I 'M GOING T' SWIM THE CHANNEL."
Mother. "YOU DO, THAT 'S ALL, AN' I WON'T 'ARF PASTE YER!"

ANOTHER RECORD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—There have been several letters in the Press recently recounting phenomenally low cricket scores in past years, of which the writers have kept records. This tempts me to send you the result of a match, played in the year 1858, of which I myself have kept a note, between two teams in my own village, which were, as the score indicates, remarkable for their all-round bowling ability and lack of really first-class batsmen.

June 21, 1858.

MR. SNOBBS' ELEVEN.

Blobbs b Bloke	0
Cobbs b Coke	0
Dobbs b Droke	0
Jobbs b Joke	0
Hobbs b Hoke	0
Lobbs b Loke	0
Mobbs b Moke	0
Robbs b Roke	0
Snobbs b Snoke	0
Throbbs b Throke	0
Wobbs, not out	0
Extras	0
Total	0

MR. SNOKE'S ELEVEN.

Woke b Wobbs	0
Throke b Throbbs	0
Snoke b Snobbs	0
Roke b Robbs	0
Moke b Mobbs	0
Loke b Lobbs	0
Hoke b Hobbs	0
Joke b Jobbs	0
Droke b Dobbs	0
Coke b Cobbs	0
Bloke, not out	0
Extras	0
Total	0

I warn you, Sir, that to seek corroboration of this record would be a waste of time, for I am, alas! the only man living who could possibly recall the match.

Yours, OCTOGENARIAN.

A Rift in the Flute.

"A development has taken place in the Fife Diners' Union dispute."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Proportional Evidence.

"And with that in your mind were you careful to say to the magistrate only what was quite true?—Everything that ¾I said was the truth."—*Evening Paper.*

And ¼I said wasn't.

Another Impending Apology.

"Both are three-year olds and have a wonderful future before them provided, of course, they are carefully nurtured. There is, however, no fear of that so long as they remain under the present ownership."

Rangoon Paper.

More Railway Propaganda?

"CHARM OF OLD SANDWICH.
'MYSTERY' PORT."

Suspicious Headlines in Daily Paper.

A Mechanised Thirteenth.

"GROUSE RUSHED BY AEROPLANE."

Daily Paper.

A left and right with both propellers is very effective.

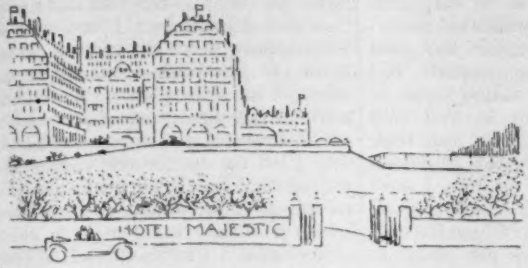
"Weymouth had an inch of rain overnight and there was about three quarters of an inch in Calshot and Winchester. London had over half an inch of rain during the night. dwhwS etaoin sh shrdlu cwyp cmfw shrdw"

Gloucestershire Paper.

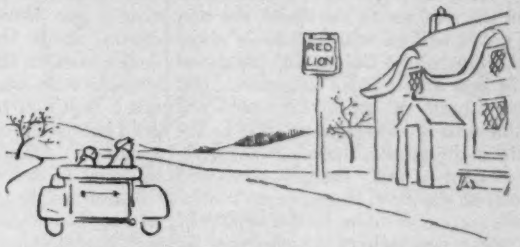
It certainly was.

THE CHARMS OF A MOTOR-TOUR.

THE CHARM OF A MOTOR-TOUR IS OF COURSE THE FACT THAT ONE CAN STOP FOR THE NIGHT JUST WHEREVER ONE FEELS INCLINED.



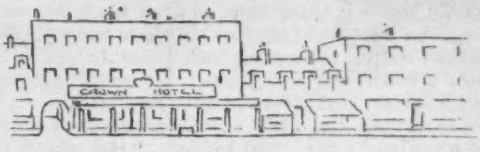
FOR INSTANCE, ONE CAN STOP AT THE MAJESTIC AT GRANDBOROUGH, ONLY THAT IT LOOKS RATHER PRETENTIOUS, AND THERE'S SURE TO BE A GOOD HOTEL AT SMALLBURY, TWENTY MILES ON—



ONE CAN STOP AT THE RED LION AT SMALLBURY, ONLY THAT IT LOOKS RATHER PRIMITIVE, AND THERE'S SURE TO BE A GOOD HOTEL AT GAYCHESTER, TWENTY MILES ON—



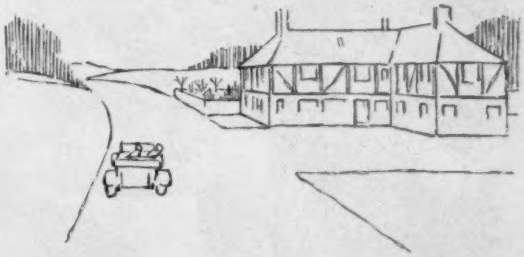
ONE CAN STOP AT THE COUNTY AT GAYCHESTER, ONLY THAT IT LOOKS RATHER OVERCROWDED, AND THERE'S SURE TO BE A GOOD HOTEL AT DULLFORD, TWENTY MILES ON—



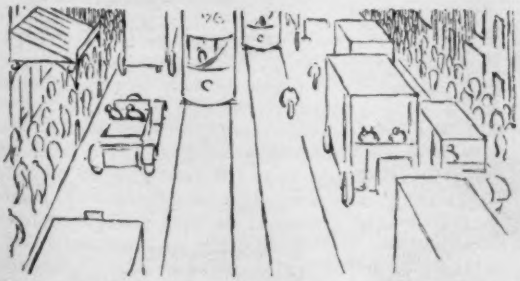
ONE CAN STOP AT THE CROWN AT DULLFORD, ONLY THAT IT LOOKS RATHER SUSPICIOUSLY DESERTED, AND THERE'S SURE TO BE A GOOD HOTEL AT RAWBRIDGE, TWENTY MILES ON—



ONE CAN STOP AT THE BULL AT RAWBRIDGE, ONLY THAT IT LOOKS RATHER AS IF THE FOOD WOULD BE PRETTY GHASTLY THERE, AND THERE'S SURE TO BE A GOOD HOTEL AT HARDPORT, TWENTY MILES ON—



ONE CAN STOP AT THE WHITE HART AT HARDPORT, ONLY THAT IT LOOKS RATHER AS IF THE BEDS WOULD BE LIKE BOARDS, AND THERE'S SURE TO BE A GOOD HOTEL AT COBBLETON, TWENTY MILES ON—



ONE CAN STOP AT THE STATION HOTEL AT COBBLETON, ONLY THAT IT LOOKS RATHER AS IF IT WOULD BE TERRIBLY NOISY, AND THERE'S SURE TO BE A GOOD HOTEL AT WINDYHEATH, TWENTY MILES ON—



AND, WHEN IT GETS REALLY LATE AND ONE IS TOO TIRED TO GO ON ANY FURTHER, ONE CAN USUALLY JUST GET IN ANYWHERE.

MR. MAFFERTY CROSSES THE CHANNEL.

"You'd think," said Mr. Mafferty as we were hustled down the gangway, "with all the grand strides Science is makin' they 'd maybe be thinkin' of some convenient device to shift me insignificant body from the shore to the steamer an' from the steamer to the shore, the way I 'd not be bruised with buffets an' crazy with showin' me tickets an' paralysed in the legs with standin' in queues. But there 's some things in this world will be the same always from this day to the endin' of the world. There 's women flyin' the Atlantic and there 's week-end parties at the Pole, there 's men soarin' to the stars and divin' to the depths of the ocean itself, there 's aeroplanes as fast as the lightnin' an' motor-cars as fast as a bird, we can see by the telephone and smell by the wireless, there 's nothin' we can't do but one thing only, and that thing, Mr. Heather, is to cross the Channel from one side to the other without fightin' a battle, or maybe three.

"There 's great mysteries in this small journey from the start to the finish of it. There 's the grand battle for the deck-chairs for one. You 'd think there was enough confusion an' jostle an' hatred an' bitterness at the beginnin' with the passengers crowdin' on to the ship together an' staggerin' with handbags an' umbrellas an' fishin'-nets an' the porters throwin' the great suit-cases from this place to that. But that 's the time the sailors must be dartin' about the ship as well with deck-chairs in their arms or over their shoulders, an' they a menace to human life. Will you tell me for why I can't get a hold of a deck-chair without bribin' a sailor? An' will you tell me for why the deck-chairs can't be put ready on the deck before the passengers set foot on the vessel instead of after? An' will you tell me for why there 's one gangway only instead of six to let five hundred people off the vessel, an' they jammed like sheep on the lower deck, an' burdened with baggage, an' sufferin' from the sea, to say nothin' of mothers have babies in their arms, or a cloud of small children to be trampled under-foot? You can't at all, because there 's no good reason.

"But what 's the use of talkin'? Is it tired you are? Well, it 's dead you'll be at the latter end. Let you stand on your other leg an' I 'll ask the gentleman to be takin' his great golf-clubs out of your right eye. What 's the next thing now? I 've shown me ticket; I 've shown me landing-pass; I 've me passport in one hand an' me birth-certificate in the other; I have the reserved seats in me teeth an' me registration-slip in a locket round me neck, an' I 'm wonderin' for why I left me comfortable home. Did you see that now? He never looked at me fine passport at all. It might have been a post-card or a few pages out of a time-table. I 'm thinkin' if he knew the great toil an' trouble I had to come by that document he 'd have given it a respectful glance, surely, for it 's the wonder of the world I have it at all, an' I not acquainted with a mayor or a magistrate or a notary public to be swearin' I was a fit person to go from one place to another without lets an' hindrances.

"Lets an' hindrances! There 's no let nor hindrance neither me passport 's spared me since I crossed me own door-step. But here we are, what 's left of us.



Owner. "HI! YOU CAN'T FISH THERE; THAT 'S PRIVATE WATER."
Trespasser. "I—I 'M NOT FISHING—I 'M ONLY DROWNING."

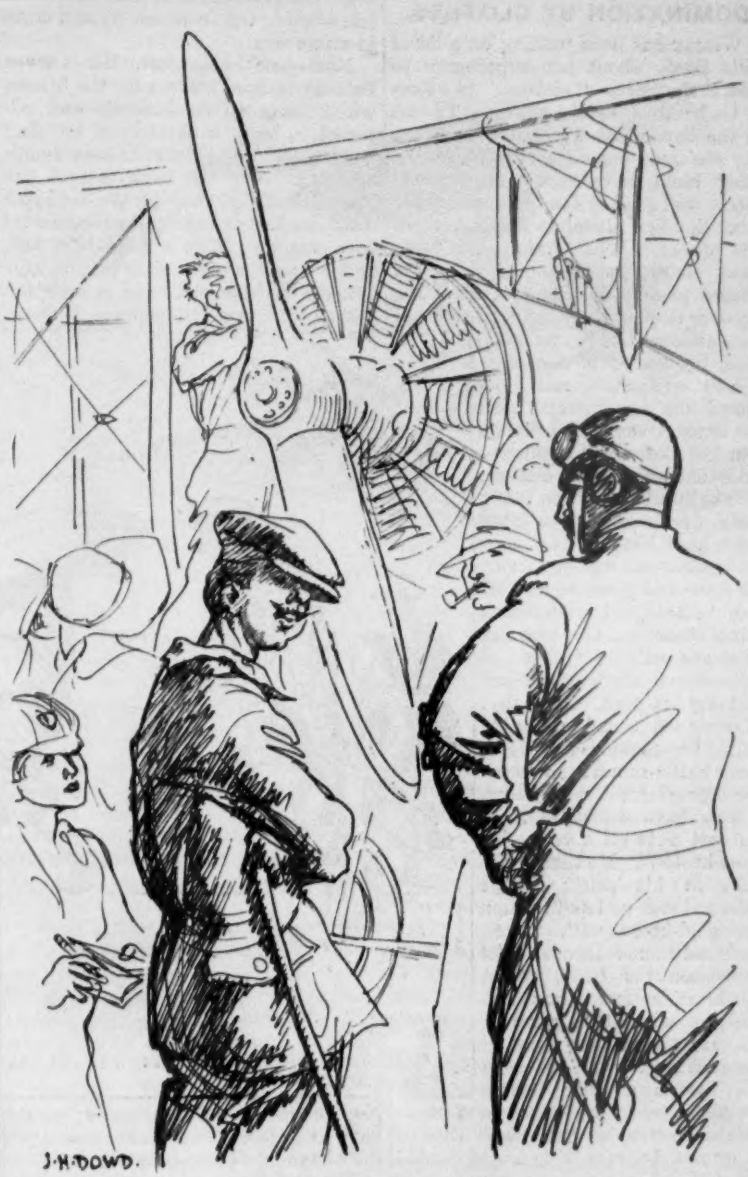
It isn't the monkey-house, but the Customs only. It 's a faint look you have, Mr. Heather. Let you sit down on this packin'-case an' survey the scene, for there 's no sign showin' of our porter at all, an' it could be he 's fallen down an' expired in a fit. I say, it could be our porter has fallen down in a fit, the excitable fella; an' you 'll pardon me shoutin', for I 'd have a right to be shoutin' in a place of this like, an' five hundred people shoutin' besides.

"I 'm wonderin', Mr. Heather, what would be the thoughts an' feelin's of a Hindu or a stranger fallen from the stars itself an' he comin' suddenly into this place? To see the pushin' an' shovin' an' heavin' an' strugglin' he 'd think it was war, surely; to hear the din an' babel an' cryin' out in various tongues, he 'd think it was Bedlam itself or some kind of a market in a cannibal city in the far parts of the East. To see the faces of the women he 'd think it was a place of torment an' they fightin' for their lives; an' to see the great fellas tearin' open the bags an' boxes an' scatterin' abroad the pretty garments of the girls like the petals of a lily is blown by the wind, he 'd think it was highway robbery or worse itself. An' it 's a poor tale we 'd have to tell him, I 'm thinkin', an' we explainin' 'tis no more than a number of citizens from a civilised country payin' a visit for pleasure to a friendly nation not thirty miles distant. 'Some of them folks is British,' we 'd be sayin', 'an' the others is French; an' them that 's French is in dread we 'd have dogs an' plumage an' motor-bicycles hidden away in our bags, an' that 's the way we have of findin' out is it the truth or no. It 's a simple thing, surely, an' happens three times a day or more.' I 'm thinkin', Mr. Heather, he 'd be destroyed laughin', that fella, with the great laugh he 'd be lettin' from this day till the endin' of his days, an' he not able to straighten his face.

"Will you tell me now, in the name of Heaven, what good a man does goin' to the Pole, or makin' a motor-car so swift it can't travel on a road at all, or flyin' over London too high to be seen, or sendin' photographs by wireless nobody would wish to look at if they was sent by thunder an' lightnin' itself? I 'm thinkin' he 'd have a better right to be givin' his great brains an' energy to carryin' meself across the Channel like a gentleman, the way I 'll not be torn to pieces or have an apoplexy at the Customs. An' so would the Governments, an' Science, an' the Organisers, an' the Captains of Industry an' all them big ones. For it 's a poor thing gallopin' before we can walk, Mr. Heather. An' if you marched round the world an' came back to this place you 'd see nothin' as primitive as them proceedin's in all the corners of the earth. It 's like the beginnin' of the world. I don't wonder at all so many poor girls has taken to swimmin' the Channel, for it could be that it 's more convenient.

"There 's our fine porter now, an' he foamin' at the mouth, with a great wound in his cheek. Let you put your head down an' your elbows out an' do a small piece of a burrow through your fellow-passengers. Good mornin', Mr. Customs. Yes, them 's me two bags. Have I anythin' to declare, is it? Indeed, an' I have so. I 've a bad temper, an' cramp in the legs, an' a great longin' for me own country: there 's a dog in the despatch-case an' a motor-bicycle in me Gladstone-bag."

A. P. H.



"AND WHAT EXACTLY IS THE FUNCTION OF THE PROPELLER?"
"TO KEEP THE PILOT COOL."

At Eastbourne.

An old man who sat on the front
Did nothing but gurgle and grunt;
But those not at hand
Thought it came from the band,
And encored this original stunt.

DOMINATION BY CLOTHES.

WOMAN has been putting on a lot of frills lately about her superiority to man in the matter of clothes. She jeers at Us because, having got herself down to the irreducible minimum, on a hot day she finds herself cool; We, on the other hand, have kept our garments pretty well as they always were, and on a hot day find ourselves hot, as is right and proper. What 's more, the ridiculous claim has been made that the alleged present-day domination of her sex over Ours in the young is due to her comparative bodily freedom. This, of course, is nonsense. Where civilisation has blossomed she has always been the stronger sex. Any change that has come about recently—but let us consider these clothes.

Take hers first. These, to the naked eye, consist of a loose outer husk that reaches from the neck to somewhere about the knee and goes on and off over the head, and an enormous pair of stockings. One assumes what she calls an "undie" of sorts below the surface, but that is guess-work. Generally, allowing ten seconds apiece for rolling the stockings skin-tight, about half-a-minute should see her dressed for the morning.

Now have a look at man. He first puts on a vest with three buttons. He then sticks links in his shirt; if the cuffs are stiff he has to soften the stud-holes with water, confound them! Into his shirt he places his head, waves his arms a few times and emerges with the garment on. He fastens the front of the neckband with one stud and inserts another behind to take the collar. The most comfortable collar he can wear, though no woman believes it, is a stiff double one, but it has a way of gripping the tie so fiercely that you can't slide it to and fro to get it into the proper tying position. This leads to a prolonged struggle, and men have been known (1) to lug the tie wildly at each end till it is destroyed; (2) to tear off the collar and heave it into the fire or out of the window; (3) to wrench the stud-holes in a fury till they gape like the jaws of a sparrow; (4) to commit suicide.

After this has been decided in man's favour, he puts on his socks and attaches and regulates their suspenders. He now dons his pantalettes. These have three buttons and a queer tape behind which is apparently meant to draw the garment in at the waist, and has another use to which we will come in a moment.

Now come the trousers. Six or seven buttons in front and six for the braces, which have to be fastened and adjusted, it being a mystery of life that no two pairs of bags take the same length of brace. Now the back end of the braces should go through the tape just mentioned, so as to keep the pantalettes from sagging. This is difficult to find, and to pass a pair of resistant tags through it with one hand is none too easy. Still, we will suppose it done.



Golfer (missing ball by feet). "DID YOU SEE THAT WASP? I NEARLY HAD HIM!"

Now the shoes: girls' just go on; man's have to be laced. Spats are voluntary; they have four buttons apiece.

The waistcoat has six buttons, of which all men of breeding leave the bottom one undone. This garment, though easily assumed, is a most important part of the furniture on account of the pockets; they contain the watch, cigarettes, note-case (if any) and silver, each in its definite place.

Last of all comes the jacket, with three buttons, of which the middle one only should be used. Into the pockets go the handkerchief, with the rich the cigars, and with the untidy a large cass containing papers. A pipe and pouch are stowed away somewhere and man is ready for breakfast. I have forgotten his keys. These go into a trouser pocket and are attached to a short chain that fastens to the brace-button directly above, or to a long one that goes round the back and ends in the other pocket. There are also matches, coppers and possibly a fountain-pen. And that 's the lot.

Now it is all very well to say that this paraphernalia could be simplified; but how? Braces are recondite things, but cooler than a belt. Shorts and stockings are more uncomfortable than bags and socks. Besides, there are insects. You can, if you choose, wear a low-down open Byronic collar. I won't. You can cut out the waistcoat and wear a wrist-watch; but where are the other things going—money, cigarettes and what not?

It is here that we come to the great difference between man and woman; man wants pockets, woman doesn't. She lugs a bag about with her. Into this goes a handkerchief, a purse with all the money jumbled together, letters, make-up, cigarettes, matches, photographs of her young (if any), the housekeeping list (bless her!), a looking-glass, and no doubt a lot of other things. Such a bag is an obvious prey to the evil-minded and is for ever getting lost, when the wildest appeals to Scotland Yard are for ever in vain. It is a singularly unpractical arrangement, and, as long as things have to be carried and man declines to cart about a vanity-bag, I 'm hanged if I see what woman has got to jeer about.

And what about domination? Consider the woman of Victorian or even Edwardian days. Nobly upholstered and of an embonpoint, she was a thing of dignity. By gad, she *was* dignity! Man trembled before her and shrivelled at the beetling of her formidable frown. Even a girl made him shy. The woman of that time didn't stick her head through a wisp of cloth and say, "I am dressed." She was a mass of buttons. She did up in front or up the back, and it took some doing. Everything had to be put on to her and fastened. And, as I have said, we feared her. That state of things has gone with her clothes. Instead of acquiring domination she has lost it. Who 's afraid of a woman to-day? We give her back-chat. Why, for two straws we 'd tell her that she 's another.

DUM-DUM.



Angela. "MOTHER, WHO WAS THE *FIRST* MODERN WOMAN?"

BEGINNING WITH "B."

"LET'S make it a one-subject dinner," said Belinda brightly.

"Having, under the pretence of a sick headache, spent the whole afternoon in your room feverishly reading up the subject to be thrust on us, I suppose?" I replied in my second-best heavy style.

"Pig," said Belinda.

"A worthy choice," I answered.

"I mean, choose your own subject," said she acidly.

"Very well. Let each discourse in turn on some beautiful thing whose name begins with a 'B.'"

"Why with a 'B'?" said George.

"Why not?" said I.

George was understood to say that I was the rudest man south of the Thames. Belinda was looking rather mollified, though a trifle suspicious.

"You begin," she commanded me.

"Not I. I must search for honeyed words."

"Then George shall begin."

"Bacon," said George with the utmost promptitude.

"Francis or fried?" I asked.

"As if there were any need to ask!" put in Pamela scornfully. "We all saw him at breakfast this morning."

Deryk plumped for "Beer." We knew he would. He eternally burbles about wayside inns in spite of the fact that we all have seen the devastating effect upon him of a solitary half-pint. Poets can't help it.

"Beer," he continued, "the wayfarer's boon, the poor man's friend, the poet's solace, the—the——" Here providentially one of the greater midges flew straight down his throat: such self-immolation is rare in insects and deserving of acknowledgment.

"Caviare," said Beatrice hastily. She had played far too many sets that afternoon, but was awakened by the coughing. There was a shriek of protest.

"Sorry," she said; "I quite thought it was to-morrow."

"So much for our brilliant conversation," I commented bitterly.

"BOTTICELLI," she murmured apologetically.

"Your turn," said half-a-dozen voices.

"BACH—and BERLIOZ," I announced proudly.

Belinda gnashed her teeth audibly.

"That 's not fair," said Pamela. "You 've said *two*. *I* was going to say BERLIOZ."

"You 'd never heard of her before I spoke," I protested.

"I had. She was one of my favourites at school," she declared.

"Saxophones are more in your line," I said.

"Anyway, I can say Bassoons—they 're lovely!"

"Very nice after a bathe," said George, who had apparently only comprehended one syllable. They all shouted at him.

"Well, you let him talk about wayfarer's Booze," he answered, pointing an aggrieved fork at Deryk.

"It rests with you, Renée, to raise this wearisome topic to a higher plane," said Belinda coldly.

"You must guess my choice," smiled Renée, and she began softly—

"Draw yourself up from the light of the moon
And let them pass, as they will too soon——"

"The missing 'B' must be in your bonnet," interrupted Belinda rudely.

"Let her go on. I 've guessed it!" cried Deryk.

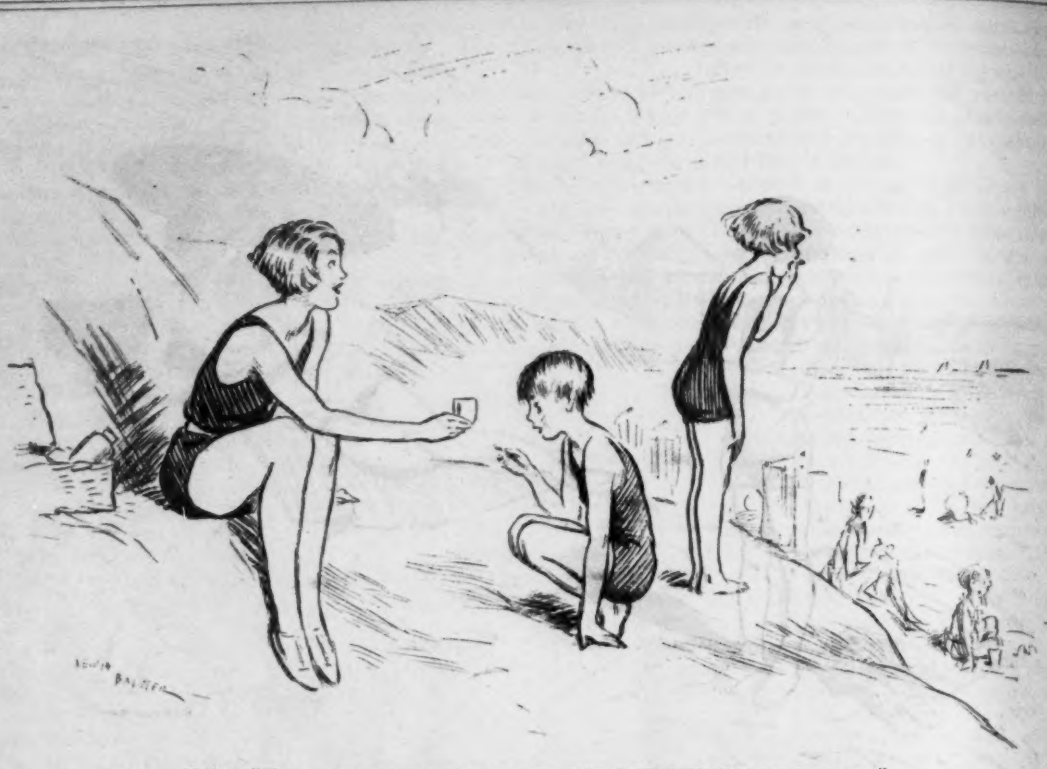
"With the Beanflower's boon
And the Blackbird's tune,
And——"

"Broad Beans," said George with an immense grunt of appreciation.

We left it at that.

"400,000 GALLONS OF BEER.
From Our Own Correspondent."
Daily Paper.

This has cheered the printers greatly.



Mother. "TELL BABY HE CAN COME UP AND HAVE SOME LEMONADE IF HE LIKES."
Joan. "RIGHT, MUMMIE. HI!—BABY!—COCKTAILS!"

NIGHT-TIME TOIL.

"AT night," said my wife, putting down the newspaper, "the brain is more active, the creative instinct is more alive, every sense is sharpened."

"What have you been reading?" I asked sternly.

"This newspaper," she said. "There's a most interesting article by—who is it?" She picked up the paper again. "Ah, yes—by 'A Medical Man.' He says—listen: 'And, in short, it may be considered almost the *duty* of every writer, every public speaker, every clergyman—in a word, everyone who works with his head, to try at least once this experiment of attempting some work after he has been in bed for some hours. In almost every case he will find that his brain is more active, his creative instinct is more alive, his every sense is sharpened.' What do you think of that?"

"In the first place," I remarked, "it strikes me that for an innocent Medical Man the writer appears to have a very sound grasp of all the tricks of Fleet Street. Padding, artificial emphasis——"

"Don't be so pedantic," she interrupted. "What do you think of the idea? I think you ought to try it. Promise me that you will. One night this week."

"All right," I replied resignedly. "I'll get it over to-night if I wake up."

I did wake up that night at about half-past two. It was raining hard outside, there was no moon and it was bitterly cold. I experienced sensations of unutterable gloom. Vague abstract thoughts of suicide floated through my mind. The conditions, in fact, were ideal for the composition of the first chapter or so of a Dostoievskian novel; but unfortunately, though I lay awake for some time unhappily contemplating the ceiling, I could think of no Dostoievskian plot, and therefore had to abandon the idea of composing in that vein. But what else could I write? I shuddered at the thought of a humorous short story and dallied with the idea of going to sleep again.

Suddenly I had an inspiration. I sat up, switched on the light, took a pencil and paper and wrote.

I went down to breakfast sniffing.

"Did you write anything?" she asked.

"I did," I replied. "I dashed off a little thing of thistledown lightness, a composition of gossamer threads. Your Medical Man was absolutely right; I never felt more like writing it in my life."

"How lovely!" she cried. "May I see it?"

"Certainly," I replied, "if you must."

And I handed her a rough draft of my Will.

Gilt-Edged Matrimony.

"The legend that marriages at his church are lucky is shared by Dr. ——, who says that 5 per cent. of the marriages at the little church last."—*New Zealand Paper.*

The Salvation Army Recreates.

"The members of the Home League of the Salvation Army held their annual outing on Monday. The company viewed the romantic hamlet of Portskerra, with the peat reek ascending from the chimneys—the mystic aroma being sniffed with rapture—and this with the sea and mountain air had an embracing effect on the party."

We wonder if FREUD has been to Portskerra.

"3. *Quintette* . . . L. VAN BEETHOVEN
(a) grave, allegro non hoppo.
(b) andante cantabile.
(c) rondo, allegro non hoppo."
From a French Concert Programme.

Ah, mais c'est hop!

"A feature of the holiday crowds has been the remarkably large number who this year have taken apartments away from the centre of the town."—*Hampshire Paper.*

As a rule they only pinch the antimacassars.



AIX WITHOUT PAINS.

"THERE'S A SWEET LITTLE CHERUB THAT SITS UP ALOFT TO KEEP WATCH"—IN THE ABSENCE OF STAN.

A THIRD-PARTY CLAIM.

"NOT another dog?" said my wife reproachfully.

"I'm afraid so," I said. "Mrs. Murphy's this time. At least she says it's a dog, and I couldn't stop to argue the point with half the village standing round. It's that fat hairy beast that wheezes along the road behind her. I was going at about five miles an hour——"

"I know," she interrupted—"and just as you got opposite the animal it took it into its head to cross the road, and you didn't see it, and you only just touched it with your mud-guard, and it serves it right for not looking both ways before crossing. That's what you always say when you hit a dog. I suppose you remember that the Insurance Company has now refused to cover you against any more dogs—and I don't blame them either."

"I am perfectly well aware of the fact," I said loftily; "but this time I am not prepared to admit that it's a dog at all. I admit that in the past I have had the misfortune to hit an odd dog or two."

"Twelve last year," she said—"Miss Bink's Pekinese, the Vicar's collie, old Smith's dachshund——"

"Dash it all!" I said, "you can't *miss* a dachshund crossing the road."

"Anyway, you know they would only renew your policy on the understanding that they might have to exclude dogs if you weren't more careful, and three days later you go and run into a pack of hounds. Now you will have to go up to Mrs. Murphy's after lunch, make your peace with her and leave half-a-crown on the table."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," I said; "I dislike Mrs. Murphy, I refuse to admit that it is a dog at all, and I consider that it's up to the Insurance Company to prove that it is. I will write to them to-night."

The following correspondence then ensued:—

Me to my Company.

DEAR SIRS,—I regret to inform you that I have knocked over and slightly injured an animal, alleged to be a dog, the property of Mrs. Murphy of this village. Kindly supply me with the necessary form.

I may add that, personally, I am unable to agree that the quadruped in question is a dog at all. It appears to me to resemble much more closely a species of asthmatical sheep.

Yours faithfully ——

My Company to Me.

DEAR SIR,—*Re* your accident. We note that your policy is endorsed "Excluding Dogs," and shall therefore have to make some preliminary inquiries before admitting liability. In the meanwhile, however, without prejudice, kindly fill up the enclosed claims form and return to us, together with a sketch, drawn to scale, of the scene of the occurrence, showing the position of your car at the moment of impact.

Yours faithfully ——

Me to my Company.

DEAR SIRS,—Herewith please find completed claims form which I have endeavoured to fill up without prejudice, but it was rather difficult as I am not on Mrs. Murphy's side at all. With regard to the sketch of the scene of the accident, I have drawn it to the scale of $\frac{3}{8}$" to 127 yards. Also please note that the right-hand of the two blots is my car at the moment of the accident. The left-hand blot is also an accident, but it is not my car. The dotted line indicates the passage of the animal across the road in a north-easterly direction, and you will observe that the car came into collision with it on its south-westerly aspect.

Re your question, "Did a constable take particulars, etc.," I beg to inform you that the whole of the local police force took particulars, as he happened to be standing by Mrs. Murphy's cottage at the time.

Owing to the fact that his front plate was obscured by his cape, I was unable to take his number, but he lives at the top of the village with his old mother,



Caddie (in charge of beginner). "LUMMY, MISS, YOU BEEN AND DONE IT IN ONE!"
Beginner. "I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. WHAT *SHOULD* I HAVE DONE?"

his name is Huggins and, when not a policeman, he keeps chickens.

With regard to your inquiry as to the probable length of incapacity of the third party, I have to say that, as already stated in the claims form, the third party was temporarily winded and lay in the road for perhaps ten seconds. He then rose slowly, wheezed at me a couple of times and immediately resumed his pre-accident occupation of crossing the road after his mistress, who was about to enter her cottage.

I now learn, however, through a neutral party (the postman) that the third party's mistress alleges that the animal received a severe shock to the nervous system, that it has lost its appetite and that she does not think it will ever be the same dog again. May I point out that, as I was never under the delusion that it ever was a dog at all, I am not in the least surprised at this statement, and that furthermore, in my opinion, the necessary instrument to turn it into anything like a dog would not be a motor but a miracle.

Yours faithfully ——

My Company to Me.

DEAR SIR,—We have now carefully considered this matter and after due inquiry have satisfied ourselves that the animal in question is indubitably a dog. Under the terms, therefore, of the notice we sent you in April last, that we would no longer hold you covered against damage to dogs, we must regretfully decline to accept liability in the present instance.

Yours faithfully ——

Me to my Company.

DEAR SIRS,—I received your letter with a good deal of surprise, and must point out to you that I most definitely refuse to accept your assertion that the alleged dog is a dog at all.

To my mind a dog to be a dog must be able to be placed in a definite classification as regards breed. I am quite willing to submit the alleged dog in question to a Royal Commission howsoever and whensoever constituted, and am confident that he could be classed with no known breed.

Furthermore I understand that a real dog, as opposed to an alleged dog, displays its emotions by a characteristic sound known as a bark. The noise, alleged to be a bark, emitted at the time of the accident by the animal, alleged to be a dog, under discussion, rather suggested the effort of a bronchitic musician to play "The Lost Chord" on a punctured cornet.

Finally I may tell you that only a few weeks ago this alleged dog strayed into church one Sunday and was knelt upon by the Vicar's wife in mistake for a hassock. Yours faithfully ——



Tenant of adjoining Forest. "WANT YOU TO MEET MY WIFE, SIR JAMES. DIANA, MEET SIR JAMES."

Diana. "PLEASED TO MEET YOU. BUT WE'VE SO OFTEN MET BEFORE—BY TELESCOPE, YOU KNOW."

My Company to Me.

DEAR SIR,—We would refer you again to our letter of April last, when we gave you formal notice that your policy was endorsed "Excluding Dogs."

The last paragraph of that letter reads—

"A dog shall be deemed to be a dog within the meaning of this endorsement if

(1) The owner thereof shall, in the presence of no fewer than three witnesses, of unbiassed mind and unblemished character, claim that the alleged dog is a dog, at any rate to his or her own satisfaction; or

(2) The Company's Inspector shall, though not completely satisfied that the term 'dog' covers the animal's description, be unable to suggest an alternative term which will more adequately describe it."

We have been at pains, therefore, to send our Inspector to interview the third party, and beg to inform you that the alleged dog is shown to be a real dog, condition (1) above having been satisfied. As the animal in question bit our Inspector, owing to his ignorance of the direction in which the animal was facing at the time of the interview, condition (2) above was not satisfied, but you will realise that it is not necessary.

Yours faithfully ——

I shall have to go up and give Mrs. Murphy half-a-crown after all.

Wilfred the Were-Wolf.

"Armstrong was wont to step forward to meet the wowling of Rhodes."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

The Young Fisition.

"The Fete included a children's fancy dress parade, and a baby show. Dr. —— was in the last-named competition."

Yorkshire Paper.

The Abolition of Extra-territoriality.

"Simultaneously, America has made clear her willingness to restore the Customs autonomy, reserving, however, the extra'lity withdrawal to a future date."

Manchurian Paper.

A good deal of it seems to have been abolished already.

"There are rumours that large-scale combinations are impending in the wool textile industry."

The New Statesman.

Others again are impending on the clothes-line next-door.

Our Outspoken Yachtsmen.

"CONWAY CLUB'S REGATTA.

A feature of the races was the appearance of the New Fife Class one design boats. They are fast and weatherly and have fulfilled the most sanguinary expectations of their owners."—*Liverpool Paper.*

May they blinking well do so again!

A Valuable Daughter.

There was a young lady named Lilian
Who went for a ride on a pillion;
Alas and alack,
She fell off the back,
But the Press paid her mother a million.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

SEBASTIAN.

I LONG have sought—how often have I sought him,
The sturdy robber in his coat of mail;
And now this thunderous nightfall I have caught him,
Sebastian the Snail.

Yes, here I hold him fast, my ancient foeman,
Of portly presence, stout and round and strong;
Like *Falstaff*, shamming dead, Sebastian? No man
Shall save thy life for long.

Bring me the brine-pot, I will see him drinking
The deadly draught; Sebastian shall die.
And yet—what memories have set me thinking
And rather wondering why?

Who knows what cruel wrong has been inflicted,
What ills have rankled in that horned head,
What dream of haunts from which he was evicted,
What kindred loved and dead?

'Twas here I found two snails one morning sitting
Upon one tulip leaf. My wrath arose,
And I so dealt with them as I thought fitting.
His wife, his child—who knows?

Be that as may be, there is this about him,
He has provided sport for many hours,
And this bed here will be quite dull without him,
Though it be decked with flowers.

Pursued by me, fair game for every starling,
He still escaped, a snail of many wiles,
Ulysses-like, Autolycus's darling,
To eat my plants in piles.

He ate schizanthus, and I sought at night-time,
At nine o'clock; he got to work at ten.
I went at ten, but that was not the right time;
He chose eleven then.

I tried eleven, for my annual phlox were
Nibbled away as level as a lawn;
He sought the spot where my most cherished stocks were
And breakfasted at dawn.

When he attacked my antirrhinums (twenty
Fell between even and the break of day),
And I laid poison thick and slab and plenty,
He went another way.

Knowing each trick, each trap for the unwary,
Skilled to anticipate and to detect,
Cautious and scheming, calculating, chary,
He won my deep respect.

A gallant fellow; no, I will not slay thee,
Sebastian, but thou needs must change abode;
Hence to the Elba where I gently lay thee,
The ditch across the road.

Farewell. If in requital of my mercy
Thou walk'st back here, rapacious, round and fat,
I shall not know thee. I shall call thee Percy;
And Percies I squash flat.

Our Muscular Merchantmen.

"None of the party was able to swim, and lifeboats were thrown from the steamer."—*Manchester Paper.*

Good News for Fruit-Farmers.

"Mary —— was charged with being in unlawful possession of seventy-one pears valued at £7,000."—*Provincial Paper.*

BLOOD WILL TELL.

I HAD just asked Nitocris Jones to marry me, and she had replied that she would have to see me in a bathing-suit before she decided, because it was the awful shock that Babs Dancetty got when she and Ronnie went to the Lido last year, and she saw how pathetic his legs looked standing up for themselves that led to their engagement being broken off. As that conversational opening had been blocked I was trying to think of something else to say when a girl in green passed our table.

"Nitocris," I said, "who is that girl?"

"Which?" said Nitocris half-way through a yawn.

"The fair one with great big eyes."

"Oh!"

"I mean the girl with the golden bobbed hair. There—quick! Do you see her?—by the band. The pretty girl. The girl with the dimples and the little nose and the bulgy dress."

"O-o-o-h! Yes, darling one, I see. You mean the girl in the green taffeta dress with no shoulder-straps and wired hips and silver shoes and jade earrings. She's the Miss Midland who has just got engaged to Lord Dingbattie."

I sighed.

"Poor lamb," said Nitocris sympathetically. "But you needn't be romantic over Miss Midland. She's a brisk little business person. Her father's a millionaire, and she's her father's daughter. Besides, I know she wanted a title. Of course there's nothing much *actually* in being a peer now—except the pull it gives your wife as a journalist."

"Who brought her out?" I said.

"Mrs. Tom Chevronny, you know, our leading givenand."

"What's that?"

"Given and required—meaning the highest references," explained Nitocris; "our supreme professional chaperon, darling."

"But why does she do it?"

"She'd be too frightfully poor if she didn't. My dear, hasn't your mother ever told you how Mrs. Tom found herself alone in the world with nothing but Tom's debts, five hundred a year of her own and the certainty of admission to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot?"

I shook my head.

"Well, Tom Chevronny was one of those dear careless people—none kinder—with an incurable interest in the stage and racing. He saw a crash coming, and, not wishing to cause pain by being on the spot when it did come, he gave himself a straight talking to and shipped himself off to some far-flung corner of the Empire. So there Mrs. Tom was. I think she's been marvellously brave.

I nodded.

"And never more so than when she dealt with Miss Midland's father."

I raised my eyebrows.

"It was like this," said Nitocris. "The Midland father person suddenly revealed himself as most miraculously mean—or business-like, whichever you prefer. You see, as soon as Jane Midland was engaged to Dingbattie she wired to her father, 'AM GOING TO MARRY LORD.' He wired back 'WHAT KIND OF LORD?' She replied, 'GOOD LORD.' Then letters followed, and eventually Mrs. Tom received a communication that went something after this fashion:—

"'DEAR MADAM,—I am informed by my daughter that she has accepted a proposal of marriage from the Earl of Dingbattie and Mumblestanes. As my daughter was in your esteemed charge at the time I suggest that you may see your way to reduce the fee which is payable by me to your good self, for it will be undoubtedly to your advantage, when making future arrangements, to be able to inform your clients that the last young lady whom you chaperoned married a nobleman.

"'Awaiting your reply with interest——'"

"One has to hand it to Mr. Midland," I murmured.

"Ah!" said Nitocris, "but wait. Now that suggestion stirred Mrs. Tom profoundly, and the more she conned it o'er and o'er the more she felt that Miss Midland's father person should be properly stung, especially as his suggestion convinced her that he was even richer than she had thought.

"So she wrote and asked him to talk the thing over with her when he was next in London. Well, he came, and he found that she had a luncheon party for him, and everyone at the party had a title—all peerage, darling. And Lady Fishferry was there—the last woman in England who had refused a man permission to smoke—and Lord Clanbridget, who still has his bath carried into his room. My dear, *some* party!

"After lunch Mrs. Tom and the Midland father person settled down in conference.

"She said, 'What weather!' And he said, 'Ay, it's fine!' And 'I do hope you enjoyed your lunch?' she said. And he said, 'Ay, it was fine!' Then she said, 'Well, Mr. Midland?' And he said, 'Ay, let's talk business. Are you disposed to agree to my suggestion or not?'

"'I am not,' replied Mrs. Tom. 'Furthermore, I have an entirely separate bill here to present to you.'

"He took what she handed him, and read, 'To securing ten titled guests, all pre-war creations, to meet Mr. Midland at luncheon—one hundred guineas.'

"They looked at each other for about five minutes. Then he stood up, utterly moved, shook her warmly by the hand, said, 'Madam, I like you,' and pocketed the bill."

"And how did you hear all this?" I asked.

"Mrs. Tom's butler told Penelope Chevronny's maid," said Nitocris, "and she told Toto's maid, and Toto told me. And the one who is the most frightfully bucked about it is Mrs. Tom's butler. He says, 'It just shows.'"

"Shows what?"

"That blood will tell."



Visitor (recognising acquaintance of previous year). "WELL, JEM, IS IT GOING TO KEEP FINE FOR US TO-DAY?"

Old Salt. "SORRY I'M NOT FREE TO OBLIGE YOU, SIR. MY METEOROLOGICAL OPINIONS IS NOW COPYRIGHT BY *THE DAILY EXCRESCENCE*, AND MAY BE SEEN ON PAGE THREE, COLUMN FOWER."



Nice old Soul. "AND NOW WILL YOU PLAY ONE OF THE OPERAS FOR MY LITTLE NIECE?"

LYRA LUNATICA.

"I'VE got the galliambics in my parallelogram;
I've got the galliambics, and I don't know where I am"—
So wrote of old the afflicted bard, by suffering made strong;
But even harder is the fate that animates my song.

In earlier days to Art I paid allegiance until
I joined the confraternity of poets on Boar's Hill,
And, giving up the study of EL GRECO and of GOYA,
Contracted rapidly acute prosodial paranoia.

I've lost my normal appetite for curry and pilaff,
And prefer the taste of Condy to that of shandygaff;
I fail to find refreshment in the harmonies of BAX;
I dream of angry anapæsts and dreadful dochmiacs.

My motor-car's affected; the horn no longer honks,
But accelerates the engine with the mystic cry of "Κώγξ";
A fiercer anacrusis dominates the old chug-chug,
And the complex of SIMONIDES inspires the sparking-plug.

I've been to Doctor Squintschler and Professor Aldehyde,
And they say that, while there's nothing much amiss with my inside,
I've got the catalectics in both theodolites,
And am threatened with congestion of the larger epitrites.

They recommend the betel-nuts that grow in Betelgeuse;
They bid me shun the company of ephelkystic gnus,
Of paradigms and parasangs, Byzantine logothetes,
And never wear pampooties or peruse the Odes of KEATS.

The regimen is rigorous, and yet with joy I note
Signs of reduced distension in my cranial holophote;
And I recalled last night, although, alas! they since have fled,
The actual words in '82 that Mr. GLADSTONE said.

The outlook still is bleak, I own, but yet not wholly bleak;
I've one great consolation, that my symptoms are unique;
For *The Lancet*, dealing with my case, no other instance cites
Of a man with catalectics in both theodolites.

Our Choleric Yeomen.

"Hill Farmer (Blackfaced) in North of Scotland is willing to take pupil."—*Farming Paper.*

Yet Another Middle-sex Problem.

"Lord Astor's Booklaw is among the most fancied horses for Goodwood. It is considered that, in spite of his being a filly, he will be the favourite at the last."—*Punjab Paper.*

University Irrigation.

"The South California 'Varsity team took last night's rain at 10 p.m. for Mukden."—*Manchurian Paper.*

Travelling in tanks, we presume.

"ORCHESTRA

Prelude, 'L'Apres-midi d'un Faune' (The afternoon of a Fawn)—*Debussy.*"—*Wireless Weekly.*

Faun (petulantly): I wonder why the B.B.C. spells me with a "w"! It has quite spoilt my afternoon.

AT THE PLAY.

"Aren't Women Wonderful!" (Court).

Mr. Harris Deans opens pleasantly enough his little comedy of the ambitious young inventor, the honourably scheming young wife, the cold-hearted millionaire and his lascivious spouse. And there are plenty of happy lines for seasoning. Young *Ben Hawley* has invented a motor and thrown up his job, leaving his wife to manage as best she may by winning the confidence of local tradesmen and the tallyman, while he hunts for capital. The fact that the theatre was hushed while the hard-pushed young engineer opened the fateful letter from his likeliest backer was eloquent proof that the author had at the outset interested us in these young people in his honest quiet way.

But as the modern fairy-tale unfolds itself it somehow contrives to loosen its hold on us. *Satterwaite*, the millionaire, has put up a hundred thousand pounds for the Hawley motor, and young big *Ben* and little *Mrs. Ben* continue their hazardous policy of furnishing out of future income, the plain van now bringing more, and more pretentious, things to the new Kensington flat. And then, merely because the young enthusiast, simply and naturally applying his ideas of domestic finance to the Hawley Engineering Company, spends two hundred thousand on the new works out of the one hundred thousand available, the millionaire, as millionaires will about trifles like that, grows peevish and decides to close down the enterprise.

In justice to him we should add that this decision was dictated not by merely sordid business considerations. He shrewdly suspected that his young inventor was making love to *Mrs. Satterwaite*, a restless blonde of the type that gives anxious moments to the possessive brand of male. He will revenge himself then by ruining the susceptible but harmless *Ben*—harmless except in business, of course—by just cutting his loss of a cool two hundred thousand.

Then *Mrs. Ben* plays her hand—aren't women wonderful?—and persuades the disgruntled Midas that if he turns her *Ben* loose the poor boy will have the more time to devote to the arts of love. Hadn't he better put up a few more hundred thousands and save his threatened honour? Not a bad idea, says this unusually ingenuous magnate; the Hawley motor is saved, and, hiding behind the not yet paid for arras, poor *Satterwaite* has ample proof that it is his wife that is doing the love-making, poor young *Ben* being about as capable of standing up to a wonderful woman like *Mrs. Satterwaite* as of keeping within his estimates. And so all ends happily.

The unlikeliness of this romance would be nothing against it if the author



AREN'T WOMEN BLACKMAILERS?
Con Hawley . . . Miss Dorothy Turner.
Henry Satterwaite . Mr. Clifford Marquand.

could have shown it to us through some filmy veil of fancy. That wasn't his method. Nor has he been entirely discreet in his honest efforts to provide us with material for laughter. *Ben's*



AN UNWILLING LOTHARIO.
Ben Hawley . . Mr. Ralph Richardson.
Irene Satterwaite . Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore.

comely bulky sister, a provincial star, and her expansively vulgar husband are amusing enough in the *Hawleys'* modest kitchen over their stout and pickles; but little *Mrs. Ben*, however free from snobbishness, would never have suffered them to come in and disturb by breezy badinage, quarrelsome jealousy and even song and dance an interview on which hung by a tiny thread the fate of the Hawley motor and the house of Hawley. The Satterwaites of this world don't suffer these things gladly. And that wouldn't have mattered if we hadn't been forced to share their discomfort. What a difficult and delicate thing is balance in these seemingly simple problems of the theatre!

Mr. Ralph Richardson handled the attractive character, young *Ben*, with considerable skill, in particular playing the difficult passages of embarrassed love-making with a commendable subtlety. Miss Dorothy Turner was a very gay and spiritedly long-suffering and sympathetic helpmate. The little study of the furniture company's canvasser by Mr. Edward Chapman was very adroitly done. Miss Isabel Thorn-ton's portrait of the pleasantly complacent provincial star was a happy affair, Miss Thornton so evidently relishing her good lines, which helps an author (and an audience) so much.

Mr. George Barrett (the star's almost too faithful husband) and Mr. Clifford Marquand (the millionaire) were, I thought, too seriously handicapped by their conditions, and Mrs. Dorothy Holmes-Gore (*Miss Satterwaite*), sharing their handicap in general, ably took her opportunity in the scene in which she so brazenly wooed the reluctant young engineer. T.

"Knight Errant" (St. Martin's).

Here is a happy mixture of light romance, crime, knockabout clowning and pleasantly nonsensical mystification which keeps plausibly in key, maintains its high spirits, ingenious contrivance and blithely unreasonable atmosphere till the curtain's fall.

Not the most skilful *précis* writer could effect an intelligible summary of the action in a space likely to be allotted by the most generous—or absent-minded—editor. A mere list of ingredients must serve. Distracted heroine suspected of theft of ancient jewelled cup; knight-errant, susceptible bachelor, to the rescue; hero carrying fainting heroine to house, supposed empty, actually rented by archæologist excavating among the foundations of a Roman villa in the cellars—with dynamite; actual reivers of the cup using the same empty house to meet their accomplices; arrival of highly-curried uncle of the actual (absentee) owner of the house from Singapore; impersonation of nephew by the knight-errant and of nephew's wife by damsel in distress; rich web of lie and counter-lie; drugged coffee and revolvers; suitcases of conveniently

similar size, colour and shape; bucolic local policemen and smart detectives from the Yard; union of hearts of fair damsel and chivalrous knight; no mechanical horrors, but just honest impossible but plausible misunderstandings and agreeably primitive foolery.

The whole is threaded on Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD's engaging personality and invariable (but somehow the reverse of tiresome) method. This actor seems indeed to have the best right of succession to the ever-lamented CHARLES HAWTREY, though, as Mr. WAKEFIELD will appreciate, old loyalists can't be expected to admit that anybody can really wear their hero's crown and mantle.

This pleasant affair is of the kind that plays itself if a producer who knows his business as well as Mr. CAMPBELL GULLAN patiently and skilfully works up the detail. Miss NORAH ROBINSON was the appealing heroine quite able to take her share in the sly deception of the outraged *Tucker* from Singapore (Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER), who on his part exuded geniality or exploded with unavailing and availing wrath as occasion demanded. Miss DIANA WILSON looked the authentic beautiful diamond-thieving vamp and played with no mere routine skill, with Mr. SYDNEY SEAWARD as her adequate bully. Mr. ALFRED WILD and Mr. ROLAND CULVER were such constables as endear themselves to those whom they protect by native worthiness and honesty rather than by any excess of mother-wit. Mr. HENRY BLOOMFIELD was amusing as a voluble and essentially poor-spirited criminal from Amsterdam. Mr. E. VIVIAN REYNOLDS dithered adequately as the bewildered excavating Professor.

A very pleasant affair, on which the lively and ingenious author, with his sound eye for scale and mood, deserves the heartiest congratulations. T.

"A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS" (NEW).

George Bevan was a sport. *Percy, Viscount Totleigh*, was a simp. *Reggie Higgins* was another simp, but less fish-like than *Percy*. The *Earl of Marshmoreton* was a rum old fruit with a watering-can. *Lady Caroline Higgins* can only be regarded as a blister. *Albert Keggs* was a butler. The girls were nice girls. If that doesn't explain it all to you, what about it? I mean to say, what? If you know what I mean.

Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE as a matter of fact does not translate very easily into drama. His fun depends as much upon letters as upon life. To take a case from the current *Strand*.

"Others abide our question, thou art free," was the verdict of London's gilded youth on ARCHIBALD MULLINER when considered purely in the light of a man who could imitate a hen laying an egg. "MULLINER," they said to one another, "may be a pretty total loss in some ways, but he can imitate a hen laying an egg."

Now you may very pleasantly reproduce for farcical purposes the character of a young man pretending to be a hen which has laid an egg; but the magnificent inappropriateness of MATTHEW ARNOLD's line about SHAKESPEARE as applied to this feat is the kind of thing which unhappily baffles the technique of the stage. All the more credit then to Mr. IAN HAY and Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE in collaboration that they have managed to make a very gay and rol-



PROBLEM: WHAT DOES A KNIGHT-ERRANT DO ABOUT A SUITCASE CONTAINING DYNAMITE? THE CODE OF CHIVALRY OVERLOOKED THIS SITUATION.

Billie Denver . . MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD.
Cecilie Cairn . . MISS NORAH ROBINSON.

licking affair, interspersed with passages of riotous laughter, out of *A Damsel in Distress*. Far more often than we might expect the author's charming method really does come over, notably when the horticultural Earl is delighted to hear that his son *Percy* (that half-poached egg) has been taken to Marlborough Street for butting a policeman in the stomach. He points out, however, with pardonable pride that they always used to take him to Vine Street (a much classier place) when he was young. Notably, again, when *Albert Keggs* is guide to a party of tourists visiting Totleigh Castle and explains to them the pictures hanging in the Inner Hall. Most notably of all when *Austen Gray*, whom *Lady Maud Marsh* once met as an emaciated poet in Switzerland and has loved in remembrance ever since, reappears to her in a Hanover Square teashop, having put on weight apparently to about the extent of eighteen stone, and reproaches her for her lack of constancy while stuffing himself nearly to inaudibility with cream méringues.

And the plot? Oh, well, if you know what I mean. It depends partly on the fact that Mr. BASIL FOSTER as *George Bevan* (sport) wanted to carry off Miss JANE BAXTER, who as *Lady Maud Marsh*, alluded to above, not only loved in Switzerland long ago but is now besieged by numberless suiters at Totleigh Castle, *Reggie Higgins* (gay simp) being one of this crowd. The other motive in the drama is supplied by the fact that the servants have a sweepstake on the race for the heiress's hand, *Mr. Albert Keggs*, the butler, and his niece, *Albertina Keggs*, a somewhat privileged housemaid, being particularly interested in the event. Both of them try to wangle the result in favour of the candidate they have drawn. There is a good deal of back-chat between the pair, nor does *Albertina* take any pains to conceal from her uncle, who endeavours to cheat her, that from a moral point of view she regards him as little better than a human gum-boil. For the rest, we have the excitement provided by *George Bevan's* unauthorised entry into the Castle, slightly disguised as a waiter, during the celebrations attendant on *Percy's* coming-of-age. *Percy* comes of age with a great deal of champagne; *Reggie* has even more.

The first two Acts went quite briskly, and the third, assisted not only by the now plump poet but by a perfectly priceless teashop lady with her head on one side, even more briskly still. The teashop lady was done by Miss JOAN HICKSON, and the poet by Mr. THOMAS WEGUELIN. They could scarcely have been better. Mr. CLIVE CURRIE was the *Earl of Marshmoreton*, and with his son, *Percy* (Mr. REGINALD GARDINER) and *Reggie Higgins* (played by Mr. HENRY KENDALL) showed all the great qualities demanded by Mr. WODEHOUSE's *Debrett*. Much of the blood of the WOOSTERS and the MULLINERS ran evidently in their veins. Below stairs Mr. AUBREY MATHER and Miss CLARICE HARDWICKE nobly upheld the gay standard of domestic service which has been set by Mr. WODEHOUSE for an aristocratic home. Mr. BASIL FOSTER and Miss JANE BAXTER, who had most to do, did it so well that they even survived the ordeal of adding a touch of sentiment to an evening of triumphant tomfoolery. Nor must I forget Mr. REGINALD PURDELL as the *Stage Doorkeeper* (a thoroughly ripe old egg) in the prologue which introduced the hero to the heroine and poor *Percy* to the embraces of the law. EVOE.

THE VET.

To be a successful and competent vet.
Needs knowledge exceedingly wide,
For each of the patients he's likely to get
Possesses a different inside.

He must know why the cat is refusing her milk,
Why the dog is not eating his bone,
Why the coat of the horse is not shining like silk,
Why the parrot does nothing but groan;

Why the ducks and the chickens are failing to lay,
Why so faint the canary bird sings,
And if he is called to the Zoo he must say
An incredible number of things.

If the lion's caught a cold,
If the zebra's getting old,
If the centipede has trouble with his feet,
If the hippo's feeling ill,
If the bison's got a chill,
If the Arctic fox is suffering from heat,
If some virulent disease
Has attacked the chimpanzees,
If the tortoise hasn't stirred for several years,
If the bear's too full of buns,
If the cobra eats her sons,
If the panther has a wife who chews his ears;
If giraffes have had a tiff
And their necks are feeling stiff,
If hyenas will not laugh at keepers' jokes,
If the monkey's pinched his tail,
If the rhino's looking pale,
If the elephant eats paper-bags and chokes,
If the camel hurts his hump,
If the kangaroo won't jump,
If the crocodile turns cannibal and bites,
They run away and get
That omniscient, the vet.,
And expect him to put everything to rights.

Profoundly I pity the vet., who must learn
Such a very great deal for his pay;
My son, I advise you most strongly to earn
Your living an easier way.

Don't attempt to attend the zoological crowd;
A far more advisable plan
Is to call yourself "Doctor," and so be allowed
To specialize only on Man. G. B.

A MATTER O' TASTE.

Tam McCrurie was in for a bit smoke and a crack when he noticed them.

"What's that ye've got there?" says he.

"Where?" says I.

"On that plate on the dresser."

"Och, thae," says I, airy; "jist twa-three tattie-scones."

"But," says Tam, "ye've made them a gey queer shape. Ye dinna sell them like that in the shop."

"Ye're right there," says I, calm; "but ye see, Tam, they're no' *ornary* tattie-scones."

"No' ornary?"

"Na," says I. "Jist regard the shape. That's a crown, Tam, the royal crown o' King James the Fourth o' Scotland."

"Eh, but is it that? And what dae ye mak' them like that for?"

For a wee meenit I hesitated. Then I gaed ower and shut the window and began in a whisper—

"Tam, I'm gaun to tell ye what I've never tellt a body afore. It was the eighteenth o' June, fifteen hunder and three, and wet as usual, and the King, that's James the Fourth, was feelin' a bit doun, ye ken, wi' the weather. Says he maist regal to the feetmen which was standin' round, 'Fetch the master-baker.' Sae in comes Angus Macdonald, wipin' the flour aff his hands on the back o' his kilt and gies a wee bit salute.

"'Ye was wantin' me?' says Angus.

"'Sit ye doun here,' says King Jamie, wi' a bit nod to an empty throne which was set handy. 'I'm wantin' to consult ye on a maist important matter.' Then he turns to a' his feetmen and courtiers which was standin' round. 'Avaunt ye,' says Jamie; 'I'll gie ye a shout when I want ye.' Sae they a' gaed awa fair wonderin'.

"'Now,' says Jamie wi' a bit wink, 'though I'm no' supposed to, I've been thinkin', Angus.'

"'Have ye, though?' says Angus maist affable.

"'Ay,' says King Jamie, 'and I canna see why ma courtiers etsaytera should get the same taste out o' their cookies and things as I dae. After all, when ye consider it, I'm the King, and what I want ye to dae is invent something that only *I* can taste the right way and get the full flavour, sae that if thae attendants o' mine pinch a bit on the way up to ma royal table they'll no' can taste it the right way. Ye see?'

"'Man,' says Angus, giein' the King a friendly push, 'what a bar! *You* can taste it and *they* canna. Man, it's magnificent.'

"Sae he and King Jamie had a bit crack about things, and a week later Angus, after maist intricate experiments, turned out a superlative tattie-scone, cut it out in the shape o' Jamie's crown, and brought it in on a muckle gowden plate.

"'Here's *the* tattie-scone,' says Angus.

"The King gied a bit chuckle to himsel, pulled aff a wee bit and handed it to a knight which was standin' by.

"'Gie that a bit chew and tell me what ye think o' t.'

"Sae the knight gied it a knightly chew. 'Jist an ornary tattie-scone, yer Majesty,' says he.

"'Is it, though?' says King Jamie. 'Now watch me.' He took a bit and put it in his mouth. Then he rolled it round and round and smiled and smiled and licked his lips and then winked at Angus and smacked him on the back.

"'Ye've done it,' says King Jamie." I stopped dramatic.

"And *thae* tattie-scones?" says Tam in a whisper, pointin' at the plate on the dresser.

"Made frae the recipe o' Angus Macdonald," I breathes mysterious.

"Can I taste a bit?" says he, awful keen.

I shook ma heid. "It wouldna be ony use," says I.

"Jist a wee bittockie," says he, pleadin'.

"Och, weel, Tam, seein' it's you," and I gied him a bit o' the royal crown.

He rolled it on his tongue for a meenit. Then he regarded me queer.

"Man," says he, that excited, "I can *taste* it. It's magnificent!"

I shook ma heid. "Ye're jist imaginin', Tammas," says I.

"And I'm tellin' ye I'm no'," says he, emphatic. "I can taste it clear as clear. Will—will ye sell me yin—jist yin?"

I rubbed ma nose thoughtful. "Weel, Tam, seein' it's you. That'll be sixpence."

Now I dinna ken how it got out, but folk started pleadin' wi' me to let them hae a royal tattie-scone and, though I was naturally maist reluctant, I let them buy them at a nominal sixpence apiece—as a personal favour, ye ken.

Weel, ye'd hardly believe it, but the number o' *regal* tastes in Auchore was maist phenomenal, and, thinks I, it's a bittie selfish when I'm bidin' amang sich tasteful folk to keep ma secret to masel.

And now *you* want to ken the secret o' ma regal tattie-scones. Ay, weel, I'll tell ye. Mak' them in the usual way, but eat them hot and *flavoured* wi'—ay, wi' a pinch o' imagination.



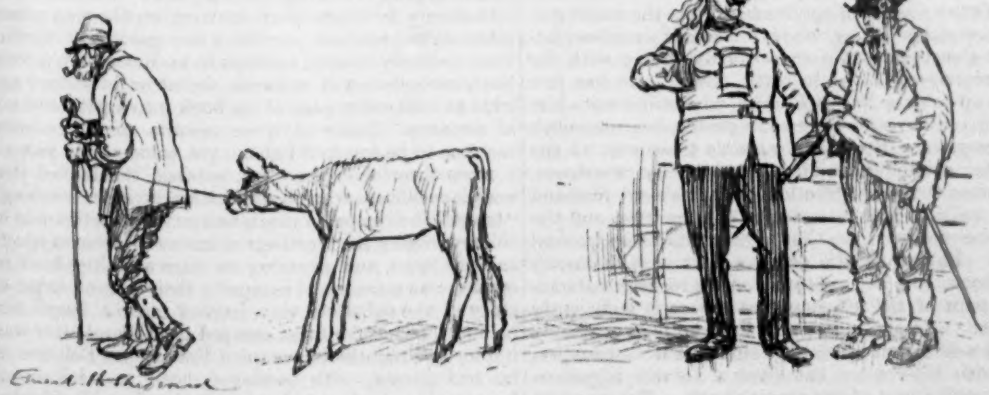
COUNTY SONGS.

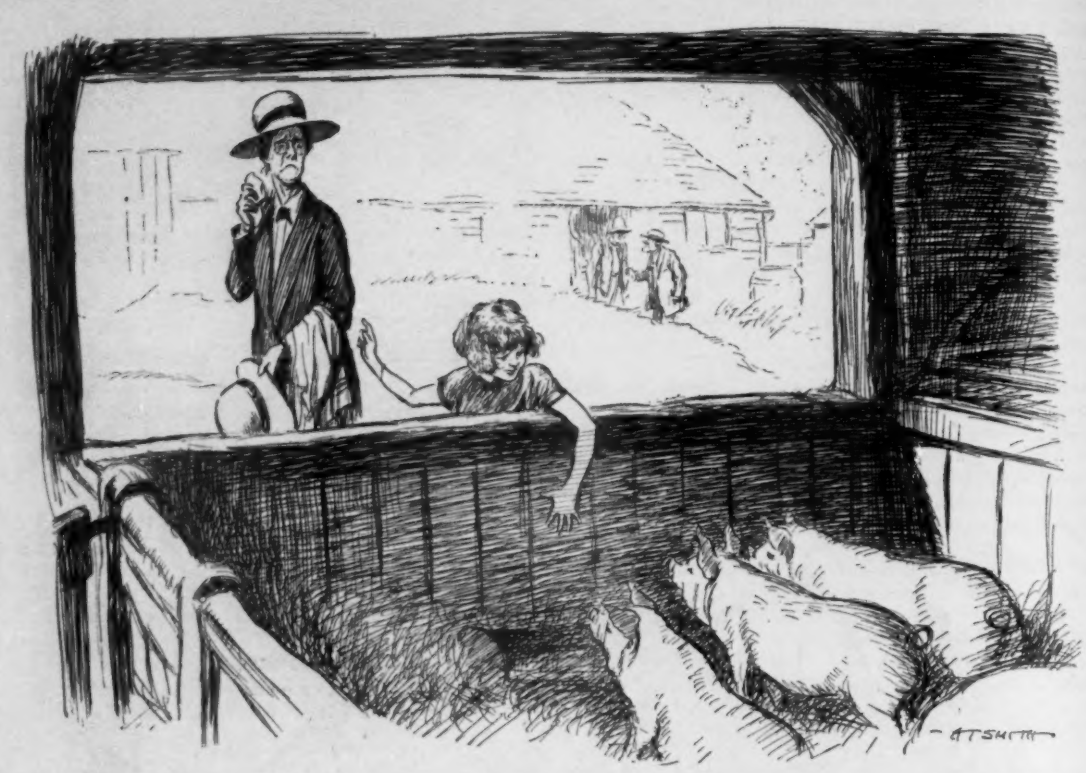
XL.—SHROPSHIRE.

WHENE'ER I think of Shropshire
  Its "Lads" I seem to see;
The sad, the gay, at work or play,
  From Shrewsbury to Clee:
Too few in love are happy;
  Too few who serve the King
Escape the flying bullet;
  And far too many swing.

Yet have they made of Shropshire
  A land I 'm lief to roam
And read again that moving strain
  Within its very home;
For he 's my favourite poet,
  Although in bonds to woe:
The far-from-barren HOUSMAN,
  Who loves his county so.

E. V. L.





Nancy (addressing the pigs). "I'M AWFUL SORRY TO HAVE TO EAT YOU EVERY MORNIN', BUT THIS WOMAN MAKES ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

You would think there were few variants of the eternal triangle left unconstructed by Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA, but one side at least of that popular figure wears a new aspect in *The Shadow of Guy Denver* (BUTTERWORTH). This is not *Denver*, a Colonial Governor heard for the most part "off"; nor is it *Clifford Ottley*, barrister, who takes advantage of *Denver's* official and temperamental "offness" to be more than decorously on with his lady. No, it is *Cressida, Lady Denver*, herself, like her namesake a devastating blend of coy advances and disingenuous retreats, whose unsportsmanlike appeal to *Ottley's* sense of sportsmanship is the making of their common story. *Ottley*, who is deliberately contemplating a High Court judgeship and casually toying with the notion of marriage, is due to settle down. He has just missed the up-to-date *Naomi Rawson*, who still awaits him in the offing, only to fall a victim to a deliberately unmodish *femme incomprise*. Because *Cressida's* treatment at the hands of her detestable children is obviously monstrous, *Ottley* assumes that her objections to her absent husband are equally valid. This however is not the case, and the return of the maligned pro-Consul precipitates an ironical *dénoûment*. Reviewing the obvious flaw in a distinctly successful book, I hardly feel that *Naomi's* recurrent attraction for a man of *Ottley's* supposed calibre is sufficiently substantiated. In the case of *Cressida* he is caught by a woman and a situation irresistibly allied—a well-worn predicament with his creator, but given a notably ingenious turn in the earlier part of the present book. The scene in which *Ottley* reinstates his slighted hostess as head of her own house and loses his heart in the process is a particularly entertaining gambit. Nothing that follows quite recaptures its freshness and zest.

The most thrilling moments in the life of a pilot of the R.A.F., even in war-time, have a way of occurring when least expected, during periods of comparatively dull routine work, and this tendency is reflected in the second volume of the official history of the Air Services in the War—*The War in the Air* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS). Mr. H. A. JONES flies quietly enough over familiar ground, while presenting in admirably broad perspective the general military situation prior to an engagement, and even crosses the lines into enemy territory when drawing on German sources of information, without providing any particular thrills, and then suddenly inserts, perhaps in no more than a couple of lines, such stories of valorous defeat or of victory against odds as turn every page of his book into a potential miracle of romance. Many of these records speak too much of sacrifice to be touched lightly, yet some of his yarns have a more cheerful side, as for instance the tale of the two sea-plane officers who, in difficulties during a bombing raid, "taxi'd" their crippled machine away from a German beach, acknowledging the greetings of innocent German spectators as they went, and planning to seize a sailing-boat on the open sea as a means of escape to their parent ship; or the story of the subaltern who, having made a forced landing behind the German lines, escaped to Holland after wandering for two months in occupied France and Belgium, where he had passed, with bandaged head and iodine-painted face, as one deaf and dumb. Apart from incidents that arise with a sudden thrill, the author's narrative is a

straightforward account, centering mainly in the Dardanelles' fighting and the Battle of the Somme, of the never-ending struggle for supremacy in the air. He is entirely frank in dealing with the temporary dominance of the *Fokker* machine, and never minimises his own side's failures, yet, as regards by far the greater part of the period covered, he is in the pleasant position of being able to record a British supremacy that was undeniable.

By HELEN ASHTON, *Far Enough*,
A story of Jamaica,
Is highly local-coloured stuff,
With semi-coons who shake a
Cocktail or two, or even three,
Most every minute. Now let 's see.

Janet Morant is penniless
(So much then for preamble);
She sails as nursery governess
To *Mrs. Lena Campbell*,
A half-caste with a flair for "flames,"
But none for him, her lawful *James*.

Janet is morally a nun
(She comes frae Inverurie),
But *Lena* likes a lot of fun;
James spanks her in a fury;
She bolts with *Mr. Quin*, a friend;
James marries *Janet*. That 's the end.

I like the way this story goes
To sun and peacock ocean,
And recommend the book to those
Who (lightly) love emotion;
And—dear me, yes, the gentlemen
Who publish it are Messrs. BENN.



Man (*in Night-club*). "QUICK! IT 'S A HOLD-UP! HIDE YOUR JEWELS."
Lady. "BUT HOW, YOU INSPIRED IDIOT? AM I TO SWALLOW 'EM?"

It is pleasant to discover short stories devoting to the kindly description of a series of literary butts considerably more than the amount of talent usually engaged in decrying them. What could be fairer game for the satirist than the commoner type of Briton abroad—the shabby frequenter of cheap *pensions*, the personally-conducted honeymoon, the ticket-of-leave man enjoying his fifteen days' contact with the glamorous side of the Alps? Yet it is precisely these people who appeal to Mr. GUY RAWLENCE. He makes a preliminary survey of the average human cargo of a Channel-steamer, finds its expensive elements stagey and monotonous and concentrates mainly on the destinies of the unpretending and gauche. The most amusing of his stories tells the tale of a Garda *pensione*, whence a lowbrow couple, entirely friendly and unassuming, oust a highbrow *coterie* all distinctly the reverse. This, my first favourite, is run pretty close by "A Certain Courage," which reveals the inner history of an outwardly self-centred middle-aged frump addicted to the Riviera. "What 's Wrong With Sentiment" and "The Last Journey" are middle-class, middle-aged idylls; and "Going Home" depicts the glorious arrival of a Soho waiter at that most unpromising of frontiers, Modane. I must not, however, give you the impression that all Mr. RAWLENCE'S *Passengers* (CONSTABLE) are treated to his *patte de velours*. He has a sharp claw for the denizens of the Lido, and gambling women with young daughters, and pot-boiling artists (poor devils!) and the uglier type of Cockney at Ostend. But I like him best as the paladin of the simple and vulgar; and I rejoice that such a pretty talent for setting, situation and dialogue should have been consecrated to such an honest cause.

The stories of Sir PHILIP GIBBS evidently please a large number of readers. Judging from the list of sales facing the title-page of *The Age of Reason* (HUTCHINSON) we have here a writer who can generally command a purchasing public of well over ten thousand, rising on occasion to the giddy heights of seventy or eighty. It is a little difficult to discover the reason for so great a popularity within the covers of this latest book. The author begins with a scene from life at modern Oxford, in which he marries the charming young daughter of an elderly and broad-minded Canon to a materialistic but absent-minded Professor of Biology. *Margaret Allport* was at Somerville, and Sir PHILIP has made strenuous efforts to capture the Somerville atmosphere, with the various friends of the heroine "ragging" her pleasantly about her biological captive. He is more successful, I think, with the *Jerningham* household, into which *Margaret* is introduced after marriage. The two step-children are the only characters in the book who very nearly come to life. The fact is, Sir PHILIP is more interested in

his thesis than in his characters. His strength lies in the fact that he can persuade us that he is really keen on his point; that middle-aged professors of biology, who do not believe in something higher than science, should not be permitted to bring up children, and most certainly should not marry *en secondes noces* daughters of even the most easy-going clergymen. I conjecture that he must have real convictions, and convictions that are probably shared by a good many others, on the trend of much modern education. But he need not have constructed his story quite so obviously with an eye to the furthering of his views. His puppets would have looked more human if he had not jerked their strings so hard.

The cleverest idea that Madame ALBANESI has used in *Claire and Circumstances* (COLLINS) is that of making everyone attach the utmost importance and meaning to the actions of a girl who is seen by the end to have been only selfish, unfeeling and a little stupid. But unfortunately this is not brought out very clearly and I should have been left merely wondering a little why *Claire* did not matter so much as I had thought she was going to, if the lucid explanation supplied on the dust cover had not opened my eyes to the subtlety of her creator's intentions. The beautiful daughter of a somewhat scandalous mother, *Claire* has recently, when the story opens, been adopted by some extremely nice relations who cannot help fearing, on the score of heredity and upbringing, that her small deceptions and cold exploitations of masculine interest hint at much worse things to come. Apparently by the end they are convinced that their fears were groundless. I am not so sure of it myself. There are some charming people in the story, and Madame ALBANESI has the nicest touch in sketching a social background, but it is all a little too loosely constructed.



ARE YOU GOING ABROAD?

WHY BOTHER LEARNING A FOREIGN TONGUE WHEN YOU CAN HAVE A PORTABLE ELECTROLINGOPHONOGRAPHIC INTERPRETER? ANY LANGUAGE SUPPLIED.

I know nothing of the Scottish manse in real life but I know very well what to expect of it in fiction. It will be a homely place, but its homeliness will be tempered by intellect; it may stand in a Glasgow suburb but it will never be drab. In *Eliza for Common* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Miss O. DOUGLAS has tenanted her manse with characters that are all true to type, and I do not doubt for a moment true to life. There is the minister himself, sincere and unworldly, and his family's admiration and despair; his wife, whom some may laugh at but everyone loves; his son at Oxford with a scholarship; his daughter in mild revolt against her parochial duties and only needing dressing to be beautiful. I have met them all several times, but seldom so vividly presented. All the characters in the book are live people, although with most of them we may suspect that there is a side of them we are not permitted to see. Miss DOUGLAS is a resolute optimist, determined to find the good in everybody. There are no villains in this book; there is hardly, indeed, an ill-natured remark, and there are three happy marriages at the end. The kindly reader (as most of us are) should put this book on his library list: no cynic or pessimist need apply.

Beau Idéal (MURRAY), which succeeds *Beau Geste* and *Beau Sabreur* and completes the trilogy, is no doubt destined for popularity, but I found it a little disappointing. I have no complaint to make against Mr. P. C. WREN when his brave fellows are in action. No author was ever more ingenious in getting his creations into tight places nor more adept in the art of extrication; situations that demand to be described as tense occur often and again in these adventures. Responsive readers—and I am one of them—palpitate freely. But it is also true that the rhapsodies of *Otis H. Vanbrugh* (the American who tells the tale) over the perfections of *Isobel Geste* were almost more than I could bear. Still, as a novel of incident I place the last of the trilogy on a level with the other two, and those who are reluctant to wallow in waves of sentimentality can easily skip through them.

Harry Redfern, a drug-fiend, was killed by a dose of cyanide of potassium, and in *The Question* (BENN) you will find that *Jacynth*, his young and attractive wife, was tried for murder at the Old Bailey and found "Not guilty." Primarily the tale that follows is concerned with *Jacynth's* adventures and misadventures; but to my mind she is not the leading lady in the drama. That *rôle* is filled by *Harry's* mother, a sinister dominating woman and devastatingly vindictive. It is a well-told story, and Miss MARGARET PETERSON has contrived and controlled her plot so cleverly that those in search of sensational fiction should answer *The Question* for themselves.

It is as rare as it is delightful to find a young author who avoids the extravagances of youth and who writes with the restraint of maturity; yet I am inclined to credit Miss PAMELA FRANKAU with both of these virtues. Certainly *The Fig Tree*, which is her second book, has great promise, and is among the best novels I have read this year. The story is mainly of love, but Miss FRANKAU contrives to approach even love from an original point of view. Her dispassionate analysis of character is excellent, and, if the book is cynical, it is with a cynicism which is logical and constructive. The background of the plot is a house which, haunted by the ghost of a former owner, exerts a sinister influence over its occupants, and especially over *Valentine*, the dreamy young artist whose life it dominates. Miss FRANKAU's style shows great imaginative power and at the same time gives one the impression that she is very much in touch with ordinary life. Messrs. HURST AND BLACKETT are not to be congratulated on a book which contains too many compositors' errors.

CHARIVARIA.

A BANK has introduced a mechanical apparatus by means of which money may be deposited after the doors are closed, but what is wanted is a scheme to make it possible to overdraw on Saturday afternoons.

"Give me England," says a novelist and traveller. We think his demand comes at an inconvenient moment.

Nothing could be more significant of the rapid advance of autumn than the fact that *Daily Express* readers have been asked to suggest how best to arrange comfortable quarters for a tortoise during its winter sleep.

We think it is only fair to point out that in spite of the fact that Parliament is not sitting there is no lack of other amusements in London this month.

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S assertion that no one thinks of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE now is too sweeping. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE does.

At Hautvillers the other day the annual festivities in honour of Dom PERIGNON, the monk who invented champagne, took place. The identity of the inventor of the stuff provided at wedding-breakfasts is still a mystery.

Lord MELCHETT, a daily paper points out, can salute his own effigy on the Mond Building as he strolls down to the House of Lords. Another who is said to kiss his hand to it in passing is Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

The importation of Alsatian wolf-dogs into Australia has been prohibited, we are told, and it is anticipated that, as a retaliative measure, dingoes will be rigorously excluded from Alsace.

Romans are protesting against the order forbidding them to travel without coats on tram-cars. They feel that CÆSAR wouldn't have issued it.

Three ex-officers of the Merchant Service intend to sail a ketch to the West Indies and engage in the fishing industry, which is there all done by hand-lines. They will, of course, adopt ketch-as-ketch-can methods.

TUNNEY is reported to be anxious to avoid publicity. If he is serious, he ought to join our Liberal Party.

We understand on good authority that several dogs have expressed a fervent desire to visit the battle-grounds of the recent R.S.P.C.A. meetings.

There is no foundation, however, for the rumour that the Chairman at the next meeting will insist on the audience being muzzled.

New uses are being suggested for the vegetable marrow. One is to rub it with hair-restorer and let it win a prize as a giant gooseberry.

A Parisian has lodged a complaint that his son, a minor, lost one-hundred-and-twenty pounds in one night in a gambling room of a casino. The proprietor will probably plead that everyone has to start in a small way like that.

Men in Budapest are reported to have wept on hearing that Hungary had been beaten in the water-polo contest at Amsterdam. We regard as exaggerated, however, the rumour that there was not a dry eye in Thanet.

We read of girl bargees. Hitherto bargees have had the reputation of being unladylike.

Complaint is made of the hooliganism of girls visiting country houses. Hostesses should report offenders for inclusion in *Who's Hooligan*.

Facial massage with the knuckles is the latest form of beauty treatment. This is, of course, the secret of the love-liness of some of our pugilists. All the same we do not anticipate a vogue for the cauliflower ear.

By slapping the face of the mother of a famous girl-player, a baroness has caused a sensation in German lawn-tennis circles, but it is not stated whether she employed her fore-hand or her back-hand.

With reference to the dog which bit a Horsham rate-collector, we understand that, as it was not an Alsatian, the animal is believed to be an impostor.

Captain BROAD recently took three modern novels up in an aeroplane in an attempt to break the endurance record. This was for flying, however, not for reading modern novels.



Gentleman (in boat). "CAN YOU DIRECT US TO A QUIET LITTLE BACKWATER?"
Boatman. "AY, SIR. FOLLER THAT LOT WITH THE CONCERTINA—THEY 'RE GOIN' TO IT."

About one in seven of London boys are still in school at the age of fifteen, we read. But if we know the average boy he isn't very still.

A Birmingham woman recently gave birth to a girl on a Friday and a boy and a girl on the Saturday. The instalment system seems to be spreading.

The question is being raised whether dogs have souls, but we hope cats haven't, otherwise the Hereafter will be uncomfortably crowded with nine angels for every dead puss.

Copenhagen is reported to have produced dried milk in sheet form. This material is expected to prove especially suitable for printing on by the milk-chocolate Press.

Slugs are being bred and reared at Leeds in order that their habits may be studied by Government experts. The eye of the mildest gardener kindles into fanatical flame at the thought of his traditional foe living a life of pampered ease at the expense of the taxpayer.

At Redhill it is said that a ghost wears boots. We understand that one observer claims to have heard the eerie flapping of a nearly lost sole.

We hear that many picnics have been ruined recently by calm weather. There was not a breath of wind to blow the paper about.

THE TWO SPORTSMEN.

ON a hot summer afternoon in the early part of the twentieth century a small rectangular green patch encompassed by a sea of human faces that rose in tiers far into the sky was the scene of a fiercely waged match of lawn-tennis. The skill of the champion of Brazil was on its trial against the full strength of the finest player of Finland.

Excitement among the spectators had already reached fever-point when an incident of far-reaching moment occurred. The umpire, thinking that a ball which the Finn had struck had fallen outside the Brazilian's court, said so in a loud clear voice and gave the point in the Brazilian's favour. But the Brazilian, being strongly of opinion that the ball was in and that the point should have been given to the Finn, vigorously protested to the umpire. The umpire, however, who had already consulted the linesman, remained, amid a tense silence, adamant, and the Finn proceeded to the next service. The cheers that arose from the thousands of onlookers, nearly everyone of whom had been born and bred in the far-flung traditions of British sportsmanship, when the Brazilian deliberately returned that service into the net and gave his opponent the point, can rarely, if ever, have been exceeded. But it was nothing at all to the storm of applause that broke over the arena the next moment, when the Finn, inspired by the same honourable motive as the Brazilian, deliberately served a double-fault. Of his intention there could be no doubt. The first ball alighted among the crowd, while the second carried the stands *en route* for the adjoining country.

Though the tumult and the shouting gradually died away as the game resumed its normal course, there was not a soul among those masses but had learnt a lesson he would not easily forget. But in no two breasts were such depths of emotion stirred as in those of two healthy athletic-looking lads, boys merely of some fourteen summers, watching unobserved the great contest from an obscure corner on the north-east side of the ground. George Blake and James Hake were their names, and they had come up for the day by the milk-train from Philville to watch the leading exponents of their favourite game.

Few words were spoken between George and James that evening on their return journey to Philville. If either had been asked whether the Brazilian or the Finn had won, he would probably have replied that he didn't know. For the hearts of Blake and Hake were full of something else—of the glory and the honour of sportsmanship.

Years have elapsed. The scene has changed. Great the enthusiasm and happy the crowd on this the last day of the Philville Lawn Tennis Club's annual tournament. The knowledge that George Blake and James Hake, grown men now of twenty-two years or more, had reached the final in the men's singles was hardly less popular than the news that the mayor, himself still a formidable player, had consented to take the umpire's chair. And a great battle it turned out to be. One set all and five games all in the final set, and they were engaged in what surely must have been the longest rally in the history of the game. At last, in a culminating effort, Blake flung his racket at the ball and drove it down the side line out of the reach of Hake. The linesman thought it was out, and the mayor gave it out, but Hake thought it was in. Without so much as a glance at the umpire he slashed Blake's next service clean out of the side of the court. For a fraction of a second the crowd was mystified. Then the applause broke, only to be quieted the next moment by the upraised hand of the mayor commanding silence.

But not even the upraised hand of the chief magistrate could for some moments quell the ovations that greeted the unmistakably intentional double-fault of Blake's that followed. Rarely, if ever, had Philville been treated to such a moving example of British sportsmanship, and there was not a man or woman among them who failed to respond. And in view of this it must have been of interest to the philosophic observer, if such there was, to detect a distinct falling-off in the density of the cheers when Hake slogged the next of Blake's services a good thirty yards over the back line, and to notice further that hardly a note of approval was raised when Blake promptly replied with another double-fault. And when the same thing happened again your philosopher would have concluded that there was not a single true British sportsman on the ground.

Sad ending as it was to an otherwise brilliantly-successful tournament, that match was never decided, for the set, indeed the game, was left unfinished. Time and again deuce was called, and every time the players deliberately lost one each of the two following points, and though the Mayor continued to call out the score as though unmindful of the turn the match had taken, the crowd gradually melted away and the sun went down and the stars came out and the match had to be abandoned.

George Blake and James Hake argued afterwards that, having intentionally given one point away, their subsequent course was the only logical one they could pursue. Each averred that, had he continued otherwise, his first act would have been a mere gesture and not a decision born of moral principle.

The chief magistrate was angry, and the town of Philville was annoyed, for their tournament had been ruined. And the smiles that had before greeted George and James on every hand were changed to frowns. But Blake and Hake cared not; for they knew, as you and I, reader, know, that they had acted in the only way consistent with the ideals of British sportsmanship.

A SUPERFICIAL SURVEY OF THE SUMMER SEASON.

THE waist-line in this year of grace
Is creeping back to its normal place;
Its progress is extremely slow,
It has some inches still to go.
You can't account for Fashion's whims,
But hats are being worn with broader brims.

At balls and dinners now you see
The chest displayed less lavishly,
Whereas the back is for the nonce
Distinctly more *en évidence*;
But the girls still look like cherubims,
And hats are being worn with broader brims.

There 's quite a vogue in shiny buckles
And clinging sleeves that reach the knuckles;
You don't so often see them short,
Except for evening dress or sport.
We 're showing a little less of our limbs,
But hats are being worn with broader brims.

The hem should show an irregular line
And a belt your figure may confine.
I think that 's all I have to state
On the modes of 1928.
You may fight about Books of Prayers and Hymns,
But hats are being worn with broader brims.

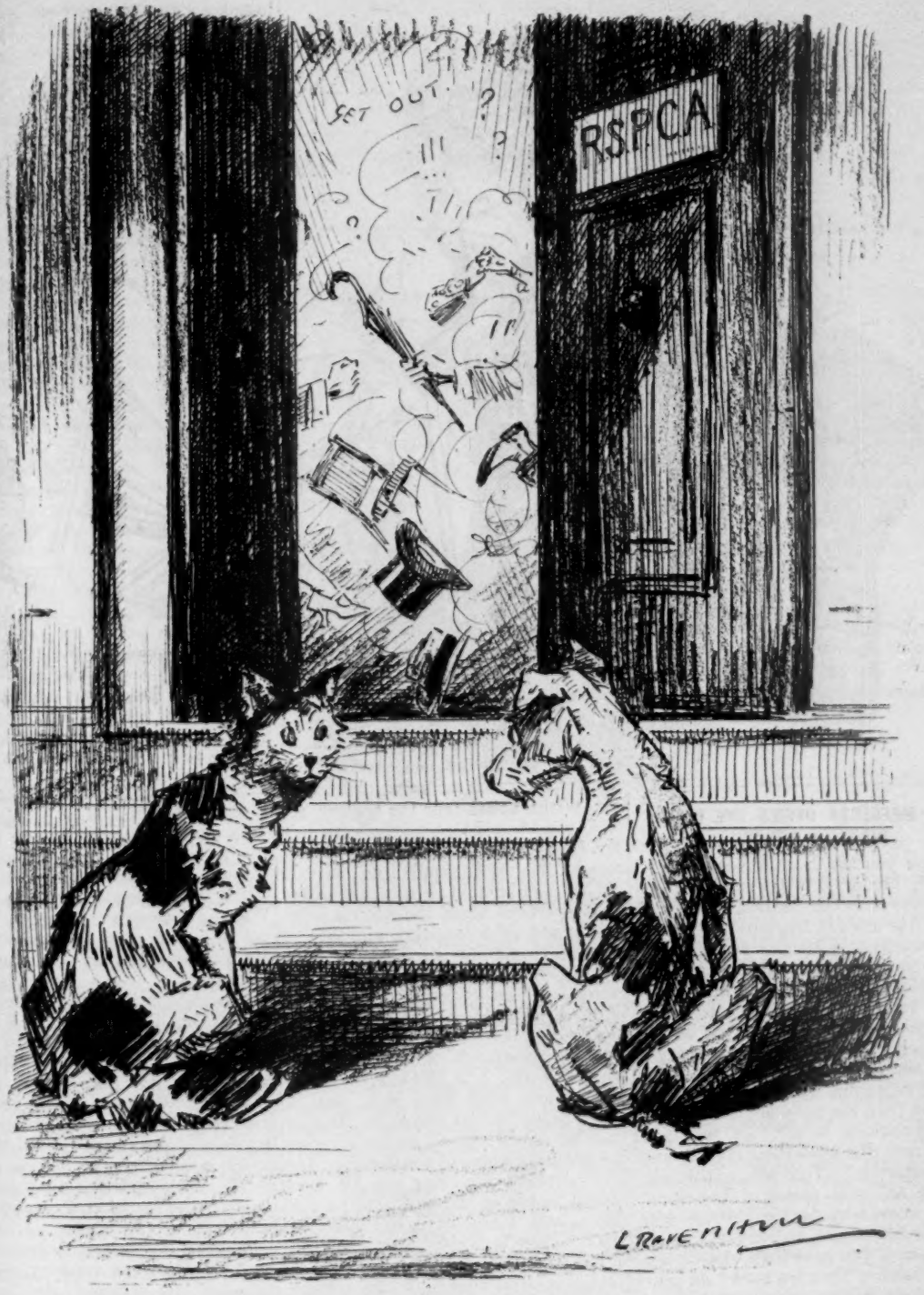
Fun in White Gum Valley.

"The teachers and ex-scholars of White Gum Valley school intend holding a dance on Friday evening. The committee will be pleased to see all ex-scholars and their will be 1/-, the proshrdleutaoishrdluetaor friends present."
Australian Paper.

WE wouldn't give a shilling for *that* kind of friend!

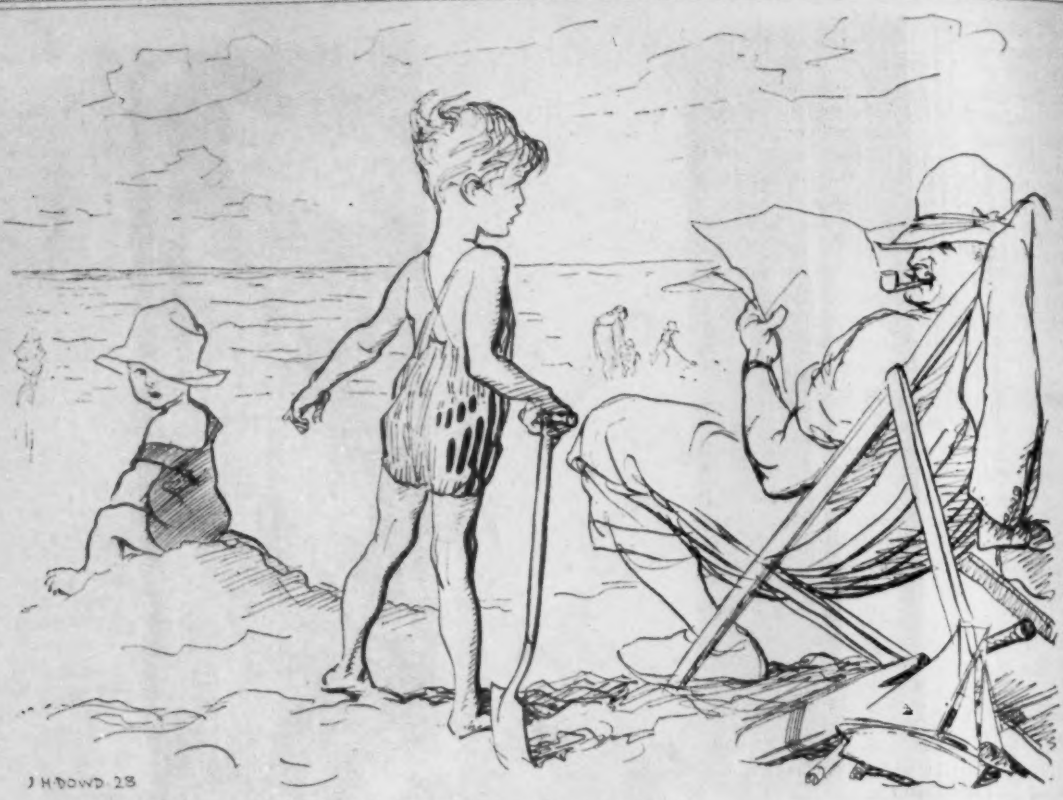
The Advertisement Philanthropic.

"Friend,—Maybe you come visit this store quick. All same many fine lady come see Teen Jore. Have plenty honest curio. All kind people like. Catch coolie coats, reed chair, oh, Doc Jones Tea. Maybe you buy. All same you don't. Teen Jore happy. Like make friend. All time come. See Teen Jore. All same everybody happy."
Chinese Storeman's Advt. in Canadian Paper.



"LET MEN DELIGHT . . ."

CAT AND DOG (*in unison*). "AT THIS RATE WE SHALL HAVE TO GET UP A SOCIETY TO PREVENT OUR PROTECTORS FROM BEING CRUEL TO EACH OTHER."



"DADDY, TONY 'S BEEN A NAUGHTY BOY."
"I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THAT FROM YOU."
"WELL, YOU WON'T HEAR ABOUT IT FROM TONY."

MR. MAFFERTY DEFIES THE URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL.

"ARE you the Bathin' Inspector?" said Mr. Mafferty. "Are you the Shore Inspector of the Urban District Council of the fine town of Bugton-by-the-Sea? Is it yourself is strollin' the shore to see no man swims in the ocean before two o'clock of the afternoon, an' it Sunday? It is so? Then let you take a small piece of a walk with me across the beach from this place to the margin of the sea, for it 's meself will be takin' a great swim this moment, though it 's no more than the noon of the day.

"Regulations, is it? An' will you tell me now who made them regulations, Mr. Inspector? You will not at all, for I'll tell you meself. 'Tis about six or seven corpulent gentlemen will never be fifty again, an' wouldn't swim in the sea if you gave them the Crown Jewels itself. 'Tis a few round old gentlemen has made money at the shop-keepin', an' you 've made them Councillors by reason of the fine heads they have on them for figures, an' the fine talent they have to be runnin' the trams an' organisin' the drains. There 's old Mr. Withers that sells the hosiery, an' he an expert on the town sewers; there 's Mr. Mudd is an ironmonger an' understands the water-supply; an' there 's old Mr. Egg is blind an' deaf, but makes great speeches about the electric light. It 's grand old fellers they are, surely; an' you 've put 'em in charge of your sanitation, an' your education, an' your recreations, an' your arts, an' your libraries, an' the way you dress, an' the morals of your young. It 's not meself would be complainin' of that, for there 's no man livin', I 'm thinkin', is better able to say what kind of a play is fit an' proper to be played in Bugton than Mr. Mudd himself, an' he an ironmonger disapproves of the theatre. An' why wouldn't Mr. Egg set his face against music in the park, an' he not able to hear a note of it, the poor old fella? There 's nothin' they can't do on the land, them gentlemen; but will you tell me now what right they 'd have to be rulin' the sea as well? It 's the Public Health Acts, is it? Well, them 's fine pieces of legislation, surely, an' it 's not meself would be liftin' the tip of a finger to be injurin' the public health. Maybe I 'd cause a pestilence, an' I enterin' the sea. Maybe there 'd rise up a great commotion among the fish, the way the food of the town would suffer. But after two o'clock, you 're tellin' me, there 's no more danger. Well, it 's twelve itself now, an' I 'll risk it. I 'm goin' into the wide sea, Mr. Inspector, an' let you stand there an' inspect.

"Sunday, is it? Well, I 've been to church, Mr. Inspector. An' if I 'd not been to church at all will you tell me what call has Councillor Mudd to be keepin' me out of the English Channel? Will you tell me what way it concerns Mr. Egg if I go to church at the risin' of the sun or the fall of night, at the noon of day or no time at all? Is Mr. Withers, that runs the drains, in charge of religion as well? Is it himself is to lay down me hours of worship an' meditation, by reason of the great knowledge an' capacity he has for managin' the sewers? An' if that 's the way of it does he think he 'll draw me into church or chapel by keepin' me out of the sea before two o'clock in the afternoon, for it 's the contrary altogether.

"I 've no wish at all to be enterin'

the ocean, Mr. Inspector. It 's a quare, grey, cold-lookin' kind of an ocean, an' it heavin'. It 's a poor foolish thing, I 'm thinkin', for a man to leave the warm land an' trust himself to the water, with the stones tearin' the flesh from his feet an' the great waves dashin' the wind out of his body. I 'd sooner sit here, Mr. Inspector, an' think holy thoughts under the arch of the sky an' humble me heart before the thunder of the ocean. There 's many a man, I know, can't rouse himself to a solemn reflection without he has a great crowd bawlin' a hymn behind him. But it could be, Mr. Inspector, it 's meself would come as quick by a holy thought an' a humble heart in this place as Councillor Withers an' Councillor Mudd, an' they preenin' an' poutin' like two prize pigeons in the Council pew.

"I 've no wish to bathe at all, I 'm tellin' you. There 's no man livin' dislikes the swimmin' more than meself. It 's a tirin' exercise an' makes the hair sticky; I 'll have the ocean up me nose an' the salt sea in me ears the way I 'll not hear nothin' for a week of days. I 'll be pantin' an' puffin' as the high waves strike me, an' in dread of drownin' at the latter end. It 's a poor unhappy creature I 'll be from the time the water comes lappin' at me knees till the time I 'm out of it entirely; I 'm destroyed shiverin' at the sight of the sea only; I 've not gone swimmin' since me twentieth birthday. But as soon as me eyes fell on your crazy notice to say there 's no swimmin' lawful before two in the afternoon of Sunday, it 's the great longin' rose up in me heart to be swimmin' in the sea this day. An' it 's a pity now I 'd not be seein' that notice before, for you 'd have heard the noise of me swimmin' from the break of mornin' till the present time, splashin' an' kickin' an' cryin' harsh curses on Councillor Withers an' Councillor Mudd an' the whole museum together. It 's a kind of an ache an' madness is in me mind to be plungin' into them waters an' defyin' the Urban District Council from this hour till the fallin' of the dew. Isn't it a British subject I am, an' we rulin' the waves? An' is it such as Councillor Withers is to be takin' away me birthright an' shuttin' off the public ocean from a son of the sea?

"Holy Bugton! *Balmy* Bugton, that puts them great advertisements in the papers to be drawin' the Americans to Bugton, an' the French besides, an' it wonderin' why they don't arrive at all. It 's a wonder, surely. You 'd think the whole world would be flockin' to Bugton to see the fine English haunt of pleasure an' fun, where a man can't put his nose in the ocean on a Sunday mornin' without the leave of Councillor Mudd an' Councillor Withers that understands the drains.

"But what 's the use of talkin'? I 'll be swimmin' now, Mr. Inspector. Stop me, is it? Arrest me, is it? I wouldn't say you 'd be doin' that. Maybe you 'll keep me from undressin' on the beach by reason of your loathsome bye-laws; an' maybe you 'll keep me from undressin' in a municipal hut by reason you have the keys; but will you tell me now how you 'll keep me from walkin' into the ocean in me clothes, an' it me Sunday suit? For that 's me intention, Mr. Inspector. Me blood is up, me soul 's alight with the blazin' fires of a holy indignation, an' if you brought the Bugton Fire Brigade, an' the 10th Dragoons, an' the Flyin' Squad, an' the Manchester Watch Committee, an' Councillor Mudd himself, an' they kneelin' on their knees before me, they wouldn't stop me from steppin' into the English Channel an' swimmin' about in a derisive manner to show the contempt I have for the whole battalion of you. An' if you 've anythin' more to say on this subject, Mr. Inspector, let you follow me into the water in the grand uniform you have."

With these words Mr. Mafferty removed his hat and walked slowly into the sea. A. P. H.



The Victim. "Entirely my own fault, Constable. I only looked three ways at once instead of four."

"Missing High Speed Steel. Sheffield Man Sentenced for Receiving." *Sheffield Paper.*

"Where did that one go to, 'Erbert?"

"A month-old baby slipped from its mother's arms, fell from the top of an omnibus, bounced on to the canopy over the driver's head and then rolled off into shire, yesterday. The baby suffered only from bruises."—*Daily Paper.*

The shire was Beds, we hope.

"Flat, superior, —— genteel village; cheap day and season Waterloo; buses pass to everywhere."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Though by rail and in buses to London we roam,
Be it e'er so "genteel" there 's no place like home.

THE LITTLE STORY.

"AN' now what do we do?" Janet inquired, having found that the villainy of *Long John Silver* became too exhausting if you carried it beyond the limits set by its creator.

"Somebody ought," John said—"somebody ought to tell somebody a story. That is," he went on politely, "unless you can't stop to play any longer?"

"She *can*," Janet said emphatically; "I know she can. Can't you?" With a little wriggling movement she nestled against me. "Just a little while?"

"Just a short while," I agreed. "Just long enough for a little story. But who tells it? I told one last time."

"I know," John cried excitedly, with the air of having discovered a lovely new game. "Whoever thinks of one first! Now, everybody think! Ready . . ."

"I 've thought," said Janet at once, with calm dreaminess.

She turned her small face in our direction. Her hair, which was supposed to be bobbed, hung in a queer mazed mass round her face. The curious green eyes had a dim cold look like a mermaid's—a blind look, as though things present appeared in a different form to her.

"Cheating!" declared John. "You couldn't have thought so quick—not all of it, I mean. I 'd only just thought 'Once upon a time.' You 're going to tell a silly old book one about goblins or something."

She turned the unseeing, dim look on him. "You tell lies," she stated calmly. "I 'm ready, so I 'll begin now. It 's a very little one."

John sniffed, and elaborately examined the structure of a piece of string from his pocket.

"This story," Janet went on, "isn't the once-upon-a-time kind. It was quite lately."

John sniffed again.

"And anybody," she continued in the same thoughtful narrative-voice, "needn't listen if they don't want to, because I don't listen when they sniff. And so this story happened not very long ago. And it is about a—a Person. And this Person knew a lot of nice things—nicer than the things other people know about, like how you do sums, and who got on the throne next when the kings were dead. But this Person knew lovely things, like soft things hiding in the dark, and fairy things, and she knew how to think of what music made you think of, but she—I mean the Person—didn't like people much because they were so silly. So one night there was a Fairy-thing that sang at the bottom of the garden, soft as anything, all by herself, and she sang, 'Person, Person, come out here.' And so the Person got out of bed and went downstairs and wasn't a bit frightened, not even a little bit. And then she walked down the garden, and the Person's feet felt lovely on the cold grass. And so the Person came to where the Fairy-thing was, and walked quite slowly and didn't have to run, being so unfrightened. And the Fairy-thing said, 'Would you like to be a fairy?' and the Person said, yes, she would, because people were so silly. So the Fairy said, 'What 'll you give me if I make you into a fairy?' So the Person thought and said, 'When I was coming down the stairs just now, not a bit frightened, there were six little bits of moonlight on the stairs, and you can have them.' So the Fairy said, 'That 'll do beautifully.' So the Person went back and got the six pieces of moonlight, and brought them down, and carried them all shining in her hands to the bottom of the garden."

Janet paused; her eyes flickered slowly, and she rubbed her fingers together as though feeling something.

"All shiny in her hands," she continued slowly. "All shiny and silky," she said suddenly, as though her fingers had prompted her.

"And so the Fairy made her into a fairy, made the Person into a fairy. And the Person said: 'Thank you very much,' and the Fairy said: 'Not at all,' because she had nice manners. So the Person, now that she was a fairy, flew up all amongst the silvery air to the window and got in that way and went to bed."

Janet paused again.

"It 's much nicer than the ordinary way," she said dreamily. At last she sighed and went on. "And the Person got up in the morning and everybody thought she was a Person still. They did really. It felt awfully nice being different when people thought you weren't. And the Person kept laughing to herself like anything all day; it was so funny their thinking she was just an ordinary person."

She stopped and then said quickly: "That 's the end."

"It 's as stupid as stupid," John said. "I know a *much* nicer one."

"And nobody," Janet said, "knows who the Person was."

"Nobody," she repeated invitingly.

"What a pity," I said. "Not anybody; no one at all?"

"Well, I know."

"Do tell us."

"I 'll whisper, but John is silly, so he mustn't know." She put her arms round my neck and pressed her shadowy face against my ear. Like the breath of delicate fairy laughter came her voice—"It 's me!"



Tough. "YER MEANS TER SAY THIS IS ALL THEY GIVES YER FER A WEEK'S 'ARD WORK?"

Play to Me Only With Thine Eyebrows.

"SIR,—May I be permitted to offer a suggestion to the Band Committee, viz.:—That during the week, rather than stick rigidly to eyebrow music, the programmes be sprinkled with a few pieces such as the hearer of average musical calibre can appreciate."

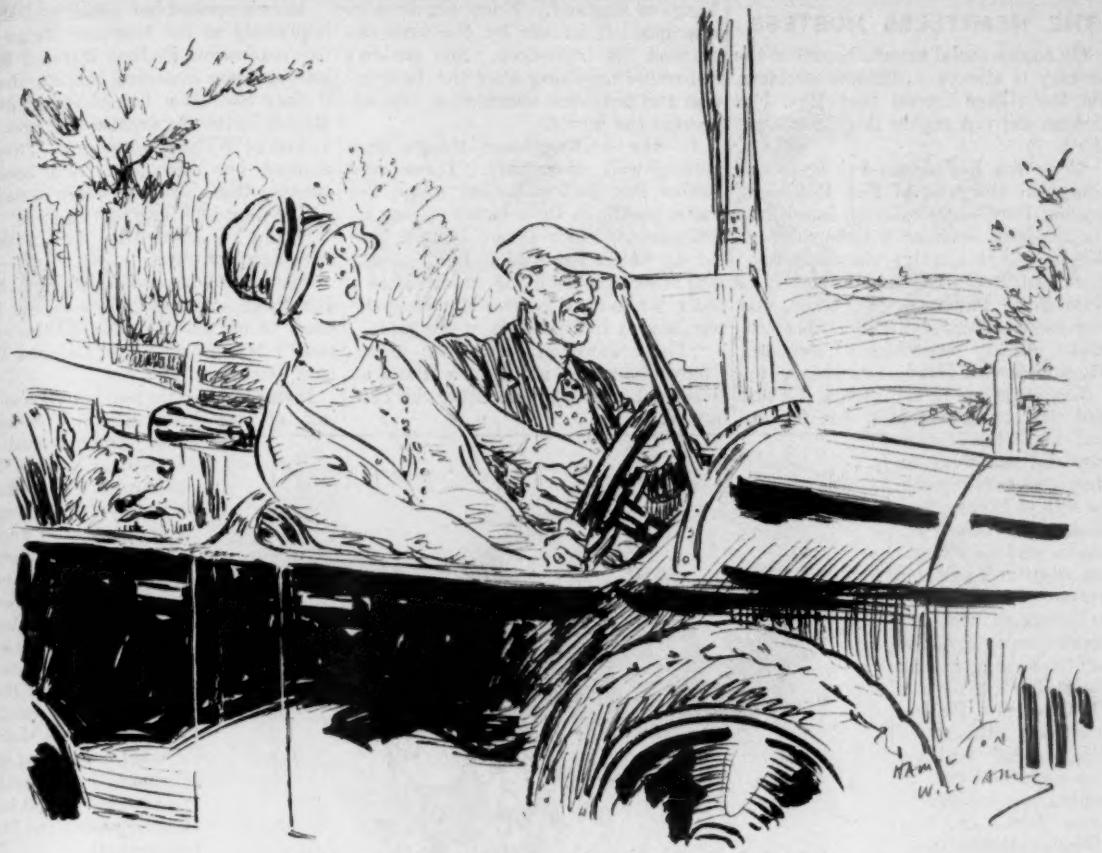
Letter to Editor of Southport Paper.

It is sad to think how Mr. ROBEY has missed his vocation.

"The more general use of splinterless glass widows in closed cars will undoubtedly make motoring safer for the man at the wheel."

New Zealand Paper.

With grass widows it would be quite the reverse.



Fair Learner. "OH, TED—QUICK! HERE COMES THE HEDGE!"

A LAMENT FOR LAMBETH.

OLD rusty Lambeth Bridge, I know
That you were scheduled long ago
For speedy demolition.
We looked to see you soon destroyed;
Then came the War, and you enjoyed
A lengthy intermission.

Nor can I say that you are not
An eyesore, a distressing blot
Upon the river scenery;
A mathematic mind alone
Could see a beauty of its own
In your complete catenary.

Not yours with magic curves to claim
A title to artistic fame,
As does the work of RENNIE;
The classic bridge of Waterloo—
Still may it show what we can do
For years that shall be many!

No bard shall sing in lofty strains
The beauty of *your* clumsy chains;
No artist greatly graphic
Shall paint your wooden roadway's slope,
Already found too weak to cope
With ordinary traffic.

Yet, Lambeth Bridge, I hold you dear,
Because, when once a Volunteer,
I watched your sordid entry;
With rifle and with bayonet
I paced beside your parapet,
A stout and stalwart sentry.

And, like an archer bold of yore,
Ten German lives my girdle bore,
Ten rounds that death was wrapped in;
At dawn I packed them in my pouch,
Then, ere I sought my evening couch,
Returned them to my Captain.

No goose-step of advancing ranks
Echoed along the creaking planks,
Yet, like the bold HORATIUS,
I kept the bridge I had in trust
(I always thought that *he* was just
A trifle ostentatious).

I walked my beat, and now and then
Glanced at the dial of Big Ben
(I could not hear him striking)—
And, when I tired of tasks like these,
Stood not improperly at ease,
According to my liking.

None marked me, save some tiny boys
Who used to leave their childish toys,
A cheery band and chatty;
And as they heard my manly tread
Approaching, gazed at me and said:
"Look at 'im! 'Ere comes Fatty!"

Our Unsinkables.

"I have never seen a swimmer with more grit than Miss Hawke. On the way we played gramophone records and I sang songs to her, but never once was she at all gloomy."
Daily Paper.

"SUGAR GROWN IN ENGLAND.
(BY OUR ARCHITECTURAL CORRESPONDENT)."
Sunday Paper.

Cubism is, we suppose, the latest phase in architecture.

"Princess Mary wore pink chiffon, with diamonds and pearls; her hostess was in cheap ivory satin with the family diamonds."
Indian Paper.

Still, this is better than being in the family satin with cheap diamonds.

"After ten laps the Viscount was reported to have taken in oranges and bananas, besides petrol and oil."—*Irish Paper.*

Bananas ought to be bitten quietly, not lapped.

THE HEARTLESS HOSTESS.

Of course social entertainment in the country is always a difficult problem, but the village agreed that Mrs. Fox Pitkins did not tackle it in the right spirit.

Since she had descended upon the village as the wife of Fox Pitkins of Borden Park—obviously an intermediate situation between a lectureship at Girton and a country constituency—there had been a regular inundation of Book Teas, Paper Game Parties, and even more alarmingly intellectual recreations, weekly Browning Circles, and afternoons with Dante in *Inferno*.

Now everyone in the village did not read the books that Mrs. Fox Pitkins read, and what is more they did not wish to. They read, but the girl in the village library, who incidentally doled out sweets and sold woollens, superintended their literary activities, and her selection was no proper preparation for the afternoon parties at Borden Park.

If Mrs. Fox Pitkins had been alone the village could perhaps have withstood her, or avoided her entertainments even as Fox Pitkins avoided them by hunting and shooting, but she had daughters and sons, and daughters-in-law, and cousins. They all had wild roving intellectual eyes and a passion for paper games. Most of them wore horn-rimmed spectacles. They lived in spacious houses in the environs of the village and formed a major part of the country society. Nothing could be done without them, and very little could be done with them outside Borden Park, where they always won prizes at afternoon parties. Their triumphs there were a foregone conclusion, and yet very inarticulately the village felt that it was not in the best of good taste on the part of Mrs. Fox Pitkins when she demonstrated conclusively that the Vicar's wife did not know anything about the Maccabees and believed that the Council of Trent was held in Nottinghamshire.

This afternoon the Vicar's wife had pleaded a headache and sent her eldest daughter, Minnie, in her stead. Minnie hastened up the drive, her face glowing and her heart sinking. They were to have historical acrostics to-day, and she was groping wildly through the Kings of England. There was no more strength left in her by the time she reached the front-door. She couldn't remember anything after the Restoration and her voice trembled as she addressed the butler.

In the drawing-room things were getting well under way. There were twelve Fox Pitkins seated round the room, pencils in their hands, an icy intelligence in their eyes. Minnie, perceiving that there was a slight sprinkling of extraneous blood, stumbled to a chair, while their hostess explained the regulations and methods of the game.

"These acrostics," she told them, "have been sent me from a friend at Balliol; I can therefore enter the lists myself."



Keeper (condolingly, as they return). "Well, Sir, you didn't exactly 'it anything, but I noticed one or two of 'em 'ad properly got the wind up."

"Cromwell, Charles II., James II.," thought Minnie; her cheeks were flushed with misery, her eyes innocent of history.

"Miss Thomas, I think?" Minnie gave a start and noticed a bronzed blue-eyed young man was sitting next to her, William Cracknel, the doctor's eldest son. She did not know him well; he had been abroad, but now he was like a beacon in a dark world.

"This is the first of these parties you have ever been to, isn't it?" she inquired timidly.

"Yes," there was laughter in his voice and he dropped it a tone; "saving your presence it will be the last."

Minnie blushed. "Could you tell me who followed James II.?" she asked breathlessly.

"William and Minnie—I mean Mary," he hissed.

"Begin," cried Mrs. Fox Pitkins. "You've got ten minutes."

Minnie sucked her pencil and stared hopelessly at her hostess. There was no inspiration in that intrepid figure jotting down historical catastrophes as if they had been housekeeping items. Minnie hurriedly averted her eyes and looked at William's brogues. They reassured her strangely. She actually guessed three out of twelve acrostics, and William whispered two more.

"Time!" cried Mrs. Fox Pitkins, snapping her watch.

The result was inevitable. First, Mrs. Fox Pitkins; second, Dorinda Fox Pitkins; third, Edward Fox Pitkins; sixteenth, Minnie, with five; and, last, William, with two.

Instantly Minnie felt herself the object of the drawing-room's derision. She felt ashamed for herself and more than ashamed for William. "Surely," she thought, "he must have known about Magna Carta." She glanced sideways at his list. He had known about Magna Carta. He had known about everything. Suddenly she knew that William was worth all the Fox Pitkins put together.

"Why did you pretend you'd only guessed two?" she asked him, walking down the drive afterwards.

William laughed. "Made 'em sit up, that; do 'em good! We won't go there again, will we?"

It was a royal "we." Minnie sighed with contentment, because historically it signified the union of William and Minnie.

A Christian Accident Policy.

"Miss —— and Parents wish to thank those who assisted in her recent accident."
New Zealand Paper.

More Muscular Merchantmen.

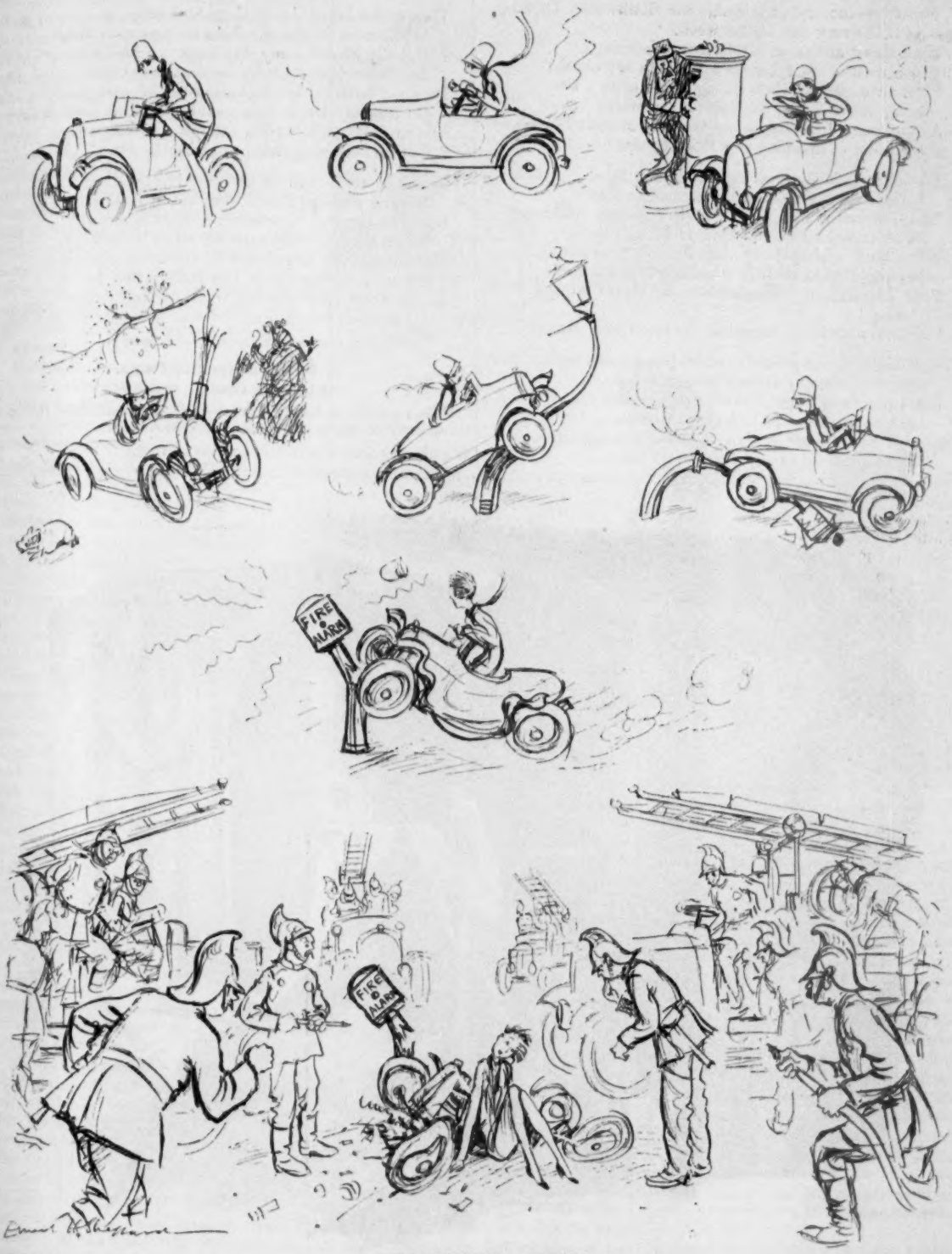
"—— pleaded guilty to all the charges except the one of assault. ——, it was alleged, picked up a deck and threw it overboard."
Welsh Paper.

A Waterloo Again.

"Looe Water Sports Association.
Monthly Regatta.
Saturday, 18th August, 1928.
6.0 p.m., Water Polo, Friendly Match (if possible)."—*Notice in Looe.*

"It is another tribute to the courage of King Amanullah, who has deliberately and at great personal risk thrown off the age-old yolk of the mullahs."—*Indian Paper.*

The best thing for removing mullah's yolk from the trousers is salts of lemon.



BEGINNER'S LUCK.

DOROTHY DEAR.

WHEN the motor-bus stops at the Kenilworth Turning
  At 8.25 every day in the week,
With sweet agitation my bosom is burning,
  Confused is my eyesight and pallid my cheek;
Then anticipation, that all night has sung a low
  Song in my heart, rises joyful and clear,
As you come tripping out of the gate of your bungalow,
  Sweetest of maidens, my Dorothy dear.

For all your belongings are natty as pins or
  As neat as the newt with his diamond eye;
You hint at the hay-field or honest Brown Windsor,
  With breathings of lavender wafting you by,
When gaily a simple old measure you 're treading
  No angel more sweetly could move to his harp,
Your dancing of "Nonesuch" or "Haste to the Wedding"
  Would sure have delighted the late CECIL SHARP.

Last night in the grocer's, when purchasing honey, you
  (Rightly enough) did not recognise me,
But I managed to get the identical money you
  Laid on the counter to pay for the tea;
I never will change it, though short of a cigarette
  (I can make up on my dinner and beer),
Though never, I think, any man of my figure ate
  Less than I, latterly, Dorothy dear.

Happy the lot of the ditchers and hedgers
  Who swink in the sunshine around your abode;
I 'd gladly abandon my day-books and ledgers
  And labour contentedly tarring your road;
To show how my feelings remain with you yonder,
  On Monday the foreman said, "Perkins, look here—
You must not allow your attention to wander,
  You 're invoicing cases to 'Dorothy dear.'"

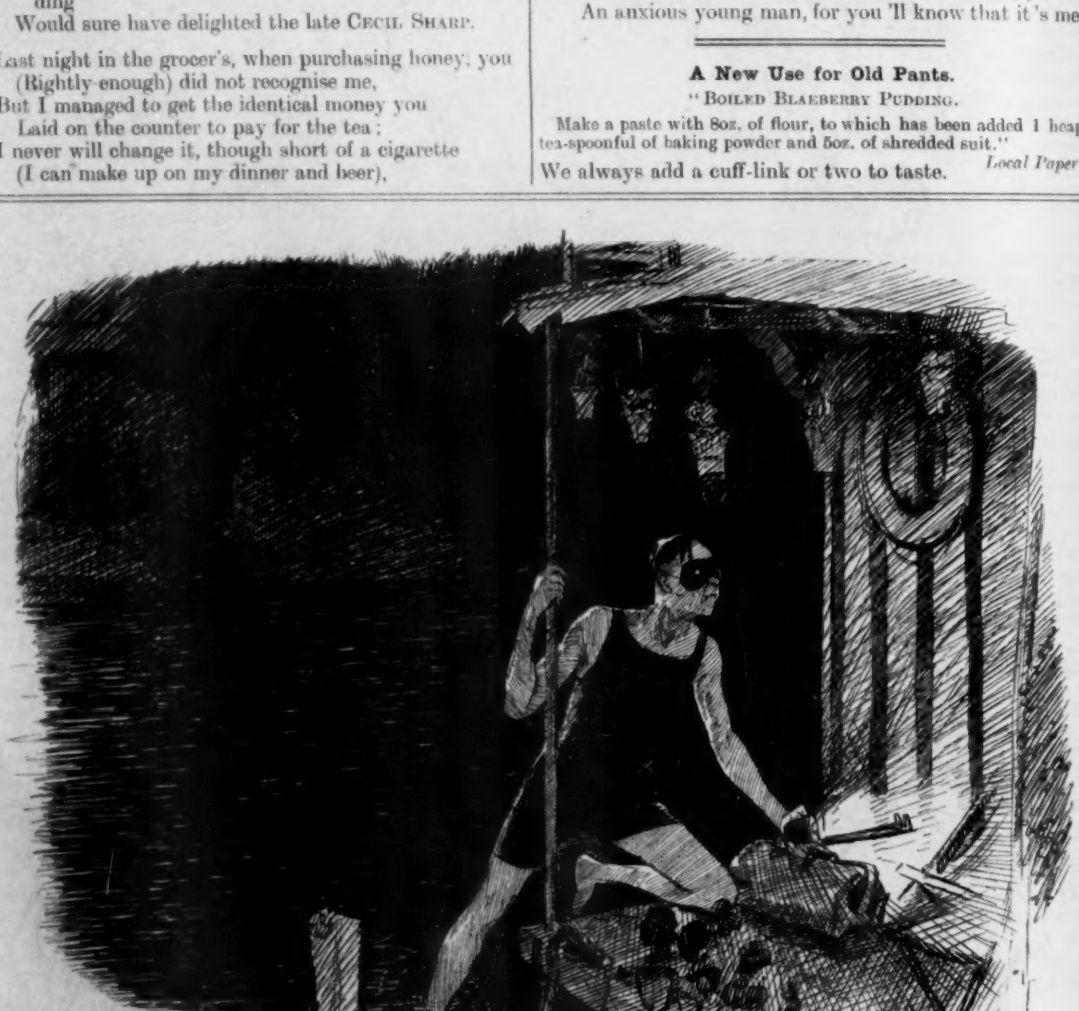
Now all this is really a sort of advertisement,
  Hoping perhaps that it *may* catch your eye,
But I assure you no manner of hurt is meant;
  When a man's desp'rate, all ways he will try.
Though not yet introduced by the usual channels,
  I hope you 'll excuse it and smile when you see
At the Kenilworth Corner, in blazer and flannels,
  An anxious young man, for you 'll know that it 's me.

A New Use for Old Pants.

"BOILED BLAEBERRY PUDDING.

Make a paste with 8oz. of flour, to which has been added 1 heaped tea-spoonful of baking powder and 5oz. of shredded suit."

We always add a cuff-link or two to taste. *Local Paper.*



A NEW PERIL: THE DUCK-BURGLAR.

THE DUCKING-STOOL.

In the good old days it was the custom when a woman—always a woman, mind you—was run in for being too discursive for the comfort of her husband or her neighbours, to dip her in any cold water that was handy, with the idea of larning her to be less chatty in future. This discipline, salutary no doubt, must have been quite a popular village sport. There would have been willing hands to work the apparatus and much happy laughter from the bystanders as the victim went down. It was called the "ducking-stool." But ducking-stools, though familiar by name, are no longer part of our civilisation, and it was with interest that I recently came across one in full working order at the peaceful village of Fordwich, in Kent.

Fordwich, though as small as need be, was till recent times a place of great dignity in that it possessed a Mayor and Corporation all to its little self. These have been swept away, but the lovely old Town Hall—goodness knows its age—still remains practically unfaked. On the ground floor is a cell for malefactors, not at all a bad cell, with a fine modern-looking plank bed. You go upstairs (being careful not to knock your head as I did against the top of the doorway) and arrive at the main chamber. Here, facing you, is the throne of His Worship and the seats of the Corporation. There are handcuffs on the Mayor's table, and a good stout oaken bar between him and the stairs at which evil-doers stood when brought into the presence. This is well-devised, as the criminal came up the stairs and at once found two obstacles between himself and the Mayor if he had any designs against the latter. Now considering the size of the village and that of the Corporation, it is difficult to see how there would be any available males left for them to wreak justice on, unless they had the luck to pick up a victim from some neighbouring hamlet. But if you look up you will see, hooked on to one of the beams, a queer upright chair with a bar across like that of a large infant. If males ran short, it didn't matter. That is the ducking-stool.

The town hall is on the edge of a small river. At one corner a stout beam goes vertically upwards. It is made to turn on its axis, and to its top another stout beam is fixed at right angles so that, when the contraption is turned, the far end swings out over the water. To this the chair, with the lady in it, clothes and all, was hooked over a pulley. At the word "Go" the running end of the tackle was eased off and down the lady went. She could of course be hauled up and let down again till justice was satisfied. Upstairs, by the way, there is a kind of cupboard against the ceiling into which she was bundled to get dry.

I was told that this engine has not been used for many years. Whether it sank into neglect when the Mayor and Corporation ceased to be and it was no longer necessary for them to get somebody to work on, or whether the calm and level conversation of the Fordwich ladies made it unnecessary, or whether they clubbed together and were not for it any longer, I don't know. Anyway, it was with a smile of pure confidence that one of them explained its working to me. One is inclined to suggest its revival, not with the intention of being sarcastic, but because with all these Americans and motor-coaches about, the sport, if properly advertised, might be good business. But then there 's no Mayor and Corporation, and I doubt if the restoration of that order would be popular. For remember, the ducking-stool was a man-made institution. A man could talk his wife's head off and there was no river for him. A woman, if too nippy with her tongue for her husband's taste, got it, so to speak, in the neck. But it is an awkward reflection that now the boot is on the other leg. It might be the ladies of Fordwich who occupied those seats upstairs. They might, even at this interval, be inclined to get a bit of their own back. And it wouldn't be half as much fun to see a man ducked. DUM-DUM.



MRS. MONTAGUE-JONES KINDLY ALLOWS THE MAID TO INVITE HER FIANCÉ TO TEA.

"Two further cases of smallpox were confirmed in the rural district of Peterboro' yesterday."—*Sunday Paper.*

Happily his lordship had been vaccinated.

INNOCENTS AT HOME.

II.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

AFTER our experience at the Tower Percival and I felt a little discouraged about our idea of seeing how London looked through foreign eyes, but we determined to persevere. That 's us all over, the bull-dog breed.

"I don't feel keen on doing anything more *à la française*," remarked Percival; "it 's too exhausting. What about being Rumanians? If we tried to look like Royalty incognito we might make some money out of the job."

I vetoed this and then had a brain-wave. "Let 's be Italians!" I cried.

"Can't speak Italian."

"No, but we can speak Latin, and that 's the same brand. Merely an older vintage."

Percival's face brightened and he rapidly declined "*mensa*—a table," with only two mistakes.

"Yes," he said at last, "I 'm all right. Or is it *mensibus*? What place shall we visit? Soho? Saffron Hill?" he suggested, showing singular lack of perception.

We decided eventually on the British Museum as being safer. Real Italians do not inhabit the British Museum in great numbers.

The following afternoon two Italians might have been seen approaching the façade of the British Museum. Both wore black velour hats, had not shaved and were declining "*murus*—a wall" antiphonally. They carried Italian phrase-books, heavy sticks and even had black shirts. Altogether a triumph of amateur dramatic art.

Our first encounter was with an official just inside the door. I glanced at my phrase-book and said:—

"*Ees dees a ze Museo Britannico?*"

"Ernh?" said the man, a trifle startled.

"*Museus?*" put in Percival.

"Whassay?" went the man again.

"*Museus, muse-e, museum,*" went Percival back at him with some resourcefulness. "*Musei, museo, museo?* Er—*Britannico?*"

"No, this is the British Museum, gents," announced the official, equal to anything. We thanked him ("*Gratia, gratia, gratiam*"), took our hats off reverentially and passed further in. He watched us with interest. Apparently he thought we believed it to be a cathedral.

Our next skirmish was with an attendant who tried to induce us to part with our sticks. Now we had never yet succeeded in smuggling our sticks into a museum, though we still try. But as Italians we hoped we might be at last successful. Everyone who has been to Italy knows that no loyal Italian can feel really loyal unless he has a big knobby stick. Without it he is lost; he can hardly express even the most lukewarm patriotism.

So, having agreed on our action beforehand, we clutched our sticks manfully and hissed "*Fascisti, Fascisti!*" meanwhile tapping our chests. The man drew back out of range—Percival has a very powerful "*Fascisti*" delivery—but repeated, "All sticks and umbrellas to be 'anded in."

"No, no, no," we cried in unison. "*Viva Il Duce!*" At which we both stood to attention and saluted very reverently.

"'Ere, lemme," said another official at this point, pushing up to us. "Furriners! *I* know how to talk to 'em."

We waited, not without apprehension of a probable flood of Italian. But the fellow merely said very clearly and distinctly—

"Nothing—to—pay."

Of course if we had been real foreigners this would have been a nasty one. While we were wondering what to make of it, the fellow gently took our sticks out of our hands, patted Percival on the shoulder and said comfortingly to me, "That 's all right, Antonio. You 'll 'ave 'em back."

It appeared we had lost again. After that there seemed nothing more to do about it, so, jabbering Ancient Italian, we started on our sight-seeing by burrowing into a crowd which had collected to hear a lecture on Ancient Egypt.

Our presence in the audience was really hardly fair on the lecturer. We were evidently so much more entertaining than he was. Those near by instantly faced towards us and formed an in-gazing open-mouthed circle of which we were the centre. Those further off stood on tiptoe. That 's what I like about a British crowd; they always make the foreigner feel at his ease.

Amongst our admirers was one little man in particular who must have been a "Friend of Italy," so impressed he seemed. He watched Percival's every action and listened to my every word—mostly excerpts from the Fifth Book of the *Æneid*, of which I once had to write out long portions for translating *incantus* as "uncaught." We began to play up to him and, when during the passing of our lecturer across the path of another, we found ourselves hitched on to the wrong star, listening now to a talk on Assyrian sculpture, he was still with us, still gazing in admiration.

We grew very full of ourselves and, looking about for further conquests, we found, wedged close to us, a group of American students. We knew they were Americans because they all had large travellers' diaries with headed pages, of a type that only the efficient States could produce. You know—"*Time*—3.30 P.M.; *Place*—British Museum, Lon., Eng.; *Weather*—British," and, in a column described as "*What I think*," they were taking down word for word the lecturer's remarks with the utmost excitement and intensity.

"*Americani!*" I murmured loudly to Percival. A pair of horn-rims instantly turned on us and a disdainful Nordic voice said, "Gee, Sheff! A coupla wops! Say, where 's MUSSOLINI?"

It was a triumph for our disguise, even though it was an insult for us, if you see what I mean. Percival, however, was equal to it. Fixing the young man with his eye he drawled in his best Yankee twang, learnt from gentlemen on the vaudeville stages whose sweeties were wows:—

"*Dic, hospes, nonne novisti Cæsarem hibernavisse?*" (Say, stranger, didn't



Time 7.35 P.M.

Visitor (who has bathed from the beach that morning). "LADDIE, TELL ME—I SUPPOSE YE HA' NO SEEN ONYTHING O' A SMA' BONE COLLAR-STUD?"



Very Young Person. "WHAT! YOU ENGAGED TO ARTHUR? BUT, MY DEAR, HE'S *QUITE* AN OLD MAN. *HE WAS IN THE WAR, YOU KNOW.*"

you know MUSSOLINI's gone to the Riviera?)

Then we hurriedly moved off, murmuring, "*Venimus, vidimus, vicimus,*" to ourselves. Our retirement was impressive enough because we took an interested section of the crowd with us, headed by our little man, still worshipping.

His faithful admiration touched us and we decided to give him his money's worth. We felt he'd be only too delighted to tell his wife that evening that he'd been showing two Italians round the Museum.

So, followed by our crowd, we crossed the hall and stopped by a case of illuminated manuscripts. Placing ourselves next him we began to make excited little comments about a manuscript in front of us.

"*Marveloso,*" declared Percival in ecstasy. "*Balbus macaronum masticabat. Cum difficultate. Molto indigestio!*"

"*Si, si, si, si,*" I agreed, making a noise like a soda-water bottle. "*Hostes jecerunt multa tela.*"

The little man regarded us with increasing pleasure; he almost looked as though he had at last determined to learn Italian. I smiled politely and turned to him.

"Pardon, signor," I said laboriously, "but zis book look-a bootiful!" I indicated the manuscript.

"It is," agreed the little man, whereupon Percival took his hat off and said very rapidly to me:—

"*Inde toro pater Æneas sic orsus ab alto.*"

It sounded so good that I felt it oughtn't to be wasted. So I said:—

"*Si, si, si, Luigi mio,*" and added to the man: "My fren' 'e ask-a what it ees, da book?"

The other looked at us, then he looked at the book, then at the surrounding crowd, then at us again. Finally he remarked severely:—

"It is a fifteenth-century missal, written in—er—Latin. Can I translate any of it for you?"

We were well out into Bloomsbury I think before he had finished telling our crowd some silly little joke or other which they all considered rather good.

Next day two Englishmen called at the cloak-room for a couple of Italian sticks.

A. A.

Oh, Moy!

"They will, doubtless, enjoy some excellent sport, for these are the moors on which the King and, before him, King Edward, have secured some splendid bags of the guests of The Mackintosh of Mackintosh."
Trews? *Daily Paper.*

"United Temple of Light will hold services in —— Temple, —— Street. Sunday Services: 11 a.m., Healing Services, Mr. Todd, Lesson in Psychology, Mr. Basham. 7.30 p.m., Lecture, Mr. Basham, 'The Game of Life and How to Play It.'"—*Vancouver Paper.*

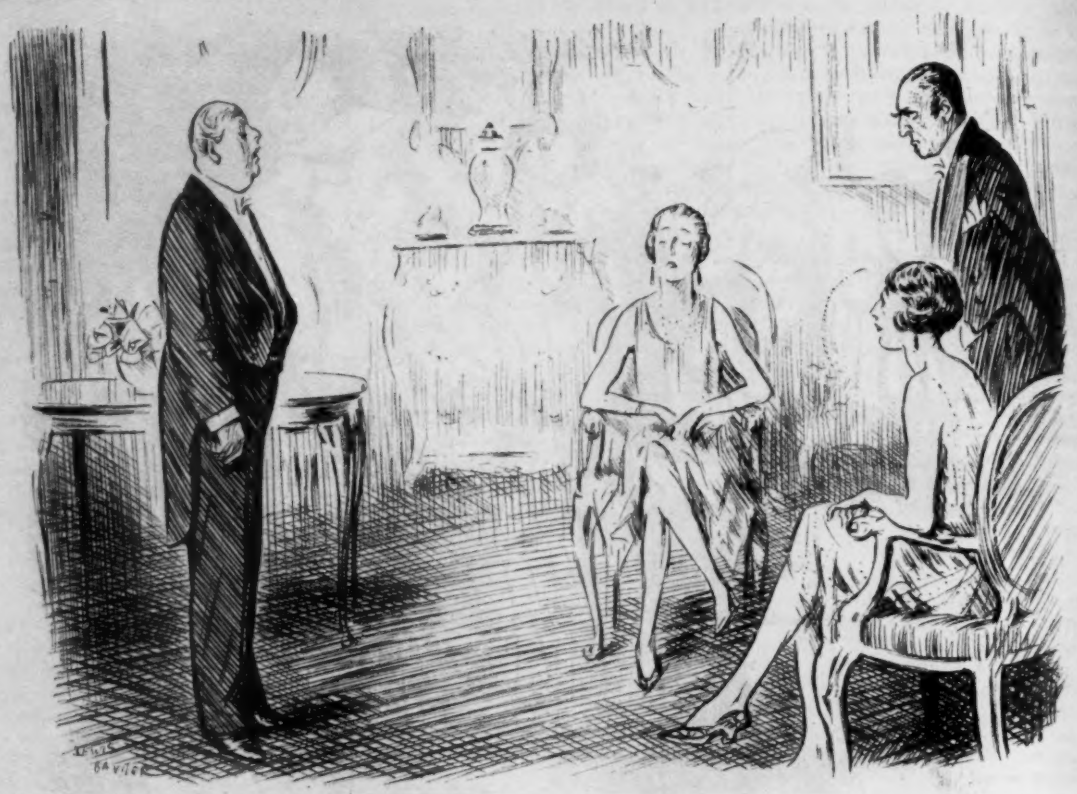
Mr. BASHAM should play it fast and well.

"No one ever thought of Lady Susan as 'old,' although her sixtieth decade loomed ahead in the not very far distant future."
Passage in Novel.

In fact she wasn't really old; she was merely in the Middle Ages.

"Apart, however, from the triumphal arch erected in honour of Marcus Aurelius and of Lucius Verus, and apart from the Gurgi mosque with its fine old Tunisian tiles, Persian carpets, and delicately carved pulpit, there is nothing of interest to see or buy in the bazaars."
Article on Tripoli in Daily Paper.

Shopwalker. "And will you take the Triumphal Arch *with* you, Sir?"



"DID YOU TELL MR. ALGERNON WE WERE WAITING?"
"I DID, MY LADY. HIS REPLY WAS 'RIGHT-O.' BUT I WOULD SUGGEST YOUR LADYSHIP ORDERED DINNER TO BE SERVED, HIS TONE OF VOICE BEING SOMEWHAT NAYGLIGY."

In Memoriam.

VISCOUNT HALDANE OF CLOAN, O.M.

In years of peace, as lawyer, statesman, sage,
He ranked amongst the foremost of his age.
Then, called to action in our hour of need,
He forged the weapons that our country freed,
Till, when the hard-won day of Victory came
And armchair critics strove to smirch his fame,
The man who saw the whole grim business through,
The soldier HAIG, the man who fought and knew,
Set him above the mighty men of yore
As "England's greatest Minister of War."*

* See *The Times*, August 21st.

OÙ SONT LES ONCLES D'ANTAN?

A YOUNG friend of mine who was recently in foreign parts has returned with a souvenir. At least he has returned with evidence of a souvenir. The article itself remains in its native land, but it can be drawn upon. Mark the words "be drawn upon." For my fortunate young friend discovered afar off a rich uncle. He had not travelled hopefully, but, my word! he certainly did arrive. Of course the uncle had been heard of before, but my young friend had forgotten all he knew about the relation until, finding himself in an appropriate district, he thought to renew the acquaintance. He found the uncle somewhere near the Danube and he found him rich. I will not enlarge upon the meeting and its result. Speech is silvern, but silence is golden. The rest is silence.

But at the news I was almost as gratified as if I had found a rich uncle of my own. For the unexpected discovery of rich uncles of far-faring habits appears to me to be not at all so prevalent now as it used to be. In my own experience my young friend is singularly blessed. Yet I am sure it was not always so rare an experience. In times past, I understand, there was a regular supply of rich uncles from the Colonies, particularly Australia. They had disappeared in the course of an early and generally misspent youth. Years passed. Meanwhile their persevering and virtuous relations in the old homeland fell upon evil times, but in the last resort, when a whole pack of wolves was at the door of the ancestral home, what happened? An uncle older and wiser and richer turned up. I do not hear of this so much as I would like nowadays. Personally I have an idea that the supply of surprising rich uncles has weakened on account of the decline in the habit of running away to sea. In the stern old days, when every family did not boast of a boy who ran away to sea, but he went nevertheless, there was always a hope that this black sheep would grow a golden fleece in time. There is an old phrase generally misquoted. It should be, "when my uncle's ship comes home." But nowadays not so many boys run away to sea. They go to Australia in style, and then big brothers look after them. That is all very well. The Big Brother movement is excellent, but does it lead to uncles with Big Banking Accounts? We must wait and see. Though I rather think the boy should run away.



THE AUTOGRAPH HUNTER.

LITTLE MISS PEACE. "ISN'T IT SPLENDID? I'VE GOT FIFTEEN—AND I HOPE TO GET THE REST."

PORTENTOUS EPISTLES.

LET it not be thought that no share of that fascinating volume of correspondence that fills the daily papers during the month of August has fallen to Mr. Punch's lot. He has only waited until he could make a selection from the pile which should prove of sufficient importance and variety to interest his more serious-minded readers.

ARE WE CIVILISED?

SIR,—I learn with astonishment and regret that a small right whale, or *rorqual*, has been once more fired at in the shallow waters of the Wash; and, like most of your readers, I am anxious to know why this rare and beautiful visitor to our summer shores should be persecuted thus wantonly under the name, forsooth, of sport. The creature in question was but forty feet long, and probably, therefore, one of this year's brood; but no sooner is it seen to "blow" in one of our east coast estuaries than Man the Spoiler is immediately on its track. I have frequently had to call attention to the throwing of stones at porpoises, which goes on unchecked at our popular seaside resorts, and the frightening away from rocky ledges of harmless and innocent seals.

It is time, surely, that Civilised Man should cease to follow the example of Nature, red in tooth and claw, especially now that whalebone has ceased to be a commodity of commercial importance, and blubber is being synthetically produced by the Imperial Chemical Industries. Cannot Lord BANBURY take steps to encourage and protect this lovely migrant, instead of quarrelling with his fellow-members of the R.S.P.C.A.?

Yours, etc., MISERICORDIA.

Hunts.

OVER THE ROPES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A device for the brightening of cricket, which I believe has not hitherto been brought to the notice of the M.C.C., is that of scoring twelve runs (instead of six, as at present) for a hit which clears the boundary-line before bouncing. The effect of such an alteration of the laws of cricket would be immediate and immense. Psychology counts. The knowledge that by strenuous exertion combined with dare-devil courage he may advance the score by seventy-two runs in a single over is certain to react favourably on the mind of the batsman. The bowler, on the other hand, will almost as certainly be inspired to challenge his antagonist, by tossing up tempting-looking balls, to execute the feat. And the crowd, which likes nothing so much as the excitement (spiced with a moderate element of personal risk) produced by having balls hit into their midst, will record their gratification with no doubtful voice at the turnstiles.

Yours faithfully, DUODECIMUS.

WHAT OF OUR GIRLS?

DEAR SIR,—I am in love with one of the beautiful sexless hoydens who pass for young women at the present day, but nothing on earth will induce me to marry her.

Yours, etc., RESOLUTE.

Brent.

[All right, don't then; *we* don't care.—ED.]



BRIGHTER CRICKET.

IN REPLY TO THOSE WHO ADVOCATE A LARGER WICKET WE SHOULD LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT THERE IS NOTHING NEW IN THIS IDEA.

ANOTHER DISAPPEARANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My husband has run away with cook. ANXIOUS.

Surbiton.

[Sorry.—Mr. Punch.]

THE RUINED COUNTRYSIDE.

Sir John Bagworthy, O.B.E., presents his compliments to Mr. Punch and invites his co-operation in combating the nuisance of fast-travelling motor-charabancs throughout the countryside. Sir John, travelling in his own private car, which he was driving at his own usual speed, recently overhauled on an up-gradient a vehicle of this description,

which, accelerating as soon as the level was reached, passed Sir John at a rate certainly not less than forty miles per hour. At the next hill Sir John overhauled it again, only to be passed once more as soon as the level was reached. On the same thing occurring a third time, the occupants of the motor-charabanc commenced to make facetious remarks with reference to Sir John, and on the sixth occasion actually threw out coloured paper streamers, which might easily have diverted his attention from his steering-wheel. At the tenth time of passing, snatches of a song, apparently entitled "Old Man River," were chanted in unison at Sir John.

This abominable outrage calls, in Sir John's opinion, for instant remedy by the law.

May Sir John add that more than one occupant of the motor-charabanc in question was wearing a coloured paper-cap and appeared decidedly the worse for spirituous liquor?

The Tump, Warrington, Lancs.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE UNDERGROUND.

SIR,—During the month of August would it not be advisable for the Tube Railways to exhibit notices showing the proper use of escalators in French, German and Spanish, as well as in the English tongue? Only too often it happens that foreigners, ignorant of the method of embarking on these machines, spend many hours of speculation on the brink, congesting the gangways and interfering with the normal traffic of the line.

Yours faithfully, SEASON TICKET.

Colindale.

ORIGIN WANTED.

DEAR PUNCH,—Can any of your readers supply me with the source of the quotation:—

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand
Make the mighty ocean
And the fruitful land."

which I remember hearing when I was young? I have written to *The Sunday Times* in vain. Yours sincerely,

EMILY FAIRCHILD (Miss).

A WARNING TO FRUIT-EATERS.

DEAR SIR,—I was last Thursday consuming at breakfast-time an orange of the so-called (and warranted) "seedless" variety. What was my horror and amazement to discover, as I neared completion of my task, that I had amassed upon my plate no fewer than twenty-seven exceptionally large fibrous objects of the kind commonly known as pips, any one of which, if I had trusted to the guaranteed specification of the fruit, I might have incautiously swallowed; whilst at the same time the full percentage of pulp-bulk and vitamin-value available was correspondingly reduced.

Although I have been for years one of the strongest supporters of the Eat More Fruit campaign, I feel it my solemn duty to warn the orange-consuming public of the perils which may be easily incurred (both in juice-loss and pip-presence) by placing too implicit faith in the testimonials supplied by the greengrocery trade.

Yours, etc., ABERDEEN.

P.S.—One of the pips in question measured at least one-sixth of an inch in circumference and had a particularly sharp-pointed end.

SNAKES ON EXMOOR.

SIR,—An excellent remedy for adder-bites——

[We are never bitten by adders.—ED.]

EVOE.



Sportsman. "I SAY, I WAS JUST WONDERING—COULD I SHOOT FROM THIS HORSE?"

Scot. "AY, YE *COULD* SHOOT FROM YON HORSE—*ONCE*."

Nut-Picking in Bedford.

"Defendant was bound over and was placed under the car of Mr. ——, the Probation Officer, who undertook to find him employment."—*Bedford Paper.*

"We thank thee, pretty cow."

"The cow is very useful to us. He gives us ivory from its horns and milk if it is a lady."

From Kindergarten Exam. Paper.

MOTORING NOTES.

THE A.O.M.C.

SOME misconception exists as to the status and scope of the Association of Owners of Miniature Cars. There is apparently an impression abroad that the Association consists of owners of cars of a type, now common on the roads, rated at seven h.p. and colloquially known as "babies." This is quite wrong. The Association, formed only a few months ago, has for its members not the owners of these undersized petrol-driven vehicles, but the owners of the genuine miniature or pedal-driven car. Its growth has been phenomenal. Started for the purpose of mutual protection by one or two enthusiasts in a quiet London suburb, it now possesses members in all parts of the neighbouring district, and its activities are being steadily extended.

The latest plank in the Association's platform is a demand for the same powers over pedestrians on the footpath as are exercised by drivers of cars on a larger scale over persons presuming to walk on the roads. Here, however, the Association has met with a peculiar difficulty arising from the economic handicap suffered by its members. A driver of a major car who emerges unsuccessful from an argument with a pedestrian does at least retain his weapon and can try again, but the owners of miniature vehicles, it appears, are not always so fortunate. For example, in the recent test action, *Jones Minor and Another* v. *Black, Jones père intervening*, in which the defendant Black was charged with causing an obstruction by walking on the pavement, the plaintiffs not only lost their case but had their cars confiscated (by their parents) *sine die*. So long as pocket-money remains at its present inadequate level and members of the A.O.M.C. are dependent for the possession of their cars on the goodwill of parents—a notoriously conservative class—progress along this particular line is bound to be restricted.

The Association is also engaged in a great "Safety Last" campaign with the view of establishing miniature car-driving as comparable in all material respects with the parent sport. To this end all driving-signals are being



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE GARDENER'S WEDDING.

abolished. The use of hooters or any similar means of warning pedestrians, fairy-cyclists or fellow-drivers is discouraged, and the conversion of the standard one-seater model into an "occasional two" is strongly recommended to members as tending to increase the dangers of the pavements. Non-owners who are prepared to help in this way by riding pillion are admitted to associate membership of the Association.

Recent innovations, which have met with the warm approval of members, are the establishment of an Intelligence Bureau, which supplies information as to routes on which the best sport is to be obtained, and the provision of pickets to warn drivers against "parent traps."

It is interesting to note that, while membership of the A.O.M.C. was originally open to both sexes, a resolution has recently been passed expelling all females and limiting full membership in future to men over the age of four. It is believed that this restriction will remove a certain hampering influence which has lately been at work, and enable the Association to go ahead with a more virile programme.

A New Miracle.

"I am ashamed of the dishonest methods of making fish of one consumer and fillefish of another, declared the Deputy Mayor."
Yorkshire Paper.

"Oh, flesh, how art thou fiflefishified!"

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

WHAT IS LOVE?

"WHAT is Love?" the poets question,
And their answers don't impress;
But if they have no suggestion
You and I can give a guess.
What is Love, that makes us gay
In this idiotic way?
Well, I'll whisper if I may—
What is Love?
A perfect nuisance.

What is Love? It's Nature's blunder.
What is Love? A waste of time.
What is Love? A nine days' wonder.
What is Love? The cause of crime.
What is Lo-o-o-o-ove?
What is Lo-o-o-o-ove?
What is Love? A perfect nuisance—
But I love you.

What is Love that, swift or slowly,
Brings all mortals to their knees?
Is it horrid? Is it holy?
Is it some obscure disease?
What is Love that, Jew or Turk,
Lord or lacquey, makes us shirk
Duty, Family and Work—
What is Love?
A public nuisance.

What is Love? A kind of measles.
What is Love? The end of sense.
What is Love? The cause of weasels.
What is Love? A great expense.
What is Lo-o-o-o-ove?
What is Lo-o-o-o-ove?
What is Love? A certain loser—
But I love you.

What is Love that with no warning
Makes a fairy of a fright,
Takes a man that 's sane this morning
And he 's mad to-morrow night?
What is Love that saps our forces,
Makes us drink and bet on horses,
Ends in murders, debts, divorces—
What is Love?
A general nuisance.

What is Love? Creation's error.
What is Love? A source of crime.
What is Love? The sailor's terror.
What is Love? A waste of time.
What is Lo-o-o-o-ove?
What is Lo-o-o-o-ove?
What is Love? Well, that 's what love is—
But I love you. A. P. H.

Mr. Punch's Compleat Letter-Writer.

"Please teacher will you excuse Georgein for being away has she had billards attack."
Epistle to a Welsh School-teacher.

The child should have a long rest.

Baby in the Arms of the Law.

"The car was handed to the magistrate, who remarked in a surprised tone: 'I thought you said it was worth £1.'"
Nottingham Paper.

At this time of year of course it 's absurd to expect such high prices.

THE POSTMASTER OF THANDAPUR.

"IT is denied to the public to enter the Office. By order of Superintendent of Post-Offices all business must be transacted through medium of window."

The words were addressed to me by a young Babu, whose head and shoulders appeared over the sill of the aforesaid window. He wore an English coat, a collar and tie and a huge white turban, which was set at a rakish angle on his head.

To say that I was astonished and dumbfounded would be to use language utterly inadequate to describe my feelings. I had arrived at Thandapur on my fourth Hot Weather visit. Thandapur is ten marches into the hills from Lakhapur, the summer capital. There are no European residents within a radius of fifty miles, and I had come in the course of three years to be a person of great eminence in the community. In fact I had come to represent in my own person all the power and prestige and mystery of the British Raj. It had been up to that time the one place where my authority was secure. My students in the college at Badlanagar, where I am Professor of Botany, have never treated me with the respect which my position and my scientific attainments merit; but here, for a short month each summer, I had been king, and the Forest Bungalow was my royal palace.

I do not exaggerate. Imagine me walking along the village street, the cynosure of all eyes, receiving profound obeisance from all who met me. The three village shopkeepers would rise from their seats by their hookahs on the floor of their shops and humbly salute me. Even the officers of the Raja, riding into the village to make known the wishes of their lord, would dismount and draw to the side of the road that I might pass.

Above all, in the post-office my position was established beyond question. My habit was to walk boldly through the door, over which was and is a blue-and-white enamelled plate with the words "No Admission." The vulgar had remained standing by the window without, while Postmaster Siri Ram and I discussed the affairs of the world within, and that too in English, to the great glory of Siri Ram. It was an arrangement ennobling to both of us. And Siri Ram, in return for the favour which I bestowed by shedding the light of my countenance upon him, would keep the mail-runner waiting, spear and bells in hand, for half-an-hour, till my letters should be ready. Or he would telegraph into Lakhapur in order that he might furnish me with the correct time, "eeshtandard time," as he called it. And he added greatly to my prestige by the accounts which he gave to the villagers of the position of eminence which I occupied in Badlanagar.

Siri Ram was the means of saving me from a suspicion that had at first arisen in the minds of the villagers that I was madder than the other Sahibs who from time to time passed through Thandapur. Some of my ways may have justified the uncomprehending glances which they used to cast at me. I have been engaged on a great work on the conifers of the Himalayas (orders may now be placed), and this has involved much search and research. My friends in the village could not understand why a Sahib should spend whole days in the forest without a gun, and return in the evening laden with bits of foliage, and spend half the night in poring over them, attaching pieces of paper to them, and packing them carefully in boxes. Siri Ram dissipated their wonder by explaining that the Sahib was preparing from them a sovereign remedy against all forms of sickness.

But to return to my story. On the day of my arrival this year all the supports of my glory were suddenly broken beneath me. Siri Ram had gone and This had come. The post-office door was bolted against me and I was publicly insulted. "It is denied to the public to enter the office." As if I were the public of Thandapur!

After a few minutes words of a sort came to me, and I informed the new postmaster who I was. But this information made not the slightest impression on him. He simply repeated his formula, "It is denied to the public to enter the office."

I say that I was publicly insulted, for Ratnapat the silversmith and Ramdas the cloth merchant had come up the steps of the verandah just behind me, and they saw and heard all that had happened. Indians are capable of masking their feelings as no other people are; but there was no mask here. What I saw on their faces was mingled astonishment, amusement and familiarity. My glory had departed.

I did no business in the post-office that day, though it had been my purpose to send off an important telegram connected with my work. Next morning I walked through the village and I realised to the full the depth of my humiliation. The first building in the street is Amir Chand's general store. Seated on the balcony of it were the Chaudhari and one of the Raja's servants deep in conversation over a hookah, while Amir Chand was seated on the floor weighing flour. When they heard me approach they looked first at me and then at each other, and then they turned their eyes to the floor and remained sitting in silence while I passed. It was too much. I returned to the bungalow and for the next three days I avoided the face of man.

On the fourth morning a remarkable thing happened. I was finishing breakfast on the verandah of the bungalow when whom should I see coming up the hill with a bundle of letters in his hand but the postmaster himself. That the postmaster of Thandapur, where the tradition was that even a one-anna stamp should be fetched from the cupboard by his assistant—that the postmaster in person should deliver letters was a thing unheard of. He came straight up to where I was sitting, made a profound salaam with both hands and the letters, and greeted me with "Good morning, Sir. I trust your



Anxious Mother. "OH, DOCTOR, IS SHE BETTER? CAN SHE SAY 'NINETY-NINE'?"

Doctor. "NO, SHE IS MUCH WORSE. SHE COULD ONLY SAY 'NINETY-EIGHT.'"



"BUT DIDN'T YOU FIND IT VERY EXPENSIVE HAVING YOUR DAUGHTER AT COLLEGE?"
"YES—BUT NOTHING LIKE HAVING HER IN LONDON SUPPORTING HERSELF."

Honour is doing well. Can I be of any service to your Honour?" I was at a loss to understand the meaning of it all, but I was equal to the occasion. I took the letters, walked into my room in silence and shut the door. He lingered for a little on the verandah and then slowly walked away.

When he had gone I turned to my letters, and then I discovered the explanation of my restored prestige. On the top was a letter which the postmaster had placed wrong side up. On the flap of the envelope was a gold crown. It was from the Lord Sahib himself, or, to be more accurate, from the private secretary to the Lord Sahib. Nothing could possibly have been more opportune.

I read my letters and then went for a walk in order that I might reflect. Absent-mindedly I took the road through the village. It was only when I was half-way through the village street that I realised that all my old friends were saluting me as I passed with more than their wonted obsequiousness. I passed on in silence. I had left the village behind when Amir Chand came galloping after me on his grey pony. He dismounted and salaamed and then asked if the Huzur would do him the honour of accepting the use of his pony for his outing. The Huzur deigned graciously to accept, and he felt wonderfully restored after a ten-mile ride to the river and back.

I find that I have omitted to mention what the Lord Sahib caused to be written to me. It was a very short letter. Stripped of its frills it read, "His Excellency regrets that he cannot see his way to accept the dedication of your book on the conifers of the Himalayas."

WILLIAM AND MARY.

WILLIAM and MARY shared the Crown
And Parliament laid it firmly down
That subjects willing to take the oath
To serve the one must serve them both:
"The Queen's as good as the King, and he's
As good as the Queen, and each agrees,
No more of this Consort business, please;"
So cheek by jowl on the throne they sat,
WILLIAM and MARY—just like that.
Cloth of gold and full regalia,
All the shining paraphernalia,
Decked the two like twin canaries;
What was WILLIAM'S—that was MARY'S.
Royal birds of an equal feather,
All that they did they did together.
Once a little irregularity
Broke the spell of this perfect parity:
MARY had a capital "M"
Graved in gold in her diadem.
To WILLIAM'S sniff she answered "WILLY,
How do you like it? Don't be silly!
This small monogram needn't trouble you,
Upside down it's a capital 'W.'"
The coinage too was a cause for spleen,
For all of KING WILLIAM'S face was seen
And only a tiny bit of the QUEEN,
Till WILLIAM said, "The bit that's here
Is the prettiest side of your face, my dear."
Oh, rifts like these did not last long,
But if ever affairs of State went wrong,
The *quid pro quo* would seldom vary—
"That's KING WILLIAM'S fault," said MARY,
To which the KING with much pooh-poohing
Would answer, "That's QUEEN MARY'S doing."

"A meeting of the Masonic Dodge will be held on Thursday night in the Hall."
New Zealand Paper.

Unfortunately most wives are up to the Masonic Dodge.

AT THE PLAY.

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

NOT everyone prophesied success for *She Stoops to Conquer* when it was first produced. HORACE WALPOLE (believe me) didn't like it. "Dr. Goldsmith has written a comedy. No, it is the lowest of all farces. It is not the subject I condemn, though very vulgar; it is the execution." COLMAN, the producer, hated it. Actors threw up their parts. On the first night the author heard a single hiss and was terrified.

"Pshah! Doctor," said COLMAN, "don't be afraid of a solitary squib when we've been sitting these two hours on a barrel of gunpowder."

The test of a hundred-and-fifty years, the endorsement of innumerable schoolmasters and schoolmistresses (not to mention the rise of democracy), lessened the danger of Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR'S being booed for vulgarity at the Lyric, Hammersmith, a fortnight ago. There were doubtless several *Lumpkins*, many *Miss Hardcastles*, in the audience. It is safe to say they had never seen the piece presented as Sir NIGEL presented it, and one may ask whether COLMAN did. There were graces and manners in the playing that should have made even WALPOLE admit that the Comic Muse was not so draggled after all. The dainty tripping of *Mrs. Hardcastle's* maid in the First Act would alone have gone far to convince him.

In any case the audience at the Lyric mightily enjoyed Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR and OLIVER GOLDSMITH. And they both deserved it. If I liked *She Stoops to Conquer* when I thought it was simpler, I found I liked it all the better when it was rich and rare. There were also contributory causes. Sir NIGEL himself, to begin with, as *Tony Lumpkin*. The producer's idea of *Tony Lumpkin* was apparently a kind of well-fed *Puck* in hunting costume, with a Lancashire brogue, and that surprised me a little until I recognised a sort of deep dramatic philosophy in the thing. For it was *Tony Lumpkin* who made the embroilment and led these people their pretty dance, and *Tony Lumpkin* with his circular chariot-race who unravelled it all at the end. And if that isn't the proper function of *Puck*, what is? He had to sustain a fantasy as well as perform in a comedy. As for the brogue, why not? It 's the authentic accent of rusticity for the London stage. From all points of view then, ancient and



A PRECOCIOUS BOY.

Tony Lumpkin . . . SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR.

modern, *Tony Lumpkin* embodied the spirit of comedy. Back-chat and trickiness were all one to him. He was very ably assisted by Mr. D. HAY PETRIE as *Hardcastle*, who (with what a wealth of English prose to memorise!) made a really pawky character out of the father's *rôle*, while giving just the right touch of sincerity to fatherly affection. Not that that, in the circumstances, was hard, for there are daughters *and* daughters in comedy.

Mr. BRIAN AHERNE, as young *Marlow*, was such a figure of a lover for height and elegance as can seldom have adorned the stage, even allowing for the decorative fitments of the period, and his bashfulness and modesty were delightfully rendered—just a little better, I thought, than his moments of fire. Though there again the proper approach of an eighteenth-century stage-lover to a lady whom he supposes for the nonce to be a barmaid leaves something to be guessed. Mr. RONALD SIMPSON had good moments in the part of *Hastings*, a difficult part, for there is so much to be said and so little, apart from the mechanism of the plot, to be done. Miss YVONNE RORIE, who was *Miss Neville*, improved, I thought, as the play went on. *Mrs. Hardcastle*, I suppose, could be played as a country lady with affectations and a bad temper; Miss RENÉE DE VAUX played her flamboyantly to a crescendo of farce that fitted the antics of her frolic son. Miss MARIE NEY—yes, Miss MARIE NEY. One may say of her first of all that she makes it difficult to believe in young *Marlow's* failure to look at her, for all her bonnet and the dire extremity of his bashfulness. One may say also that she has a really beautiful voice, and if there are many actresses on the stage with very beautiful voices I have been unlucky in missing them. For a moment I thought she was really going to play the harp. But that would have been too much. Anyhow she was most enchanting, and she gave the impression of being so much a mistress of her part and the humour of the situation that she made GOLDSMITH'S words completely her own. Whether she was entirely GOLDSMITH'S sort of *Miss Hardcastle*, or perhaps more Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR'S, once again I don't know. And I don't in the least care.

EVOE.



SHE SITS TO CONQUER.

Young Marlow . . . . . MR. BRIAN AHERNE.

Miss Hardcastle . . . . . MISS MARIE NEY.

"THE DEVIL'S HOST" (COMEDY).

I have always maintained (with the mediævalists) that one of the jolliest stage directions is—

"Hell opens, revealing Mephistopheles," etc.

When he reads that the producer knows instantly that he can give his audience value for money. Another pleasant direction is—

"*Locked Door opens slowly, and Nothing comes in.*"

And yet again—

"*Dead man with bullet wound in white shirt front re-enters slowly, R.C.*"

All these devices, roughly speaking, and more, were employed at the Comedy in *The Devil's Host*, by CARL GLICK. But perhaps the best of all was—

"*Leans on Occasional-Table, which immediately becomes a Gas-cooker, emitting sudden jets of flame.*"

Towards the end of the evening the scent of sulphur had been brought so freely across the foot-lights that one or two impious critics were seen to be in tears.

An assortment of seven people, each expecting to be the sole guest, together with a stray fiancé and a taxi-driver were entertained to dinner in a very mysterious house by a very mysterious gentleman named *M. Duvall*. There was a corridor, entered by a Gothic arch, with green light inside. There was a skull on the occasional-table, marked in red on the back, "A Present to M. Duvall from the Owner." The guests, who became frightened, found themselves looked in. The giver of the party, who had been hiding in a deep arm-chair, appeared suddenly and announced he was the Devil. Every subsequent happening seemed to indicate that he was not overstating the truth.

Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL was the Devil. He was quite a good Devil. In any casual group at a reception one would have picked him out and said to one's neighbour, "I suppose that bloke over there is Beelzebub?" And he sustained very nearly the longest monologue I have ever heard on the stage. Those who don't like lectures are warned against dining with the Arch-fiend.

The other characters really had rather a poor look-in. The plot, apart from lectures, turned chiefly on twenty thousand pounds in bank-notes, which had been brought by one of the guests, an eminent financier, to hand over to another, a Member of Parliament, on account of some shady deal. Others of the guests, who were by way of being crooks, got wind of this treasure, and the envelope containing the bank-notes passed from hand to hand, at one time so rapidly that I began to lose track of it, as in Hunt the Slipper. The Member of Parliament, who had a voice like one of the bulls of Bashan, incidentally shot the Devil, who died, but not for long. A girl guest, who had never known who her father or mother were, made the agreeable discovery that she was the illegitimate daughter of an actress, and that her father and mother were both in the room. The taxi-driver, before descending to the depths of taxi-driving, had been a murderer. Finally things got so worked up that strange lights and flames began to appear. There were thunder and lightning. The Enemy of Mankind increased his height. He did this by standing on a footstool. With loud cries and shrieks the guests broke through the window and disappeared, leaving *M. Duvall* and his butler alone.



The Newly-wed. "TELL ME—WHAT DO SHEIKS EAT?"

And where was the twenty thousand pounds? I won't tell you that.

A very attractive young lady-crook was Miss ADRIANNE ALLEN, and of the others. Mr. BALLARD BERKELEY as something between a Society paragraphist and a male crook—oh, how could such a thing be possible?—Mr. JAMES C. AUBREY as the bull-mouthed politician, and Mr. S. VICTOR STANLEY as the murderer with taxi-driving on his conscience, had most to say. The very effective scenery was designed by Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND; but I don't know who supplied the fireworks, nor the revolver. It was a very funny revolver. A treatise ought to be written about the modern stage revolver. It has become almost as essential to our drama as the ancient revolving stage.

EVOE.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

"HALLO!" I said. "You back?"

"Back?" echoed Gilbey in a surprised tone.

"Yes. Did you have a good time?"

"Where?" asked Gilbey.

"Where? Why, wherever it is you 've been. The Mediterranean, wasn't it?"

A sort of gleam came into Gilbey's eyes.

"Haven't you heard?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Is there anything to hear?"

"Anything to *hear*!" said Gilbey. "I should say there *was*."

I have never been privileged to meet the *Ancient Mariner*, but, except for the fact that he had a long grey beard, he must have been rather like Gilbey at that moment. "'There was a ship,' quoth he."

"Really?" I said. "Well, old man, I 'd love to hear about it, but some other time, if you don't mind. As a matter of fact I 'm in rather a hurry."

Gilbey has not got a skinny hand, but the way in which he took hold of my arm made me feel like the original *Wedding-Guest*.

"'Hold off!'" I said. "'Unhand me, grey-beard loon!'"

"I don't know what you 're talking about," said Gilbey, dropping his hand eftsoons and holding me with his glittering eye.

"All right," I said. "Never mind. Go on; I 'll listen like a three-years child. The wedding must wait."

"Wedding?" said Gilbey. "What wedding?"

"Any wedding. It 's on now. 'May'st hear the merry din.'"

"Are you all right?" asked Gilbey anxiously.

"Quite," I said. "A passing fancy, that 's all. Go on."

"Well," said Gilbey, "you know I was to have gone on that Mediterranean cruise in the *Ambrosia*?"

"Yes."

"I didn't."

"You shot the Albatross?"

"I did nothing of the sort," said Gilbey. "We sailed from Southampton."

"'The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd.'"

"That sort of thing. And we 'd

barely got out of sight of land before—what do you think?"

"'Slimy things did crawl with legs upon the slimy sea.'"

"No," said Gilbey. "Surely you read about it?"

"I seem to remember something about 'the bloody Sun, at noon.'"

"I didn't see that," said Gilbey. This was in the evening. We crashed!"

I pulled myself together with an effort.

"A jolly interesting story," I said. "Thanks awfully. You must come round some evening and tell my wife all about it. Now I really must be——"

"Wait a minute," said Gilbey, bringing his glittering eye to bear again. "I was on deck when it happened—saw the whole thing. Not a speck of land or a sail in sight!"

"'Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink,'" I murmured.

"I don't know about that," said Gilbey. "The deck-steward had just brought me up a double brandy."

"So settling for the——"

"Yes," said Gilbey. "Unfortunately the force of the—er—impact upset it. Spilt the whole lot on the deck."

"I *say!* Are you *sure* you didn't shoot the Albatross?"

"I've never even *seen* one," said Gilbey. "Why?"

"There must be *something* to account for a rotten piece of luck like that."

"Immediately there was a scene of indescribable confusion," continued Gilbey complacently.

"You don't mean it had upset anybody else's?"

"Everybody shouting at once, women screaming, sirens blowing."

"Tell me," I said eagerly. "This other ship you struck—was she a spectre-bark?"

"No," said Gilbey. "A tramp. Carrying coals to Newcastle."

"Ah! I knew there must be something uncanny about her."

"I kept quite calm," said Gilbey.

"Quite," I said. "A sort of stunned feeling. After all, it's no joke to spill a whole——"

"I just shouted to the deck-steward."

"Now that's what I call real presence of mind. Did he bring you another?"

"No," said Gilbey.

"There passed a weary time—what? 'Each throat was parch'd, and glazed each eye.'"

"There didn't pass any time at all," said Gilbey. "The deck-steward was telling everybody to stand by the port boats."

"So like a deck-steward. You say this was in the evening?"

"Yes," said Gilbey. "About dusk."

"Did you notice whether 'the hornéd moon' had 'clomb above the eastern bar'?"

"No," said Gilbey. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing," I said. "Merely corroborative evidence."

"I didn't notice any moon at all," said Gilbey. "I went and stood by the boats."

"I know," I said. "And then you prayed and the Albatross fell off and sank like lead into the sea, and you were saved."

"I don't know about praying," said Gilbey, "and I don't know what you mean by an Albatross, but we were saved all right. Got back under our own steam as a matter of fact; but of course the cruise was off."

"You mean you didn't go to the Mediterranean at all?"

"No," said Gilbey. "The *Ambrosia* had to be dry-docked."

"By Jove, what absolutely rotten luck to have your whole holiday ruined like that!"

Gilbey stared.

"Ruined?" he said.

"Yes, of course. The Mediterranean——"

"I don't care twopence about the Mediterranean," said Gilbey, "but I wouldn't have missed that experience for anything. I've told everybody about it."

I thought of the other *Ancient Mariner* and his unpardonable habit of butting in on the weddings of total strangers.

"Of course that is one way of looking at it," I said.

And I went on my way a sadder and a wiser man. L. DU G.

THE SENSE OF HUMOUR.

IF I *'ave* got a 'obby, it 's yumour; them pencil moustarshes you see
On the pretty gals' lips in the posters were all on 'em done by me.
And in notices "Wait till the train stops," if the "t" 's bin scratched out of the "train,"
And you get a good larf as you read it—well, I shan't not 'ave laboured in vain!

For I 'old that in these 'ere times the world is a-gettin' too dull by 'arf,
And the bloke is a benefactor as 'll give the Public a larf,
So I 'm always busy a-rackin' my brains in endeavourin' 'ow to 'it
On some way of downin' the dismals in which I could do *my* bit.

In Kinsington Gardings I got it—a puffickly glorious plan,
As I 'appened to notice the statue what they 've put up to Peter Pan,
And all on a sudden I 'ad the ideer as a sort of a luverly dream,
Couldn't *somethink* be done to that figger, I thort, as 'ud make it a reg'lar scream?

Then it dawned on me, it would be a joke as 'ud circilate wide and far
To imbellish that statue of Peter Pan with a coatin' of feathers and tar;
And I told my pals, Jim, 'Arry and Bert and *they* went and told one or two more
As they knew were sports and ready for fun, bein' all of 'em full of yumour.

So we snaffled a sack o' feathers and some tar in a whackin' big pot,
And smuggled 'em inter the Gardings when no one was near to spot;
We 'd finished as soon as the sun rose, and, Lord! when our work was done
You 'd 'ardly believe as feathers and tar could ha' made sech a figger of fun.

We 'ad done our job a bloomin' treat, and we very near bust with pride
As we rolled abart on the grorss in fits—I thought as I should ha' died!
For Peter Pan was like nothink else but some big redic'lous bird,
And the animiles and fairies around looked so silly all tarred and furred!

"Coo! When the Gardings are open," we said, "'ow 'earty the kiddies 'll roar,
At seein' their Peter a comic—which they 'd never bin used to afore!
'Ow the crowds 'll be gethered around it, all chucklin' in 'appy surprise,
And a-wonderin' 'oo were the 'eroes as 'ad given it sech a disguise!"

Ar! it wasn't to be! In orficial minds all sense of yumour is lackin',
So when we come on that statue agen it was all surrounded with sackin',
Inside o' which there was fellers at work—and you 'll 'ardly believe what I say—
But them blighters was acshully cleanin' *our* tar and *our* feathers away!

Well, they 've done the Public out of a larf—which is what *I* call spoilin' sport,
And it 's crule to 'ave taken sech trouble and then 'ave the joke fall short;
But me and 'Arry and Jim and Bert, we ain't to be easily biffed—
And our *next* go 'll be with a coatin' as they 'll find a bit 'arder to shift. F. A.

Fierce Competition.

"Fire Sale—£30,000 worth of damaged goods going at savage prices."
New Zealand Paper.



H.E. THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

TO tread the way of CAMBON
Who won our praises (*Bon! bon!*)—
Such is his aim, and so
Floreat FLEURIAU.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXVI.



Little Binks (the proud possessor of brand-new bat, indignantly to bowler). "I SAY, DO YOU KNOW THAT YOUR BALL 'S DIRTY?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE English Association is to be congratulated on the work-a-day ideals that govern the anthology of English prose just issued under its auspices. Prose as compared to poetry is, or should be, MARTHA to MARY. "A selection of prose passages should exhibit the virtues of prose, not the virtues of poetry; it should not be a collection of rhymeless couplets or unmetred lyrics." In *Prose of To-day* (LONGMANS) statesmen, explorers, scientists, lawyers, naturalists and theologians, men of whose existence prose is obviously a by-product, jostle the novelists, storytellers, critics and men of letters, with whom it is a staple commodity. I am bound to admit that the utility prose is usually better than the exhibition variety. There is still something to be said for the amateur when a politician can produce such shapely paragraphs as Mr. BALDWIN'S "Speech on the Death of Lord Oxford and Asquith," an astronomer so unencumbered an argument as Professor EDDINGTON'S "Relativity," and an explorer so succinct a dialogue as Miss GERTRUDE BELL'S "Buying String." The biographical notes appended to every author's name go to show that a Public School and classical education is not such an obstacle to the knowledge of one's mother-tongue as some have supposed; yet it is interesting to observe that the proportion of minor schools and newer universities represented increases as the biographies grow shorter. Facilities for acquiring good English are more wide-spread than they were; to every writer represented—and there are fifty-nine of them—the compilers boast that they could have added a dozen as typical. Their selection is excellent in its present guise, but I hope the promised school edition will substitute something less ethically bewildering for HARDY'S *Tailor Everdene* and Sir WALTER RALEIGH'S *Robert Burns*.

Amongst Egyptians, Major E. W. POLSON NEWMAN says, the practice of advocating two separate political programmes, mutually destructive of each other, has been the rule rather than the exception. If this be the case, and undoubtedly the author of *Great Britain in Egypt* (CASSELL) writes with authority, it becomes possible to trace to its source that certain degree of confusion that has attended Egyptian politics this last half-century, and light is thrown on the occasional failures of this country to find out what an amiable but slightly fractious foster-child really did want. That Great Britain has been at times no better than a blundering nurse-maid, whether in tuition or in correction, the present writer makes no attempt to conceal, yet where complete independence is desired simultaneously with protection from a harsh outside world, and where, by one of the most fascinating inversions of history, the infant happens to be some thousands of years older than the nurse, an occasional "scene," sometimes regrettably public, becomes inevitable. Major NEWMAN, in the guise of a very impartial onlooker, unconsciously just a little inclined to the modern view that it must needs be all the fault of the "grown-up," deals very fully with the inception and development of the ARABI revolt, which he refuses to regard as a mere mutiny, traces the regeneration of the *fellahin* population under mighty CROMER and his brilliant successors, and follows through its shifting phases that Nationalist movement which was the foreseen and inevitable outcome of the regeneration. Egypt's share in the War—a greater share than perhaps

most of us had realised—is wisely and usefully emphasised, and abundant material is provided for a considered judgment of the present position. In regard to the future, and now that the child is growing to manhood, the writer is reasonably hopeful that tutor and pupil may get on with some useful work together, if but the one will avoid airs of superior wisdom and the other restrain a reversionary tendency to kick the tutorial shins.

In RUDOLPH KIRCHER'S measured view
The German nation 's going through
A phase from which it will emerge
Full of a play (or sporting) urge;
And, since this play-urge seems to be
The open sesame or key
To all those age-old mysteries
Which make our England what she is,
He goes to work to analyse
Precisely what the thing implies,
And gives it us as clear as day
(*Per* COLLINS) in his book, *Fair Play*.

He takes our pastimes one by one,
Our sport with ball or horse or gun,
Comparing the results at par,
And very readable they are.
At times he shows a flash of wit,
And even pulls our legs a bit.
But he appears to like the way
We play at work and work at play,
And finds that England, on the whole,
Has really got a sort of soul
Of which—and here my British hide
Swelled out with patriotic pride—
Selected parts might even stand
As models for the Fatherland.

Mr. H. G. WELLS, observing from his own particular ark the mass of mankind struggling in the first symptoms of the deluge, keeps himself charitably busy paying out life-lines, of which his latest novel is a stout and serviceable example. *Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island* (BENN) strikes me as both instructive and entertaining, and I rather resent its dedication "to the Immortal Memory of CANDIDE," for it manages to convey a far more kindly impression of mankind than its fleering French prototype. Its hero, *Arnold Blettsworthy*, is no superman, and his pre-Rampolian adventures contain passages of Mr. WELLS'S finest descriptive writing. How he is reared by a genial vicar; how he is taken as supercargo on a freight ship; how a terrible storm and the malignity of the captain leave him stranded on the derelict vessel—all this is but a prelude to the book's main purpose. Yet I enjoyed the prelude even more than the purpose, which a knowledge of Mr. WELLS'S sociological tenets allowed me in a measure to anticipate. Rampole Island is the human welter at its lowest. Its giant sloths, divinities who refuse to breed or die, stand for our moribund institutions. Its taboos and their penalties are caricatures of our own; and *Blettsworthy*, the sacred lunatic of the tribe, is the innovator whom Society secretly welcomes because he helps to loosen intolerable bonds. I occasionally felt that *Chit*, the priest, whose catechism induces *Blettsworthy* to expatiate on the joys of civilization, was in danger of becoming as impersonal as *Magnall's Questions* in his interrogative utility. But *Blettsworthy's* return to the World-War constitutes a fine ironic comment on *his* share of the dialogue, and his almost dispassionate comparison between Europe and Rampole Island is a masterpiece of Wellsian restraint.



Fisherman. "WHAT'S A GOOD FLY FOR THIS WATER, BOY?"
Local Boy. "I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT FLIES, BUT I COULD TELL YOU A FEW THINGS ABOUT WOPSES."

You will remember that at the end of the admirable play of *Milestones*, the old people, looking back over a life which in the living had seemed full of troubles and disappointments, decided that it had been a very pleasant life. That is the theme which Mr. W. B. MAXWELL has treated in *We Forget Because we Must* (HUTCHINSON). *Enid Benyon*, heartlessly jilted by *Mr. Harold Wood*, became, "on the rebound," the wife of *Mr. Charles Derwent*, a gentleman of some consequence in the polite and prosperous suburb of Tudor Green; and it is the matrimonial fortunes of the *Derwents*, from the late 'nineties to the middle 'twenties, that Mr. MAXWELL bids us follow. *Mr.* and *Mrs. Derwent*

might almost have been called Mr. and Mrs. Everyman. Their trials have been the trials of countless thousands in their circumstances. There are little rubs between mother-in-law and daughter-in law, coolnesses and irritations between husband and wife, misunderstandings between parents and children. The War comes and kills the elder boy, a promising poet. *Charles* has his Indian summer and forgets that he has been an unfaithful husband when he preposterously suspects *Enid* of having been an unfaithful wife. The daughter, *Margaret*, makes a marriage against her parents' wish. And all these troubles, acute as they seem in the suffering, are one after the other assuaged by time and forgetfulness, and the life of the *Derwents* proceeds through increasing prosperity and social importance towards a placid conclusion. It sounds dull; but it is not. For Mr. MAXWELL has the humanity and wisdom of maturity and can make fiction as interesting as common life.

The Baroness VON HUTTEN is a very accomplished teller of stories, whose work may generally be trusted to reach a high standard. In *Eddy and Edouard* (HUTCHINSON) she has had the excellent idea of writing the life story of a young man, related through his mother to an aristocratic French house, who was born in a small township in the Middle West of America, and left early an orphan in the charge of his very French grandmother, *Madame Fielding*. The whole of the story centres in the struggle between the country of his ancestors and the land of his birth for the soul of *Edouard de la Tour de Chelles Effingham*, and the title of the book (which I do not greatly admire) sufficiently indicates the dual personality in which first one country and then the other seems to gain the upper hand. The best part of the novel lies in the drawing of some of the old Perry people, such as *Judge Forbes*, and the *Bates* family, and old *Madame Fielding* herself, and the contrasting characters of the relations whom *Mr. Effingham* meets by request at the Hôtel de Combault, Paris, to give his advice—and his financial help—at a family council. The worst of it perhaps lies in the fact that the joinery is just a trifle too apparent towards the end. The author has a surprise for us, and she displays a little too much ingenuity of construction in leading up to the climax. But on the whole she has made good use of her knowledge of the two worlds, the Old and the New, and readers who are not frightened away by the title and the design of the wrapper will certainly come to have a real affection for *Mr. Edouard Effingham* before he purchases the ancestral estate in Savoy.

Yachting people familiar with the harbours of the South Coast will probably have little difficulty in identifying the place which figures in *Tragedy at the "Unicorn"* (BLES) under the rather thin disguise of "Clayport." The district is one which seems to have been specially designed by nature for the setting of a mystery story, and Mr. JOHN RHODE has turned its advantages in that respect to excellent account. A guest at the "Unicorn," a Clayport inn where a party of yachtsmen are staying, is found dead in bed under circumstances which point to murder. Six of the inmates of the house turn out to have perfectly good motives for wishing the victim out of the way, and not one of the six has a water-tight alibi. Here is a hard nut for *Dr. Priestley*, the eminent amateur investigator of crime, to crack; and the cracking process provides the material for a thoroughly readable and well-constructed yarn of smuggling and intrigue. The local colour is good and the characters are far above the usual standard in books of the "thriller" order; while the gentleman to whom is assigned the necessary, if somewhat thankless, *rôle* of "the body" is so repellent a personage that no pangs of regret for his demise need mar the reader's enjoyment of the happy ending.

I do hope that Miss ELSWYTH THANE will not take it amiss when I say that I have found her latest novel very "pretty," for it is a clever sort of prettiness, with clear-cut characters and a great deal of really good dialogue, and a slight attractive plot made important by the charm of its telling. Young *Tommy Chandler*, the poet, who sees a pretty girl in Paris, decides that she is *His Elizabeth* (MURRAY), whom he used to kiss behind the hedge when she was small, and follows and woos and wins her, is a delightful young man. When misunderstandings and the fact that she is not really "his Elizabeth" bring them to grief and parting, he is perhaps even more charming than in the days of his youthful prosperity. Of course a book of this sort simply has to have a happy ending—I for one would never have forgiven Miss THANE if she had dared to give it anything else; and the hour or so you spend in the reading of it passes as pleasantly as if you had been watching a dainty, trifling, slightly unreal comedy perfectly acted by an ideal company.



Vicar. "I HEAR YOUR BOY HAS RUN AWAY TO LONDON?"
Farmer. "AY, ARTER ME A-LEARNIN' UN TO MILK FORTY COWS A DAY THAT BE ALL THANKS OI GET."

The Portrait Invisible (HEINEMANN) furnishes abundant proof that Mr. JOSEPH GOLLOMB possesses many of the qualities required by a writer of sensational fiction, though in this tale he does not seem to me to have been quite happy in his use of them. *Judge Robert Craigin*, a severe man, was murdered in New York, and his brother, also a Judge, but a mild one, went through many and various agonies of mind before the mystery of the crime was solved. Mr. GOLLOMB gives his readers a lavish measure of thrilling adventure, but I could wish that he had been more liberal in his creation of sympathetic characters. If he will remedy this defect his next story should be very much to the taste of readers who find their staple food in murder and mystery, but cannot live on these alone.

"And the more we're sold together . . ."

"OUR SALE IS YOUR SALE."—*Placard in Salisbury.*

CHARIVARIA.

A WOMAN has wakened up after a sleep of eighteen years. Now, of course, somebody will have to break MUSSOLINI to her as gently as possible.

* * *

In ordering tribesmen attending the Afghan Parliament to wear European hats, KING AMANULLAH was of course actuated by the idea that turbans are inappropriate things to talk through.

* * *

The height of AHMED BEG ZOGU'S forehead, we read, distinguishes him from the average Balkan. Highbrows are still comparatively rare in the Near East.

* * *

The inhabitants of Thanet, according to returning visitors, are going on just as if they had never heard of the Treaty of Trianon.

* * *

Motor-omnibuses in remote Siberia have been ambushed and sniped with the object of discouraging what is regarded as a menace to the horse-hiring industry. So far our railway companies have refrained from introducing these methods into the Transport War.

* * *

With reference to Lord DARLING'S suggestion in *The Times* that a batsman infringing the l.b.w. rule should be ordered to remove his pads, we can only express our regret that a serious game should be made a subject for judicial levity.

* * *

Miss HILDA SHARP smoked cigarettes during her Channel swim, it seems. We can remember the time when it wasn't considered the thing for young girls to smoke while swimming the Channel.

* * *

Widespread disappointment is felt that the forthcoming meeting between GENE TUNNEY and Mr. G. B. SHAW is not to be a public one.

* * *

The return of silk hats to the City is attributed to the fact that they inspire confidence. A suspicion to be allayed, however, is that the silk is artificial.

* * *

Hospitals have been warned against a fair-haired young man who has twice obtained a night's lodging by falsely stating that he had swallowed a length of rubber tubing. Fair-haired young men should therefore be especially careful not to swallow lengths of rubber tubing.

* * *

The girl with a face like a gorilla may have a beautiful soul, as a popular preacher pointed out, but there is no getting away from the fact that she has a face like a gorilla.

* * *

Middlesex motorists who have recently renewed their driving licences are complaining of the flimsiness of the new cards. They won't bear much endorsing.

* * *

A series of literary talks for children at the Marylebone Public Library will include "Writers You Might Meet (Poets)." It is a wise precaution to prepare youngsters for possible encounters with *vers librists*.

* * *

Among the presents at a policeman's wedding, says a news item, was a rolling-pin. Truncheons of course are not used for this purpose except in cases of emergency.

* * *

When a tramp was taken into custody at Skegness he refused to walk and demanded a horse and cart, which were obtained. He needed bracing.

* * *

Daily Express community-singing concerts have been held on Thanet sands. We cannot wholly rid ourselves of the apprehension that this twisting of the lion's tail may be carried too far.

A well-known comedian returned unexpectedly from New York because he found it too hot there. Other comedians have found it too cold.

* * *

We are told of East End children who believe that the seaside is in Hyde Park. Others are under the delusion that it is at Southend.

* * *

At a Mouth Organ Tournament in Glasgow it was explained that the instrument was played by blowing and inhaling alternately. When the instrument is swallowed a charming effect is obtained of faint strains in the distance.

* * *

Lancashire County Council has drawn up a new by-law to provide that carts shall not make a continuous noise when the brakes are applied. Pedestrians are also being requested to squeak in a lower key when being knocked down by motor-cars.

* * *

It is suggested that the innovation of numbering footballers, introduced by the Arsenal team, should be extended to other officials. It is doubtful, however, whether referees will agree that there is safety in numbers.

* * *

A new aeroplane tested in Berlin is said to make vertical ascents and descents, and also to remain suspended in mid-air. Ultimately there will be evolved a perfect pedestrian able to do this too.

* * *

A beauty expert says that a double chin can be removed by rubbing it with a piece of ice. This is also an infallible method of removing a piece of ice.

* * *

The fashion of wearing a *béret* with a dinner-jacket is thought likely to spread. But not to Scotland Yard, we trust.

* * *

With reference to a recent performance of old-world music we are told that the harpsichord makes the piano sound vulgar. So does many a performance on the piano.



Much-travelled Cook (arriving at new situation). "LUMME, IF I HAVEN'T HALF MADE A SILLY MISTAKE! WHY, I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE!"

More Howlers.

"The Taj Mahal is the King of India."

"The Doge is a trick."

"W. W. Wakefield was the doctor who saved Goldsmith's life."

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

"HUSH, MRS. HUNDRED, HUSH!"

Hush, Mrs. Hundred, hush!
If that 's all you have to say:
A hundred centenarians
In their gentle courtly way
Have told us we 're barbarians
And rotten with decay.
We have no heart, she has no hair,
They powder their noses everywhere,
Their skirts are short, we cannot court.
The younger generation
Have neither manners, pride nor grace,
There is no future for the race,
The modern girl is one long whirl,
And Heaven help the nation!

Well, there she goes, my modern dear—
Is there no grace, old lady, here?
So quick and neat, those feathered feet,
They walk the wind and not the street.
Old lady, did they walk as well
When you were young? I cannot tell.
I know you could not show such legs—
Those twinkling silken silver legs
That flash a challenge far away
(And, mark you, Madam, in your day,
When Julia's legs might not be shown,
Her fortune was her face alone;
But now the plainest Jane you know
May be a beauty down below);
So hush, Mrs. Hundred, hush!
Did you have legs as pretty?
And if you did, but kept them hid,
Why, Madam, what a pity!

But, look again!
She is not plain.
"Ridiculous hat!" you said?
Well, that may be,
Still one can see
The shape of that proud head.
The eyes, observe, are not cast down
As if she feared to face the town;
More human, Ma'am, and more divine,
Her honest eyes encounter mine,
Which, Madam, is what I prefer,
And if you don't I think you err,
So hush, Mrs. Hundred, hush!
And then she 's slim,
So swift and slim,
Electric wires in every limb!
And she can ride, and she can swim,
And she can dance till the stars grow dim,
And, waking fresh as violets,
Play eighteen holes or seven sets,
Or paint, or cook,
Or write a book,
Or fence, or vote,
Or sail a boat,
Will run a mile or run a man
(And run the office if she can),
Defend a burglar, drive a plane,
And in the evening dance again;
So hush, Mrs. Hundred, hush!
Control yourself and ponder:
Should you have thrown that spiteful stone
At my young lady yonder?
You did not show your ankles, no,
And maybe that was wise,
For sitting about had puffed them out
To such an awkward size.
You could not ride, you could not swim,
You could not dance till the stars grew dim,
And, waking fresh as violets,
Play eighteen holes or seven sets;
You could not run, you could not row,
You could do nothing much but sew,
You 'd scarcely crawl across the hall
Unless you were supported,
You fled the house at the sight of a mouse
And swooned when you were courted.
And, Madam, have you always been
So rare a judge of clothing?
Have you forgot the painful scene
When you put on your crinoline,
Your first exciting crinoline,
Your fashionable crinoline?
Like some balloon of bombazine
You floated round the croquet-ground,
While Granny watched with loathing.
"Ridiculous dress!" I think she cried,
"Far, far too long and much too wide!
When I was that young woman's age
We wore a frock and not a cage,
The girl 's a perfect *sight!*
That crazy skirt collects the dirt;"
And, Madam, she was right.
You don't know what we 're coming to—
No more did she.
There are not many, Ma'am, who do,
But, as you see,
At present we 're an inch or two
Below the knee;
And I confess I like it so—
Look, Ma'am, again. And then, you know,
Skirts always will be wrong,
Too short or else too long;
Yet England 's going strong,
Take it from me.

Hush, Mrs. Hundred, hush!
You are a dear,
But hush, Mrs. Hundred, hush!
I will not hear.
Hush, Mrs. Hundred, hush!
Your song is sung;
But not so long ago
You were the Modern Young.

A. P. H.

Things Which Called for More Tact.

"Mr. ——, M.P., presided. He extended a hearty welcome to all the visitors, and expressed regret at the unavoidable absence of Lady ——, whom they wished a speedy recovery. (Hear, hear)."—*Irish Evening Paper.*

The Maternal Muffler.

"Juliana had been listening intently and with one swift graceful movement she was at her mother's side windink her around the neck."—*Story in Southern Paper.*

But she shouldn't have done it so suddinkly.

A QUESTION OF CUSTOM.

IT was Lemeunier, the owner of the postcard shop on the quay, who first introduced us to her.

"Allow me," he said, "to introduce to you the latest addition to my establishment, a young Parisienne, who will, I trust, bring me additional custom. Germaine," he called to his wife, "bring down Hélène, that I may present her to our friends."

We heard footsteps overhead.

"But she is charming, *la belle Hélène*," whispered Lemeunier; "you shall see."

The door at the back of the shop opened and Madame Lemeunier and Hélène entered, the latter a charming vision with her piquant face surmounted by glinting close-cut hair, her slender figure clad in chequered cretonne.

"Hélène," said Lemeunier, "I present to you two clients and my very good friends."

I bowed. "Enchanted, Mademoiselle," I said.

"Oh, you darling!" said Joan.

"Alas! she speaks no English," said Lemeunier.

Hélène said nothing, but moved her long legs in obvious embarrassment. She looked so attractive with her flushed face that I made up my mind at once.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "we are going to England to-morrow; will you come with us?"

"But, Monsieur," cried Lemeunier, "it was not for that I introduced you."

"Nevertheless," I replied, "I would like to take Mademoiselle with us if she will come. She will remind us of the friendship and sunshine of France. But perhaps you cannot spare her, perhaps the custom she will bring——"

"Ach! Zut!" he replied, "she is of a large family; I will write for one of her sisters, therefore it is as Monsieur wishes."

Hélène still said nothing, but the side-long glance of thanks she gave me made my heart jump.

* * * * *

"I say," said Joan as the boat nosed her way into Dover Harbour, "Hélène has no passport."

"That can be arranged," I replied.

When we were at the Customs barrier I presented Hélène.

"I have nothing to declare," I said, "except my young friend here, who is coming to live with us."

The Customs official seized Hélène's right leg and looked at the sole of her shoe.

"I am afraid you must pay two-and-threepence," he said, and pointed to a list he held in his hand. Following his finger we read—

"Dolls and mechanical toys, 33⅓ %."



THE DAUNTLESS DOVE.

SOVIET RUSSIA RECEIVES A MESSAGE FROM THE POWERS.



Wife (discussing husband with new acquaintance). "YES, FISHING IS HIS GREAT HOBBY—THAT AND SWIMMING."

INNOCENTS AT HOME.

III.—THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE meeting with the party of Americans at the British Museum had given Percival and me a new idea for our plan of seeing London through foreign eyes. This time we would be Americans. Percival pointed out that we should have to be careful, because in London we should constantly be meeting real Americans, which might lead to complications. I reassured him, however, by explaining that, as our impersonation would of necessity be founded on our conception of the Yank from the pictures and magazines, we should run little risk of confusion or even recognition in the presence of any real Transatlantics.

We had some discussion about dress. Percival, who visits very lowbrow picture-houses indeed, was for getting a sombrero, spurs with rowels like circular saws, and hearthrugs on the legs, and then appearing very suddenly with a white horse at Waterloo Station. But I pointed out that that sort of thing, besides encouraging false hero-worship among British flappers, would probably land him in for a reception by the civic authorities. Percival thereupon withdrew his suggestion. We decided eventually (modelling ourselves on something we had once seen "taking-in" Buckingham Palace in fifty seconds) to wear Norfolk jackets, white linen breeches, golf stockings, shoes bearing the appearance of having been laid down on the Clyde, horn-rimmed spectacles and hats like—well, something between a—well, you must know the sort of hat. As a final touch of verisimilitude we left our coat-hangers inside our jackets when we put them on.

We were feeling a little shy as we got out of our taxi at Trafalgar Square, which place we had decided was a good central point for seeing England through foreign horn-rims. The first thing we learnt was that in our new guise of Americans we were expected to tip the taxi-driver twice as much as we usually did as Britons. It was the taxi-driver himself who told us this. He was a friendly man with an expressive face.

In the portico of the National Gallery, whither we soon retired to escape the crowd of small boys, we came upon a guide trying to get off with a party of open-mouthed provincials.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he was saying, "can I show you the sights of the Metropolis? In front of you is the world-famous Trafalgar Square, which with its column commemorates the never-to-be-forgotten victory of England's maritime saviour, NELSON. I mention in passing that one-way traffic is now compulsory in this Square. Beyond is Whitehall, where CHARLES I. met his doom at the hands of the——"

The provincials shut their mouths with a jerk as they realised, first, that they were being addressed, and, secondly, that they might be expected to pay for it, and moved off hurriedly into the building ("Admission Free This Day"). The guide at once transferred his attention to us. Glancing at our clothes as he approached he began again with some versatility: "Now, Sirs, can I show you the capital town of lil ole England? This is Trafalgar Square, one of the busiest traffic centres of London; several thousand vehicles pass here every day. It contains a column one hundred and forty-two feet high. In Whitehall beyond, KING CHARLES was beheaded on January 30th, 1649——"

We too moved off, but with a new feeling of pride in our disguise. From the guide's altered remarks it was evidently good.

There was soon no doubt about this, for as we passed the turnstile a man sold me a catalogue (a thing I rarely allow to happen to me when in normal dress), and told Percival that, if he went straight through the room to the right, he would see the Raphael that cost over seventy thousand pounds. I managed to get even with the fellow by asking quickly what that was in dollars. He didn't know. Nor for that matter did I—at least not until I had retired into a corner and done a little heavy work with a pencil and the back of an envelope.

We did the gallery in twenty-one minutes. That is not bad time for the whole course, and Percival, I should say, holds the record for the Umbrian School. He beat me there by over ten seconds, and by five in the Dutch School, where I slipped on a grating. In the Venetian School, however, he stopped, despite my warnings, to look at a pic-

ture, but then he had rubbers on his shoes and could afford to loiter. We marked our various times up on the score-card for each School and totalled up at the end. Owing to his Umbrian time Percival beat me easily, so I shall demand a bisque for the return match at the Tate Gallery.

Before we left finally I gave the cloak-room attendant a black-and-green cigar from my top waistcoat pocket, where I had four of them held in position by fountain-pen clips.

Then, well pleased with our morning's work, we adjourned to a neighbouring hotel bar to talk about Prohibition. In the middle of our first sarsaparilla a young man rushed at Percival and shook him warmly by the tumbler.

"Gee, if this ain't luck! Why, bo, you remember me, don't you?—Eddie B. Western, out in Philadelphia, wasn't it? Say, you remember that night we had together in that dive off Ludlow Street? Say, I never could remember your name; but ain't it lucky I met you? I've been saying to myself if ever I met that nice young fellow—and I'm gosh darned if I don't forget his name!—I'll stand him a drink. Jes' give it a name now."

Percival, who had been about to deny all knowledge of his newly-made and exuberant friend, saw a free drink coming and delayed action.

"He thinks I'm some friend of his," he explained to me in a whisper while the man from Philadelphia who loved Percival like a brother hailed the bartender.

"Exactly," I said, and waited for something further.

"Gee, if that ain't silly, if my man hasn't sent me out without my wad. Say, here's my card—you know me—perhaps you'll lend me a fiver till . . ."

I had not waited in vain. I smiled pleasantly on him and spoke English, "Nothing doing, old horse."

To which he replied, "Well, there was no harm in trying, old son. But, hell! are you English?"

"We are," I said, as I took Percival away before the poor boob could generously hand over his wad, roll or purse. "Good-bye."

But in a way, you know, it was the best compliment to our disguise that we had yet received. A. A.

"The statement that the bath was used by 900 persons on one day is equally untrue. As a fact, the number of bothers averages between 800 and 900 per week."—*Sheffield Paper.*

We should like to call the bath-attendants' attention to the old rhyme:—

"Naughty little cuss-words,
Bother, dash and blow,
Lead us on to wuss words,
Send us down below."



Wife (encouragingly). "YOU TAKE LONGER TO GET A DUCK THAN YOU USED TO, DEAR."

RUTHFUL RHYMES.

[It is stated that "BABE" RUTH, the famous baseball player, is coming to England next summer to play cricket.]

"BABE" RUTH is coming o'er the Pond—
"BABE" RUTH, who has no living peer
Upon the sacred "Diamond"—
And will, 'tis said, take part next year
In matches on our cricket swards,
Lending new lustre to the lure of Lord's.

But if I read his soul aright—
His zeal to galvanise the game—
He contemplates a wider flight,
He cherishes a larger aim:
I see him on a seaplane's pinions
Bound for our mighty overseas Dominions.

Eastward and southward will he fare
Upon his epoch-making mission,
Acclaimed and welcomed everywhere
And earning special recognition
By teaching bowlers on the Hooghly
To lend fresh terrors to the swerving googlie.

Where will he end? Well, if I may
Indulge my bent for shrewd surmise,
Not in his native U.S.A.,
Nor at the Cape his future lies,
Not listening to ALOYSIUS HORN's talks,
But, true to type, "amid the alien corn"-stalks.

"THE RUMP ROOM TRIO PLAYS DAILY (SUNDAY EXCEPTED) IN THE TEA ROOM."
From a Guide to Leamington Spa.

Surely this is a misteak.

THE AFFAIR AT THE ANNEXE.

BEACHVILLE on Saturday night—a scene of decorous animation. A fresh wind was blowing from the Channel. Paper kites were high in the heavens. The promenade and the bandstand were aglow. The Starshine Follies would perform in the Rotunda at eight P.M. There would be fireworks in the Maritime Gardens. Dogs were not permitted on the Pier. . . .

The place was absolutely crowded. There were visitors and week-end visitors. They walked up and down inhaling the scent of moribund seaweed which has made Beachville what it is.

"Where *does* it all come from, Frederick?" I asked him. "That 's what I want to know."

"The smell?"

"No, the concourse of people," I explained.

"Criminals mostly," he said. "The vast underworld of wickedness that goes about England in green charabancs."

He spoke bitterly; but a green charabanc had very nearly ditched him as we came down and had even grazed his running-board. Besides we had been unable to get rooms at the Esplanade Hotel. And according to Frederick they did one splendidly at the Esplanade.

"You can't say that 's a criminal," I said, pointing out a plump, elderly and rosy-cheeked lady seated on a deck-chair and busily eating fruit out of a paper-bag.

"A female decoy," said my cousin Frederick, glancing coldly at her; "probably used for vamping Roumanian millionaires. Are you coming to the fireworks or are you not?"

I thought no. I had had enough of excitement and ozone, and would go back quietly to the Crown Hotel.

"I shall take one or two more turns myself," he said, "and I may even listen to the band."

"Don't stint yourself, Frederick," I told him. "There is ice-cream in the kiosks and plenty of nut-chocolate in the automatic machines."

He shouted something after me as I walked away.

People sitting in basket-chairs looked up resentfully at me in the portico of the Crown, so I got a basket-chair and looked resentfully back at them. After resenting for nearly three-quarters-of-an-hour, I felt sleepy and strolled over to the annexe.

The management of the Crown (which, like the Esplanade, was full) had told us that we should be very comfortable at the annexe. It was scarcely a real annexe at all, but rather a kind of lodging-house in a side-street, and it was named Bella Vista, the architect no doubt having a periscope or being fond of *méringues*, for the building overlooked a confectioner's. The rooms were big and the beds were good, but there was an enormous smear of damp like the skeleton of a mesozoic animal on one of my walls, and the only other decorations were prompted by commercial motives and religious zeal.

A placard by the door explained that the proprietor of the Crown would not hold himself responsible for valuables unless these were placed in his care at the office; and furthermore that notice of leaving must be given before twelve A.M. or another day would be charged. The hours of meals were also detailed rigorously. Above this placard hung an oblong piece of cardboard which said (in silver lettering)—

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH,

and just over the bed was another, announcing—

EVIL BE TO HIM THAT EVIL THINKS.

Merriment whilst undressing was rather discouraged in the annexe of the Crown Hotel.

* * * * *

I awoke to the sound of a storm beating the lace curtains into the room, and as I shut the window I seemed to hear shouting in the darkness like the uproar of fiends. I lay for a good while half-awake and half speculating on annexes and their curious ways. Did they grow up in time if they were good and become separate hotels? Was annexe a spondee? But I thought not; there are no pure spondees in the English tongue. My fancies turned also (not unnaturally) to crime. Had any great crime in fiction been committed in the annexe of a seaside hotel? It was no bad place for such a deed.

"The body of the well-known financier, Lewis Norton, was found lying in a pool of blood on his bed at Bella Vista, the annexe of the Crown Hotel, Beachville-on-Sea. His right hand held a scarab which he had neglected to place in the care of the proprietor at the office. In his left palm was a threepenny ticket for a folding-chair on the Marine Parade. There was a calm smile on the face of the deceased, which was looking up confidently towards a text on the wall. The throat had been slit from ear to ear. . . ."

But should the smile, I reflected as I fell asleep, be also described as stretching from ear to ear?

* * * *

I awoke this time very suddenly indeed. Surely that was a real scrabbling at the window-pane. I sat up in bed and switched on the light. Immediately the cold hand of horror clutched my heart and for a few moments I could not breathe. Undoubtedly there was a dark form on the window-sill, a white savage face pressed closely against the glass. I motioned it away with my hands.

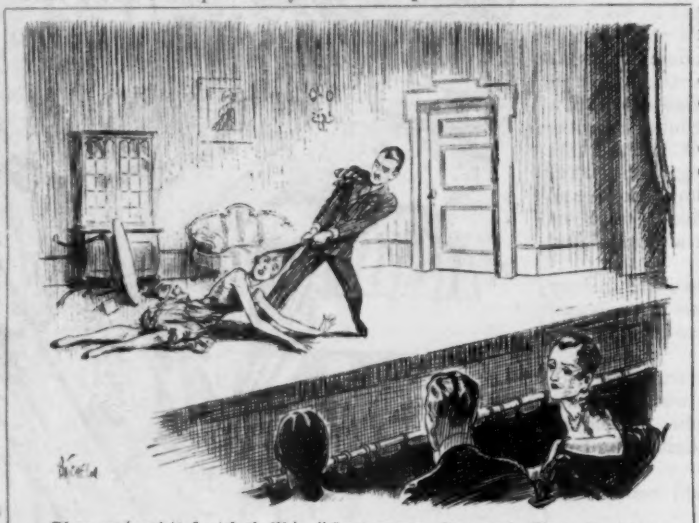
It remained.

Was there then to be murder in the annexe after all? Hardly knowing what I did, but with a vague idea of showing how much the management would disapprove of such a happening, I reached out of bed for my walking-stick and tapped sharply and emphatically with the ferule, first at one and then the other of the two texts hanging on the wall. At the same time I frowned and shook my head.

The dark shape did not go.

Was robbery, I wondered, its design?

To discourage it still further I pointed (again with the ferule of my walking-stick) to the notice about valuables near the door, jerking my left thumb over my shoulder and smiling in a nonchalant



Playgoer (surfeited with thrills). "JUST FANCY, GEORGE! EDNA STARLEIGH MUST BE LETTING HER HAIR GROW AGAIN. I COULD HAVE SWORN SHE WAS WEARING A FALSE SWITCH."



Lady (to companion, who has been told by the stalker to keep back). "COME ON, SADIE. THERE'S QUITE A LOT OF THEM!"

manner so as to indicate that my pearl studs had been left at the main office of the Crown.

But the evil thing still crouched and still glared. And then suddenly something about the set of the shoulders, something about the face itself, tense and angry, seemed familiar to me. I sustained a new shock of surprise. I knew who it was at the window—knew only too well, and why.

But I thought it better to remain as calm as I could. Jumping out of bed I unfastened the catch of the casement.

"Why, Frederick," I exclaimed, "how late you are! Was the music good?"

The hair and coat of Frederick were glistening with rain, and one of his trouser-legs had been torn, apparently by a nail.

He pointed out rather more forcibly than I could have put it what I now remembered quite well, namely, that we had only had one latch-key for the annexe between us and that I had been the custodian of the key.

"The whole wretched place was asleep," he said. "I've spent one hour ringing at the door of the Crown and two hours banging and shouting here."

"I thought I heard a murmur of voices," I told him.

He became unprintable.

I poured out a torrent of apologies and regrets. I tried to console him, urged him to consider how much more sorrow he would have felt had it been not he who was locked out of the annexe but I, who was so much more delicate and susceptible to chills, whereas he was hardened by the snows of Ispahan and bronzed by the Mesopotamian suns. I pointed out that the rusty nail which had torn his trousers might easily, though so far, apparently, it had not, have set up a poisonous inflammation in his leg. He seemed to forget, I told him, the awful fright which I myself had received. But he was obdurate.

"Don't ask me to motor you down to Beachville again, that's all," he said with an unkind laugh.

I became annoyed by his indignation.

"I don't know that I should care to motor with you to Beachville again," I said rather coldly. "As you yourself have pointed out, it is a favourite resort of the criminal classes."

"It is indeed!" he muttered grimly.

"Not excluding," I said, "cat-burglars."

He went away angrily to bed and refused to get up again until it was Bronx-time at the Esplanade. EVOE.

DEAUVILLE.

(*Rondeau.*)

Deauville! a vision to allure,
Outshining all the Côte d'Azur,
You fill the Illustrated Press
With types of female loveliness,
Some boyish in their clipped *coiffure*,
Some in a longer *chevelure*,
With pearls of lustre soft and pure,
Cool as the breezes that caress
Deauville.

And yet your splendour seems unsure,
A glitter that will not endure,
And in your lavish aimlessness
I fancy something more or less
Half-baked, insipid, immature—
Dough, veal!

"Young Housemaid in Kent wants London."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

She can have the north side of the Strand.

"RAMSAY MACDONALD MEETS OLD FRIEND.
Hundreds from Fort William and Port Arthur were gathered at the station to greet these two great private car and T—Oa'shhi ,L.C... statesmen. Premier Kink stepped from his private car and greeted Macdonald, and the two went into a coach to have a chat."
Canadian Paper.

A public car must have been quite a treat for both of them.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME.

"Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle right up to his middle
And never went there again."

FLOODS AT GLOUCESTER.

EMINENT SCIENTIST'S RASH ACT.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

AN unfortunate situation has arisen at Gloucester in connection with the Summer School of the National Institute of Entomologists, which was to have opened here to-day under the presidency of Dr. Themistocles Foster, the well-known authority on British Coleoptera. When Dr. Foster arrived here last evening it had been raining heavily for some hours, and on leaving the station the eminent visitor was seen to slip while crossing the station approach. He fell upon his knees in a deep accumulation of rain-water, and, though he was instantly raised to his feet by his companions, he had undoubtedly been submerged well beyond the waist-line. The doctor, greatly to the dismay of Mr. Thelwall-Fleake, the organising secretary of the Entomologists' Summer School, at once announced his determination to cancel all his engagements in Gloucester and return to London by the next train.

* * *

DR. FOSTER'S DECISION.

FIRM STAND FOR PUBLIC SAFETY.

"Nothing will induce me to return to Gloucester," said Dr. Foster to our representative when interviewed at his Hampstead home late last night. "I shall never go there again after the painful experience which has just befallen me. It is quite beside the point to speak of the pool into which I stumbled as a mere puddle—it was a deep and dangerous crevasse. The presence of such pitfalls on the public highway is a disgrace not only to the city of Gloucester and the county of Gloucestershire, but a menace to all road-users. I trust that the Entomological Summer School will spend a profitable and educational session, but for my own part I felt it my plain duty to make the protest that I have done in the obvious interests of public safety."

THE ROAD PROBLEM.

Though *The Daily Flail* has always regarded itself as a national newspaper in the widest sense, we make no apology for dwelling on the recent and lamentable events at Gloucester. Whatever may be thought of the scheme for "Roads of Remembrance," or the policy of decorating our new arterial highways with beetroot plants, all will agree that a road should be a road and not a river. With Dr. Foster's purely scholastic distinctions all are acquainted, but he has clearly placed every one of his fellow-countrymen under a newer and deeper obligation by his direct and manly action in the vital matter of the Gloucester floods. The Mayor of Gloucester's ridiculous and offensive suggestion that the city's distinguished visitor should have looked where he was going may be dismissed at once. It is the business not only of Gloucester but of the Ministry of Transport and the Cabinet itself to pay heed to their public responsibilities. When will Mr. BALDWIN realise——? etc., etc.



Old Lady (after the nineteenth question). "AND WHY IS THAT ENGINE SMOKING SO?"

Fed-up Porter. "SO AS TO KEEP THE GNATS ORF THE DRIVER, LIDY."

TALK O' THE TOWN.

Lunching yesterday at the Splitz Grill I was pleased to see Dr. Themistocles Foster looking none the worse for his recent mishap, of which a new pair of trousers was the only outward and visible sign. He was making a light meal off York ham, Bath chaps and Shrewsbury cakes, but when the waiter suggested cheese I heard him reply firmly, "Anything in the world except Gloucester," a sally which provoked instant laughter from his companion, the venerable Provost of Gloriole.

* * *

SEE TO-MORROW'S "SUNDAY EXCESS."
75 PAGES.
DOCTOR TH. FOSTER
on
"THE GLOOM OF GLOUCESTER."
75 PAGES 75

* * *

DR. FOSTER'S WINDFALL.

UNEXPECTED BENEFIT UNDER FREE INSURANCE SCHEME.

As a registered reader under our Free Insurance offer Dr. Themistocles Foster yesterday received a cheque for THREE THOUSAND POUNDS from the Sun, Moon and Stars Insurance Company. Dr. Foster, who has been a registered reader for several years, was unaware that his accident at Gloucester was covered by the terms of our offer, but was advised to put in a claim by his housekeeper, who three months ago received £7,500 for a sprained thumb. His claim was at once admitted under the heading of Travellers' Accident Benefit, and a special representative waited on Dr. Foster yesterday with a cheque for

THREE THOUSAND POUNDS.

£3,000.
Are you Registered?
£3,000.
Sign the Free Insurance Form (on Page 87) TO-DAY.

Be Prepared.

"As the bride entered the Church, the hymn 'Fight the good fight' was sung."
Local Paper.

This is the direct method. The indirect is to sing, "There is a happy land. . . ."

"His magnificent try against Wales in the first post-war international at Inverleith will be long remembered by Rugby enthusiasts. He was in his 77th year."—*Scots Paper.*

Shall we ever forget how he all but stumbled over his long white beard?

THE CHANNEL CROSSING.

Jongarse



"CAN YOU TELL ME IF THE TIME IS DIFFERENT OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE?"



"YES—ONE HOUR AHEAD OF OURS, I THINK."



"WHAT'S THAT? THE TIME ON THE OTHER SIDE?"



"AN HOUR BEHIND OURS, I THINK."



THE TIME THE OTHER SIDE, MADAM? QUITE ALL RIGHT, MADAM——"



"IT'S JUST THE SAME AS OURS."

A DOGS' AND CATS' IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Tibbs and I hear a good deal of human talk, one way and another, and often Missus seems to get quite excited about things called Ideal Home Exhibitions. There's been one in our town just lately, and I believe you often have them too. But as far as we can make out these exhibitions are all arranged with a view only to *human* comfort and convenience. No one seems to remember that homes are lived in by others besides humans. So what we feel is that there ought to be an exhibition got up for a Pets' Ideal Home; and we hope, Mr. Punch, that you will give us a helping hand in getting it up.

I should be quite willing to take charge of the Small Dogs' Section, and Tibbs asks me to say that he is prepared to undertake the Cats' Section. Big dogs will have to arrange with you on their own account about theirs, and birds, tortoises, rabbits and white mice likewise, as I have no idea what their Ideal Homes would be like. Tibbs and I have drawn up a few suggestions to be going on with, so I will begin with mine right away:—

(1) First of all, about doors. In my opinion these are quite unnecessary and cause endless bother. Archways and curtains should be quite enough all through a house. Of course I am obliged to follow Missus about everywhere, and, nine times out of ten, as soon as I have followed her into a room she goes out of it and *shuts the door*. You don't know what agony it is for a little dog to be shut up in a room, especially if nobody notices you're crying to come out. Then at meal-times you naturally want to be where the food is, and Gladys always seems to be carrying it in and out of the dining-room. It's very difficult to decide in a hurry whether to follow the meat out or to stay in on the chance of getting some cream or custard. Sometimes you try to do both very quickly, and then Gladys trips over you, or you trip over the mat, and always it ends in the same thing—you're the *wrong* side of the door. I tell you all this to show you what a perfect nuisance doors are. A model house without doors would be a very good exhibit for our section.

But in case people won't adopt this sensible notion there could also be a model of an ordinary door with a small swing-door set in one of the lower panels, which we could push open for ourselves without having to scratch their old paint and make Master cross over having to get up to let us in and out.

(2) Well, that's doors. Now about floors. What we want is a patent non-skid floor, on which we could jump and run quite safely. The surface must be *guaranteed unpolishable*. Mr. Punch, you can't imagine what a stupid senseless habit this is of polishing floors. Many a time I've been stuck fast, positively afraid to move for fear of breaking all my legs; and that's one reason why I get shut in rooms. In the hall a non-skid floor is simply essential. A dog—even a small dog—*has* to jump up and down and tear about when just



Young Hero-Worshipper. "MR. BOWYER, SHALL I SING YOU A SEA-SHANTY WHILE YOU HAUL YOUR SWEATER OFF?"

going out for a walk or when Missus comes in, and it ought to be possible to do this safely without sending the rug spinning across the hall, knocking things down and hurting yourself a lot as well. So my model house shall have one of these special floors in the hall, and all the rooms shall have carpet *all* over.

(3) Each room will have *two* hearth-rugs—one in the usual place and the other (I suppose it wouldn't be a hearth-rug, but it would look and feel exactly the same) in a cool corner of the room. You see a dog likes to roast himself (or herself) until it's nearly unbearable, and then to go and lie down somewhere to cool off; and humans never seem to see the need of more than one hearth-rug.

These are the three most important points in the Small Dog Section. But I can think of a few useful things that might be sold on stalls. A real but unspoilable slipper or glove, for instance, that can be played with and chewed and taken to bed without ever wearing out. And the right kind of big woolly scarf to lie on—rather old, you know, and with a few holes and thin places that make it easier to arrange comfortably.

Well, I think that will do to be going on with, but I do feel I could make a real success of the Small Dog Section. Tibbs would like to add a suggestion or two for the Cats' Section. By the way, his full name is Thomas Tibbs, Esq., and if you address him "c/o Judy" it will find him all right.

Yours very hopefully, JUDY.

P.S.—I forgot to say that there will be *no* leashes, muzzles or whips in the Exhibition.

SIR,—My friend Judy has stated our business fairly well, but she's used up a terrible lot of words, so I will be brief.

I entirely agree with what she says about doors. The Cats' Model House can be arranged on the same lines in this respect, with particular reference to the back-door. A cat can't always be bothered to come in just when they call him, and it is very annoying to be locked out. As for floors, we don't mind polish so much as dogs do, but prefer carpets for comfort. My other suggestions are:

(1) No glass in windows. When I have been sitting on a window-ledge looking out, I've missed many a bird by not being able to get through to it, and this is very vexing indeed.

(2) Humans have a silly habit of standing cushions on end. In our model house I shall see that these are arranged in the only sensible position—flat on the seats of chairs and sofas. There will also be an extra large cushion on the floor by every fireplace.

(3) At least one fire shall be kept going all the year round for us to sit by; we like looking at flames.

(4) Every room shall have its own mouse-hole, complete with mouse.

I think that is all, Mr. Punch. By the way, I see Judy has forgotten to give her own address, but "c/o T. Tibbs" is quite enough.

Yours truly, THOS. TIBBS.

P.S.—I think it would be a good idea to have the White Mice Section next to ours. We might be able to get up some amusing little side-shows together.



Short-sighted Connoisseur. "WHAT'S THAT NICE LITTLE THING BELOW THE RAIL?"
His Wife. "IT ISN'T IN THE CATALOGUE, DEAR, BUT I THINK IT'S THE ELECTRIC-LIGHT SWITCH."

"BABIES BY AIR."
Holiday Headline in Evening Paper.

The storks have always brought them that way.

Wholesale Capitulation.

"The Surrenden-Dering estate of 3,284 acres, which has been in the hands of the Dering family since Saxon times, has been sold in its entirety."—*Daily Paper.*

Generations of scandalized ancestors: "No surrenden-der!"

The Philepileptic Costumier.

"LADIES MAY HAVE FITS UPSTAIRS."
Tailor's Sign in Shanghai.

"NEW BRITISH FORD WORKS."
Daily Paper.

Good.

A woman of ninety-eight is said to have lived in Sheerness all her life. No doubt from Sheernecessity in these days of housing shortage.

THE STREET OF PEACE.

I.—WATER.

Pedro and I live in the Street of Peace, in the village of Look-at-the-Flowers, in the South American Republic of Cheru. The street is well-named, for, although a Spanish gentleman is building himself a house immediately opposite and simultaneously training an Alsatian in the duties of a watch-dog, and an American boy practises the gramophone all day next door, and every five minutes the Italian trams come up like thunder along the Avenue of the 26th of August nearby, it is a peaceful spot in what ought to be the cool of the evening. Then, if the watch-dog has no suspicions and the American boy no new records, nothing can be heard in the lull between trams but the soft whining of the mosquito next in the dinner queue (and haply on the cemetery list) around one's head. Mosquitoes, as is well-known, breed in stagnant water. As to their habits and favourite food, Pedro and I are in a position to give (and in fact do often give) expert comments in English or Spanish as desired. Pedro says it is cruel hard to be troubled with mosquitoes in a country where it not only never rains nowadays but never has rained from the time the Andes were erected.

This, I believe, is true, for, although we sometimes see a squall out in the Pacific or a rainstorm on the mountains behind us, no drop falls on the village of Look-at-the-Flowers. When I came here eighteen months ago I brought an umbrella. Pedro knew what it was at once, as he has been to England. He took it fondly and carefully in his hands, for it was beautifully rolled, and went and leant it respectfully in a quiet corner of the inner porch. There it has remained ever since. The major-domo, who hasn't the least idea what it is, dusts it carefully every morning and leans it up in its niche again. Poor thing, it will never be unfurled now, even were I to take it home, for it has contracted chronic curvature of the spine owing to the climate and its sedentary occupation, and must, I fear, leave its bones here, beneath this brazen and uncongenial sky.

The fact that there are mosquitoes to sing in the Street of Peace, and flowers to look at in the village of Look-at-the-Flowers, is due to the blessings of irrigation. The river which flows through the city of which we are a suburb has been tapped in the foothills and a sturdy if turbid irrigation ditch runs along the east side of the village. Our roads are sparsely cobbled and the pavements mostly unpaved, but not long ago some authority or other got hold of some money and constructed little concrete channels along all the roads, in the place where gutters are found in ordinary countries. The channels have little openings so that the water can penetrate to people's gardens.

The idea was that if you got too much water you stopped up the opening. In practice the water-supply was found to be barely sufficient to provide for the gardens near the ditch itself, and the householders at a distance of one square and over from the ditch were forced to consider how to coax the water their way. The solution was so obvious as to occur almost simultaneously to practically all the higher intelligentsia of the village. It was simply to dig a few cobbles out of the road and a little earth out of the path, and with these dam the channels in every direction, except that which led to your own house. Thus every man directed the water against his neighbour, and the village of Look-at-the-Flowers became the scene of a kind of guerilla warfare.

At first the thing was done in daylight by major-domos and suchlike, but these methods were too transparent. Our own seneschal, for instance, might engineer the water supply into our garden in the morning, but the moment his back was turned his rivals would turn out in hordes and undo his labour for their own benefit. Little by little therefore there came to be a chronological and hierarchical order in dam-building. The gardens nearest the source were provided for in daylight by menials, but when dusk fell the householders themselves, clad in cloaks of subfusc hue, would creep out from the houses in the more distant Street of Peace and coax the bewildered runnel to their own parched domains.

Nothing could be more satisfactory for the visitor in search of local colour than the aspect of the village of Look-at-the-Flowers at eventide: the tropical sky, purple, blue and green, cut into by the black masses of the houses; the blazing stars in the east peeping over the serrated edge of the Andes; dark mysteriously-cloaked conspirators crouching at street corners, slinking furtively among the shadows or spying the machinations of their enemies from behind corners and around walls. One raider, his fell work accomplished, will pull his *sombrero* further over his *ojos*, clutch his *poncho* closer around him and steal silently away. But not unobserved. Muttering a stifled "*Caramba!*" his treacherous neighbour, pulling his *sombrero* further over his *ojos*, will crouch over the same spot, silently undoing the just-completed handiwork. His fell work accomplished, he clutches his *poncho* closer around him and steals silently away. But not unobserved. Muttering a stifled "*Caramba!*" et-cetera *da capo ad lib.*

By the time our garden was nearly dead of drought Pedro and I had grasped the situation. We therefore decided to make dam-building our last good deed of the day and took to wandering round the village with sinister intentions every night before going to bed. In this way we got an excellent and uninterrupted supply of water; and our garden, which had been a desert, blossomed as the rose.

But one fine night the supply unaccountably failed. Scarcely had the water begun to trickle into the garden when it ceased and flowed no more that night. Nor the next. It was



"AND WHAT 'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, MY LITTLE MAN?"
"AH 'VE SWALLOWED ME SWEETIE BEFORE AH 'VE SUCKED IT!"



Daughter. "AND YOU DIDN'T SMOKE WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG, MOTHER? HOW AMAZING! WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU DO WHEN YOU FELT YOU SIMPLY COULDN'T LIVE ANOTHER MINUTE WITHOUT A CIGARETTE?"

apparent that someone was going to bed later than we and had stolen our idea. The following night therefore we operated as usual, waited until the water had stopped flowing and then started out to examine the route. Nor had we far to go. Round the first corner is the house inhabited by the American boy who is so fond of the gramophone. I think his father and mother live there too. The water was babbling into his garden, and our own channel had been securely dammed.

It is extraordinary how effective the Spanish language is for swearing in whispers. When Pedro had given a short selection from his vocabulary we re-arranged the dams so that the water flowed pleasantly into our garden till dawn. But the next night the incident had to be repeated, and Pedro hissed vituperation for three minutes on end. Just as I was dropping off to sleep after returning from our re-damming, I thought I heard a faint strain as of a ukulele record played softly and mockingly in the scented night. In the morning our garden was dry.

The battle was now serious. The following night we dammed and redammed, waited half-an-hour and dammed again. This was successful for one night only, and it then became necessary for us to make four expeditions at half-hour intervals to make sure of our water supply. But our opponent was obstinate, and every second night his gramophone ukulele played softly but triumphantly. What his parents were doing to allow it I can't think. It was now a ding-dong struggle, each party gaining the advantage on alternate nights by means of an extra edition, like an evening paper. Eventually we should have worn ourselves to a shadow by sallying forth every half-hour from half-past ten till dawn. Luckily, a few days ago the rains began in the higher Andes, and as enough water is now coming down for everyone hostilities have ceased, Pedro has gone to confession and I am going to sleep.

* * * * *

Water has been flowing into our garden for days on end. We shall now have to close the opening permanently to prevent its becoming waterlogged.

* * * * *

The ceremony of damming the opening into our garden was solemnly performed this evening as a sort of Thanksgiving organised by Pedro and me. We trust that there will be an Armistice in the Street of Peace until the river shrinks again next summer.

* * * * *

There is no peace. This morning the garden is flooded. That vindictive American brat has broken through our dam!

Hot Dog.

"For sale, thorough-bred Cocker Spaniel, over distemper. Hot-water Pipes, complete, suitable for greenhouse, 15ft. by 8ft."
Advt. in Country Paper.

A fine animal, but not guaranteed against the overhooting of its fleas.

"Spaniel (cross-bred) for sale. Accomplished dancer. Understands five languages."
Advt. in West-Country Paper.

Our dog has only one tongue, but it seems to carry him everywhere.

"Mr. Ivor Back, who was painted by Sir William Orpen in the Royal Academy two years ago, is having a well-deserved rest."
Daily Paper.

Many sitters recover sooner than that.



Small Bermondsey Boy (on the bank of famous trout-stream). "QUICK, 'ARRY! THIS BLOKE AIN'T 'ARF CAUGHT A TIDDLER."

EVIDENCE IN CAMERA.

No one would accuse the popular Press of dwelling too fondly on the flowers and rainbows of our daily life, but it occurs to me that there is a branch of journalism which tends to be pleasant at the risk of being silly. I mean the wording underneath newspaper photographs. These pictures are notoriously libellous. Why should not their explanatory titles take on the colour of a lampoon? Here is the opportunity for a modern SWIFT. We have had enough pretty verbal extenuation; if the camera shoots venom let the writer rub it in. Where the picture is pleasing (as may sometimes be) a few charming words, by way of accompaniment, might be permitted. But let there be no tricking out of railway-accidents in literary trappings, no flowery phrases for Councillor Bloggs presenting a medal for the best-made margarine in Muddleville. Such honeyed words offend. The photograph may be libellous, but libels are often truths. The satirist and the Press photographer would make a deadly combination, comparable to the old league of doctor and apothecary.

Here are a few of the things that we may read in some future number of *The Daily Dither*:—

BAZAAR OPENS IN GLOOM.—This unfortunate snapshot has evidently caught the Hon. Effluvia Clavichord in an off-moment. How complete a fiasco the bazaar turned out to be may be gathered from the pained expressions of the little group of helpers (below).

TIME FOR A DIP AT SLOSHPOOL-ON-SEA.—These young ladies (all appearing in *Sweet Sexteen* at the Cupola) have never been near Sloshpool in their lives, with the exception of the one on the right, who left it at the age of six and never intends to go back. Why I should suggest that they have, Sloshpool only knows. Background effects and bathing-suits are by Dearer and Dearer, South Moulton Street.

A ROTTEN SHOT.—Crawler, the unpopular Cottonshire stone-waller, clean bowled by a straight long-hop from X. O. P. J. Wideover-Wideover, whose ungainly form has fortunately been blacked out of the negative. It will be noted that Crawler would have been stumped in any case.

A BEEFY LOT.—Lord Luvus caught chatting with a group of exhibitors at the Hole-under-Corner Fat Stock Show. The striking facial resemblance between his lordship and the champion short-horn heifer on the left of the picture was a matter of general comment. A small urchin (inset) drew attention to the fact, but was instantly ejected.

SPLICED!—The Hon. Georgina Soup and Captain Magnanimus Angevin (51st Life Guards) after their marriage at the Royal Fire Brigade Chapel. They looked a bit better than this.

ADENOIDS NO HANDICAP.—Young Jim Jiggery (aged nine), who walked from Pinner to the Isle of Dogs for no apparent reason on Saturday last, has been well slapped by his mother and awarded the Silver Badge of Modest Endurance by the Society for Promoting Anglo-Saxon Hardihood.

I have no wish to obtrude my amateurish suggestions too blatantly in a sphere not strictly my own. Let the caption-writers shake the dust from their own laurels. Golden paths are spread before them. Meanwhile keep your photograph out of the papers.



FEWER BUT FITTER.

FIRST INFANT. "I'M TOLD WE'RE SCARCER THAN WE USED TO BE."
SECOND INFANT. "YES; BUT JUST LOOK AT OUR CONDITION."

[The REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S statistical review for last year shows that the infant death-rate has declined from 130 to 70 per 1,000 since 1881.]



A LATVIAN HOLIDAY: A PARTY OF LETTS ALL GO DOWN THE STRAND.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE!

Now I met young Jim on the Frant Fair ground—
  It 's Jim, you 'll recall, that bosses
The upsey-downsey merry-go-round
  An' the nags that pitch-an'-tosses—
An', just as I was getting upon
The old white plank called Jumpy John,
Says Jim, "If you please, boy, not on him;
Take one o' the other ones, please," says Jim,
"For, though I 'm running him at a loss,
He 's kep' for the Lady from Banbury Cross—
  Reserved that old white hoss is."

So I dropped my hold on his flowin' mane
  An' I climbed on Bounding Kitty,
An', when I stood on the grass again
  An' the band played "Comrades" pretty,
Says I to James, "I 've heard o' her
An' o' Banbury Cross—unless I err."
"You have?" says Jim; "so you 'll know that she
Is as sweet as a blackbird's hymn," says he,
"An' her face is roses, her eyes is elves
An' her little two feet 'ud dance themselves
  From here to Jericho City.

"Last week," says Jim, "through the crowd she slid
  With a nostrich feather's whiteness
In a floppity-pop one-sided lid,
  An' her hand that held the tightness
Of an 'abit o' blue had a diamond gem,
An' her little red boots had bells on them,
An' she says, 'Oh! Jim, the *fools* folks are,
They 'd make me ride in a motah-car
(Oh, doves in a pine-wood—doves her voice!)
They 'd make me ride in a new Rolls Royce
  An' they 've not the common politeness

"'To say where they 've sent o' my old cock-hoss
  Or even to ask me whether,
So I 've run away from Banbury Cross
  In me boots an' me ostrich feather;
An' *here* 's my galloper white as snow
An' a band for music wherever we go;
For James,' she says to me, 'do let 's fly;
We 'll take the Road of the Romany Rye,
An' we 'll wear the Top o' the Morning's crown
With a gay go up an' a gay go down—
  Just James an' me together!'

"I tossed her up upon Jumpy John,
  An' she smiles, oh! as sweet as syrup,
An' I waves the gallopin' long-tails on;
  An' she with a cheery chirrup,
An' she waves back with her ridin'-whip
An' a winky eye and a laughin' lip,
An' my heart it bounced like a Southern train
As I waits for John to come round again;
But when he came, by the Mouse that Sinned,
But his saddle was bare as the wind, the wind,
  And bare was his bangin' stirrup!

"Now I never was one for the maids," said Jim,
  "Your Mauds an' your Flos an' Flossies,
But her eyes were stars 'neath that curly brim
  An' she moved like a flame that tosses;
Oh! sweet as a song from Sir Golden Bill—
I 'll never forget of her, come what will;
Oh! pale as the wild-rose, flesh or fay,
No, I 'll never forget of her come what may;
She—— No, Mum, please, not the Jumpy hoss,
He 's kep' for a Lady from Banbury Cross,
  Reserved that old cock-hoss is."

P. R. C.

THE RELATIVITY OF SPEED.

IT is some time since I wrote a purely scientific a ticle for this paper, but the controversy which has arisen in *The Times* about Speed and Noise impels me to a not uncongenial task.

In discussing Speed and Noise we cannot do better than begin with SPEED.

"Speed," as my old friend and colleague, Professor EINSTEIN, once said to me at dinner—"speed is purely relative." This was not the precise phrase that he used. His actual words were: "The weight of a body, according to NEWTON, is due to that universal force of gravitation which he discovered. For a body weighed on the surface of the earth its gravitational mass is a coefficient of attraction between that body and the earth."

"Go on, Professor," I said; "you interest me profoundly."

He took a sip of port, closed his eyes and continued:—

"We must distinguish this from the co-efficient of inertia, or inertial mass, which is a measure of the body's resistance to a change of uniform motion. Suppose I were to take two perfectly elastic bodies moving with velocities v_1 and v_2 respectively, and I wished to study what happens when they collide."

"You shall have them," I cried at once.

"After the collision," he went on, "and I do not think I shall ever forget the tense earnestness of his voice, "let their velocities be u_1 and u_2 respectively; v_1 will not, will it, in general be equal to u_1 nor v_2 to u_2?"

"Certainly not," I said tartly.

"Very well then. No more will $v_1 + v_2$ be equal to $u_1 + u_2$. But I find that I can choose two co-efficients, m_1 and m_2 such that $m_1v_1 + m_2v_2 = m_1u_1 + m_2u_2$.

He looked triumphantly at me as he spoke. "EINSTEIN, old man," I said to him, "the mystery is solved."

Stripped of algebraical formulæ, however, all that my old friend endeavoured to convey was what I have stated above, namely, that swiftness is very, very relative indeed. There is in fact no positive velocity. "Nothing," he murmured to me later as he lit a cigar—"nothing, not even the modern woman, is absolutely fast."

This being so it is extremely foolish (we think) to admire certain measures of speed (such as sixty or a hundred miles an hour), which have no existence whatsoever for the mathematical and philosophical mind, except as compared with other rates of speed, and even, by comparison, with these, are not very quick.

Take Light.

Light travels *in vacuo* (in a vacuum) at a speed of 30,057,400,000 centimetres or 186,772 miles per second. Relatively speaking, all but the most *blasé* must admit that this is an extremely fast pace.

But do EINSTEIN and I praise it? Not in the least. We care nothing from a sporting point of view about the fast time done by light. It has no positive value for us. Speed (we assert) does not exist *per se*. If it did exist it would bend. All that we say is (when light is so comparatively nippy) why get excited about speed records at all?

Consider now a few other well-ascertained velocities. The quickest speed of a greyhound (doped or otherwise) is five hundred and twenty-five yards in 30·04 seconds (vastly slower than common light). A road-racing motorist laps perhaps at seventy-one or seventy-two miles an hour, a Siamese cat or kitten at some forty to forty-five strokes per minute. The mean velocity of a tortoise in a garden is about three and three-quarter yards between breakfast-time and lunch. We know this because we have tried. It is true that part of the distance was accomplished on a dirt or gravel track and part upon the grass, and that owing to a miscalculation of the gradient in moving up on to the grass, the creature was overturned and lay for some while upon its back. The pace might moreover have been increased by the offer of dandelions rather than lettuces. Nevertheless the test may be regarded as approximately accurate for all scientific purposes, the arc of the tortoise being a co-efficient of infinity + y.



Owner of Scap-box. "WATCH THIS CAR FOR ME, BOY, AN' THERE 'S A CIGARETTE-CARD FOR YER."

We notice here at once that the difference between the speed of a tortoise and the speed of a racing motor-car, great as it may seem, is almost as nothing when compared with the difference between motor-cars and plain light. Plain light, however handicapped, would win easily from the swiftest car.

This divergence may be expressed by a simple algebraical formula, which I have forgotten, or it may not. The result is in any case the same.

But to turn to other instances. The speed of the motor-bicycle and the thoroughbred giraffe may be given as sixty miles per hour, that of the charabanc as 40·1, and that of a loud shout roughly, or rather roughly, as two hundred. Electricity, as represented by the postal telegraph service, vastly exceeds all these velocities (except when the messenger is delayed by looking at the movie-posters), and we may well ask ourselves whether the public might not turn with advantage to betting on telegrams despatched from equidistant points to a given centre rather than on dirt-track racing, from which almost no benefit accrues to the State.

Or, again, once the relativity of speed is firmly established in the popular imagination, as much fun may surely be obtained from speed trials between caterpillars (which have perfectly elastic bodies and often collide) as from those between dogs, whilst the ordinary motorist, remembering (not without awe) his inferiority to the meteorite, may well be content to get rid of his two-seater and tramp glad-faced over the autumnal moors.

I append a statistical Table to exemplify still further how absurd is the importance we attach, poor atoms that we are



SKIPPER OF TUG-BOAT, BUT NONE THE LESS A TRUE LOVER OF NATURE, LOWERS HIS FUNNEL TO AVOID DAMAGE TO RAINBOW AHEAD.

—I am not including myself and EINSTEIN—to futile and illogical notions about the value of speed:—

TABLE OF COMPARATIVE VELOCITIES.

(Computed by Professor EINSTEIN and myself during the early autumn of 1927.)

OBJECT OR ARTICLE.	MEAN RATE OF SPEED.
Moon (in orbit)	3,334 feet per second.
Molecules	*w*.
Radio-Activity	x_2.
Rabbits	Thirty miles per hour.
Telephone-Calls	Inversely with the square of distance.
Flying Squad	Forty-five miles per hour.
Oysters	Three feet per second.
Hampstead and Morden Tube	Calculation impossible as lift descends too late to catch train.
Nelson Column	Stationary.

Next week, or possibly much later, I hope to write about Noise.

EVOE.

Speed and Noise in America.

"Hens in the United States lay 700 eggs a second."
New Zealand Paper.

"PLUM MERINGUE.

"Put plums in the bottom of the pie-dish and pour custard over them. Cover lightly with whites of eggs, sprinkle with castor oil, and bake in a moderate oven for half-an-hour. Serve cold."
West Country Paper.

And don't ask us.

ELIZABETH IN SEARCH OF FAIRIES.

Elizabeth heard that a morning in May
Was quite the best time to see fairies at play,
So early one morning she got out of bed
(You have to be early, so somebody said).

She wore her pink frock (it was perfectly clean,
And you really can't see where the tucks have once been),
And, though she 'd no socks, she 'd her second-best hat—
We thought that the fairies were sure to like that.

She looked in the field where the mushrooms are grown
And saw a small rabbit there sitting alone,
But *he* didn't know where the fairies had gone,
So they practised some jumping, and then she went on.

She looked in the lane where the banks are so steep
And saw an old tortoise just falling asleep;
But *he* couldn't say if the fairies had passed,
So they talked for a bit, then she ran rather fast.

She looked in the woods where the river goes through
And saw a grey squirrel who 'd nothing to do;
But *he* hadn't met any fairies that day,
So they climbed a few trees, then she hurried away.

And she never found *one*, and it 's terribly queer,
For somebody said there were crowds about here;
Perhaps, though I think that her frock was all right,
To go without socks wasn't very polite.

MR. MAFFERTY STANDS ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

"I 'M wonderin'," said Mr. Mafferty, "what Mr. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH would be thinkin', an' he standin' on the Bridge this day. I don't know that he 'd burst into a sonnet at all, an' it could be he 'd hurry home an' tear up the one he wrote before entirely.

"'*Earth has not annythin' to show more fair*,' says he, the quare conceited fella. Well, I 've seen fairer sights meself. Let you cock your eye to the right, Mr. Heather, an' the first thing you 'll see will be the name of a tooth-paste, an' it so large you can't look at nothin' besides. Dull would he be of soul who could pass by, Mr. Heather, an' not be drinkin' into his mind the great qualities of that same tooth-paste. There 's a fine new buildin' further to the right, where the London County Council lives, that has charge of the beauties of the town, but I can't look at their fine buildin' at all by reason I have me eyes glued to the tooth-paste. It 's the wonder of the world, Mr. Heather, if there 's a man walks over this bridge in the evenin' has trouble in his mouth or suffers from the pyorrhœa when he has that sign before his face to remind him of his poor teeth, an' he passin' to his own place after the toil of the day, the way he 'd step into a chemist's shop an' be purchasin' a packet, an' maybe another for his wife an' children. Maybe there 's high thoughts an' fancies in your mind, Mr. Heather, an' you standin' in this place where Mr. WORDSWORTH stood. Well, let you put them aside, an' take your pencil out, an' make a note of the tooth-paste before you forget the name, the foolish dreamer you are.

"An' now let you cock your eye to the left, Mr. Heather, an' you 'll see the name of an evenin' newspaper. An' then you 'll see the name of a mornin' newspaper that 's givin' rewards to the people to be throwin' themselves under the trams an' trains. An' then you 'll see the name of a Sunday newspaper is offerin' big prizes for maimin's and mutilations. An' you 'll see the name of a whisky, an' the name of a play about murders, an' the name of a shavin'-soap, an' the name of a fine drug plays the divil with the uric acid. All them names is on the sides of the trams, which is ten times the size of elephants an' forty times as ugly. An' them trams is run by the London County Council, has charge of the beauties of the town an' lives in the fine buildin' here beside the tooth-paste. It 's a quare thing entirely, an' it 's a pity, surely, we haven't Mr. WORDSWORTH here.

"'*Silent, bare*,' says he, Mr. Heather, '*Ships, towers, domes, theatres, an' temples lie Open unto the fields an' to the sky, All bright an' glitterin' in the smokeless air*.' 'Smokeless,' is it? Well, a man can still breathe, it 's true. 'Silent,' is it? Well, you can still hear me, an' I shoutin' a little. But maybe there were no trams runnin' Mr. WORDSWORTH 's mornin', nor no taxi-cabs hootin', nor no motor-lorries on the cobbles, nor no motor-buses shakin' the bridge, nor no steam-engines roarin' down the road, an' they belchin' fire an' smoke like a railway-train itself.

"'Ships,' is it? D 'ye see anny ships? There 's a few coal-barges moored to a buoy, an' they the ugliest things in the world, exceptin' the trams only. But you can't go in a ship from this place to Greenwich or beyond, by reason of the London County Council, that lives in the fine buildin' here beside the river an' doesn't know it 's a river at all.

"'Domes,' is it? 'Domes an' temples'? D 'ye see anny domes? I can see two hotels only an' sixty-five trams. Ah, maybe it 's St. Paul 's Cathedral was in the poet 's mind. Well, where the divil 's that? I don't see it at all. Ah, glory! I have it now, Mr. Heather. D' ye see the great sign of the tooth-paste? An' a little to the right of the tooth-paste d' ye see a great warehouse or somethin' of that like, an' it the ugliest thing in the world, exceptin' only the coal-barges an' the County Council trams? Look up, then, an' you 'll see the cross of St. Paul's an' a few small feet of the Dome, an' they peepin' over the warehouse roof not far from the tooth-paste. It 's a wonder now they 'd not write up the name of a shavin'-soap on the Dome above, an' maybe the name of a Sunday paper, for you 'd see it a long way off, surely. Let you take a long look at it, now, for when the County Council have built up the other half of the fine home they have you 'll not see St. Paul's from this place no more, an' poor Mr. WORDSWORTH will be wrong again.

"The river 's a fine sight, surely, if you don't look too close at the water, that 's not water at all, but liquid mud with a small coatin' of oil, an' dead cats driftin' from the east into the west. So look up now, Mr. Heather, an' look ahead, an' you 'd have a grand view of Somerset House if you could see it, only you can't see it at all, by reason of the great railway-bridge they 've put in front of it, an' it the ugliest thing in the world next to the trams an' the coal-barges and the warehouse where the tooth-paste is. It 's a noble buildin', Somerset House, as noble a buildin' as you 'll see under the sky, an' you walkin' the world. It lies along the water like a great white lion or the palace of a king, an' I 'm thinkin' the heart lepped a great lep in Mr. WORDSWORTH 's bosom when he saw that same about the risin' of the sun. But you can't see it now, only a small piece of it above the bridge, an' another small piece or two between the arches. Did you ever see such a bridge, Mr. Heather? Did you ever see such a rusty, clumsy, snub-nosed, square-headed eyesore of an ironmonger 's viaduct for a man to be settin' up in the heart of London at the hub of the world? I 've travelled the world over an' I never saw the like. You wouldn't see the like of that in New York; they 'd blow it up before it was built. Maybe the Americans is fond of business, an' maybe it 's the high-minded people we are, but if London had belonged to the Americans, I 'm thinkin' it 's a different view you 'd see from this place, an' more like the view that Mr. WORDSWORTH put in the poem. But what 's the use of talkin'? Away with you now, an' we 'll buy a tube or two of the tooth-paste." A. P. H.



Considerate Sweep (as lady's head appears). "NAH, THEN, CYRIL, MIND YER CIGARETTE-ASH."



"GLORIOUS SUMMER WEATHER, JENKINS—WHAT?"
"MAYBE 'TIS, BUT WINTER IS WHAT I SMELLS."

NOW THAT THEY ARE OVER.

ACCORDING to the Provost of Eton it was the custom of OSCAR BROWNING, at the end of the Long Vacation, to inquire of such returning undergraduates as merited his notice where they had been, and then, quickly cutting them short with the word "vayncing," to substitute the narrative of the exploits and social triumphs of his own holidays. By "vayncing" he meant "very interesting."

There are many who share his pleasure in a recital of their August and September adventures—too many; but there are a few who do not, and it is for the benefit of this sensitive minority that I have invented a time-saving and tongue-saving device. I suggest to them that, in order to escape from the tedium of having to satisfy the curiosity of every friend, acquaintance and colleague as to where one has been, what one has done, and if one has had a good time, the answers should be printed on a leaflet and handed out. Something like this:—

Thank you for wishing to know about my holidays. They were much as usual. I went to the seaside and bathed and sailed a little.

There were too many people.

The hotel was uncomfortably crowded and the rooms I had reserved had been given, on a misunderstanding, to another party. The misunderstanding was probably the landlord's device, but without definite evidence I could not contest it and therefore had to acquiesce. This provided me with a grievance which, added to the indifferent and meagre catering at the highest possible price, embittered my stay. It was, however, as the landlord knew perfectly well all along, impossible to find other accommodation.

The question, "Why does everyone go to sea at the same time?" again occupied most of my waking thoughts.

The hotel frequently suffered from an ice-famine.

This is all that I have to tell you in response to your kind inquiries, except that I spent far more money than I had budgeted for or could afford and have returned, utterly worn out by the rest and change, to far too much work.

"Vayncing"?—I think so. A few dozen copies of some such statement as this—or even this in its exact form—should fill a very widespread September want.

E. V. L.

The Honour of Scotland.

"The account which appeared recently of a penny being placed upon the running-board of a Scotch express from London and still being there when the train reached its destination seemed to me so remarkable that I thought it must have been a lucky chance. But I repeated the experiment on the Royal Highlander from Euston and found my penny on my arrival at Inverness in the morning."

Letter in the Times.

It ought to be remembered, however, that the Scots traveller is wary as well as business-like.

The Temptations of the Lake District.

"LAKELAND HOUND TRAILS.
LEADING DOG LOSES BY STOPPING FOR A DRINK."

Manchester Paper.

If they put lakes on the course, what do they expect?

The Afternoon of a Lounge Lizard.

"When —— called on him one day in Somers Town, he was lolling on a rope, with hot-house nectarine grapes, sponge-cats, and a bottle of light rum on the table beside him."

Weekly Paper.

"Mr. —— was best ban."

Wedding report in Middlesex Paper.

But we are thankful to say that his cold is much better.

AT THE PLAY.

"CHARLOT 1928" (VAUDEVILLE).

CHARLOT 1928 will, I think, be listed as one of the poorer vintages bottled by this distinguished house. It lacks body and *sève*. A little doctoring may be resorted to, and certainly a revue has this advantage, that it readily admits of radical reconstruction, and the fact of being good in parts is sufficient to save it as a play, wine or egg may not be saved.

It is pleasanter to praise the excellent turns than resort to the always easier task of fault-raking. The revue is justified essentially and sufficiently by the opportunity given to REBLA, hitherto known and appreciated as a bored and disdainful juggler with tennis-balls and cigar-boxes, to show how resourceful and individual a comedian he is. His material is excellent, and he manipulates it with a studious under-emphasis which is entirely effective. Whether he was asking riddles about the herring who climbed the wall; or composing the lyric about Nelly bathing, whose rhyming was defective because the water didn't rise high enough; or holding the silk hat with the doubtful egg in it for the conjurer; or hymning the glorious life of an apache with an unusually developed sex-appeal; or recounting (as a navvy) a similar but belatedly awakened experience, and incidentally handling a pneumatic drill; or burgling as an inspired "natural," making his first essay in safe-opening—he had the audience in the hollow of his competent hands.

Another interesting discovery is Miss BILLIE BARNES, who, singing a sentimental song, "To-morrow," of more than usual charm and less than usual obviousness of form and context, admirably exploited the tears in her voice without exaggeration and proved herself an actress of genuine sensibility. Miss BETTY BOLTON gives the impression of having reserves of talent which this show does not fully use. She was most successful as a grotesque guardsman in a bizarre duet with REBLA, and, in graver mood, in "The Pendulum of Time," an interesting musical experiment by PHILIP BRAHAM, which she sang with quietly dramatic effect, and as the unhappy princess in "Jade" an ambitious and on the whole satisfactory ballet and spectacle devised by QUENTIN TOD, who has before shown to advantage in this *genre*. He can tell his story clearly, has a pleasant fancy and a sense of grouping. I should imagine that this ballet was designed for a much larger stage or at any rate that it would gain appreciably if the area of manœuvre were extended. The costumes of Mr. PETER JUDGE were aptly designed. That the whole was bizarre rather than beautiful was perhaps not a little due to the overcrowding.



OLIVER TWIST AND TURN.
MR. BARRIE OLIVER AND MISS BETTY BOLTON.

Mr. BARRIE OLIVER performs the miracle of offering an entirely new technique in solo dancing, depending less upon the rhythmic patter of the feet than upon the dexterous management of the whole of an exceedingly lithe and trim body. His effectively quiet method of singing is perhaps just a little too quiet for perfect audibility. This artist is also responsible for the devising of a pleasingly incoherent oddity, "A Rhapsody in Bloomers"—the dream of a dirt-track rider—a grotesque ballet which contrived to entertain; and of the spirited "One-way Walk," which was the dancing success of the evening, thanks to the almost superhuman agility and jolly gaiety of the admirable young ladies of the Chorus, who throughout the show worked with an almost frenzied zeal. Has the supply of the slender nymph type given out, or are we threatened with another of those astonishing fundamental alterations of the design of the female form which are among the deeper biological mysteries?

The intimate and audacious method of Mr. REX EVANS is perhaps not suited to the stage. Certainly he seemed somewhat ill at ease—possibly a little handicapped by the much too frequent references to his weight and build. Mr. DAVY BURNABY, in his usual and casual co-optimistic way, was *compère* to the show. He was at his best leading the quartet, "Bridge," a pot-pourri of musical tags and parodied phrases from well-known songs, and another quartet of county songs, excluding the over-worked Zummerset and Devon—both well-written ingenious items.

The grotesque ballet, designed by Mr. QUENTIN TOD for "The Three Bears," of Mr. ERIC COATES, seemed a little crude and perhaps a little vulgar, but the dancing of Miss BETTY OLIVER as *Goldilocks* is to be commended. The little spoof-plays so essential to revue were not as happy as usual. The one founded on a joke half as old as time about the loyal friends who all sent identical telegrams to a jealous wife was at least courageous. T.



Mr. DAVY BURNABY (finding himself next to Mr. REX EVANS). "I NEVER REALISED HOW CADAVEROUS I WAS UNTIL NOW!"

"THE MOVING FINGER" (GARRICK).

The Moving Finger belonged to a Chinese gentleman of great fixity of purpose, *Li Hung*, of a family that had ruled in China for a thousand years. In the nine hundred and seventieth year or so of their reign an Englishman had been the lover of *Li Hung's* exquisite and deeply-cherished daughter, *Fo San*. Her bastard son duly born, *Li Hung* had killed her according to the uncomfortable rites prescribed for erring daughters of high-born Chinese gentlemen. He had then solemnly lighted before the image of some god or ancestor the Flame of Hate, which is never to be quenched till his symmetrically-designed revenge be complete and the soul of *Fo San* thereby released from bondage.

A young English blackmailer has been recently shot in Hankow—an incident apparently irrelevant to the issue of *Li Hung's* revenge, but actually the ingenious gambit to the intricate final game played out by the unforgetting Oriental before our eyes in the house which he has recently taken in London and to which he has invited *Sir John Frampton*, his lady, and their daughter, *Mary*; a pretty widow who has been the dead man's mistress; and finally the dead man's father, half-heartedly anxious to discover his son's murderer. There are besides an unspeakable young man, also in the blackmailing profession and now ostensibly the secretary of *Li Hung*; a highly unplausible butler, evidently an old lag; and the sleek and sinister *Tsin*, the mandarin's bodyservant. Also there breaks in uninvited a breezy well-informed but unduly optimistic policeman from Shanghai, who besides having his spy in the household has carefully surrounded the premises with his Scotland Yard colleagues and carefully keeps them inactive till the ordained tragedy shall have worked itself out.

The host assures his guest that the murderer is present—and there is a strong *prima-facie* case against at least four of them, all innocent—while we begin to suspect that there are also present both the lover and the son of the dead *Fo San*. No wonder the dinner-party did not exactly go with a swing!

Discretion bids me disclose no more than that three corpses are left upon the floors of *Li Hung's* London house, the mandarin himself, in full official robes, blowing out the Flame of Hate—with some difficulty, it appeared—before ceremoniously making himself one of them. Clearly then we get a good deal for our money.

We all rather wondered what the anonymous author thought his policeman, *Captain Hetherington*, was doing, and could not help thinking that *Lady Frampton*, who knew what was in the mandarin's mind, was singularly unresourceful and reticent at the fateful moment. But on the whole the ingeniously-constructed mechanism creaked very little considering the strain put upon it.

Mr. ERNEST MILTON (*Li Hung*) was something a good deal more than the authentic, elaborately static stage Chinee, assuming as he did, and I should suppose with justice, that when really stirred a Chinese gentleman can let himself go as well as any Westerner. Mr. MILTON has a great eye for colour, and his suicide technique was delightful! Mr. GEORGE CURZON (the *Secretary*) drew us an admirable portrait of the complete rotter—a really good twopence-coloured melodramatic part from which this clever character-actor extracted the full flavour. Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE (*Lady Frampton*), Miss JANE WOOD (the widow *Sankey*), Miss MARJORIE MARS (*Mary Frampton*), Mr. SEBASTIAN SHAW (the *Policeman*), ERIC STANLEY (*Sir John*), Mr. CHARLES MORTIMER (the dead boy's father), Mr. GEORGE CARR (*Tsin*) and Mr. GRIFFITH HUMPHREYS (the unbelievable butler) were all adequate to the occasion. Indeed the team-work was quite excellent. It was, however, essentially Mr. MILTON'S and Mr. GEORGE CURZON'S (or Mr. GEORGE CURZON'S and Mr. MILTON'S) evening. Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND decorated the piece in his best mood of unmannered simplicity of form and of effective colour; and Mr. BASIL DEAN, the producer, at a dozen points of the action showed how well he knows his business. A distinctly good stage-play, brilliantly presented. T.



COMPLICATED RELATIONSHIPS.
AN UNWITTING STEPMOTHER, A SINISTER GRANDFATHER AND A BAR-SINISTER GRANDSON.
Ronnie Waterhouse MR. GEORGE CURZON.
Lady Frampton . . MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.
Li Hung . . . . . MR. ERNEST MILTON.

"THE MARIONETTES" (SCALA).

A good laugh is better than rubies; and there are some laughs which are never forgotten. Among these, for example, I place the loud hilarity which twice or thrice has been provoked in me by the GRIFFITH BROTHERS' white horse (now, I believe, at the Pavilion). Signor MARIANI'S delicious Marionettes have given me a number of these first-class unforgettable moments, and I can think of no higher praise. I would have visited the Scala to see our old friend Bil-Bal-Bul, the tight-rope artist, alone. Bil-Bal-Bul is in superb form still, slightly more of a dandy than before perhaps, but bursting with the old *joie de vivre* and childish conceit in his ridiculous feats. No mortal man has ever expressed so well the idea that he was enjoying himself. But even this old favourite is now, in my fickle opinion, eclipsed by some of the new performers. The dance of the eight white-skirted ladies (a little like *Les Sylphides*) in the Excelsior Ballet, and the duet and solo dances which follow, are really brilliant pieces of burlesque. Human actors have done this sort of thing often, but never, I believe, so well as these dolls. In spite of the very visible strings above them they seem somehow to be more like the real thing than living imitators; in spite of their fantastic bounds and postures they seem somehow to have more restraint and more real understanding of the thing they mock. Anyhow they are much, much funnier.

Almost in the same class I put The Pianist in "The Concert Party," which concludes the programme. The delight of these dolls is not only the miraculous things they do, the opening of fans, the blowing of trumpets, picking-up of chairs, jumpings, pirouettings, balancings and so forth, but the human enjoyment and proper artistic pride in their performance which bubbles out of them at every moment. Like children, they

cannot pretend that they are not pleased with themselves. They take their calls like a *prima donna* on her Positively Last Appearance. And none of them love themselves so well as this pianist. At the conclusion of a difficult *arpeggio* you can see that he longs to stop and do it again. His movements are so good that one would swear the expression of his face changes.

The dolls grow upon you. Suddenly you realise that you are thinking of them as living creatures and life-size. The illusion is broken sometimes by the intervention of the human voice; which is one reason why it seems a pity to present the dolls in opera unless the particular human voice is good enough to satisfy by itself. The genius of the dolls is comic. They should never cease from making men look silly, and even an opera so little serious as *The Geisha* is too serious for them, too much lacking in material for mockery. If they are to do opera it should be heavy Grand Opera, surely, heavily burlesqued. But like all great comedians, I suppose, they suffer from the noble fault of ambition and the temptation to be serious. All this, however, is only to say that the first part of the programme is the least successful of the three. Were I a revue producer I would implore the marionettes to take over the middle section of my programme and fill it with their Ballet and the Music Hall turns.

To go "behind" at the end is a privilege, an entertainment in itself and an education in humility, for one realises once more how easily deceived are the fine senses of Man. The stage which seemed so ample is seen to be tiny; the life-sized actors are at most about three feet high. And to watch the actual manipulation of the figures is to wonder more, not less. Some of them have as many as twelve controlling-strings; dear Bil-Bal-Bul needs four grown-ups to manage him. The total company of dolls numbers four hundred. Some of these were lying in their boxes still, but there were many scores of them hanging in three long rows at the back of the stage when I went round—an impressive, almost an "uncanny," spectacle. The most precious were being lovingly put to bed in green baize bags. I was actually introduced to Bil-Bal-Bul, and saw him tucked away for the night. There are not enough bags to go round, and one felt definitely sorry for the poor dolls who were to pass the night naked and bagless on the cold dark stage. Thus, I am sure, do their human masters feel, for it is very clear that they burn with zeal and affection for the little people. See them arguing as they hang over the bridge and pull the multitudinous strings! No human actor ever inspired such nightly energy and faith. When one of the dolls wants a hair-cut or a shingle, I am told, they do not do the job themselves with scissors—they send for a high-class barber!

A capital show. It might be improved in many ways, one feels. For example, the human singers are too close to the audience and, to a section of it, too visible; and this, though the difficulties are great and obvious, should somehow be remedied. But anyone who has not seen these fascinating creatures should go and see them, for it is not so often that one may see something which is really funny and really fresh.

A. P. H.

THE CARPET.

IN the Civil Service the possession of a carpet is a privilege grudgingly conferred and jealously guarded. By comparison with this concrete indication of a lofty status mere honours are shadowy and unsubstantial. The insignia of the M.B.E. may on occasion be taken out of your wardrobe-drawer to be shown to favoured friends, but the carpet requires no such overt act of ostentation. It is there for all to see.

In the absence of the salary entitling me to this nobler decoration I had tried in vain various expedients for achieving it. Our room has four occupants, including a colleague co-equal with myself and two lesser lights. One inspiring day it was borne in upon us that our total salaries reached the limit set for the coveted distinction. We accordingly put in a requisition. The answer was disappointing: "For the purposes of a carpet aggregation of salaries is not permitted." On another occasion I was acting in a senior position in the absence of a high official on protracted sick-leave. In a moment of exhilaration I applied for a carpet. Summarily came the reply: "Local, acting or temporary rank is not allowed to reckon towards a carpet."

At a later date, by a turn of Fortune, our room was changed. The new room was dark and ill-ventilated, but it contained a carpet, too old to be considered worth moving, yet still recognizably a carpet, whereon, after vigorous brushing, could be plainly discerned a faded rose in blue and one or two superannuated cabbages in pink. It did not cover the whole floor-space, but was enough for the desks of myself and my equal in rank, leaving a substantial area for display and advertisement. The desks of our inferiors were on the bare boards, though, as we reminded them, they got the best view of the carpet and were allowed to tread on it when the exigencies of the service demanded that they should cross the room. This right was not accorded freely. Orders were given to messengers to approach our desks by means of side-channels of uncarpeted boards. The same course was enjoined on subordinate members of the branch from other rooms. Outsiders belonging to the general office were warned off the sacred ground by frowns and looks of severity and, if necessary, by verbal hints. Casual interviewers of insufficient rank were tactfully steered off into a bare corner of the room. Like QUEEN VICTORIA at Balmoral we established a ritual of the carpet.

One day it was decreed by His Majesty's Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings that our room should be cleaned. We bade farewell to our carpet with reluctance, tempered only by the hope that after a process of rejuvenation it would return to us, like a palimpsest or an Old Master, with unexpected revelations of pattern. We waited long for the reblooming of the rose and the efflorescence of fresh cabbages. The furniture of the room was restored to its proper order—but *without the carpet*. We two seniors sat disconsolate in the room, like islanders condemned to take to life on the open sea. The messengers at first continued to approach us by the familiar, though now unmarked, deep-water channels, but in time they, like others, trod everywhere and anywhere in the ungarnished room. Our status appreciably diminished and I am bound to think the public service suffered accordingly. The delay grew intolerable. At last a tactful minute was addressed to the Office of Works, pointing out the inconvenience and asking for the return of the carpet to be expedited. In due course came the devastating answer: "The carpet hitherto in use in Room 006 has been condemned and thrown up for disposal as no longer fit for service."

A Giant in Gloucestershire.

"There were many inquiries for Straw ate Stroud last night."—*Daily Paper.*

It *is* rather a questionable meal.

"Mr. ——, who has been goods clerk at the station here for over four years . . . has been greatly liked for his courtesy and turnips."
Aberdeen Paper.

There is too much of this cupboard love in Aberdeen.

"As anyone who has seen a good Scout camp knows, boys with a bit of string and some twigs, a biscuit tin and some lumps of clay make most ingenious fireplaces and ovens, plate and knife racks, tables and fences, and swinging gates."
The Times.

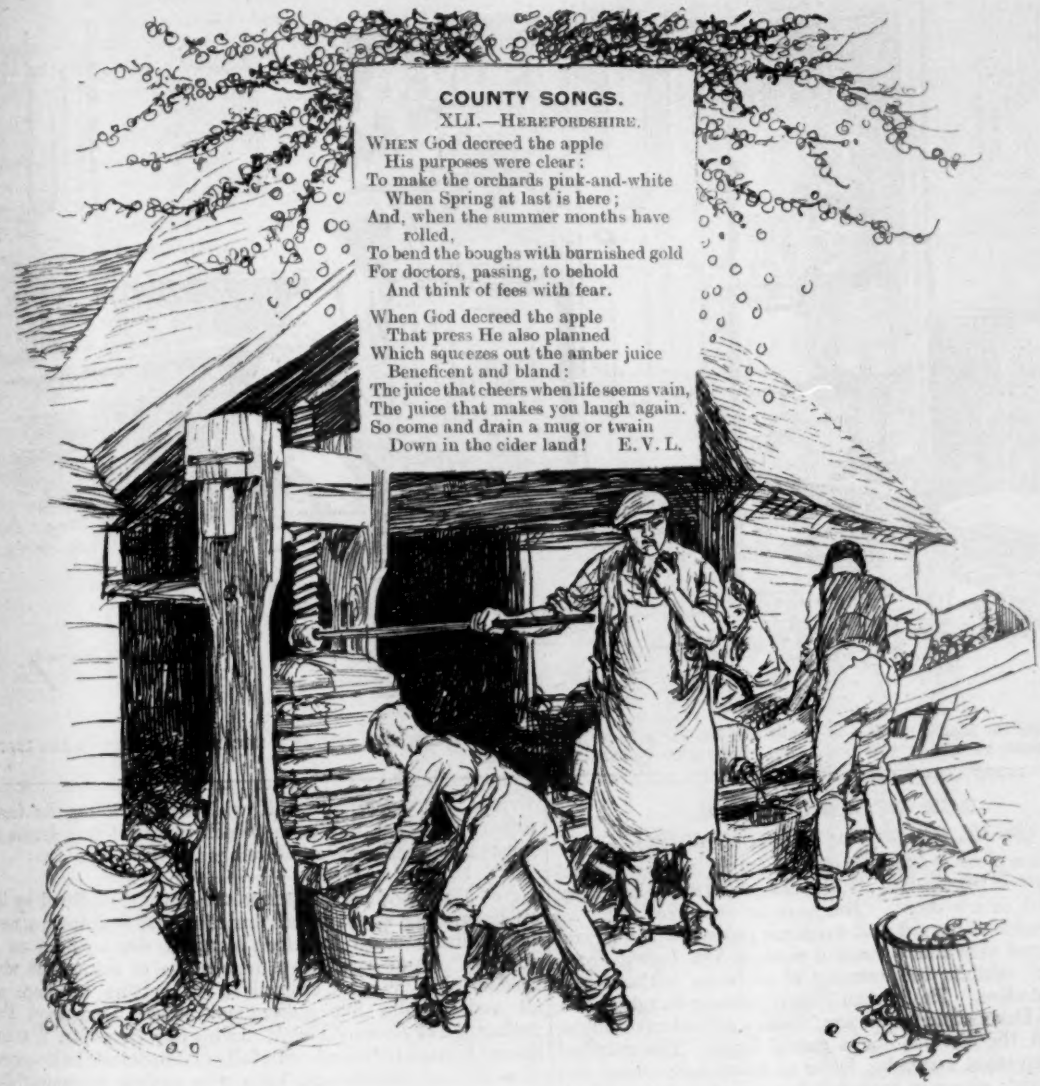
Others again will be seen laying the foundations of a cathedral with bits of silver paper and almond-rock.

COUNTY SONGS.

XLI.—HEREFORDSHIRE.

WHEN God decreed the apple
His purposes were clear:
To make the orchards pink-and-white
When Spring at last is here;
And, when the summer months have rolled,
To bend the boughs with burnished gold
For doctors, passing, to behold
And think of fees with fear.

When God decreed the apple
That press He also planned
Which squeezes out the amber juice
Beneficent and bland:
The juice that cheers when life seems vain,
The juice that makes you laugh again.
So come and drain a mug or twain
Down in the cider land! E. V. L.









Maid (to Master waiting in flooded kitchen for plumber). "NO, SIR, PLEASE, SIR, 'TWASN'T THE PLUMBER; 'TWAS THE LADY NEXT DOOR TO ASK IF YOU 'D BE KIND ENOUGH TO DROWN THIS MOUSE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT was a piece of excellent fortune for all lovers of honest romance that left the late Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN'S last story completed at his death. Buoyant as ever, yet with an undercurrent of hazard and suspense proper to the legend of a doomed ship and a devoted woman, *The Lively Peggy* (MURRAY) exhibits the cunning of maturity without any trace of decline. The human *Peggy*, younger daughter of a pompous Devonshire "squarson," loves a gallant naval officer dismissed the Service for a casual lapse. The nautical *Peggy*, privateer, smuggler, letter of marque, in whom the whole parish, squarson included, has an interest, provides a possible opening for the lady's luckless adorer. *Ex-Lieutenant Bligh* takes service on shore with *Budgen*, the shipwright, whose stake in the ship almost equals the *Rector's*, while his knowledge of her constitution is greater; and after a runaway match with several original features (including the presence of the groom's unsuccessful rival, *Sir Albery Wyke*) *Mr.* and *Mrs. Charles Bligh* return to Beremouth, where their presence constitutes a perpetually infuriating feature of the obdurate *Rector's* congregation. His elder daughter *Augusta*, a good Georgian portrait of a woman of the "icily regular" school, does her best to preserve the feud; *Sir Albery* and *Peggy's* delightful friend, *Charlotte Bicester*, try their utmost to scotch it. Domestic tension is at its height when the privateer sails—under circumstances which remind me of a famous IBSEN catastrophe—with young *Bligh* as captain and *Budgen's* nephew, cherished as the last life in the shipwright's lease, as stowaway. What befalls her and how her fortunes react on the group ashore I will not divulge, but content myself with commending the fresh scenery and sparkling air in which this well-knit drama of spirits and circumstances develops itself.

Nor Many Waters (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is offered by its publishers as a story which "marks quite definitely a new and exciting stage in Alec Waugh's development as a novelist." And certainly a new stage of some kind was needed. Mr. WAUGH seemed to be getting nowhere at all and, despite five subsequent novels, remained the author of *The Loom of Youth*. In his new novel Mr. WAUGH has set himself to describe carefully and in detail the progress of a divorce-suit brought by a wife against an unfaithful husband. It is instructive because the public knows little of what goes on behind the scenes in these cases, and to instruction is added human interest in the disastrous infatuation of the young solicitor for his client, the petitioner in the suit. For the period of his story Mr. WAUGH has gone back twenty-five years, presumably because it was necessary that the husband's infidelity should not in itself be a sufficient ground for divorce. But by taking so remote a period he has created difficulties for himself that he hardly seems to have realised. He has sought to recapture the opening years of the century by substituting "four-wheeled cab" for "taxi" and introducing a reference to BEARDSLEY drawings and MORRIS wall-papers. But he should not have allowed his young man of fashion to dissolve scented crystals in his hot baths, nor should the erring husband have played a game of bridge in which "three no trumps" was called over "three spades." (In those days we "left it to you, partner," did we not?) However, I am grateful for this book because it does at least mark the author's break with the narrow little world

of night-club and cocktail which for so long held him in thrall. The "new stage" may be only one of promise, but it suggests that Mr. ALEC WAUGH may yet be something more than the author of *The Loom of Youth*.

Here's a book from HUTCHINSON—
Bobbie, and it takes the bun
For the furthest-fetched of plotting
That a pad was ever blotting;
Mrs. CONYERS (DOROTHEA)
Wrote it. This is the idea:—

Robert Bryan, o'ld and rich,
Owns an Irish home from which
He has kicked his son. The latter
Dies *sans* aught but twins. No matter,
For (writes Grandpa) they 'll inherit
If the boy-twin shows some merit.

Robert and *Roberta* (who
Are the twins) in point of view
Differ. *Bob* says (pride 's his hobby),
"He be damned." *Roberta* (*Bobbie*)
Goes, as *Bob*, to grandpa, dressing
As a man and no one guessing;

But as to how she plays her part,
Hunts, and wins a grandsire's heart,
Even, *as a bridegroom*, marries;
Yet how Mrs. CONYERS carries
All things to an uninjurious
End where *Bobbie* sheds the spurious,
You must read—should you feel curious.

Sir GEORGE ARTHUR's miniature biography, *Lord Haig* (HEINEMANN), is less a complete life-story than an appreciation in popular terms of the great soldier's character and work, and most of all perhaps of the difficulties under which that work was done. The writer is very successful in maintaining a smooth and apparently unhurried narrative, notwithstanding that some rather surprising short-cuts are needed to enable him to cover the ground at all in the space of hardly more than a hundred-and-fifty pages. He contrives to include a quite fascinating account, at considerable length from Earl HAIG's own hand, of some not very important skirmishing in the Atbara campaign, but the details of the grim Paschendaele fighting of 1917, for instance, are mentioned only in terms of casual reference. In this volume one seems to see in actual operation those natural processes by means of which a trusted and admired personality of his own day is elevated in the course of time to an almost legendary dignity. In the case of Earl HAIG the process, to which, one cannot help thinking, he would himself have keenly objected, has already set strongly in, and his future association with MARLBOROUGH and WELLINGTON seems assured, even though his own diaries, which may well clinch the matter in the eyes of future generations, still lie sealed in the British Museum. The present author has no doubts on the question, but one could wish he had found it possible to offer his tribute to the British Commander without undue disparagement of certain of his hero's fellow-countrymen, soldiers and statesmen, whose share in the Great War effort has not yet been finally assessed.



"ALWAYS WANTIN' SOMEFINK DIFFERENT FER 'IS SUPPER, 'E IS. GO AHT AN' GIT A 'ARE, 'E SEZ—TAKES ME FER A BLINKIN' GREY'OUND!"

I gather from Miss H. F. M. PRESCOTT's new novel that life was a precarious business in the thirteenth century. The underlings of the age lived with one eye on the gallows; their overlords were constantly on the point of losing wife or fief through the capricious intervention of Church or State; the wives and fiefs, distracted by never quite knowing to whom they belonged, were anything but loyal, and quarrelsomeness and the inveterate quarreller's total lack of humour was the mark of the epoch. All this I might have taken for gospel had I not some reason for suspecting Miss PRESCOTT of presenting only what immediately serves a resolutely unhappy catastrophe. She introduces, for instance, JACQUES DE VITRY, who flits across three pages and disappears, and the casual reader is left entirely unaware that a brilliant man of letters and most amusing *raconteur* has passed him in the inadequate guise of promoter of an ecclesiastical lawsuit. Mistakenly, I think, *The Lost Fight* (CONSTABLE) has no use for comic relief, but preserves throughout a sombre unity which extends even to its heroine's clothes. This

heroine, *Douce of le Tor*, is the spouse of an honest happy-go-lucky knight, who moves across Europe on the affairs of the Crusades encumbered by a wife and sister-in-law. *Erembors*, the sister-in-law, is a minx. *Douce* rather lives up to the Scots reading of her attractive name; yet it is *Douce*, not *Erembors*, who lures *Adam of Morteigne*, an upright young noble, into conduct unbecoming a Crusader. Their love and its tragic consequences are eloquently depicted; but what pleased me best was the fresh and delicate background of walled towns, feudal castles and harbours crowded with Crusading sail.

Patricia Lancaster's Revenge (LONGMANS) is, as her readers will not be disappointed to learn, an account, by Miss BEATRICE CHASE, of life on Dartmoor. *Patricia Lancaster*, Lady of the Manor of Queenshead, is the famous and charming authoress of a number of books upon the same inexhaustible subject. *Patricia* lives alone in the Manor House, attended by three ex-bluejackets, one yellow cat and a bull-dog; and the story is mainly concerned with the tracking of a kind of literary pirate, who uses *Patricia's* name to secure publication of certain spurious articles upon the almost copyright Devonshire theme. Lovers of the quiet open stretches of Dartmoor will enjoy revisiting, with *Patricia*, Mel Tor and its surroundings, and will no doubt learn some lore which will be new to them. The book is designed to make special appeal to women, so that tradition, at any rate, will not be violated by a suggestion that the curious might be well advised, after reading the first chapter, to "glance at the end." Otherwise the too harassing expectation of the development of the plot may interfere with the assimilation of the valuable information which is afforded about domestic economy, feminine attire, cookery, beauty-culture and other important matters. It would, of course, be unfair to give away the actual nature of *Patricia Lancaster's* revenge, but Miss CHASE'S readers will be relieved to know that it was taken in strict accordance with the most orthodox Christian principles.



Mrs. Newgold (reading daughter's letter from school). "I CAN'T MAKE OUT WHETHER DORIS WANTS A 'OCKEY OR A JOCKEY OUTFIT."
Mr. Newgold (largely). "SEND 'ER BOTH."

Mr. E. KEBLE CHATTERTON, in his new volume, *Ventures and Voyages* (LONGMANS), continues his industrious researches in the by-ways of English maritime history. For the most part he has drawn his subjects from eighteenth-century sources, and, although the stilted verbiage of the originals of that period have evidently rendered them a good deal less inspiring than the simple vigorous narratives of the Elizabethans, he has succeeded in unearthing a good deal that is both new and interesting. Perhaps the best of his chapters are those which deal with the wreck of the *Grosvenor* and with the adventures of JOHN JEWITT among the Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island. Some few of his stories are concerned with incidents of the late War, and, with the best will in the world towards international conciliation, I am bound to confess that I am getting a little tired of the apotheosis of the German commerce-destroyer, whose exploits, after all, were principally at the expense of unarmed opponents of inferior speed. I note a curious lapse on the author's part, due possibly to an error in translation, where he describes the *Pass of Balmaha*, afterwards the raider *Seeadler*, as carrying "single royals." Even when the process of breaking up sail surface was at its height I doubt whether any such thing as a double royal ever existed.

"SAPPER" has added a recruit to the band of *Hugh Drummond's* devotees, and has allowed him to tell *The Female of the Species* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Apart from the fact that *Joseph Dixon*, the recruit, is at times more fatuous than is credible, I have nothing to say against him or the story which he relates. By this time you either have or haven't the "SAPPER" habit, and, if you have, the latest (but apparently not the last) contest between the wonderful *Hugh* and his enemies will give breathless entertainment. It is scarcely necessary to say that *Drummond* and his friends get themselves into and out of many tight corners, and I have nothing but praise for the ingenuity with which the final scene of this series of adventures is staged.

Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE has a power to beguile us that goes far beyond a keen grasp of the humour of words and a sublime insight into the manners and customs of the genus chump. He carries us away with him into a world pre-eminently fit for jolly people like ourselves to live in. We read and wonder whether after all his is not the real world, the world in which we think we live being nothing but a sort of heavy nightmare born of the lamentable doctrine that life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal. Even his crooks and gangsters have about them a touch of ameliorating humanity, a saving grace of lightheartedness that makes them almost lovable. In *Money for Nothing* (JENKINS) we are once again in WODEHOUSE country. There is a chump, there is a charming girl, there are agreeably fatuous crooks; there are as many minor but delightful ingredients as there were in a pre-War lark, steak, kidney and oyster pudding. What more need be said?

Judge RUEGG lays the scene of *Flash* (DANIEL) in the Staffordshire of some hundred years ago, and chooses for his hero *Geoffrey Freville*, a man of courage and charm but of such an adventurous disposition that he broke the laws of the land. To read of this quiet Staffordshire village, with its postmistress (who knew everything and everybody), its love-sick maidens, its social magnates and those who aspired to social magnitude, is really to get back into the rural England of the middle of last century. Judge RUEGG has drawn this picture of village life with care and skill, and additionally has told a tale of adventure that is exciting enough but never lurid.

CHARIVARIA.

SINCE the publication of photographs of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL laying bricks, several bricklayers have intimated their readiness to try their hands at a Budget.

* * *

When it became known that there was no truth in the announcement that the University of Budapest had made GNOCK a Doctor of Philosophy, the idea of making a representative philosopher an honorary clown was hastily abandoned.

* * *

Partridges are small this season in many districts, it seems, but coveys are well stocked. Some sportsmen find it just as easy to hit a large covey of small birds as a small covey of large ones.

* * *

Although it is rumoured that Lord BIRKENHEAD has definitely decided to give up politics, it is also rumoured that arrangements are being made for politics to be carried on.

* * *

But in view of the fact that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA is alleged to be going into business we hasten to point out that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL only laid those bricks as an amateur.

* * *

An American author of eighteen has had his first novel banned by the libraries, but we hope that he won't let this early success turn his head.

* * *

When Mr. JACK JONES, M.P., figured in a "scene" at the Trade Union Congress at Swansea and was ordered to resume his seat, the general feeling was that he seemed to forget that he was not in the House of Commons.

* * *

The report that the manuscript of POE'S *The Raven* has been acquired for the British Museum will have revived regrets that nobody thought of having the original bird stuffed.

* * *

A wife at Willesden expressed the hope that her next time on earth would be as a man. She didn't say if she would like it to be in Willesden.

* * *

Long hair, MUSTAPHA KEMAL points out, constitutes for women a backward movement. This is evident when they brush it.

The Daily Mail has fitted a room in London with machinery to measure noise, and it is said to be so sensitive that it even registers the faint murmur made by *The Daily Express*.

* * *

"The English oyster," says a medical writer, "is a good mother." As a wife too it is to her credit that she doesn't nag.

* * *

With reference to the suggestion that football is too dangerous for policemen, a chief constable protests that no game is worth much unless it has a little bite in it. We hold to our opinion, however, that biting in any game is unsporting.

* * *

A Turkish poet has had his brain X-rayed. Some poets ought to have their brains examined under a powerful microscope.

* * *

The hare that raced a train for three miles near Gravesend recently is believed to have been actuated by a desire to test the claim that trains on local branches of the Southern Railway are faster than greyhounds.

* * *

King's Cross Point, Arran, we learn, is so-called because it was the starting-point of ROBERT BRUCE'S journey which led to Bannockburn. Some archæologists assign this distinction to King's Cross station.

* * *

ISHAK HELMY declares that he swam the Channel to please the King of EGYPT. Nobody ever did it to please PHARAOH.

* * *

We hear a lot about theatre pests, but not a word about those inconsiderate people who take their places in the stalls before the curtain goes up, so that later arrivals have to squeeze past them.

* * *

A *Daily Mail* reader has not been troubled by nightmares since he changed the position of his bed. In extreme cases relief is sometimes obtained by changing the newspaper.

* * *

Scottish plain-clothes detectives are commended for good work. Nothing is heard, however, of policemen in dress-tartan.

* * *

The skeleton of a girl of four thousand years ago has been found at Goodwood in a sitting position. Perhaps she believed the bookie when he said he would be back later on.

* * *

Crocodiles can go three months without eating. Bathing in African waters must have a fascinating spice of danger owing to the possibility of a dip coinciding with the end of a crocodile's quarter.

* * *

At an open-air representation of *Carmen* a bull chased the leading soprano. We understand that the management have regretfully declared that they cannot guarantee that the animal will do this at every performance.

* * *

A *Daily Express* reader intends to plant some bulbs or seeds in a lovely spot in Surrey, with the object of making it more beautiful still. In our opinion readers of the popular Press are over-anxious to gild the lily.



Wife (to husband, whose attempt to fix aerial to chimney-stack has not met with success). "GEORGE, DEAR, SHALL WE JUST GIVE UP THE IDEA AND BUY A PORTABLE SET INSTEAD?"

Mr. Punch's Compleat Letter-Writer.

"Dear Mrs. Smith,—It will give me much pleasure if you and Mr. Smith will come to tea with me on Friday next at 4.30. I have a cousin staying with me, and am trying to show her some of the sights.—Yours sincerely ——"

OUR AMATEUR JOURNALISTS.

THE other day, when I ran across Lawkins, one of the dwindling race of professional journalists, he was a trifle disgruntled because his clever little weekly feature in *The Sunday Whirl* looked like being swamped for months to come by the wordy series of reminiscences of a ticket-of-leave man.

"This amateur scribbling," he said, "is particularly rife amongst the criminal classes; and to me there is a sort of rough justice in the fact that the Sandbag murderer might possibly have escaped a hanging had he given more time to his legal adviser instead of preoccupying himself with the literary agents who thronged his cell. Altogether, judging by the hearty encouragement bad men receive from newspaper proprietors, one would think that these noblemen believe that our gaols are forcing-houses of latent literary genius.

"I wouldn't mind so much," he continued, "if this preference shown for the compositions of gaol-birds threw the whole profession of journalism into such disrepute that the legion of amateurs recoiled from the indelible disgrace of publication in newsprint, thus leaving the field to the professionals, who would endeavour to bear up stoically under the stigma. But such are the times we live in that even a peer of the realm would see nothing derogatory in appearing in print cheek by jowl with a snide.

"Of course the respectability of the Press is preserved by our ever-present ecclesiastical scribes, for clergymen (above the rank of curate) are even more heartily welcomed as Pressmen than crooks; so true indeed is this that a Dean who out of curiosity looked in for a moment at a fancy-dress ball in his ordinary clothes was unanimously awarded first prize for his accurate get-up as a journalist.

"Lord Pullproof," Lawkins went on, referring to the proprietor of a journal which claims the largest incidence of casualties amongst its registered readers, "is prone to employ amateur writers on the slightest pretext. To-day it is evident that he regards a certain actor as peculiarly fitted to write up the current murder trial because this actor makes a great hit in Act III. of *The Copper's Nark*. The result, I think, proves Lord Pullproof to be in error, for the account is devoid of zest and is written in a patronising style as if the actor thought the Old Bailey trial was badly produced and the alleged murderer in the dock palpably miscast.

"I have an intuition that the next notoriety to receive overtures from Lord Pullproof is a detective who goes to earnest and murky theatrical performances disguised as a highbrow; he is the human sleuth-hound who detected a girl performing at a cabaret-show in a costume which was practically neither here nor there. Lord Pullproof, I fancy, is going to snap up this detective and give him the job of leading dramatic critic."

"By the way," I interrupted, "what do the pukka journalists do?"

"There 's journalism," he replied. "You would be surprised at the number of journalists who do a bit of journalism on the sly. *Somebody*, you see, has to write the autobiographies, epigrams, intimate paragraphs and what-not of the popular amateur scribblers. Take the case of Brown. For twenty years Brown was the anonymous writer of a social causerie, 'The World Goes Round,' in *The Weekly Shock*; but when Lady Flossie (formerly number three from the left in the Frivolity Chorus) got into hot water with the King's Proctor over her third divorce Lord Pullproof at once sacked Brown and gave Lady Flossie his job. Now, by a strange coincidence, Lady Flossie had been in the habit of employing Brown to write her articles for her—'What a Girl Should Look For in a Man,' and so on, and her contributions to symposia, such as 'What Life Means to Me'—so when Pullproof gave her Brown's job on *The Weekly Shock* it occurred to her that Brown might be just the man to do the writing part of it for her.

"Except that Brown is fearful of ruining his prose style by writing 'The World Goes Round' in a girlish pseudo-Lady-Flossie manner, packed with clichés, the new arrangement appears to be satisfactory to all parties. Lord Pullproof and, presumably, his subscribers find the causerie greatly improved now that it appears over the signature of an experienced *divorcée*; Lady Flossie (who is a regular reader of the work over her name) very much enjoys being grossly overpaid for it by Lord Pullproof; and Brown is delighted to do his old job at a higher salary, for stage folk are noted for being open-handed, and Brown's verdict of Lady Flossie as an employer is that she is as generous a woman as ever did the splits."

"SEASIDE APARTMENTS.
Gt. Yarmouth. Board-Res., mid-day din."
Nottingham Paper.

We can get our mid-day din down here.

"Scott gnawed his neatly-trimmed moustache."—*Magazine Story.*

You have to be a bit prognathous to do this.

THE WILLOW SONG.

WHEN Fashion said to the girl, "Be slim,"
And each, in her wondrous way,
Grew slight of body and light of limb,
And all in a single day;
When never a flounce or frill was seen,
And never a curve where curves had been,
And the feminine leg (an engrossing member)
Gave us a long display—
I gave my heart to the willowy girl;
I said, "She is more my line
Than the fluffed-out puffed-out billowy girl
That yesterday called divine;
I like her slender, I like her light;
The whole effect is exactly right;
And I 'll take my oath that the pillowy girl
Shall never be love of mine."

And now, when Fashion again has swerved,
And every girl of taste
Must be well-covered and neatly-curved,
With signs, I 'm told, of a waist;
When frills and flounces are all the go,
And a mild demeanour is *comme il faut*,
And legs, they say, will be tamely hidden
By petticoats long and laced—
I give my heart to the billowy girl,
As a flowery thing to see,
For the dancing prancing willowy girl
Is not what a girl should be;
If Eve had a figure (as I believe)
Then all Eve's daughters should be like Eve,
And I feel convinced that the pillowy girl
Is really the girl for me.

DUM-DUM.

A Little Drama of the South Seas.

"'Aloha,' Hawaii's word of all meanings, is used as an expression of friendship or love and can mean either 'hell' or 'farewell.'"
Manchurian Paper.

Hawaiian lover, passionately, to his lady: "Aloha."
She, frigidly: "Aloha."
(He kills himself.)

"Subscribers of last Season wishing to retain their Boxes or Stalls for the forthcoming season are informed that, according to Government General Regulations (Clauses 35) they must apply at the 'Booking Office' not later than the 1st September next."
Maltese Paper.

This is the kind of thing that makes the Maltese cross.



THE NEW PLAGUE OF LONDON.

LAVENDER GIRL. "AND THEY ONCE USED TO CALL *ME* NOISY!"



Mother. "OH, DORIS, SO NAUGHTY—AND YET YOU PRAYED THIS MORNING TO BE MADE A GOOD GIRL."
Doris. "BUT, MUMMY, I DIDN'T MEAN RIGHT AWAY."

INNOCENTS AT HOME.

IV.—RUS IN URBE.

I TOLD you last week that while we were seeing the National Gallery through American horn-rims we met a party of provincials "oop for t' daay." Well, that gave us a fresh idea. We decided that we too would see London as the country cousin sees it. I mean, of course, the real country cousin, not the kind that periodically pays a three-days' visit simply in order to hit the giddy Metrop. such a crack that the night-clubs are quite impossible for respectable people any time after two A.M.

So one morning behold Percival and me at Paddington Station, "just coom oop vrom Zummerzet," or rather from Loamshire, and with our mouths already wide open. I wore a very Norfolk jacket and cord breeches, of such a cord that one could strike safety-matches on the seat. Percival, who does things perhaps a trifle too thoroughly, wore the same, but in addition he sported gaiters made, I should say, of rhinoceros-hide, and three straws in his hair under a very furry hat something like a pudding-basin with mudguards at front and rear. In short he looked good.

"Eh, ba gum, lad, thikky 's girt Lunnon town, sure-lie, howsumever," began Percival, touching in one sentence more counties than "girt Lunnon" ever has.

I at once restrained the man—one can overdo these things—and asked a passer-by to direct us to Hyde Park, which seemed a good, though perhaps risky, place to begin upon. He obliged in a strong Welsh accent, and in a few minutes we found ourselves at the Marble Arch.

Here, gazing about us, we soon found fastened to the railings a metal plate which read:—

> "*The triangular stone in the roadway sixty-nine feet north of this point indicates the site of the ancient gallows known as Tyburn Tree.*"

"Tyburn tree an' all," said Percival in enthusiastic Loamshire, adding in surprised Middlesex that, although he passed that corner three times a week, he had never seen the plate before. I pointed out that, being a Londoner really, his ignorance was quite natural, and he should console himself with his knowledge of the true site of the old Guillotine in Paris, unknown of course to many Parisians. After which we stepped out to view the triangular stone in the roadway.

"Eh, bor," began Percival lyrically, "what a mort o' poor laads must have lost their lives at this spot."

A policeman coming up at the double just prevented one more life, Percival's, being lost at that spot—this time through the medium of a No. 16 bus instead of the hangman's rope.

We were carefully escorted to the pavement and told to keep on it till we left London.

This left us free to visit the Park, and, once inside, we agreed that we would not speak to anyone unless spoken to first, in order to see exactly what did happen to Willum and Jarge when

up in that there Lunnon. So we began to walk slowly southwards, looking, I must say, rather a gift.

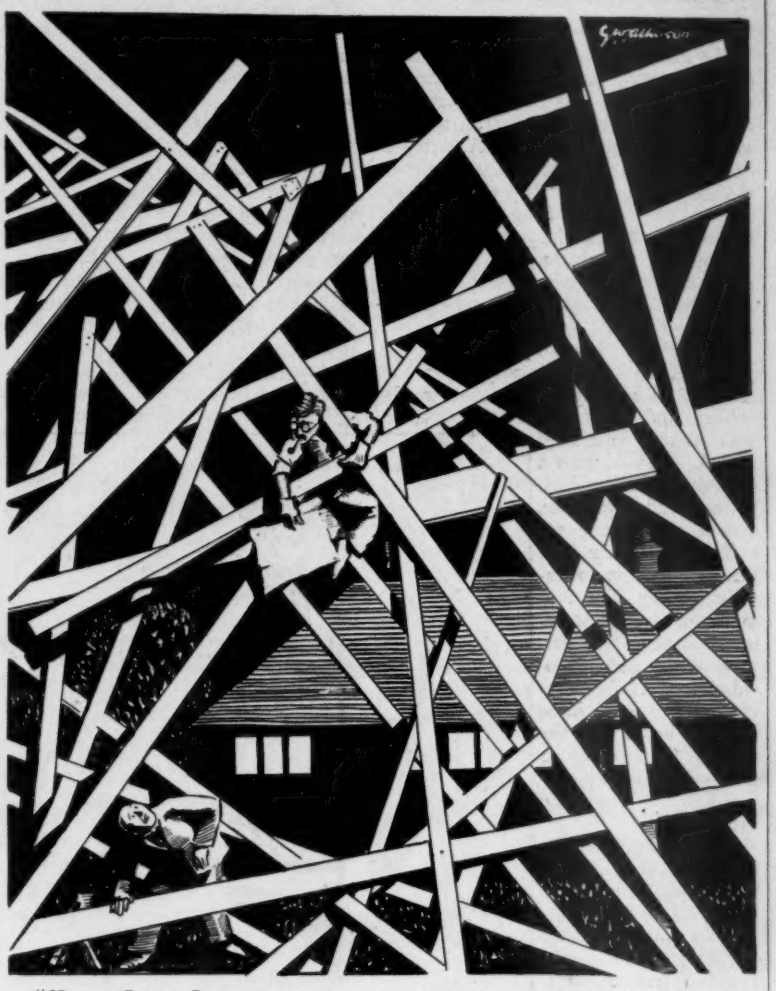
The first person to mark us down was a small boy, who, starting with a request for cigarette-pictures, put up an ingenuous demand for two halfpennies for a penny, which latter he subsequently failed to find. I think the reason he gave was that it had slipped through a hole in his pocket; but whatever it was, Percival of course fell for it.

No sooner had he left than another youngster came up and, after asking for the right time, please, inquired if we knew of a place where one could buy sweets, as he wished to give his baby brother a present. Percival again played the part assigned him.

The next boy was slightly older, but less cunning; or perhaps, seeing our clothes, he did not think us worth any higher strategy. He merely pointed out with great affability that my bootlace had come undone, and then remarked that strangely enough to-day was his birthday. Percival was struck by the coincidence and wanted to signalise it. But I stopped him; for I could see a kindly old gentleman with white hair awaiting his turn in the unobtrusive queue that was now following us.

This old man was obviously out for big business. He began on the subject of the sheep grazing nearby in the Park as being likely to interest us. He talked learnedly about Suffolks and Dorsets, and Percival equally learnedly said, "Iss fay, sure-lie. Them 're gude uns vor wool." The old gentleman then talked about Black Faces and Lonks, and Percival, still competing well, said that Black Faces were an open book to him and that he actually came from Lonkshire. With a reassuring glance at Percival's leggings the white-haired old sinner next hailed a taxi and invited us to drive round London with him and see the sights.

The drive was well worth it: our guide was exceedingly widely-informed. He showed us a London such as we had never seen before. He pointed out Marble Arch at Hyde Park Corner, and St. Paul's at Westminster, and, spreading himself slightly, the Army and Navy Stores at Wellington Barracks with the employees arrayed in uniform. The Houses of Parliament he kept in their correct site, but he named several of the men just then knocking-off for the dinner-hour from their work on the fabric restoration as prominent Labour Members coming out after an all-night sitting. Mr. J. H. THOMAS in particular I noticed in well-cut corduroys and a dress neckerchief; while Mr. SCRYMGEOUR carried a bottle in his coat-pocket.



"HULLO, JAMES, I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING IN FOR ONE OF THOSE SECTIONAL GARAGES?"
"NO, I AM KNOCKING UP A SIMPLE SHED OF MY OWN DESIGN."

Having seen us apparently swallow all this, he no doubt decided he might reasonably conduct an offensive. He dismissed the taxi, Percival of course paying, and began a long story about a friend of his in Spain whom he hadn't seen for years, and who had just died leaving a curious bequest in his will. In fact it was something to do with treasure. . . .

Percival was getting quite excited about it when I determined to intervene. Percival is wasted where he is; I feel somehow he ought to live in a vicarage and buy oil-plots in Texas. I was just about to forestall our friend by asking him very politely whether he would let me hold his pocket-book for him as a mark of faith, when a man passing by stopped and said to us in a broad country accent: "Doan't 'ee have naught to do with un, Mister! 'E be what they call a confidence-tricker, 'e be. I know un!"

He then passed on, and so did the white-haired old man, but in the opposite direction. We were so shaken that even Percival said, "Thanks frightfully, old man!" in his best B.B.C. Oxford. And not the least annoying thing about it was that this genuine countryman was dressed in an ordinary lounge-suit, without even a single whiff of stable.

A. A.

"No game has any serious appeal to Britishers that has not in it some element of risk, the possibility of accident. Kipling, who has a genius for stating in poetic fashion what most people think, has asked the question:—

> What game was ever worth a rap
> For mortal men to play,
> Into which no danger, no mishap,
> Could possibly find its way?"
>
> *Sunday Paper.*

Doesn't that come out of *Endymion*?

THE A.A. GIRL.

My little car had begun to splutter and pop and, having no mechanical skill whatever, I was just thinking that the sooner a garage the better, when I saw what looked like an A.A. road-service outfit coming towards me in the gathering dusk. And then, to my astonishment, I saw that the driver of the motor-bike, with its yellow-and-black cabinet side-car, was a girl. My engine petered out as she came abreast of me, and she had passed me by before I hailed her pretty sharply.

"Hi, stop!" I cried.

She pulled up a little way down the road, got off her bicycle and came towards me. I had a good look at her. She was dressed in a kind of A.A. uniform, with a smartly-cut brown skirt, gaiters and gauntlets, and a peaked cap set cunningly on her bob. She was an extraordinarily pretty girl and made a perfectly charming picture. How sensible of the A.A., I decided, to start this kind of thing! The feminine patrol; beauty to the rescue. Meanwhile I climbed out of my car.

"Yes?" she said calmly.

"If the patrols do not salute, stop and ask them why," I rejoined.

"Oh, I forgot."

"No police traps, or anything of that sort?" I asked her thoughtfully.

"I didn't see any."

She turned to go.

"Here, steady!" I exclaimed. "For heaven's sake don't leave me. I've broken down."

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know," I replied. "That's for us to find out."

"Us?" rejoined the girl in surprised tones.

"Well, you," I said frankly. "I don't know the first thing about cars; I expect you know a great deal. By the way," I went on, "do tell me, am I right in addressing you as an A.A. guide? If you were a man you'd be a scout, wouldn't you? The opposite number of scout is, I believe, guide."

"I believe it is."

"In that case," I went on, "there's work in the world for a guide to do. An established guide slogan," I explained. "I am sure," I added gracefully, "that it applies to an A.A. guide also."

The girl did not respond to this by flinging open the bonnet or tickling the carburettor.

"It's quite a new idea, isn't it?" I said presently.

"What's a new idea?"—she was studying my two-seater abstractedly—"not this car, surely?"

"No, I meant the women's section of your organisation—marvellous, simply marvellous the way women are nowadays absolutely making good. You're quite right," I hastily continued, seeing the look in her eyes, "in supposing that this car is old. It's very old. I got it for a song."

"A part-song?" asked the A.A. girl.

I decided that the A.A. were developing their humorous department.



"JUST ONE FLYING LEAP, GRANNY, AND YOU'LL BE OVER."

"Yes," I admitted, and then feeling I must encourage her to grapple with the call of duty I said more sternly, "Would you like an adjustable spanner?"

"I'd like a cigarette," she said, feeling for one.

"Let me—— Here you are."

"Thanks so much," she murmured as I lit it for her.

She smoked in silence for a minute or two and I determined to risk a little technical conversation, though my knowledge of cars is most superficial.

"It's a curious thing," I began, "how the contact-breaker's rocker-spindle——"

"The *what*?"

"The contact-breaker's rocker-spindle. Isn't that the correct term? Perhaps you, as a representative of the A.A., can enlighten me?"

"I'm not in the A.A.," she said, "and I don't suppose I know much more about cars than you do. As a matter of fact I'm on my way to a fancy-dress dance at Rattlebury, and I hired the bike from the scout at Little Dithering. The kit is my own idea. Do you like it?" she added more gently.

"Yes, I do," I assured her. "I'm going to that dance too," I went on pleasantly.

"But you were coming away from Rattlebury, weren't you?"

"I must have lost the road," I returned. "Would you be so very kind as to give me something in the nature of a lift?"

"I can give you a lift, I suppose," she admitted. "What about your car?"

"Well, we'll leave it here," I said, "and turn the lights on. May it make somebody happier than it has made me!"

I switched on the lights while the girl got her bicycle running. I then climbed on to the cabinet and sat there cross-legged.

"All right," I shouted cheerfully; "let her go."

"A.A., Sir," she replied, and slipped in her clutch.

The jerk of starting threw me off the cabinet into the road and the motor-bike vanished into the night. Chug, chug, chug. . . . And of course the exasperating thing was that I actually was going to that fancy-dress dance at Rattlebury all the time and I really had lost my way. Beneath my all-weather mackinproof I was dressed, rather appropriately, as a tramp.

Queer Recreations of a Motorist.

"A shore ranger said defendant was driving round in circles. The defendant admitted to witness that he drove at forty miles an hour inside a parking place."—*Daily Paper.*

The Grand Labels of France.

"The champagne—Chateau Yquem—was declared to be the finest vintage in France, but Mr. Kellogg passed it by, and asked for ice water."—*Manchester Paper.*

You can't take an American President in quite so easily as that.

"A quiet, unassuming citizen known as Boo Hoo Hoff is now accused of being the leader of the 'bootlegging' ring."—*Daily Paper.*

We have never heard of Mr. Boo Hoo Hoff. But we have met his relation, Alarms Without.



WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET.

First Lady. "CAN'T YOU GET ON A BIT FASTER? I HEAR THEM RUNNING ON THE TOP."
Second Lady. "I DON'T THINK SO. THIS BEAST SEEMS TO HAVE BLUNTER CLAWS THAN YOURS."

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

Too Much!

WELL, Mrs. Henn, and have you heard the latest?
Biggest bit of foolishness to date!
Seems a millionaire
With a lot of cash to spare
Has given fifty thousand to the State.
Just fancy, giving money to the Government!
Might as well have thrown it all away.
Fancy giving money to the Government
When you and me have got the rent to pay!
Nobody can tell what men will do—
Always breaking out with something new;
Nothing can surprise me—can it you?—
But fancy giving money to the Government!

When you think of all the milds and bitters
Fifty thousand Bradburys would buy!
Think of all the fun
You and me could have with *one*—
Isn't it enough to make you cry?
Well, fancy giving money to the Government!
Might as well have put it down the drain.
Fancy giving money to the Government!
Nobody will see the stuff again.
Well, they've no idea what money's for—
Ten to one they'll start another war.
I've heard a lot of silly things, but, lor!
Fancy giving money to the GOVERNMENT!

I know a man who thinks that he's a chicken,
And you should hear him crowing when he lays!
And then there's Uncle Fred
Plays the cornet in his bed—
Well, everyone has funny little ways:—
But fancy giving money to the Government!
Many a man's locked up for less than that.
Fancy giving money to the Government,
And me without a feather to me hat!
Think of all the good he might have done!
It's knocked the stuffing out of me, for one.
Drat me if I don't become a nun!
Well, fancy—
giving—
MONEY—
to the GOVERNMENT!

A. P. H.

THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.

I HAVE never played in such a match before and I shall certainly never play in such a match again. Not that I am complaining, far from it. I am triumphing, for it was by the merest chance that I was present at all.

The match is an annual event—House Party *v.* Village, and my friend, Peter Rogers, has been one of the House Party eleven for the last five years; this year, at the last moment, he had to scratch, and sent me instead. "Thankful to get anyone who can handle a bat, that 's what we are, my dear fellow," said my host when I thanked him for letting a total stranger join the House Party—which was reassuring if not flattering.

It was a scorching Saturday afternoon, with the cloudless sky of one's dreams and the merciless sun of one's nightmares overhead.

"Where will you field?" asked my host at lunch.

"Oh, anywhere in the deep-field," I answered promptly, having inspected the village green in the morning and seen that the church on one side and a big belt of trees on the other provided my best hope of protection from the sun.

My host smiled. "Where do you go in then?"

"About eighth wicket down," I answered for the same reason. It is true that when I am playing for my own club I go in first wicket down and field in the slips, but that was neither here nor there, or rather that was there and not here. But I had reckoned without Peter.

My host laughed heartily and replied, "Well, either you are a very modest fellow or a very lazy one, or Peter is a very imaginative one."

So then I knew the fat was in the fire, and I can only hope I didn't look as idiotic as I felt.

After lunch we changed and walked down to the village green, where I was introduced to the Vicar, who captained the Village. He was a charming person and a good cricketer, but, so I was informed, the most absent-minded man in three counties. "There is a story about him," said my host and captain, "which is, I believe, true. Being overtired one day he went to his room for a sleep, first pinning up a notice on his door, 'Don't go in—the Vicar is resting.' After his nap he returned to his study, but finding he had left his glasses by his pillow ran upstairs again, read the notice, shook his head and went down again without going in so as not to disturb himself. And so," finished my host, "let us hope he will forget to win the toss." Which he obligingly did.

We made a hundred-and-eleven runs, which was not too bad, for the bowling was strange in the extreme and the dandelion and plantain roots gave the ball a most unexpected break. Going in fifth wicket down I was lucky in knocking up thirty runs before being bowled by a ball that bumped three times before it reached me. After tea and when a rusty old roller had bounded up and down the pitch, the Village went in. We ought to have won easily, for they hit out at everything and there were some easy catches; but we gave away endless runs, for our ground-fielding was deplorable and we often gathered dandelions and nettles instead of the ball. If not stylish their batting was vigorous, and when the score reached a hundred-and-six for nine wickets things began to look serious. The Vicar, who had opened the innings, was well set and batting faultlessly, and the bar-tender (the last man in) had the devil's own luck; so what between the saint and the sinner we looked pretty well beaten. The score stood at a hundred-and-ten, one to tie and two to win, when the amazing thing happened. The Vicar let out at a good length ball, and I can only suppose his hands being hot and wet the bat slipped round in them and, instead of driving the ball into the churchyard, he skied it high above his head. We all stood gazing up, and then I heard a dull thud and, looking round, saw that the Vicar had dropped his bat and was preparing—yes, truly!—to catch himself out, and before I had time to recover my wits and stop him, he did it.

Both umpires gave him out, and the question then arose how was it to figure in the score-sheet. My host said, "interfered with the ball"; the Vicar wanted it put "hit wicket"; but the scorer had decided himself, and the Vicar found that he was "caught sub.; bowled Johnson."

Can you beat it?



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IN SEPTEMBER.

SLEEPILY hum
The brown bees all,
Gold is the plum
On the old red wall;
Gold sunflowers clamber
From golden shade,
And steeped in amber
The noons are made.

Butterflies flaunt
In browns and reds,
Butterflies haunt
The dahlia beds,
Dark wings out-thrusted,
Deep wings a-fold,
Goldenly dusted
On dust of gold.

Goldenly stayed
In gold and myrrh,
And lavender laid
The hours occur;
And on old houses
The morning through
A gold light drowses,
White pigeons coo.

But far away
And over a hill
Each golden day
Goes diamond chill,
While Mister Cock Robin
He sings an Amen—
Robin a-Bobbin
A-Bilberry Ben.

P. R. C.

Our Popular Committeemen.

"The Committee is constituted as follows: Lord Adviser to the Ministry), Sir W. H. Peat (the Darling (Chairman); Sir F. A. Jones (Legal eminent accountant)."
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PICTURING—



GALLANT RESCUES—



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Butterflies haunt
The dahlia beds,
Dark wings out-thrusted,
Deep wings a-fold,
Goldenly dusted
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Goldenly stayed
In gold and myrrh,
And lavender laid
The hours occur;
And on old houses
The morning through
A gold light drowses,
White pigeons coo.

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A NIP OF FROST.

EVERYBODY knows Sam's work; it is impossible to pick up a Christmas number without running across his sketches. He specialises, you will remember, in Santa Claus, Snowmen, Ye Olde Tyme Waytes, p'um-puddings licked by flames and Gargantuan turkeys groaning on the festive board—I mean the festive board groan'ng under Gargantuan turkeys. That kind of thing.

He has also a nice side-line in sedan-chairs, sentimental highwaymen and ghosts in chains. Good hearty old-fashioned drawing with plenty of colour in it; except for the snow, of course. Sam's snow is spotless and not to be confused with the real thing, which is frequently messy.

Sam's work wasn't in demand for the rest of the year. He couldn't draw snaky women who looked as if they'd been poured into their clothes; and he hadn't drawn a knee-cap in his life. So he didn't make a cent out of the Summer annuals. If it hadn't been for the Christmas numbers he would have had to give up art and take to Press-photography for a living.

Everybody knows that the Christmas annuals go to press in August, and it was in July that editors usually wrote to Sam reminding him that Christmas was coming and his geese should be getting fat. Generally these reminders arrived in a heat-wave, when the mere thought of geese made Sam livery. But the bread-winner cannot languish through the sultry afternoons if his speciality happens to be snow; he has to roll up his shirt-sleeves, ring for wet towels and the best Bristol-board and sweat out freezing landscapes.

Some artists can do this without turning a hair, but Sam wasn't one of them. The atmosphere wasn't right. In the intervals between swatting flies, soothing fractious children and taking the milk down into the cellar to keep it from curdling, he wrestled with this year's portrait of Good King WENCESLAS. But he could not get the cold crisp snow into his picture while the thermometer was nicely on the boil.

If he had been able to afford a refrigerator he would have curled up happily next the week-end joint and sketched the most convincing snow with his frosted pencil, and he wouldn't have come out until he had acquired chilblains. But an artist whose work is only in demand once a year cannot afford a refrigerator.

It wasn't only the temperature. The whole tone of the place was wrong. Try as he might, he could not paint a blazing log-fire while a bowl of gold-fish ornamented the empty hearth; and the voices of his nieces and nephews drifting in through the open casement did not help at all.

"Your fetch, old thing. You biffed it. Go it, TILDEN!" That was not the stuff out of which captions were made for crinolines and *Sir Roger de Coverley*.

Then Sam had an inspiration. He would create his own atmosphere. Going into the garden, he uprooted a tiny fir-tree, potted it and carried it to his den. Up in the attic he found some *débris* from the previous Christmas. He decorated his room with paper chains until



Visitor. "WILL YOU TELL ME, PLEASE——?"
Porter. "EXCUSE ME, ZUR, BUT I'LL ATTEND TO 'EE WHEN THIS RUSH BE OVER."

it looked like Christmas Day in the workhouse. A bunch of artificial mistletoe hung from the chandelier gave the finishing-touch.

His nieces and nephews were called in to help. "Too quaint!" "How priceless!" "A perfect scream!" they decided when he explained his idea. He pushed them under the mistletoe and, pencil poised over a clean Bristol board, he waited for them to begin.

"How utterly archaic!" they said.

"I want you to kiss," explained Sam irritably.

"What about it?" asked his nephew James. "Shall we crash, Phyll?"

"Too beastly hot," objected Phyllis.

"I don't believe you know how it was done in the good old days," declared Sam. "Let me show you."

Sam showed them how the bucks and gallants of his Christmas number saluted the fair sex.

"Now," he explained, "imagine I am the Squire—a well-set-up handsome rogue. Phyllis is the innkeeper's pretty daughter. She is demure and sly and has dimples. I take her with a bold yet tender embrace, like this——"

He didn't finish his embrace, because at this point the door opened and his wife appeared. He stopped being a red-coated squire out of the Christmas annuals. In fact he looked a little like the henpecked husband of the comic papers.

After that the atmosphere of his home grew distinctly icy. It would have upset most men, but Sam found it most suitable for his special line. He has done some really topping sketches this year, in which his snow and ice look more realistic than ever. You are bound to run across them in the Christmas numbers. W. E. R.

CHUMP AND SIMP.

BROTHERS, born on the selfsame day,
Stanley and Chester, inspire my lay:
Cruelly named; but the family imp,
Molly, rechristened them Chump and Simp.

Neither was noted for brains, and Simp
Was slightly handicapped by a limp
In his dexter leg, and could not jump
Quite so high as his brother, Chump.

Otherwise these amiable twins
Were like each other as peas or pins;
Equally pink and equally plump,
Equally placid were Simp and Chump.

They were always dressed in identical suits;
They could always wear each other's boots;
And Nurse took just the same time to crimp
The curls of Chump as the curls of Simp.



Nervous Youth. "I THINK I OUGHT TO EXPLAIN. MY SERVICE IS ROTTEN; I HAVEN'T PLAYED FOR WEEKS."

Partner. "OH, THAT 'S ALL RIGHT. I 'VE NEVER PLAYED BEFORE."

Side by side they sat on one stool
At the bottom of every form at school,
And never a measle, never a mump
Gave a miss to Simp when visiting Chump.

* * * * *

Only a miracle could have sufficed
To sunder a couple so closely spliced;
But the miracle twelve years ago took place,
With Simp as a rifleman, Chump as an "ace."

Chump in the air and Simp on the ground
Quickly and justly were renowned;
Simp excelled as a sniper, and Chump's
Peculiar *forte* was in bombing dumps.

Family nicknames fill a want
When sponsors have been unwise at the font;
But now there 's no need for Simp or Chump,
For Stanley 's a star and Chester a trump.

Better Than Monkey Gland.

"Thirty-four years ago a man disappeared from Birkenfeld, Westphalia, and a skeleton, found some time later in a wood, was identified and buried in the local cemetery as that of the missing man. To the astonishment of the relatives, the man, now 30 years old, has returned to his native town from America."
Manchester Paper.

A lot of elderly Americans are now hurrying off to the Westphalian woods.

LETTER TO A LADY WHO IS AWAY.

DEAR MADAM,—Life in your absence and that of the normal domestic staff proceeds on the whole smoothly and well. The Temporary Assistant whom you engaged (so you told me) to come in every morning in order to make breakfast and dust has achieved all that was demanded of her. She has come in every morning and made breakfast and dust.

Her timid method of arousing me from sleep occasioned on the second day of her reign a mild *contretemps*, for when eventually I awoke and clothed myself she had departed, and breakfast was cold. Nor was this to be wondered at, since the hour was three P.M.

Breakfast on a bright September afternoon at three P.M. has about it a quality of mysterious sadness, a kind of faëry awe. I was surprised also to discover, whilst making fresh tea, how vast a store of cloves, flour, caraway-seeds, pepper, allspice, and sugar exists in the subterranean part of a home. It was a regular wonderland as I passed from tin to tin. The office-call to know whether I would be there that day struck a jarring note in my contemplation of this underworld.

But I have not told you of Saturday. On Saturday as I was about to leave for my club a young man in uniform appeared at the front-door.

"I am the laundry," he said.

"Well, you have a fine day for it," I replied.

He had an enormous basket, which (the basement being deserted) he placed in the middle of the hall, where it somewhat incommodes the fairway. It seems to be full of contents of various kinds. He had scarcely left when I was confronted by another young man carrying a quantity of white bottles in a cage.

He asked me if I wanted milk.

I told him that as a milk-drinker my best days were done.

He smiled. "It's like this," he said; "what are you doing to-night?"

"Dining at my club," I said. "I can't very well ask you to join me, because I have a guest with whom I am discussing a business affair."

He decided not to give me any milk, asked where the domestic staff was spending its holiday, and explained that he always went to Bournemouth himself because it was quiet-like. A pleasant young man. He should go far in the lactic world.

By the way, who would be a tall slim dark lady, dressed in a kind of green, who invited me to dinner four days from now? She was certainly someone we knew very well, and I recognised her instantly. Of course I accepted with pleasure, but I do not seem to fit her precisely to any particular home or address. Would she be the one whose husband is in the Colonial Office, or the wife of that architect? I can see all this is going to make matters very difficult for me when the moment for dinner arrives.



Father. "AND WHAT PROSPECTS HAS THIS YOUNG MAN OF YOURS?"
Daughter. "WELL, DAD, HE'S GOT AN *AWFULLY* RICH UNCLE WHO'S *FRIGHTFULLY SEEDY.*"

All the clocks in the house have now stopped, and at different times. I am most often deceived by the one in the drawing-room which says twenty-to-nine and the one on the stairs which makes it half-past-seven. There is one which still ticks (the dining-room), but it is wrong by the church. The Temporary Assistant takes the view that the onus of readjusting the time rests upon me. Is that quite fair? I have always regarded it as rather more of a woman's job, especially in the case of the one on the stairs, where the key is so hard to find.

We do not seem to have any dog-biscuits, and, though I often think of Snap during business hours and resolve to buy him his food, I never, whilst returning from the office, remember to supply the deficiency. Not indeed that he is stinted, rather the reverse. Yesterday night there seemed to be nothing for him but cream-crackers and a little *pâté de foie gras*, which he liked immensely, but the affection did not prove mutual, as the saying goes. However, he is quite fit again this morning and romping gaily amongst the nasturtiums, which are so luxuriant that they have overrun all the rest of the flowers.

* * * * *

What might very well have proved a real difficulty—I mean my absent-mindedness in locking myself out while posting a letter and leaving my keys on my dressing-table—was easily set right by a clever piece of home-craft which I know you will admire. I rang the bell of the house next-door, and by the kind permission of their cook (the family is still away) was enabled to clamber out of their bathroom on to the roof, and so along the leads into our own bathroom, the window of which with a masterly foresight I had left undone. There were several tiles in need of repair, and I flatter myself that this would not have been discovered but for my ingenious little ruse.

* * *

Oysters, if not plentiful, are certainly good this year.

* * *

It is strange what a vast accumulation of papers a desk acquires in the course of a few brief days, and I should rather like to know what we do with letters addressed to your brother-in-law's brother, James Peter Harrison. You have some plan of action I know for dealing with the misdirected correspondence of this unfortunate man, but what is it? Do we forward it elsewhere, or give it back to the postman, or do we burn the stuff? I ask because there are some business-looking letters of his lying on my desk as I write, and they are in danger of becoming merged with other things.

Apart from a light dusting I have found it better to forbid the T.A. to interfere with the disposition of objects in my study, especially as I am employed on a rather tricky piece of research-work, which has involved the use of nearly all the volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and other works of reference. Snap has rather entered into the spirit of the thing, making himself a small temporary lair amongst the book-piles, from which he issues now



"GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY EXPRESSION THAT MAN HAS."
"SH-H. I KNOW HIM SLIGHTLY. HE'S A CINEMA ACTOR. HE'S ALWAYS HIT IN THE EYE BY AN EGG."

and then with a growl to snatch an envelope or stray piece of paper and worry it. Poor fellow! I am afraid he finds life a little dull with his mistress away, especially as I have not allowed him to enter the drawing-room at all since the affair of the biscuits and the *pâté*.

* * * * *

It pleases me immensely to think of you all basking in the late sunshine, and I am glad to hear that the children are giving no trouble. Let them cultivate habits of obedience and tidiness whilst they are young and these will never desert them when they grow old. Do you remember the precise amount that was in the *larger* money-box (not Belinda's—I could not open that) when you went away, as certain withdrawals have had to be made on account of small household necessities, and I have made no note of the original sum?

* * * * *

Charles came in for a few moments this evening and said he thought the place looked "uncared-for." I cannot think what he meant by this, unless it was the number of brown-paper parcels in the hall, or my fishing-rod reel which I had been unwinding in the drawing-room in order to test the line. There was certainly no sign of poor Snap's place on the carpet, which had been thoroughly well scrubbed.

I remain, Yours respectfully, etc.,

EVOE.

Our Candid Advertisers.

"For sale, Jacobean dressing-table, nearly new."—*Advt. in Suburban Paper.*

A New Physical Exercise.

"I cannot lie on the back of my head unless the head is considerably raised."
Letter to Health Journal.

And even then it is difficult.

Mr. Punch's Compleat Letter-Writer.

"Dear Sir,—Permit me of to wish you a merry Christmas, when the Yule-log singes cheerfully on the mantel-piece and the turkey-hen see all the family gaily re-unite round she. . . ."—*Extract from a Christmas Letter from a Frenchman.*

How To Advertise.

"Thank God in every moment for His Creation. How sweet fruit He has made for us. ——, Order Supplier and General Merchant, Municipal Market."—*Advt. in Calcutta Paper.*

And what about the Empire Marketing Board now?

TO EVELYN.

[The carcase of "Evelyn," the bear which escaped from a private menagerie at Withdean Hall, Sussex, in March last, was found in a wood four miles from Brighton.]

Evelyn the bear is dead,
Tears of shame and sorrow shed;
Let them disregard who dare—
Dead is Evelyn the bear.
Country folk and folk in towns
See how on the Sussex downs
Nature with maternal care
Summons Evelyn the bear.
Hither brought from foreign parts
To enhance the showman's arts,
Tempted from her rocky lair—
Little Evelyn the bear.
Bear-like, smitten somewhat sore
With a passion to explore,
To the Downs she did repair,
Evelyn the child she-bear.
Scouts and others far and wide
Searched the verdant countryside,
All and sundry failed to snare
Evelyn the nomad bear.
Now at last she has been found
Stiff and cold upon the ground.
Britons all, humane and fair,
Weep for Evelyn the bear.



Father (solemnly). "JOAN, I HAVE JUST HAD A LETTER FROM YOUR FORM MISTRESS."
Minx. "ALL RIGHT, I WON'T TELL MUMS, DADDY DARLING. TA-TA!"

THE TABLET.

"JOHN BLAKE LIVED HERE."

"WHO on earth was John Blake?" asked Lorna.

"A poet, I think," said Irene.

"That was WILLIAM BLAKE," I pointed out.

"An astronomer, I fancy," said Phyllis, "or a musician or an admiral; I 'm not sure which."

We had passed almost through the village and I had pulled up opposite a charming old cottage over whose portal appeared the tablet giving this mysterious information.

"We ought to know, I suppose," smiled Irene.

"Well," I said, "my own opinion is he was an engineer, but I 'm distantly hazy about it. Look here, teas are provided"—I pointed to a written notice on the garden-gate—"let 's go in and have tea, and then we can ask."

We trooped into the garden, a charming little domain odorous with a thousand autumn roses, and selected a table beneath a spreading apple-tree. A buxom woman, who seemed to fit perfectly into the picture, came out at once with a welcoming smile.

"Will you tell us," I said when she had taken our order, "who John Blake was. We 've really come here solely to find out. We ought to know, I suppose, but are rather ignorant, you see."

She laughed. "Not at all, Sir," she answered. "You see he 's really known more locally than outside. He was a great gardener, and simply wonderful with roses. His mixture for dealing with green-fly and mildew together is known all over the countryside."

Our surprise quickly turned to laughter. "Good gracious!" said Irene, "and does that make him worthy of a tablet?"

"Well, Ma'am, my husband has views about these things. If a soldier who killed people, he says, or a King's Minister who robbed them gets a tablet, why not a man who helped to make the world more full of roses?"

"There 's something in that," I chuckled.

"So when my husband took this cottage he put in the tablet. 'And what 's more,' he says, 'as we 're going to do teas, it 'll bring people here to inquire who John Blake was.'"

We cascaded. "Some business-man, your husband," I laughed; "you 'll die millionaires, I expect."

"Well, we do get a lot of people here," she admitted.

"And when did John Blake take his leave of this green-fly infested world?" I inquired.

"Oh, he 's not dead, Sir; very much the other way, I 'm glad to say. That 's him over there."

We gasped. At the bottom of the garden a stout and rosy man with a battered straw-hat on his head was vigorously working a hoe. He nodded jovially as he saw us staring at him.

"Good gracious!" said Irene.

"Then he *still* lives here?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, Sir," she smiled; "he 's my husband."

Our Candid Advertisers.

"Victoria Plums—Local Groan."
Notice in Fruiterer's Shop.

"Still the mystery play! Imagine a merry party being dis-posed of very nosey-ly under the occurred under the very noses of-posed by a mysterious murder that has the guests while the lights were temporarily out."
Australian Paper.

"Doesn't it make you feel topsy-turvey, dear?"



THE RIVALS.

MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT THINGS ARE COMING TO. WHY ARE SO MANY OF MY BEST GENTLEMEN LEAVING ME, I WONDER?"

OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET. "P'RAPS IT'S BECAUSE I MAKE 'EM SO MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE, DEARIE."



The Lady. "OF COURSE YOU *WOULD* BE LATE ON THE VERY DAY YOU PROMISED TO HELP ME TO LAY THE RUSHES IN MY BOWER!"
The Knight. "I'M VERY SORRY, MY DEAR, BUT I HAPPENED TO MEET A FEW OLD ENEMIES OF MINE THAT I HADN'T SEEN FOR YEARS; BUT I CAME AWAY AS SOON AS I COULD."

PUTTING THINGS RIGHT.

To the Editor of "The Scrutineer."

SIR,—In his charming and well-informed article—"Ancient Buildings of Slowshire"—published in your last issue, Mr. Squiggell falls into error in one particular. He refers to the ruined east wall of the old Tithe Barn (now demolished) at Pokesly as being situated "about one-hundred-and-fifty yards from the village pump." In August, 1872, when a boy of twelve, I stayed in Pokesly for a fortnight and well remember passing both the pump and the remains of the old Tithe Barn on several occasions. They were at least four hundred yards apart.

I am sure Mr. Squiggell, whose delightful article greatly interested me, will forgive me for venturing, in the interests of historical accuracy, to correct him on this point. J. M. SOAPIED.

To the Editor of "The Scrutineer."

SIR,—May I be allowed to call attention to a *lapsus calami* in Professor Soapied's admirable letter in your last issue. On reference to *Who's Who*, I find that he was born in June, 1859, so that in August, 1872, when he visited Pokesly, he was not twelve but thirteen years of age.

Professor Soapied, whose meticulous accuracy is of such great value to students of history, will, I am confident, pardon my presumption in noting this solitary little slip. LESLIE PARTWINGER.

To the Editor of "The Scrutineer."

SIR,—Mr. Partwinger, whose interesting letter appeared in your last issue, is a little misleading in his reference to a *lapsus calami* on the part of Professor Soapied. Professor Soapied for some years past has dictated *all* his correspondence to his very competent secretary and it is then typed. VERITAS.

To the Editor of "The Scrutineer."

SIR,—Your correspondent "Veritas" has himself tripped in writing of "Mr." Partwinger instead of Miss Partwinger, the authoress of that very charming story for children, "Lucinda's Two Mugs."

Miss Partwinger, whose work merits far greater recognition than it has yet achieved, lives in a delightful cottage in Migsworth, Midfolk, and is, I understand, engaged on another book in the same *genre*. ADELAIDE SCALES.

To the Editor of "The Scrutineer."

SIR,—The village of Migsworth is situated, not in Midfolk, but just over the border, in Hemshire. The county boundary at this point follows the course of the little river Slyme, and Migsworth lies entirely on the western bank of that beautiful stream.

Miss (or Mrs.) Scales does well in claiming attention for the work of that talented writer, Miss Partwinger, and will, I know, accept my correction in the spirit in which it is offered.

HEMSHIRE NATIVE.

To the Editor of "The Scrutineer."

SIR,—I really must protest against "Hemshire Native's" description of the river Slyme as a "beautiful stream." From its source in a marsh near Muckfield to its junction with the river Swug it is entirely devoid of beauty, and its only claim to distinction is the fact that a bittern (*Botaurus Stellaris*) was ruthlessly shot near its banks as recently as 1913 by a local farmer. B. S. JAGG.

To the Editor of "The Scrutineer."

SIR,—The man responsible for the shooting of a bittern by the river Slyme in 1913 was not a farmer, but a gamekeeper, who now resides in Scotland and, to his credit, has never ceased to regret his action. Mr. Jagg, whose opinion is entitled to the deepest respect, will, I am sure, be glad to have this assurance. British farmers as a body are genuine sportsmen, notwithstanding misguided witticisms in the comic papers. RUS.

To the Editor of "The Scrutineer."

SIR,—Surely "Rus" is mistaken in suggesting that the comic papers habit-

ually impugn the sportsmanship of British farmers. The propensity of the latter to grumbling has been the subject of many jokes, but I do not recollect any tendency on the part of our humourists, pictorial or otherwise, to depict the farmer as a bad or even indifferent sportsman.

ERNEST Y. STRABE.

[This correspondence must now cease. I can't think how it was ever allowed to begin.—ED.]

OLD HATS FOR OLD.

IT is interesting to read, as I did lately, that the British army helmet is to be abolished in favour of, for Infantry and others, the shako, and, for gunners and others, the busby. When this hat first startled a wondering world, goodness knows; but it must have braved the breeze (with the aid of a good stout chin-chain) for about half-a-century, if not more, and I don't believe it has ever been altered. There are, if any, precious few articles of military furniture of which you could say that, and one can only suppose that its bare perfection has foiled the amending zeal of our authorities.

What are the qualities asked for in a military hat? The first essentials are great weight and acute discomfort. These help the wearer to acquire the dignity of baldness; with luck he might even become grey. Grey hair and a dark moustache are, or at all events used to be, a universal feature in the higher ranks, and it is a fair conclusion that they were necessary to those who wanted to get on. The hat should afford no niggling protection against the sun; it should, unless assisted (thereby adding to the discomfort), fall off easily at a walk; and in appearance it should be ridiculous. And of course it should be costly. One would like to add that it ought to be readily destructible and ruined by weather. So it ought; but if you make a thing so hard as to be triumphantly uncomfortable you also make it tough. After all, you can't have everything. And discomfort comes first.

It is only in this respect that the helmet could be said to fail in perfection. Let us consider the noble thing, and, though I believe it has not been abolished yet, keep regretfully to the past tense. It is past for me, anyhow. It was magnificently made of an extraordinarily rigid material that gave nothing. It sat the brow like TENNYSON'S band of pain. If I remember rightly, there was a kind of Cap of Maintenance inside which put the weight on the top of the head as well as round it. Mine, I think, was made of red silk. This would of course have value in its effect on the hair. The erection was naturally topply, and its reluctance to ride the head was thwarted by a gilt metal chain sewn to a highly stuffy thick kind of strap which went under the point of the chin and was hooked on each side to a metal boss on the hat. To the front was affixed a large metal plate. There was a hole on the top. Over this a metal plate was placed, and through the plate was screwed a large block of metal. The lower part of this formed the screw-thread, and the upper was shaped into a ball or spike which affronted the sky vertically. This was probably intended to attract lightning, as a strip of metal ran thence down the back of the hat like a conductor. In rear the hat broadened out a little into a sort of brim, lined with green leather, but care was taken not to allow of protection for the back of the neck.

It will be seen that this creation was as "weel-nigh pairfect" as you would be likely to get. It was heavy, uncomfortable, wobbly, expensive and absurd; but I always thought that its inventor showed his highest ingenuity in the front. He devised a peak which not only gave no defence to the eyes, but, by coming down to a point in front of the upper part of the face, obstructed the vision, so that the wearer, if he wanted to look over the sights of a gun, naturally shoved his helmet back and thereby became improperly dressed. Nor was this all. He ran a gilt strip round the edge of this peak, which, while adding yet a little more to the total weight, collected the rays of the sun bang in front of the eyes.

Unless, like the Greeks, they have sickened of perfection, it beats me to imagine why the authorities are falling on this rare and wonderful thing. They can't improve on it. The shako may be nearly as bad—I mean as good—but nothing will get away from the fact that it has a flat peak. The busby—I remember a man once explaining the difference between that and a helmet. In the latter, he said, you knew you were looking an ass; in the former you had the consolation of feeling that you were pretty. I commend this to those enthusiastic souls who may shortly have to provide themselves with a new and costly hat.

But the finest testimonial to the helmet is that in getting hold of a successor the authorities have had to go backwards. They had to have a change; they knew they couldn't beat it, so they have audaciously brought back the very hats it superseded. It is a bold thing to do, and may lead to others. What about high stocks, and long gaiters with buttons all the way up? What about smooth-bores, ramrods and portfires? After all, the tin hat brought back armour in the war, and with time and encouragement we may yet see cross-bows used to shoot at aeroplanes.

DUM-DUM.



Shocked Lady. "AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF SITTING THERE LIKE THAT? WHY AREN'T YOU WEARING YOUR BATHING-SUIT?"
Small Person. "BECAUSE I'M NOT BATHING."

Billiards Duel.

"Very possibly, it may be the record continuous contest, as I believe this is the first time two players have been matched to play for six weeks on end without a break."
Sunday Paper.

We doubt whether it will last so long. One ball or another is almost certain to trickle into a side-pocket after a cannon.

"Chestnut pale fencing and garden screening; illustrated cat on request."
Daily Paper.

A tortoiseshell cat on a pale fence makes the prettiest colour-scheme.

"A large ash-tray at Market Stainton has also been struck by one of the recent thunderstorms."—*Lincolnshire Paper.*

Fortunately the owner was just dropping his ash on the carpet.



Mother. "DON'T BE SO STUPID! 'E WON'T 'URT *YOU* IF YOU DON'T 'URT '*IM*."

THE GLASGOW GATHERING.

Ho! ho! the merry scientist
He takes his annual spree;
He has a slog, the risky dog,
At gay Biology;
He talks about electrons,
And what he says is good;
And England dotes upon his notes,
As England surely should.

Then pass around the can, my boys,
And toast the British Ass.,
That tells the ways of molecules,
And which, if any, flowers are mules,
And where we stand with gas.

For some have been a-roving
Beneath the silver moon
For embryos and fishes' roes
And fossilised cocoons;
And some have fallen dreaming
On mathematic laws
And whether Time is so sublime
As once we thought it was.

Then pass around the can, my boys,
And toast the British Ass.,
Which never seems to let us down
When all the rich are out of Town,
But educates the mass.

Sing ho! the gay Professor
And gay Professoress,
And dance it out and round about
To please the London Press;
Explain to us eugenics
And where the world must go;
The more we get together, this
bright September weather,
The more, perhaps, we 'll know.

Then pass around the can, my boys,
And toast the British Ass.,
That tells us how the earth is planned
And whether grit is mainly sand
Or mostly made of gas. EVOE.

Baby-Slashing in the West Countree.

"Men's genuine Crocodile Oxford Shoes, beautifully made. Cut from selected baby skins."
From a Shoemaker's Catalogue.

We hope that this only means the fabric of certain small saloon-cars.

"A WISE STEP.

"Dr. ——, superintendent of the —— Hospital, has recommended that all cars bringing infectious cases to hospital be sprayed with formula."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Thus reducing the danger of diæresis and hyberbole.

"So interested has she become in the game that she has had a club made for tiny Princess Elizabeth, who no doubt will become a progeny under the careful tuition of her mother and father."—*Colonial Paper.*

In our humble opinion H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH is a progeny already.

A BALLADE OF BENNETTIES.

("*Bennetty of Bennetties,*" *saith the Preacher,* "*Arnold is Bennetty.*")

OUR ARNOLD says it sickens
His soul to think of SCOTT;
He tried to read some DICKENS,
But found that he could not.
THACKERAY'S style, his plot,
Too slow for modern men it is,
And MEREDITH 's forgot—
O Bennetty of Bennetties!

No inspiration quickens
Our novelists' jog-trot,
Except the art that slickens
One writer we have got;
Bright as a Five Towns' pot
The product of his pen it is;
All others write but rot—
O Bennetty of Bennetties!

Our books are food for chickens,
No vintage strong and hot;
Convention clogs and thickens
Our minds into a clot.
In fact it 's just like what
Occurs in milk where rennet is;
We are a sorry lot—
O Bennetty of Bennetties!

Envoi.

Then, ARNOLD, sail your yacht
(We don't mind greatly when it is)
To some more cultured spot—
O Bennetty of Bennetties!

THE HOMING INSTINCT.

Pootles had behaved very well up to a point. During our stroll round the village lanes he had shown that consideration for the feelings of others that is a sign of good breeding in fox-terriers no less than in men. He had invited me into most of the gardens we had passed; but, on my declining the invitations and commanding him to "come out of it," he had done so willingly enough, with a "perhaps you're right; it's not much of a place for a romp" air. But when we reached "The Elms" he decided to put his foot down. I could see his point of view. "It's no good going any farther," he might have been saying. "I know every hole and corner in this village, and I can assure you that this is as nice a little garden for a romp as you would find in a day's march." Pootles, in short, refused to come out of it.

Pondering that wise saying of MAHOMET I stalked up the drive. I too would go to the mountain—but not while it stayed on that open lawn in front of the house. The mountain, I decided, would have to meet me halfway, or at least in some comparatively obscure haven among the shrubs.

"Ha! hide and seek; well, that's good enough for me," Pootles seemed to say. He dashed towards me from the lawn, swerved a few yards before he reached me and dived in among some rhododendron bushes.

Pootles' estimate of the possibilities of the grounds as a romping-place was justified. He hid and I sought with but indifferent success for some considerable time. I began to enjoy the game.

"If you've lost your ball you should ring at the door and ask permission to look for it," I heard a voice behind me say. One of those voices that sound like a bell muffled in a silk handkerchief.

"I've lost my dog," I said, turning to find a pair of eyes no less perfect than the voice regarding me critically. "It came in here," I added as corroborative detail.

"Then why don't you call it?" she suggested.

"It wouldn't come if I did," I answered truthfully.

"Funny sort of dog," she commented.

"It's quite a nice dog really," I demurred.

"Doesn't it ever come when its master calls?" she asked.

"I don't know," I replied, again with perfect truth.

"You see," I went on, "it belongs to The Gables really. I'm staying there, and Mrs. Hanby made me take it out for a walk."

"How did you get hold of it when you started out? Didn't you call it then?" she asked suspiciously.

"No," I answered; "I just went to the gate and made a noise like a man going for a walk and the animal appeared at my feet."



Reporter. "AND WHAT ADVICE WOULD YOU GIVE THE YOUTH OF TO-DAY, THAT THEY TOO MAY ATTAIN YOUR GREAT AGE?"
Old Man (age 102). "DON'T DIE YOUNG."

"How clever of you! Why not try that now?" she suggested.

"But I can't make noises like that at other people's gates," I protested; "it might get your place a bad name, and I'd rather wait here all day than do that."

"As you can't stay here all day you had better give him another call," she said.

I did. No dog appeared.

"What did you call him?" she asked.

"Pootles," I answered. "Didn't you hear me? Didn't it sound like 'Pootles'? Pootles, Pootles, Pootles, Pootles, Pootles," I resumed, raising my voice.

"I wouldn't admit I had a silly name like that either; especially before a stranger. Silly name for a dog," she concluded.

"It's not exactly the sort of name I would wish my parents to choose for me. You know, as a matter of fact they called me David, but——"

"Try whistling it," she interrupted.

I whistled. Pootles didn't come.

"I'm not surprised," she said. "Tone, pitch, timbre, tune—all wrong. You should whistle like this," she said.

Pootles fell for it. He came at the double.

It was one thing to get him to come to heel; it was quite another matter to induce him to accompany me off the premises.

"Do you think I could ring up The Gables and have some sandwiches sent over? I can't see any prospect of getting him away from here this morning," I said after several futile efforts.

"The hound won't leave you and I won't leave the hound."

She stooped down and grabbed a willing Pootles. "Here you are," she said, "just hold him till I get inside and then he'll go with you all right."

"But he might bite me," I protested, "and no one could blame him for biting the hand that forcibly restrained him from following you inside the house. I've thought of a much better plan."

"What's that?"

"Well, if you too were to walk back to The Gables he'd come like a shot. And I'm sure Mrs. Hanby wants to see you. I heard her say last night that she simply had to see Betty, and she didn't know how ever she would find time to run over to her place."

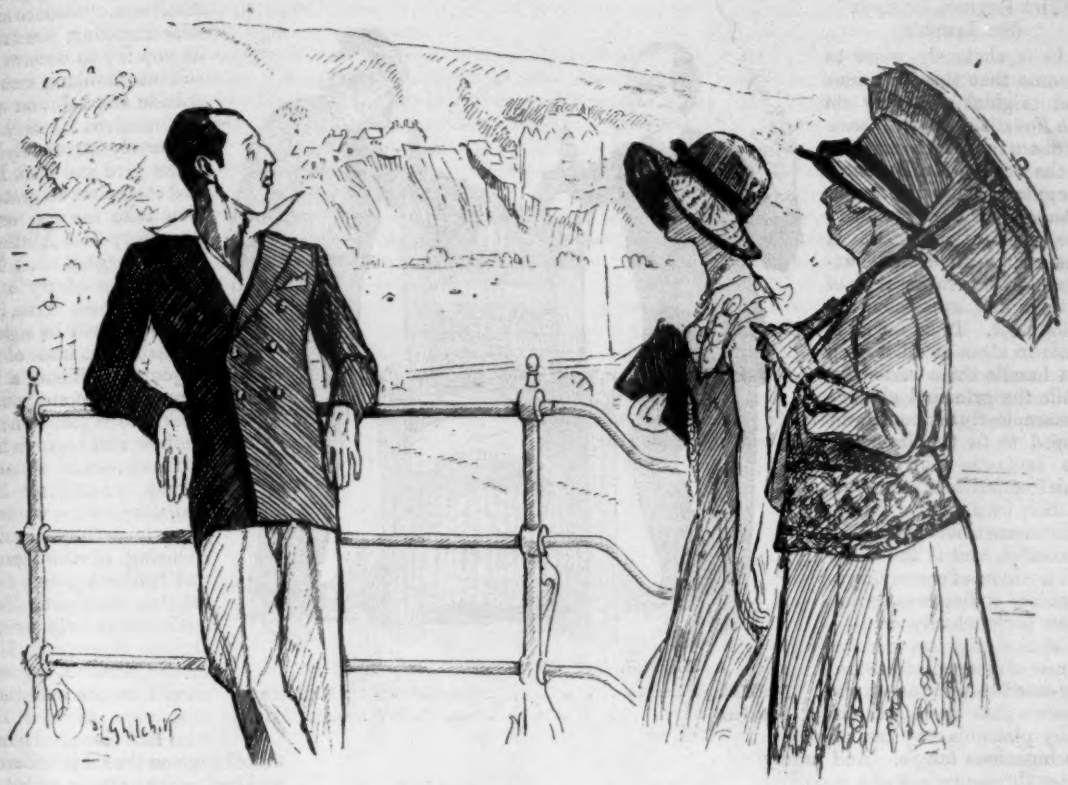
"Betty? That would be the Rector's daughter. You will be able to leave the message there on your way home."

"But she wanted to see Joan too about the girl guides, and Barbara about the jumble sale, and Anne about the hoop-la, and——"

"Did Mrs. Hanby say she wanted to see Marjorie?" she interrupted.

"Rather," I agreed; "Marjorie was the girl she especially wanted to see. It must be about something most important too, because she said if only Marjorie would drop in before lunch-time to-day it would take a great weight off her mind."

"Umm! There's no one of that name in the village, but I hope she drops in all the same. Possibly she's dropped in already, and if you don't hurry back," she went on, "she will



Friend. "WHY, ALASTAIR, I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO BE IN THE MOVEMENT AND GROW A MOUSTACHE?"
Alastair. "WELL, I DID HAVE A STAB AT ONE, BUT PUBLIC OPINION WAS AGAINST IT, SO I HAD IT REMOVED."

have dropped out again, and then you won't be able to tell her your parents called you David."

"But there must be something connected with the welfare of the village that you have to be consulted about," I urged.

"There was just one matter that I was going over to The Gables to see about; but there's no need to go now, thanks to you," she graciously informed me.

"What have I done?" I asked.

"You have taken a great weight off my mind by dropping in just before lunch-time to-day," she resumed. "I was going over to see if my darling William was there."

"Your darling William?"

"Oh, yes, he often goes over there. He goes over to see a great pal of his—a twin-brother called Pootles."

"As a policeman approached, a 21-year-old girl jumped into the Royal Dock at Grimsby. The policeman threw her a rope, and she was pulled out. Women are not allowed in the dock."—*Daily Paper.*

None of your mixed drowning for Grimsby.

THE INFANTILE MARINE.

BESIDE the ocean's edge to-day
I heard a wave distinctly say,
"I 'm glad the folks have come."
The little wave was azure-tinged
And very young and nicely fringed
With iridescent scum.

"I *have*," it said, "been rather dull,
With nobody except a gull,
Through winter and through spring;
I 'm glad the folks have come again
By car and motor-bike and train
To make the welkin ring.

"The land-babies are rather sweet,
I like to close about their feet
When they come down to wade;
They all have ten absurd pink toes
And wear such butterflyish clo's,
And sport a little spade.

"The mothers sit and read in books;
They throw their children 'bless you' looks,
But fathers dig like mad;
And when they see their nine-inch boat
Is keeping more or less afloat
Their hearts are very glad."

And then I heard the mother-wave
Saying she hoped it would behave
And never lose its head,
Because it was important—most,
That little waves along the coast
Should try to be well-bred.

"Don't giggle at a bathing-gown
Or knock the little children down
In roughness or in jest;"
And then she smiled and stroked its head,
"Father and I," she gently said,
"Like winter-time the best."

Glimpses of the Obvious.

"Gentlemen v. Players, at Bournemouth. Gentlemen: A. L. Hosie, no tout, 13."
Daily Paper.

"WANTED
Dissolute Brass Foundry or Factory . . . convertible."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

We suggest that the Mission to Melting-Pots should try its hand at it.

"Wanted for East Grinstead, an exceptionally Nice Girl, 18 to 20, as Nurserymaid, to work under excellent Nannie; should have some experience, and be good at wishing."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Silent wishing, we presume.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE RETURN JOURNEY" (ST. JAMES'S).

IT is obviously wiser to assume that this ingenious and original phantasy on the *Faust* theme, with variations in the modern manner, is the work of Mr. BENNETT the gifted society entertainer rather than Mr. BENNETT the conscientious artist. It has an air of brilliant extemporisation rather than of patient and considered development. In so far as it deals in ideas at all it does not handle them seriously, while the principal characters are clearly fashioned and lopped to fit the frame of the fantastic plot rather than free individuals moving in their own right. As an entertainment it is brilliantly successful, and if the difficult business of contriving a plausible ending was somewhat perfunctorily done—which is always apt to leave a sense of disappointment in tidy-minded persons—it is obvious that there was no really plausible way out of the ingenious tangle. And surely better three-quarters of a good loaf than no bread at all.



A USEFUL BIT OF FURNITURE, THIS—

Dr. Henry Fausting . . . . . SIR GERALD DU MAURIER.
Satollyon . . . . . MR. HENRY DANIELL.

Meet, then, *Dr. Henry Fausting*—octogenarian, celibate, most learned man of his time, O.M., rich from the persistent production of scientific best-sellers—about to drop a lethal tabloid into a glass of water and, waving a sad hand to Cambridge through the window of his well-appointed study, set out on the great adventure. He is interrupted by an ingenuous, desperately-serious youth, an ardent admirer, come to seek advice on the choice of a career. The advice is in effect: Live, don't think; don't waste the precious gift of youth; cultivate women rather than books; sing, dance, stay at the Grand Babylon. What there is to be known I know, like a famous Master in another place, but look at me! I'm just going to kill myself. Please respect my confidence. *Good-bye!* . . . Further business with tabloid. Second interruption: mysterious appearance of *Dr. Satollyon*, master of a technique of rejuvenation beyond the dreams of VORONOFF. Sinister fellow; something about those eyebrows and those eyes, and that malicious knowing smile, and that power of reading your most secret thoughts and of diagnosing your true condition. "Believe me, my dear Fausting, you are not, as you try to deceive yourself into thinking, seeking in suicide the solution of the one unsolved Mystery. You are merely desperately bored. I can give you back Desire and the power to gratify It. You take me for forty—I am eighty-two. A little competent surgery. . . . Yes, I can make you forty for practical purposes. True, in five years you will be eighty or so again; but what of that? A journey abroad, a short convalescence, and you come back here as your own great-nephew and begin to live."



—RIGHT IN THE CENTRE OF THE STAGE, TOO!

Marguerite Maider . . . . MISS GRACE WILSON.

There returns a pleasant, hearty, youngish *Henry Fausting*, who wastes no time in setting about the seducing of the beautiful and brilliant young Girton scholar, *Marguerite Maider*, with adroit help from the sinister *Satollyon*. Unfortunate that *Marguerite* should be the betrothed of that very *Richard Young* who had consulted him five months ago on the subject of careers, and had paid no attention, but gone on being serious beyond the point of dulness, had indeed so little *savoir faire* as to present himself in a natty grey lounge-suit at the Half-Moon, smartest of night-clubs, in an attempt to snatch his betrothed from the avid *Fausting*—his betrothed, who, with a couple of "side-cars," caviare with vodka and pork with champagne, was making the task of the rejuvenated scholar and his scientific friend, *Satollyon*, only too easy; *Richard Young* having meanwhile been heaved out of the Half-Moon twice by two giants in platinum-braided plush.

Six months of happiness; *Marguerite* still enchanted with the most devout and intelligent of lovers; *Fausting* beginning to be troubled in conscience, not to feel quite as young as he did, to wonder what the end will be. *Marguerite*, learning the truth, denounces him roundly for a disgusting old fraud. Generous young *Richard* comes to claim his beloved, and *Fausting*, instead of going out to get another tabloid (a seemlier ending?), declares that he will face life bravely. No wonder *Satollyon* grinned. And,

if I mistake not, so did Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT.

On the entertainment theory there was no need for the author to explain why *Satollyon*, rejuvenated old gentleman with rejuvenated mistress, *Marie Godebska*, should take such trouble to behave like the Devil. The impersonation was of course entirely for our benefit, not even being intended to deceive the learned *Doctor*, though indeed the *maître d'hôtel* at the Half-Moon showed signs that he was not quite sure that he hadn't met his master!

Sir GERALD DU MAURIER'S disillusioned old fellow was an agreeable invention, and his headlong love-making later was in his very best manner. Mr. HENRY DANIELL'S more difficult *Satollyon* might so easily have been spoiled by overplaying, but was most carefully and indeed subtly controlled to the making of the entertainment. Miss LAURA COWIE (*Marie Godebska*) gave us one of those brilliantly-defined portraits of queer sensual types in which she excels. Miss GRACE WILSON handled the by no means easy part of *Marguerite* with astonishing skill, spirit and resource, especially in the first scene with the old man *Fausting*. Mr. ROBERT ANDREWS played the ingenuous youth with conviction and effect. As for Mr. DINO GALVANI, he is now absolutely indispensable when any author has a *maître d'hôtel* to present. An admirable team, in fact, most skilfully drilled by Sir GERALD. Assuredly Mr. BENNETT'S bizarre little joke and ingenious mystification are completely justified in the performance. T.

"EXCELSIOR" (PLAYHOUSE).

Excelsior, adapted by Mr. H. M. HARWOOD from *L'Ecole des Cocottes* of PAUL ARMONT and MARCEL GERBIDON is the story of the business progress of *Ginette* (Miss GLADYS COOPER) from a modest maisonette in Montmartre, shared with an impecunious, impetuous and sentimental musician (Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK), to a flat, a lift and bastard Louis Quinze *décor* in the Rue d'Anjou with an infatuated maker of corsets (Mr. NIGEL BRUCE); and thence to a mansion in the Avenue du Bois de Bologne, complete with butler and a salon with black velvet hangings and a throne, under the patronage of the corset-maker's wealthy sleeping-partner (Mr. ATHOLE STEWART); with indicated reversion to something even more magnificent in the way of protector and environment.

This rapid triumphal progress is under the skilled direction of an impoverished aristocrat (Mr. ERNEST THESIGER), who has realised that certain predestined women need special tuition to enable them to adapt themselves to their rapidly-changing fortunes, and that there is a good living to be made out of this business. He has singled out *Ginette* in Montmartre as one of those inevitably burdened with a high destiny, thereby proving himself more than ordinarily perceptive, for Miss GLADYS COOPER took rather too much pains to conceal any hints of such possibilities in her First Act.

While the play retained its burlesque mood, allowing Mr. THESIGER in particular to work up one of his elaborate studies, all went well. But it was difficult to sympathise with our *Ginette*, now *Señora Genevra*, the idol of Paris, burdened with her greatness, sighing for Montmartre, about to cancel her engagement to dine with a famous Minister, but re-established in her sense of duty by her tutor—her duty to Paris, no less—to Paris, whose proud possession she has become. There was nothing in what had gone before to prepare us for this solemn nonsense, and I feel sure that there was some fundamental error in production, a failure to harmonise the moods of the three Acts and the three stages of this queer rake's progress. For Miss COOPER surely gave us rather studies of three separate women than three phases in the development of the same woman.

Mr. NIGEL BRUCE as the amorous corset-maker was admirable in the first stages of his infatuation, in his puzzled resentment at the social ambitions of his temporary partner and in the comfortable resignation with which he, having surrendered what was so obviously too much for him to his wealthy chief, stayed on as the friend of the family, as it were, to console with platonic sympathy the soul-weary *Genevra*.

Mr. ATHOLE STEWART'S rendering of his successor, *Racinet*, proud to be led about by a string in the sight of admiring Paris, was a competent affair. Admirable too was Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY'S study of the helpless little *Amélie*, who had all *Ginette's* ambitions but none of her adaptability. Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK handled his difficult part of the young lover with sufficient skill to make it tolerable.

A play of which the parts are better than the whole and which contrives to be free of all unpleasantly suggestive detail, substituting, so far as it is serious, a wholehearted cynicism. T.



"'TAIN'T SO MUCH 'IS CRYIN'; IT 'S THE WAY 'E 'OLDS ON TO 'IS TOP-NOTES."

"SONG OF THE SEA" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

Not the news of Trafalgar itself was received, you may be sure, in the regions round the Haymarket with as much tumult of applause as the first night's performance of *Song of the Sea*, a musical comedy with a setting of the hearty NELSON period, at His Majesty's Theatre last week. I don't care much myself for a genuine "period" setting in a modern musical comedy, for the simple reason that so many earnest "revivals" are staged nowadays as to make us extremely familiar with the real modes and speech of a hundred-and-twenty years ago: this causes any tight-trousered satin-coated gentleman who indulges in the spicier witticisms of the post-jazz era to seem (to me) a trifle inane; by which I mean to say less genuinely funny than he would be in modern attire.

However, that's a too nice point, perhaps, when dealing with musical comedy; and what must be conceded most sincerely is that the staging of *Song of the Sea* was wonderfully good. Even better, if possible, than dresses and scenery was the drilling by Mr. JACK HULBERT of his Chorus, and nearly the whole of their dancing too. This said, I would single out one or two particularly bright efforts in a piece which certainly had a plot, and rather a melodramatic plot, but seemed for the most part to resent the plot as an interference with choric gaiety and downright saltatory skill. Mr. A. W.

BASKCOMB as a peripatetic portrait-painter named *Peter Pettigrew* (I could not help that chain of words) has an excellent and quite funny song about his fatal fascination for women. As a *prima ballerina* at Naples (where two magnificent scenes are staged) Miss EDNA COVEY gives a farcial travesty of classical dancing that makes you fear as much for her death as your own. There is a most lively "revel rout" of Neapolitan masqueraders, who make a really charming ballet of Act II., Scene IV.

And Mr. CLAUDE HULBERT, to whom a part of galloping foolery is allotted, has one lone dance worthy of his amazing powers.

Miss LILIAN DAVIES' *rôle* as the heroine (though it contained some pleasant songs) was rather spoilt by being over-sentimentalised. Can you really (even in a musical-comedy dream) entertain the notion of a tavern-dancing girl taken to Naples by an English "milor" of the period and, when there, suddenly expressing a late-Victorian indignation at the view that his intentions are not strictly honourable? And that too in a piece containing improprieties of speech that might well have brought a blush to the cheeks of "bloods" in GEORGE EDWARDES' stalls.

There seems to be no attempt in this kind of production to make the sentimental interludes fit the terpsichorean fantasy as a whole.

This applies in part also to Mr. STANLEY HOLLOWAY, who as the nautical hero had to run about and be very brisk, but on the whole was too magnificently heroic for musical comedy as I see the *genre*. He sings the song that gives its name to the play, and it is a song that we shall not soon forget. Other songs that will surely hold even their own are "Lovely Ladies" and "Tip-Top Team." The performance went through in a whirlwind of choruses, to whom tavern, garden, country and quarter-deck came alike as romping-grounds, and the music was light and right as befits the rolling deep. EVOE.

Clerical Candour.

"The morning worship was conducted by the Rev. ——, who preached a very encouraging and helpful sermon, and in the evening the Rev. —— discoursed on 'Thou hast kept the good wine until now.'"—*Methodist Paper.*

"I have swum after meals perpetually for forty years."—*Health Talk by Dr. Saleeby.*

And very nice too if you don't mind the taste of the salt.

"B—— Golf-Hotel, in a Yorkshire moorland setting. Passenger lift. Home farm. Garage for 50 cows."—*Scots Paper.*

We always park our cow on the road.

THE BETTER PART.

WHEN my young and loving wife tackled me about going to the Atkinsons' party I put her off temporarily; but she was insistent, and on my return from the office one evening I found her so wholeheartedly on the war-path that I gave in.

"All right, I'll go," I said.

"Of course you will," she replied. "Now," she went on, "we must think of something for you to go as."

She surveyed me critically and frowned as if the view were not too good.

"You're so difficult to arrange for," she sighed. "You might perhaps go as a pierrot. You could put your hands in the pockets of a pierrot dress; you know you love putting your hands in your pockets."

"What I decline to put in my pocket," I objected, "is my pride. I am too proud to be a pierrot. By the way, are we or are we not going to have any dinner to-night?"

"We are; don't get angry."

"I'm not angry, I'm hungry."

"Ah," said my wife slowly, "that's given me an idea for a *rôle* for you. Suppose you went and wandered about with your mouth wide open?"

"Somebody would look me in it and think I was a gift-horse."

She shook her head impatiently.

"You'd have an hungry look in your eyes, like you have now, and you'd keep your mouth open. What would you be?"

"Interval for Refreshments," I suggested upon reflection.

"No," replied my wife; "you'd be something to do with a prairie. You know—where men are men, and all that nonsense they have on the films. Come on—guess."

I could not guess.

"Give it up," I said. "What am I?"

"Why, a Great Open Space," she informed me gleefully. "See? Great Open Space."

"I see," I admitted, without much enthusiasm. "Very well."

"They'll never guess it," she declared. "You'll win a prize."

Here the matter rested, and when, under compulsion, I accompanied my wife to the Atkinsons' party it was quite understood that I was to wander about with my mouth wide open. But, on arriving at the loathly entertainment, I had an idea and, disregarding my instructions, I wandered about with my mouth shut. I was doing this when Audrey Atkinson bounced up to me and exclaimed, "Hullo! what are *you*?"

"Something to do with a prairie," I replied cunningly.

"Oh, what? *Do* tell me."

But I would not tell her, and she bounced away dissatisfied. The next girl I met was my wife. She wasted no time at all.

"I thought I told you to walk about with your mouth open," she began.

"Yes, my dear," I rejoined, "but on second thoughts I decided not to. Discretion, you know, and all that. And it's more in keeping with my part, I think."

"My good man, if you don't have your mouth open you utterly ruin my Great Open Space idea," she complained.

"Not entirely," I assured her. "I am still connected with the Great Open Spaces. Only in this aspect of my prairie association I have to be reticent. It is," I added simply, "the *rôle*."

"How? Why? What are you?"

"Prairie Oyster," I whispered.

CLARE.

Grey Irish road in the dawn,
Runnin' away to the West;
Why would you always be calling me on,
Drawin' the heart from my breast
Unto the place of the quiet abode
Where the sun sinks to his rest—
Grey Irish road?

Grey Irish skies, can you tell?
Grey Irish seas, can you say?
Chance be it's just the big lift of the swell
Or the long fall of the spray
Pulls at my heart again, grey Irish skies;
Chance be it's two—sure, it may—
Grey Irish eyes.

Thorny Points at a Cricket Meet.

"Our hunting correspondent ('Chasseur') writes:—'Whilst umpiring at a match at the Cotswold Hunt kennels on Saturday a hedgehog crossed the pitch.'"—*Country Paper.*

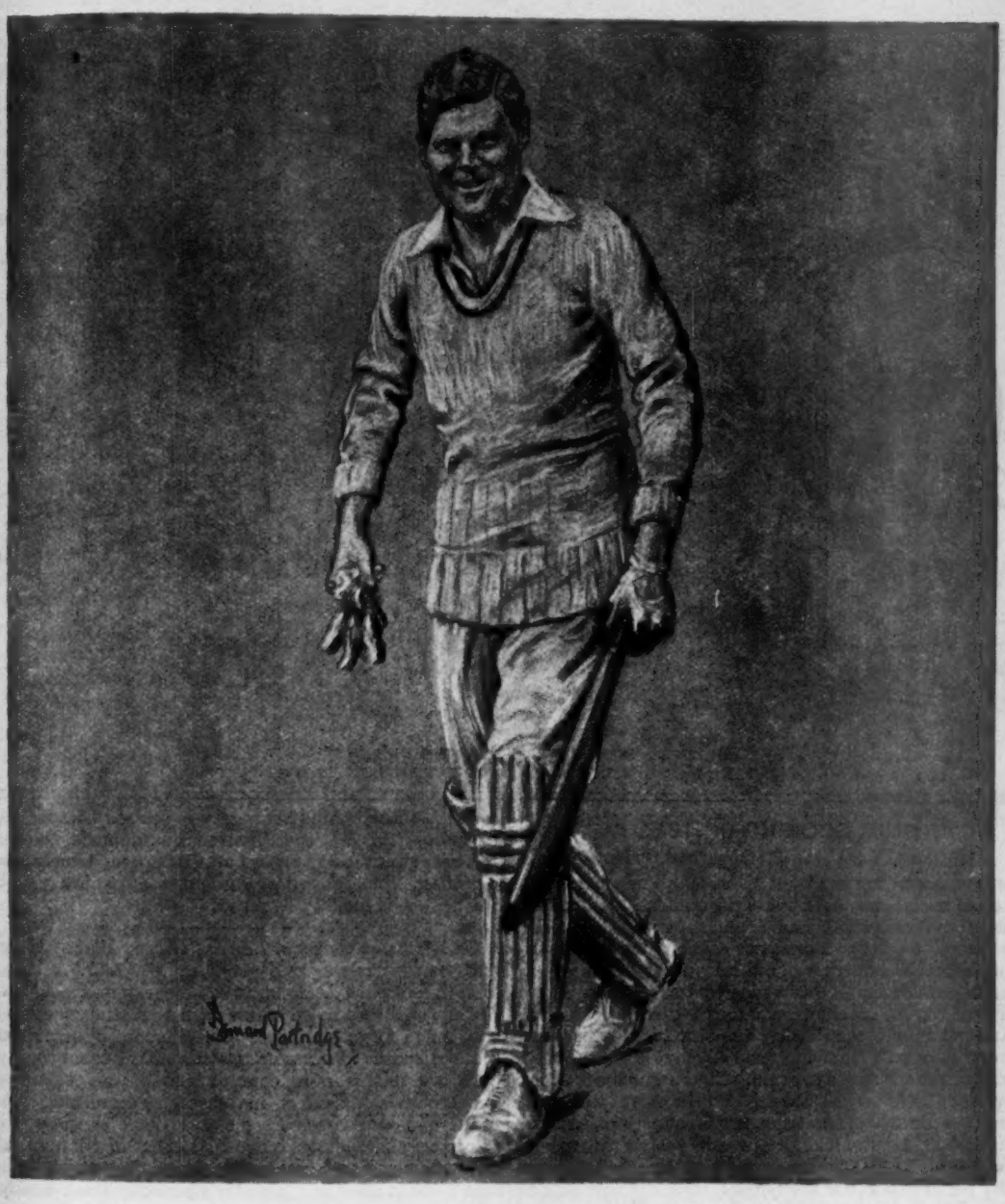
This must have put the batsman off his scent.

Our Humorous Officials.

"H.M. CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.
NOTICE TO PASSENGERS.
DOGS, MOTOR CARS AND MOTOR CYCLES MUST BE PRODUCED."
From a Customs Pamphlet.

Anyone secreting a hippopotamus on his or her person will be liable (if discovered) to a fine of one thousand pounds and/or three months' imprisonment.

There was an old person of Fratton
Who *would* go to church with his hat on;
"If I wake up," he said,
"With my hat on my head,
I shall know that it hasn't been sat on."



MR. A. P. F. CHAPMAN.

A heftier willow none can wield;
Far flies the ball he bashes;
Luck to him where he leads the field
To guard our well-urned Ashes;
Luck of the weather, luck of the spin,
And may the best side (meaning England) win!

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXVII.



"VARMER BE UMPIRIN' WERRY SEVERE, BAIN'T 'E?"
"AY, 'E BE WANTIN' TO GET 'IS COWS BACK INTO 'IS FIELD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NATIONS, according to Count HERMANN KEYSERLING, are regrettable necessities. All mass phenomena exist for the benefit of the individual, and a nation exists to give the utmost scope to the finest qualities of each man in it. The measure of each country's significance for humanity is its success in developing its own type; and in this respect the countries of Europe are complementary and should obviously help and not hinder each other. The material superiority of Europe is over. Hers the task of guarding the fire of the spirit in the dark days to come. Thus argue the prologue and epilogue of *Europe* (CAPE). The body of the book analyzes the European spectrum, nation by nation. Russia is jettisoned as Asiatic, and Bolshevism is credited with an Asiatic future. England heads the list, England forgiven so many perfidies because she never thinks, but only acts on instinct. The Continental influences of the War, above all conscription, have well-nigh ruined the English type. Such guardians of the English culture as remain are necessarily Little Englanders. France, despite her ridiculous imperialism, cannot help surviving. She is the gardener of Europe, and "a land with such authentic roots . . . is never done for." Germany has suffered from the rule of scholars, for mass organization is an academic game and a poor one. She will, however, find a new aristocracy to lead her; and every nation which succeeds in a similar quest will rise again. This is Count KEYSERLING's ultimate message. He blesses the barbarous Fascisti, because they show an aptitude for heroic leadership. Hungary is praised because she has never lost this aptitude, Switzerland damned because she has never retained it, and so on. It is a supremely interesting thesis, and though the going is fairly heavy at times the upshot is lucidity itself.

The Amazing Career of Edward Gibbon Wakefield (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is the title given by Dr. A. J. HARROP, the historian of New Zealand, to his biography of a man whose work was little known in his own time and who has been very much forgotten since. The element of amazement is aroused because WAKEFIELD, after having spent three years in Newgate prison in consequence of one of the most incredible Gretna Green matches on record, made such a social and moral recovery as to become one of the most respected and quietly influential men of his generation. That there was no considerable miscarriage of justice in his case is made clear in the writer's perfectly frank description of an escapade which forced his hero all his life to work rather in the background, yet clearly there must have been real greatness in the man. WAKEFIELD could write of his own prison experiences in such a way as to make effective a protest against the infliction of capital punishment for trivial offences, and could utilise his unhappy intimacy with the convict class of his day in the formulation of that system of colonisation with which his name is mainly associated and in applying which most of his life was spent. This book, which is not without its dull patches, and indeed contains nothing else so sparkling as the story of the runaway match, is largely a record of persistent and often-

thwarted effort in the face of blank indifference—effort that resulted in the foundation of modern South Australia and the saving of New Zealand for the Empire. It is written in the hope that WAKEFIELD'S predominating part in the involved negotiations and laborious plannings that led to final success may come now, after many years, to be more and more suitably recognised.

In *The Man from the River* (as listed
By COLLINS) the intricate whole
Of a marvellous tangle's untwisted
By Mr. and MARGARET COLE.

A body's fished up from the water
As dead as a body can be,
But no one can tell if it's slaughter
Or chance or a *felo de se*.

The gossip thus pleasantly started
Takes on a new lease at a bound
When it's clear the unhappy departed
Was strangled or hanged, but not drowned.

The village is steeped in suspicion
And everyone's under its spell—
The lawyer, the squire, the physician
And dozens of others as well.

For no one, whatever his station,
About on the night of the crime
Can give a precise explanation
Of how he was spending his time.

And but for the ultimate curtain,
When doubts are all laid on the shelf,
I was growing a little uncertain
If *I* hadn't done it myself.

That the *Lasletts* should be the heroes and heroines of *The Laslett Affair* (MILLS AND BOON) is, so far as the unprejudiced reader is concerned, all to the good; but I believe "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER," in constructing the history of a dishonest company-promoter's flashy family, meant us to bestow the lion's share of our sympathy on the family's virtuous foils. Personally I felt it was a choice of evils. When *Hugh Jodrell*, brightest and best of Cambridge three-quarter backs, told *Stephen Laslett* that he smelt like an open drain, and *Stephen* retorted that he would rather smell like an open drain than a whited sepulchre, my sympathies were with the drain—so hard it is to avoid casting your oyster-shell against a too assiduously advertised ARISTIDES. *Jodrell* and his (and *Stephen's*) charmer, *Susan Anstey*, belong to a particularly hearty and impervious brand of aristocracy. The *Lasletts* exhibit all the vices and a few of the virtues of the financial picaroon. *Laslett Senior*, a self-effacing crook, toils in the background; *Mrs. Laslett* aims at getting herself seduced by *Leo Daga*, "the Thespian FREUD"; *Daga*, hoping to secure financial tips, becomes a family satellite; but the only seduction effected is that of the millionaire's son, *Stephen*, a promising youth brought to ruin by bad company. *Stephen*, an appealing and original portrait, is the best thing in the book. He is also its pivot; though it is actually the breakdown of his sister *Phillida* (induced by too many cocktails and a hopeless passion for ARISTIDES-*Jodrell*) which is the beginning of the end for the *Lasletts*. This, a cruel series of reverses, is convincingly described. The duster is plied to excellent effect, and the sweeping stage is far more adroitly conducted than the garnishing that succeeds it.



"SUCH AN AMUSING MAN, MY DEAR! HE TOLD ME YESTERDAY HE THINKS A HIGH TEE *SO* BOURGEOIS."

Miss ADELAIDE EDEN PHILLPOTTS has written a strange and, in an odd way, noble book in *A Marriage* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH). There are many small points in it on which I disagree with her, and I feel that in making *Janet* tell her own story she has put herself badly at a disadvantage; but in spite of all that the book's simplicity and sincerity make it stand out from the ruck. *Janet*, the child of a humble clerk, learns shorthand and typewriting, gets a temporary post as secretary to an elderly university lecturer and ultimately is married to him. With her encouragement *Matthew*, the husband, launches out as a playwright and becomes famous. The story covers her life from the eve of their meeting to the day of his death. *Janet*, in telling it, reveals herself as having a curiously detached mind. She is able to look at herself, her friends and relations, lay bare

their motives and expose their peculiarities, with a calm intellectual apprehension that is almost repulsive. Her description of *Matthew's* appearance is a case in point. Yet her love for her husband, her unselfishness, her self-blame when a little, very excusable, jealousy or impatience moves her against him throw another light on her character. She is admirable, but I feel that the chilly realism of her outlook on life must have made her very poor company. Slight sketches of recognisable personalities, such as THOMAS HARDY, give an air of truth to Miss PHILLPOTTS' picture of the life of a famous literary man, for which she certainly should be able to supply plenty of local colour, yet I think that her greatest achievement is that, behind the glory, one is very conscious of the humdrum side of life. I felt too that, whatever magician's robe *Matthew* wore in the eyes of the world, *Janet*, in spite of her deference, saw him only as wearing wool next to the skin, a more intimate and probable view, of course, if rather unnecessarily ugly.

Military and naval commanders have had occasion more than once in our history to complain that the fortunes of their operations and their own professional careers have been sacrificed to the demands of political opportunism, and there is perhaps no more notorious instance of the kind than that which forms the subject of Mr. BRIAN TUNSTALL'S excellently lucid monograph on *Admiral Byng and the Loss of Minorca* (PHILIP ALLAN). BYNG, as Mr. TUNSTALL shows, had his limitations; he lacked the imagination and the power of making swift and bold decisions essential in a great naval commander. But, whatever his shortcomings, that of personal cowardice, the stigma of which has been allowed to besmirch his memory to this day, was not among them. Even apart from the courage with which he met his ignominious death there is nothing in his recorded career to warrant such an aspersion, and the fact that his flagship was not in the thick of the fighting at Minorca was due entirely to circumstances beyond his own control. Mr. TUNSTALL gives an admirably clear account of the tangled sequence of events which led up to the final tragedy on the quarter-deck of the *Monarque* in their political and tactical aspects; but the human side of the drama is by no means forgotten. It would be hard to imagine a more genuinely tragical figure than that which emerges from his impartial and dispassionate pages, of the luckless admiral struggling puzzled and indignant in the web of political intrigue, and sacrificed to the fury of the same unreasoning mob which burned HAWKE in effigy at the very moment when he was winning the battle of Quiberon Bay.

I deem it my loss that although Mr. WILLIAM GARRETT had written three books before *The Professional Guest* (LANE) I have never read any of them; for this story of a young man who arranged parties and hired himself out to make them go with a bang is really amusing. Mr. GARRETT has a gift for dialogue, and as a contriver of hilarious scenes he is quite excellent. Sometimes, it is true, he becomes a shade too farcical, but he writes so well that much may be forgiven him. Here he provides a succession of laughable incidents, reaching a climax when a valet at a dinner-party impersonates a famous explorer. If Mr. GARRETT does not allow his sense of the ridiculous to run away with him he should become one of the most readable and entertaining novelists of the day.



Very Stout Gent. "WELL, IF THAT NEW TYPE OF CONFOUNDED TELEPHONE ISN'T THE LIMIT! HERE AM I WANTING A PRIVATE CONVERSATION, AND EVERY TIME I CLOSE THE DOOR I PRESS BUTTON A!"

The jacket of *A Fool in the Forest* (CONSTABLE), by A. R. and R. K. WEEKES, showing a gentleman in motley with a bladder, mounted on an ass, may mislead the unwary. This is a very modern romance, which tells how *Ashley Fane*, younger brother of *Edward, Ninth Viscount Charington* of Castle Paunce-fote, a young man with too much brains for his station in life, wrote his brilliant novels under an *alias*, masqueraded as a Communist in a Soho club and as a labourer on the New Forest farm of the *St. Cleres*, also of terribly select blood but fallen on evil days. Hence many complications which I could have readily dispensed with for the sake of a clearer view of the two charming girls, *Cary St. Clere*, the lady of the farm and primary heroine, too unsophisticated even to be aware of her own startling beauty, and the resolute and very knowing and independent *Arabel Fane*, who wanted *Cary's* handsome young brother and saw that she got him. An amiable enough book on the whole.

In 1919 *Marcus Lucien Bannar* found himself, by the terms of his grandfather's will, the possessor of a comfortable income, a charming home and "four hungry dependants." This quartet consisted of his father, mother, brother and sister, and for eight years he allowed them to batten upon him. Then he more or less woke up, and in *She Drew the Bolt* (HUTCHINSON) you will find him trying to rid himself of these human limpets and to live his own life. But although Mr. EDWARD ELTON has drawn the *Bannars* with uncommon skill I doubt whether they were worth his time and patience. In fact I agree with *Marcus's* younger brother when he said, "I daresay I am a cad, but I 'm only one of a family of cads." And a prolonged study of cads is not always conducive to hilarity.

Mr. Punch extends a simple but very hearty welcome to Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL'S *Simple People*, a sequel to *Simple Stories* and published by HARRAP. All these simple people, as our readers are aware, made their first appearance under the ægis of Mr. Punch.

CHARIVARIA.

A GOSSIP-WRITER'S recollection of the examination which admitted him to a public school is that it was perfunctory. The kind that candidates for gossip-writing appointments have to pass is, of course, very stiff.

* * *

We read of a member of a Yorkshire Hunt who last week had his leg broken in two places. A dear old lady writes to advise him to keep out of such places in future.

* * *

The remains of a lost civilisation are being searched for in Soviet territory. They don't say who lost the civilisation, but we can guess.

* * *

The walrus is the most expensive animal to keep in captivity, costing four hundred pounds per annum. But it would be worse still if you let the carpenter introduce it to many oysters at the present price.

* * *

Now that a motor-cyclist has ridden along a tight-rope it would seem that tight-ropes are no longer safe for pedestrians.

* * *

A *Daily Express* reader, as a tax-payer, would be glad to know when he can expect to feel the benefit of the Peace Pact. No doubt he will be personally notified in due course.

* * *

The discovery of a brick with Sir ROBERT PEEL'S name on it in a wall at Harrow is regarded as evidence in support of the tradition that he was at school there.

* * *

We don't see anything extraordinary in Professor G. F. MCILWRAITH'S description of the supernatural influence which occasionally impels him, as a member of a secret society of Indians in British Columbia, to rush about biting people. Professors are often like that.

* * *

Husbands are urged to share the housework with their wives. Too many selfish husbands want to do it all themselves.

* * *

During the annual general meeting of the National Association of Assessors and Collectors of Taxes, at Norwich, the movements of suspicious-looking tax-payers were closely watched.

* * *

Professor P. SCHMIDT, who has been visiting Oxford, is said to be the only European who speaks the Manchu language. It must be lonely having nobody to chat with in Manchu.

* * *

The increasing use of pistol-silencers by American gunmen is of course the outcome of complaints that the noise of murders was becoming a nuisance.

* * *

If the report that Captain Cook's tortoise is still alive in the Tonga Islands is true, the failure to include the creature in the bicentenary celebrations is to be regretted.



Bert (much impressed). "'E'S PRETTY GOOD, YOU KNOW, DORIS. REMEMBER 'E'S GOT TO DO THEM THINGS WHILE THEY 'RE GOING ROUND."

Mr. S. MAVOR has expressed the opinion that workmen ought to be paid for thinking. Our own experience of pensive workmen is that they are.

* * *

It is pointed out in a daily paper that there is a clergy tartan which has narrow green stripes in it. Few of the Higher Clergy, however, are in the habit of wearing any but the plain black kilt.

* * *

Although last Wednesday was the fiftieth anniversary of the erection of Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment, Egyptologists showed commendable restraint in refraining from mafficking.

* * *

In advising an old offender to go to Putney or some place like that for a change, the Willesden magistrate is considered to have imperilled the cordiality of inter-suburban relations.

* * *

The suspect whom Sir GERALD DU MAURIER gave into custody is reported to have said, "If you want the rough stuff you can have it." A revival of *Bulldog Drummond* was, however, averted.

* * *

A contemporary says that insects have been on this earth for fifty million years, while the human race is only five hundred thousand years old. Then what did the moths live on before there were any dress-trousers?

* * *

A writer prophesies that Mr. CHURCHILL will one day come into his own. At present he is content to come into ours.

* * *

A doctor recently told the British Association about a modern novelist who was at present going again through his teething and mumps. We seem to have read a book by somebody like this.

* * *

It is said that a man wears his hat longer than any other part of his clothing. This is why hatters feel so mad.

* * *

Two stormy petrels that landed on the *Homeric* in mid-Atlantic were given some castor-oil. This is considered more effective than pouring it on the troubled waters.

* * *

A red flag is being used to scare herons away from goldfish at Roehampton. If this doesn't work we suggest that somebody should sing them the song about it and see how they like that.

* * *

Several *Daily Mail* readers have complained that they cannot sleep lying east to west. We look to our enterprising contemporary to start a campaign for altering the earth's present axis.

* * *

It is claimed that the Robot which opened the Model Engineering Exhibition in London does everything it is told. This has led to the belief that it must be a married man.

* * *

Tobacconists are launching a campaign with the slogan, "Be a man and smoke a pipe." It is hoped by this means to capture the feminine trade.

* * *

Americans are said to be buying an enormous amount of splinter-proof glass. It saves those distressing incidents when a man sits down hard on his hip-pocket.

THE LAST WORD.

NEXT to having a nice hopeless attachment for somebody who is either married or a grandfather. . . .

(On second thoughts I perceive this sentence to be unfortunate and will start again).

Next to having a nice hopeless attachment the best thing is to have a good exit speech prepared against the day one dies.

Ophelia, if you remember, after being heavily snubbed by *Hamlet*, threw herself into the stream and died "singing snatches of old songs." Apparently they burst from her without, as it were, malice prepense; but I cannot approve of the unrehearsed effect for general use; I have seen too much of the havoc it can wreak both on the stage and in private life, so I think we will turn it down.

Admittedly, rhymes are not easy to compose at the best of times, so while I have my leisure and good health I will jot down a few in case my note-book is near me at the last:—

> Hence, tearless grandchild of my aunt!
> And from my death-bed suddenly avaunt;

or—

> Hold, hold! what spectre doth the dusk disgorge?
> O senseless heaven! it is my cousin George!

or—

> Is 't thou, my sister, weeping on the mat?
> Come, leave me now (and p.t.q. at that).

Much, I feel sure, will be overlooked at the end, and one's last speech, humanly speaking, can be as rude as one likes to make it.

And it is also open to one to express it in prose; one can, for instance, tell the cook with perfect impunity what one really thinks of her savouries; and without fear of reprisals one will be able to say to one's actress friend, "Why do you make Repertory Faces in every part you play?"

Then there is the Last Word which consists of unreasonable requests which nobody will have the heart to disregard. One can murmur, "Give my god-child your pearls, Emmeline; she has been so good to me;" or, "Let me be buried in great-grandmother's Brussels lace veil;" or, "Promise me there will be the massed choirs of Westminster Cathedral and the Abbey at my funeral, dear" (for one will not be there to see the family sell out, nor to suffer in person any tedious retrenchment). Or one can, at last, pant to Uncle James, "I think I could fancy a sip of the Napoleon brandy," at which the poor old toad will be forced to look willing as he bundles to the cellar.

Then there is the Suitable Last Word, which, while not adhering strictly to the truth, is of an unassailable majesty, such as: "I have never done anybody harm;" or, "If I have been misunderstood it has all worked out for the best;" or (at a pinch), "Life has been wonderful; I have enjoyed every moment of it."

Then there is the Unquenchably Gay Last Word, in which one smiles bravely and tells the nurse that the sound of her shoes squeaking is so cosy, and that it is so jolly to know she is there by the jarring of the bed every time she passes it.

It is a pity that the Military Last Word is, so far, closed to us women. I shall never, for instance, be able to die exclaiming, "The Guards want powder, and by —— (*here insert current oath*) they shall have it!"

I feel that the ejaculation, "My face wants powder, and by —— it shall have it!" does not carry the same weight.

Finally—my favourite—the Last Word may take the form of faint requests to see celebrities whom one really loves and whom, in health, one would never dream of having the impertinence to send for. I should enjoy, for instance, crying, "Kiss me, Harvey," as Sir JOHN MARTIN came in at the door; and pure good-nature would compel him to oblige.

Or (with a pale smile), "Let me hear PACHMANN once more before—the—end——" (This should result in a gratis fifty-guineas-worth, unless the man was born without a heart).

Or, "No, I can take no more beef essence, but, if you can, send to the Law Courts for Mr. Justice AVORY. I 'd like to see him in his wig and gown (the red one, not the black) and hear how the *Bindweed* v. *Macfiddle* case is going. And (*falling back with one eye closed*) don't send me SCRUTTON, EVE, SANKEY, ROMER, CHARLES or HORRIDGE. *It must be* AVORY."

An awful danger will be the possibility that I shall survive these gentlemen. However, if Fate will take me up on the bargain, I shall be willing to fade out a bit earlier in order to get my own way for the last time (and the first).

But of course what will actually happen will be that all these methods will escape my memory at the end. I shall lose my head and deliver myself of those affairs which occupied me in health. My Last Words will be either—

"*The Sunday Crucible* owes me a cheque. *It 'll come on the sixteenth of next month*;" or—"Pugsie 's choked on a bone. I *think* he 's going to be sick, because he 's begun to curtsey and say "Brumph, brumph, brumph——" (*Siamese cat hastily removed from bed-room*).

And, given that My Three survive me, I picture the following situation:—

(1) MARTIN-HARVEY on tour.
(2) PACHMANN resting (probably in Vienna).
(3) AVORY (*a*) on holiday or (*b*) on Circuit.

I foresee a dull passing.

ADVICE TO YOUNG EXAMINEES.

[Crammers and their books were denounced by the Headmaster of Harrow at this year's meeting of the British Association.]

For any exam let us urge you to cram;
It produces the finest effect;
Be you stupid or clever, we tell you whatever
We think you do well to expect.
You will find, if you look on page eight of our book,
What we feel you are certain to get;
Later on will be seen (pages ten to eighteen)
Some questions less frequently set.
We always have reckoned on HENRY THE SECOND,
Then study him carefully, please;
But they seem to be chary of WILLIAM and MARY,
So pay no attention to these.
You 'll have nothing, we fear, on the Chartists this year,
For they came in the paper before;
But they set in '02—so it 's long overdue—
An account of the Hundred Years' War.
You needn't be taught why the battles were fought,
For they never require you to say;
But remember, of course, who commanded each force
And the year and the month and the day.
They have set quite a lot from the novels of SCOTT,
So it isn't a shot in the dark
To advise any boy that the name of *Rob Roy*
Is a means of securing a mark.
The position is worse in prescribing for verse,
For modern anthologies grow so;
Still we feel the young scholar may stake his last dollar
On *Maud* and *Il Penseroso*.
You will only waste time if you read them in rhyme;
There is much you are bound to forget;
So cut out the flummery, study our summary
(Price, one-and-sevenpence net).
Be always exact, for a fact is a fact,
And facts, you should know, are marked high,
And don't care a hoot if a lyric be beautiful—
Will it be set in July?



HEY-DIDDLE-DIDDLE, THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE.

Cow *(speaking for Farmer and Self).* "WE SHAN'T BE HAPPY TILL WE'VE GOT RID OF THIS INCUBUSTER." *(Decides, however, not to go the length of jumping over the moon.)*



WHAT OUR TELEVISIONISTS MAY HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Voice of Broadcasting Lecturer. "NOW I WILL RUN THROUGH THE LITHUANIAN VOWEL-SOUNDS ONCE AGAIN, AND THIS TIME I WANT YOU ALL TO WATCH MY LIPS CLOSELY."

INNOCENTS AT HOME.

V.—RURITANIA IN URBE.

OUR latest effort at seeing the Metropolis through foreign eyes has been to do it as two Ruritanian men of letters, travelling incognito—that is as far as it is possible for any man of letters to travel incognito. Of course neither Percival nor I could speak a word of Ruritanian, but we did not let that worry us. The great point was that nobody else could either; and so, on the principle which enables one to talk impressively on Modern French Art when in a gathering of English stock-brokers, and equally impressively on Weak Bulls in the London Oil-Market when at a gathering of Modern French artists, we both spoke Ruritanian with ease. True, it had a suspicious resemblance to those tags of ancient Greek which the gradual irruption of a classical education into the youthful brain leaves lying about in odd corners of the memory; but then Ruritanian is like that. At any rate you may correct me if I 'm wrong.

The question of dress gave us a little more trouble. Percival's first effort was to turn up in a brown linen plus-four suit with a white bib collar and black gloves, which shook me considerably. I thought the poor lad had gone quite boobah or something, till I discovered he had merely misunderstood me and thought I said "Puritanian."

He then went away with a copy of *The Prisoner of Zenda* in his hand and reappeared later with a floppy hat and a pair of those boots which hang down over the ankles like a half-peeled banana and look as though they ought to be worn with sock-suspenders. He remarked in self-defence that even foreigners of European extraction dressed very queerly, and that it was lucky for us Ruritania was not in Asia or Africa; and the words were scarcely out of his mouth when we looked out of the window and saw two negroes from the Jubwahili hinterland and a Chinaman from Long-To-Shoo, all dressed in immaculate Savile Row suitings. That decided us. We put on our own immaculate Tottenham Court Road suitings and sallied forth.

The part of London we had determined that two Ruritanian men of letters ought to see was Hampstead. There are a lot of questions of the day in which two Ruritanian men of letters might interest themselves in Hampstead—such as how long the Bank Holiday litter will remain on the Heath despite the attacks of three men with pointed sticks, and how long the Georgian houses will remain in Downshire Hill despite the attacks of the new Sunday bus service. But I regret to say that the two Ruritanian men of letters never got to Hampstead at all. All that actually happened was this:—

Rudolph Apple and Percival of Hentzau began by writing out HAMSTED on a bit of paper and showing it to people with an inquiring "*Tond apameibomenos?*" in best Ruritanian, meaning of course, "Would you have the goodness to inform us of the best route to the place named on the margin?"

For half-an-hour people either laughed, moved away apprehensively, or said they were strangers in those parts. So at last we took it to a policeman.

"*Pose gar ow?*" we asked, putting it more curtly.

He at once took us by the arm and shoved us down the Hampstead, Highgate, City, South London and Morden Tube.

It was at this point, I may say, that artistically we failed. Had we kept up our Ruritanian pretence we should no doubt, knowing nothing of London, have actually taken a ticket and tried to *get*

to Hampstead on the Hampstead and Highgate Tube (with which, if you will allow me, I will couple the designations of City and South London, not forgetting that place called Morden somewhere near the Sunny South Coast).

Being, however, really Londoners underneath, we doubted if the thing was possible in the time at our disposal; for on the Tube the trains which visit the place you want to go to, either by the unanimous decision of the Directors or by sheer forgetfulness on the part of the driver, frequently omit to stop at the station you want to get in at, which makes it dangerous if not impossible to board them.

So no sooner had our policeman turned away than we crept out once more in search of a taxi. Unfortunately he turned back again. No doubt he had thought we looked suspicious. He stood over us and said, "What's your little game?"

"*Brekkekekex?*" remarked Percival politely.

"Eh?"

"*Koax! Koax!*" I explained.

"*Prosephee glaukōpis Robertos,*" finished Percival, to make it quite clear.

"Ah, furriners!" spake grey-eyed Robert. "Well, where do you want to go to?" he continued, in the tones of one who isn't going to believe when he does hear.

"'*Empsh*tead!" answered Percival in broken English with a strong Ruritanian accent, hurriedly writing it out again on a fresh bit of paper, an unexpected down-draught from a Highgate train having removed the first.

"'*Empsh*tead!" he repeated, and gave it to the policeman. This time from the way he was standing the policeman read the Ruritanian word:

"HAMPSTEAD"

He was, however, quite equal to it. He nodded sagely and said "Ar!" and called up a taxi. Then: "What nationality?" he asked.

"Ruritanian," I said in English, to see what would happen. Percival merely repeated "'*Empsh*tead," with a strong accent on the first syllable. He seemed rather pleased with it.

The constable at once put our two remarks together with considerable skill.

"Drive to the Rooritanian *Emb*assy," he said to the taxi-driver.

"*Laan ano ōthesky poti lophon,*" said Percival, climbing in in order to hide his laughter.

"*Epeita pedonde kulindeto laas aneidees,*" I added swiftly.

"Not at all," replied the constable with true politeness, and moved off in a dignified manner.



Omnibus Driver (*to nervous owner of small car*). "YOU LITTLE—*TEASE*!"

"Where *is* this blinkin' Embassy?" asked our driver after a minute.

"Oh, go to the Splitz Hotel," I said, giving the game up. It was not the same thing as Hampstead quite, but I felt we needed a drink—or, as the Ruritanians say, a "*Krateer.*" A. A.

Brighter Mathematics.

"He composed a commentary on Euclid, whose pupils he attended at Alexandria, besides several books on comic sections."
Old School-book.

"SHOULD BAD TASTE BE PUNISHED? BY A CULTURED MAN."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

"Should swank be swatted?" asks Smith minor.

"She did not pull me out of a charabanc. I saw here there and got out of the charabanc."
Daily Paper.

When you feel like that it is much better to stay *in* the charabanc.

CYNTHIA ADVENA.

WHO is Cynthia? What is she
That picture-papers bill her?
Green (with knobs) she seems to be—
A monster caterpillar,
Now installed at Battersea.

She 's four inches long at least,
Her native soil is Java;
She 's a larva from the East,
Though not a Saklatlava:
Quite an interesting beast.

Then to Cynthia let us sing,
For when, with luck, she hatches
She will have a spread of wing
No moth of Britain matches;
All look out for her next Spring!

Strong Silent Notes.

"HUGH THE DROVER.—R. Vaughan Williams."
This work by the most British of British Composers is typically British."
From Liverpool Opera Programme.

So now we know.

TOPSY, M.P.

I.—BACK AGAIN.

TRIX, my cruel angel, I will *not* be upbraided in that *corrosive* way, my dear how *could* I write to you, if you *will* go *wafting* about the world in *yachts*, my dear I've started the *longest* letter *oceans* of times, but then I always thought O well where *is* China, and by the time she gets this she won't be there and anyhow the news will be *too* obsolete, so in the end the pen *quite* fell from the nerveless little fingers, besides darling you know you never *uttered* yourself except that *rather* aloof picture-postcard from the ROCKEFELLER yacht, but *don't* think darling there's the *palest* cloud between us, because *quant à moi*, my dear I've taken to popping a little French into the conversation because it's *quite* the done thing now, well as I was saying we're the old old bosoms still and you shall hear the *whole* proceedings *daily*, darling.

My dear it's *too* dreary to hear you're still a Vestal, I did think you'd magnetise in one of those tropical climes, however life *undulates* before you still darling so don't hurry the stroke, because my dear I'm *satisfied* that matrimony is a thing a girl ought to commit *once* only and then well, as for me I'm the *born* matron already, well no tiny tots darling, and none looming yet, thanks be, but my dear utterly *poised* and *mature* and my dear *too* wifely, my dear we're *crazily* harmonious still and we've only had the *most* trivial tantrums except one which *was* rather cyclonic, I'll tell you one day, but as far as I can see the *sole* flaw in conjugality is that at *any* moment a girl may be guilty of *twins* because my dear I'm *quite* sure that your generous Topsy is the type that *twins* if anything, however don't count your twins till they're hatched, as the poet says, all the same you can understand they *are* rather a *background* to a girl's thoughts, and that will explain if I seem a *fraction* more esotteric and *autumnal* in tone from time to time these days darling.

Well of course we had *Earth's* rosiest honeymoon since ADAM and EVE, my dear *Jamaica* too voluptious and historical, you have nothing but *yams* and *rum-punch* and *bread-fruit*, and my dear the *humming*-birds are *quite* electrical, well we stayed at an *utterly* lotos-eating little place called Montego Bay, my dear if *ever* you're blighted to a male you *must* go there and merely *mention* my name because I *rather* think they were *rather* attracted, well we had *Elysian* rooms with the widest balcony *quite* over the sea which my dear is the *most* theatrical blue with *intoxicating* coral reefs, my dear *live* coral sort of open-work rock in *pink* and *too* ornamental, and the *most* tropical little *aquarium* fish all topaz and yellow with *emerald* stripes and everything, and of course the water is *too* diaphanous, well when I tell you that I dropped a looking-glass from our balcony into six foot of sea and attended to the little nose in it *quite* adequately as it lay at the bottom, and my dear the bathing was *dream-like*, you lie on this miraculous *white* sand with *secret* bottles of coker-nut oil and merely *cook* the little frame by sections, my dear like something on a spit till you go *pure* antelope *all* over, only of course the *hilarious* thing is that the *local* white virgins utterly *shun* the sun and merely *lurk* under umbrellas and everything for fear they'll go dusky and be taken for *Nature's* Jamaicans, my dear *too* delicate the whole situation, however you recline *comatically* and watch the fifty-fifty girls, my dear the *most* enticing cinnamon colour and *what* figures, doing the *highest* dives upside-down and everything, and after that you sort of *wilt* into the *divine* sea which is like *blue* velvet a cat's been lying on, my dear it's *so* buoyant you're sort of swimming in the *air*, and of course I had a *languishing* costume in *Cambridge* and ivory with a *marked* absence of *back* darling, and I gave Haddock an *emerald* garment in wool, because my dear I *do* resent this *mourning* uniform men wear in the water, and I do *not* see why one's nearest and dearest should *always* look like a *wet* hansom-cab horse on the beach, do you darling, however *this* one I must admit was the *faintest* shade too *garish* for a male, because it was the last in the shop and quite *remarks* I believe were definitely passed on the sunlit strand about it, however Haddock didn't seem to care a *cabbage*, which only shows you darling what *Love* can do to a lord and master, don't you agree?

So what with everything I don't want to hear a *single* word about your *verminous* Lidos and *teeming* lingerie parades, because think what you will of me but my dear this tender plant does *not* blossom in *herds* and *hives* and places where they *swarm*, no darling I am *not* the human bee, but small and congenial which was what we had there, because there were a few quite endurable *voiceless* Britons, who *murmured* Good-morning and *whispered* Good-night but didn't utter between, alsosome *rather* creamy Americans who paid for the rum-punch *quite* always, my dear *too* expensive, and *that* leads my dear to the *solitary* canker, because one of the Americans was *rather* magical, my dear a *definite* witch, called Mrs. May, and we became *quite* bosoms, only as luck would have it the nymph reminded Haddock of that *Green* attractor I've told you about, and my dear she was *rather* litterary and constantly read *books*, my dear *quite* nothing in it of course only there *was* a second or two when your *radiant* Top felt she had to *definitely* make an effort to *command* attention, and *that* my dear is *not* marked on the map of my life, but *don't* think darling that I'm going to be one of those *carbolic* jealous wives, because I've quite decided that if *ever* there should be the *mingiest* Delilah-trouble I'm going to be *too* Christian about it, because my dear I *always* say that it *always* pays to *always* do the *Christian* thing.

However no more of that now, because my dear of course I've forgotten to tell you the *real* throb, my dear in *case* you haven't seen I *am litterally* a Member of Parliament, well it was just



Soft-hearted Party (*buying fly-swatter*). "YES, THIS ONE IS VERY NICE, BUT I THINK THE MESH IS A LITTLE TOO CLOSE. I FEEL ONE OUGHT TO GIVE THE FLY A SPORTING CHANCE."



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

Beauty Specialist. "YOUR SKIN IS PERFECT, MADAM. YOU 'LL ONLY RUIN IT IF YOU BEGIN USING OUR FAMOUS CLEAR COMPLEXION CREAM."

as we expected, my *poor* Haddock was *unseated* owing to some weasel of a man who gave *beer* to the populace, however your Topsy was elected *too* unanimously instead, my dear a walking *weed* did stand against me, but he quite lost his deposit and everything and was *practically* stoned to death, well it all took *months* to fructify and now I can't take my little seat till next Session, of course my poor Haddock is *faintly* wounded I'm afraid, because meanwhile he'd made *history's* virgin speech and was once ejected from the House for calling JOYNSON-HICKS a cow in a china-shop, so he was *rather* popular, however he's writing a tragedy or something now and we've taken a house in *my* constituency, only outside Burbleton, because my dear *Burbleton, too* morbid, of course one *rather* flaw is that the *finances* are the least bit tremulous and on the debit side, so Haddock's doing some ads. as well, well no more now darling, O snakes I nearly forgot, my dear talking of finance there 's a *misty* chance of my *flying* the foul Atlantic, but not a *whisper* darling, because not even Haddock is to know, more later, your *second* mother TOPSY. A. P. H.

THE "FIND."

'Tis lumber in the lumber-room,
Its dingy bindings dark as doom,
A book with ancient steel and plume
  Romance within it;
But "obsolete," I hear you say,
And "quite impossible to-day,"
And I must "chuck the thing away"?
  Well, not this minute.

For all my innermost soul demurs
To cast aside, when it occurs,
What once was more than Elzevirs
  To some grave scholar
Who'd, loving, turn its parchment leaves
Before the fires of April eves,
Chin upon stock (so one perceives)
  'Twixt points of collar.

And with the morning (watch him, do!),
His hoarded tome he'd seize anew
And (eke a crust therewith) into
  A pocket shove it,
Remarking with much learned fun
That on such morns of cloud and sun
His volume was the only one
  The wise would covet.

Ah, then, the thoughtless word restrain
That names his dear one with disdain,
For Wisdom loved it, though 'tis plain
  'Twas—some—a *dry* book;
Nay, have *we* not at times ourselves
Above all darlings of the shelves
Wherein the studious bookworm delves
  Preferred a fly-book? P. R. C.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

". . . . but it is a fact that diseases which prevailed then are now rare and others which are now rare were common in the past."
Daily Paper.

"Notts Forcoesto oolo,o coStoke City 0."
Evening Paper.

One gathers there were 0 goals.

"Young man, married, seeks situation as Chauffeur, also domestic experience."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Rather a slightly married young man.

THE NEW SHIP OF THE DESERT.

[Lines to a camel on reading that "a strange four-decked craft to carry a hundred-and-fifty passengers and two hundred tons of goods has been designed for new travel routes across the deserts of the world."]

TIME-HONOURED steed, who oft in fact and story
Across the "desert's dusty face" have trod,
I come to grave o'er your departed glory
A mourner's *Ichabod*.

To a usurper you must soon surrender,
For in your stead ere long there shall arise
Through man's device, in all its pomp and splendour,
A steed of monstrous size.

No more the merchant and his bales you 'll carry
With many a jolt and devastating bump;
No more the tourist hours on end will tarry
On your uneasy hump.

In vain you 'll fill your vast inside with water,
Full as the cruse that in her darkest hour
Succoured the widow's house of old, and taught her
The Hebrew prophet's power.

Too soon they 'll man this mightier ship and load her,
A speedier barque; and from his cabin'd room
The passenger will whiff the petrol's odour
In lieu of your perfume.

Thus science in her ruthless march advances,
Rides rough-shod over every likely spot,
Lays claim o'en to the desert's parched expanses,
Camel, and heeds you not.

Full many a nasty knock has been your guerdon;
Of martyrdom you seemed to have the art;
But this last straw must prove your crowning burden,
And break your back—and heart. A. K.

AN EPISTLE TO AN "EPHESIAN."

DEAR SIR,—I wish you had refrained from writing and publishing your last book. Those satirical exercises of yours in the "Pastiche" column of *The New Age*, years ago, I always used to look forward to; and you have been an intimate and valued link between unhappy Russia and English readers. Your eulogy of the present SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA, in his varied activities, on foot and on horseback, was entertaining, even if one could not go with you all the way, and I have no doubt that when the time comes to treat of that accomplished experimentalist's career as a financier you will not fail to do him justice.

In all those writings you commanded attention; but in this new novel, based upon the frailties, real or invented, of that great and glorious creature, CHARLES DICKENS, you have, I think, sinned grievously both against decency and the Light.

Two or three questions I should like to ask you about this deplorable book. One is this: How can a young man of your age—thirty-three—working in the year 1928 and unprovided with data, presume to know anything of the intimate frustrations and fears, distractions and doubts, of the married life of anyone who died as long ago as 1870? Our closest friends rarely penetrate beneath the surface of such dramas; how can you have the effrontery to pretend that the truth is in you and you alone; how can you dare to reveal it?

Secondly, having presumed to know and having dared to reveal, how can you defend your eagerness to let the world share these tragic secrets? Was there such need of haste? KATE DICKENS, Mrs. PERUGINI, your victim's sole surviving daughter, is an old lady of over eighty; was it so necessary that her last days should be darkened by this dishonouring publication? Sir HENRY DICKENS, your victim's sole surviving son, is a man holding one of the most responsible positions in the country, a trusted administrator of Justice; was it imperative that his father's name should be publicly degraded in this way? and always, be it remembered, without foundation.

The lives of this brother and sister cannot, it is natural to believe, be much longer protracted; could you not in pity have postponed your accusations and calumnies at least until only the great man's grandchildren were left to be wounded and shamed?

When DICKENS died the whole English-speaking world mourned as though for their nearest and dearest. The picture of "The Empty Chair" in his study at Gadshill was torn from *The Graphic* and hung in thousands of homes. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. That was fifty-eight years ago, when myriad persons were living who had had the opportunity of hearing sinister whispers of his domestic infelicity; yet no stone was cast. The Devil's Advocate was missing. Nor was any stone cast until you, in some strange perverse fit of self-indulgence, conceived that to play the *rôle* of censor was your duty and your right.

No, Sir, you have not done well in writing this book. You have done ill indeed; and, even if you could provide chapter and verse for every one of your charges and revelations, I should still say that you have done ill indeed. You are to-day, I gather from a letter in the Press, satisfied with your achievement; but I do not envy you your feelings when, after a few years have passed, you come to look back upon it. You will then realise that it is no laurel for a young writer to find delight in smirching the escutcheon and diminishing the stature of one of the noblest and most generous of his predecessors in the art and craft of letters. It will be no comfort to you then to be known as the traducer of this great genius, this source of national pride, the magician who created and peopled a new world of warm-heartedness and laughter, and who—whatever his private griefs and perplexities, even agonies, may have been—in his courageous public life of industry and astounding energy fought always for Charity and the Right.

I am, Yours faithfully, CORINTHIAN.

LYRA MOLLUSCA.

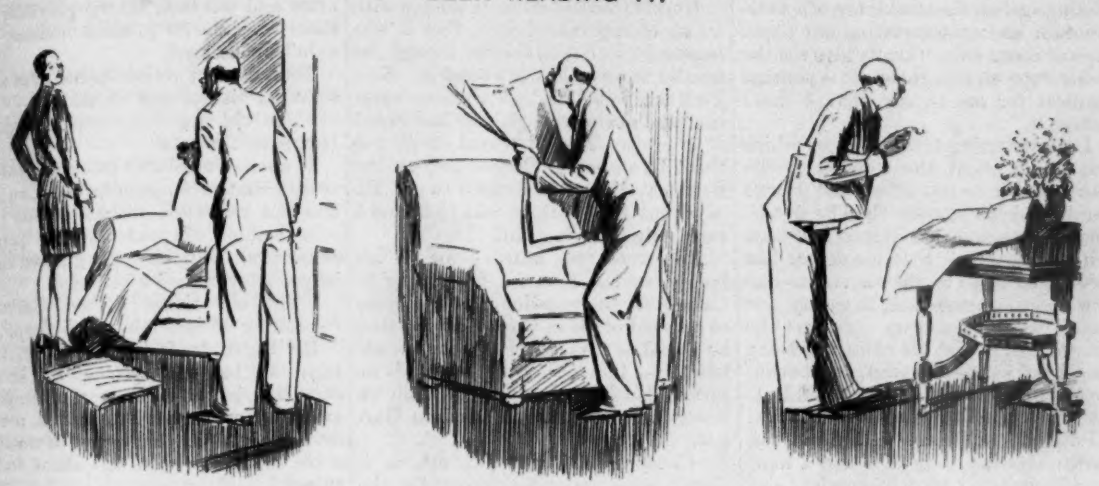
["Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE is planning another visit to South Africa, during which she will appear in Shakespearean plays for the benefit of the natives."—*Daily News and Westminster Gazette.*]

SHAKESPEARE, in that great phrase, "The world 's mine oyster,"
Scattered the largess of his heart of gold
Not for the benefit of the harsh and cold
Who shun their fellow-men and seek the cloister,
Nor for the rich, who proudly roll and royster
Along the roads, but for the generous, bold,
Adventurous folk whose eyes, when they behold
The blest bivalve, grow tenderer and moister.
Others, "tarantulated by a tune,"
May in the smiles of ballet-dancers bask
Or pay their homage to a crook or coon;
Mine be the nobler, more uplifting task—
Far from the stage of crooks and vamps and caitiffs—
Of introducing SHAKESPEARE to the natives.

"Oliver Cromwell, surnamed Commonwealth . . . was the only son of a brewery, but in time of war he was a brave leader. He fought in the War of the Roses."—*Schoolboy Howler.*

Poor Oliver! "Take away that bauble," he said when he broke his mace on Bosworth Field.

STUDY OF A MAN REASSEMBLING A NEWSPAPER AFTER HIS WIFE HAS BEEN READING IT.



"I 'VE FINISHED WITH THE PAPER, DEAR."





"GEORGE, SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, BUT COULD I HAVE THE PAPER AGAIN FOR A MOMENT?"

THE COME-BACK.

"Harris," I said to the dear boy leaning against the marble top of a soda-fountain and contemplating our paper cups of cocoa cola, "kindly give me the inside dope on this thing. It is perhaps needless for me to say that I don't believe it."

I was referring to the rumour which was going about the club on Forty-fourth Street to the effect that Harris had been drinking more than he should. The rumour said that Harris had been drinking so much that his doctor had forced him to go on the wagon; he had now staged a come-back, as we say, and wasn't touching a drop. In fact the rumour had it that his name was being considered for membership of that evanescent society which we call the R.D.A. —the Reformed Drunkards of America.

I disbelieved the whole thing; I had known Harris a long time and I happened to be familiar with his salary and also the price of bootleg liquor, and I could see that the two figures were incompatible. I couldn't imagine how such a rumour had got started.

"I wanted to visit Canada," said Harris; "I wanted to have a slant at the scenery along the Saguenay River."

Here Harris looked me in the eye with an air of such naive truth that it was impossible to doubt him, though he seemed more or less to expect it. New York was hot; Harris's summer vacation was about to begin; he had heard of a cruise from Montreal down the Saint Lawrence to Quebec and up the Saguenay River; he decided to go. He says that was all there was to it, and I can't help believing him.

He wrote two letters—one to his family saying that he was going to Canada for his vacation, and the other to a friend of his in Quebec saying that he would be passing through and would like to see him. Having done this he carried his innocence to the club on Forty-fourth Street and ran into Garrett.

"Canada, eh?" says Garrett, as if Harris were about to depart for the Promised Land.

"Yes," says Harris; "I hear the Saguenay is a remarkable river."

Garrett gave him a wink of about a hundred per cent proof and laughed. Harris laughed a bit out of friendliness.

Then Garrett laughed a good deal more and punched Harris playfully in the ribs. Harris grinned because he didn't understand.

Then Garrett rolled up his eyes and smacked his lips and roared.

"You old dog!" he cried, slapping Harris on the back.

It was not until this moment, Harris swears, that he remembered that Canada was not restricted to half of one per cent alcohol. He says he simply hadn't considered the point. He guesses that he probably turned a little red.

"You old sinner!" said Garrett, "sneaking off in a two-weeks' loop."

He began to feel guilty about the trip. He had never professed to be an abstainer, but he was a man of temperance and, even after Prohibition, never drank to excess. He began to wonder if his reputation were not about to be ruined.

"But how about bringing me back a bottle of honest-to-God liquor?" suggested Garrett.

"My dear man," said Harris, "I tell



Newly-arrived Visitor (*to station-growler*). "IS THIS THE BEST THING THE TOWN CAN DO IN THE WAY OF CONVEYANCES?" *Growler*. "WELL, THE TOWN DON'T DO ANYTHING MARVELLOUS IN THE WAY OF VISITORS."

you I am going up for the scenery. I honestly——"

"You 'll be seeing two or three sets of scenery after the first day, I guess."

It worried the poor fellow a good deal.

Then, two days before he was to leave, his boss at the office called him in.

"Hear you 're going to Canada," he said, giving Harris a potent stare.

Harris lowered his eyes.

"It 's true, then?" asked the boss.

Harris nodded. There was a minute of silence.

Then the boss spoke. "Now, what you do, my boy," he said, "is of course entirely your own affair. I won't say that if you go to Canada our connections are severed, but I do put this restriction on it: if you turn up here after your vacation with a hang-over, then we must part. You had better leave Canada three or four days early to give your head time to clear up. And while you are there bear in mind the good name of the firm you are associated with."

When Harris returned to his apartment that evening he found a Special Delivery letter from his mother.

"My dear boy," she wrote, "I have always had faith in you and confidence in your discretion; I have always felt that you would never do anything to bring a line of worry to your mother's face. You have been so far a sober hard-working boy; you have led a clean straight life up to now; you have been a good boy and a credit to your family. Do not, I pray you, succumb to this temptation now. Listen to me, dear boy, and turn aside from this rash course."

After this, Harris said, there was obviously only one thing to do; he took his tickets to the Grand Central Station and cashed them in, then walked straight on to the nearest Y.M.C.A. and gave himself up.

"I seem to be a drunkard," said Harris to the secretary in his blunt but honest way; "I want to reform."

The secretary looked at him a second in surprise, then caught his hand in a mighty grip. "Good! It is inspiring to see a man 'come back' of his own accord."

Harris was on the verge of tears.

"Come back?" he murmured. "Hell, I never went."

* * * * *

As Harris said this he gulped down the last of the cocoa cola, shaking it down his throat with a great relishing "Aaaahck!"

"For a day or two," he added as an afterthought, "I felt, I confess, some remorse at not having gone to Canada anyway. I don't mind having a drink of good liquor—and according to everybody down here they do have good liquor in Canada—but when I got the telegram from my friend in Quebec, to whom I had written to say I was passing through, I was just as glad that I hadn't risked my reputation by going. He wired to ask me if I would mind bringing him up a bottle or two of honest-to-God whisky."

"I guess that puts the drinks on me," I said. "What 'll you have?"

"An orange crush," said Harris.

I ordered an orange crush and a stiff sarsaparilla. MANHATTAN.



Little Girl (at her fourth wedding). "MUMMY, CAN'T I BE A BRIDE SOMETIMES, 'STEAD OF A BRIDESMAID?"

Our Philanthropic Kine.

"COW'S DASH INTO WALL.

The drover pursued one animal, which crashed heavily into an old six-foot brick wall, which fell bodily into the yard of an engineer-started, providing employment for hundreds buckling the wheels, dashboard, and wings."

Sunday Paper.

Things That Might Have Been Expressed Differently.

"The Editor wishes to thank the Rector for his kind help in editing this issue during her absence, and apologises for its shortcomings on that account."—*Parish Magazine.*

Cannibalism at Amsterdam.

"Joe Wright, the Canadian winner of this year's Diamond Sculls at Henley, was eaten in the single sculls by a Czecho-Slovakian."

Indian Paper.

The latter should enter for the Double Crossbones next year.

"GRILLS

Rump Steak 1/-, Fillet Steak 1/4, Sausages (2) 8d., Lion Chop 11d., Chump Chop 1/1, Lamb Cutlet 9d., Tomato 4d."

Advt. in Evening Paper.

We rather fancy a KELLOGG mixed grill, with the lion chop lying down beside the lamb.

SWAN (OF AVON) AND EDGAR.

IF SHAKESPEARE in modern dress, why not in modern language? Why not adapt these old melodramas still more freely, to suit modern taste? Why not a collaboration between our greatest and our most prolific dramatist? We give an outline of what might really be a thundering good play.

"WHO KILLED DUNCAN?"
by
EDGAR SHAKESPEARE,

Author of *The Sinister Moor*, now at the Venus Theatre; *The Crazy King*, now at His Royal Highness's; *A Prince in Black*, now at the Commonalty, etc., etc.

WOULD YOU PUT GENERAL MACBETH BEHIND THE BARS?

ACT I. *Drawing-room at* Mrs. Macbeth's. *Darkness. Silence. Scream* (OFF). *Someone on the stage starts and knocks over a table. It is* Mrs. Macbeth.

Mrs. Macbeth. Hark! —— No. That d—d owl again! I feel unaccountably nervous. I wonder what Mac's doing.

Enter General Macbeth *smothered in blood.*

Macbeth. I've done it!

Mrs. M. You haven't?

M. Yes, I have. Cut my chin.

Mrs. M. (*suspiciously*). But why shave at this hour?

M. Who is in the Blue Room?

Mrs. M. Lord Donalbain. Why?

M. Someone keeps walking about, telling me not to sleep.

Mrs. M. Must be your imagination.

Ghostly Voice (OFF). Sleep no more!

M. There! Did you hear it?

Mrs. M. Yes. That's the parrot.

M. (*doubtfully*). It didn't sound to me like the parrot.

[*Door* R. *mysteriously opens and shuts again.*

Mrs. M. Give me the razor. It's not safe with you. What have you been doing with it?

[*A horrible face appears at the window and vanishes.*

M. (*awkwardly*). I have been—er—shaving.

Mrs. M. (*suspiciously*). By moonlight? [*Front-door bell rings* (OFF).

M. Yes; but what are you doing down here?

Mrs. M. I came to get a cigarette and a——

M. (*suspiciously*). A cigarette? But you never smoke.

Mrs. M. (*awkwardly*). No—er—not for myself, but for——

[*Front-door bell rings* (OFF) *violently.*

M. I hope Duncan won't hear that beastly noise.

[*There is a knock on the door. Both start. Silence. Knock is repeated violently.*

Both. Come in, come in.

Enter Parlourmaid.

Parlourmaid. Two gentlemen to see you, Sir.

Enter Detective-Inspector Macduff *of New Scotland Yard and* Sergeant Lennox.



Lady. "HAVE YOU BEEN USED TO BEING WHERE THEY HAD TWO COOKS?"
Applicant. "YES, M'M—ONE COMING AND ONE GOING."

Macduff. Good evening, General. I have reason to suspect that a murder has been committed in your house.

[*Both start.*

Mrs. M. What—in our house? Nonsense.

Macduff. Someone has been killed in your best bedroom. (*Mrs. Macbeth shrieks and faints.*) I must trouble you, Sir, to come with me.

M. Certainly, Mr. Macduff.

[*On the way out* Macduff *stops and looks at* Parlourmaid's *cheek.*

Macduff. Hallo! What's this, my girl?

Parlourmaid (*faintly*). Rouge, Sir.

Macduff (*touching her cheek*). I see. You can go. (*Exit* Parlourmaid. Macduff *examines his finger.*) Rouge? No, blood!

CURTAIN.

ACT II. *The same. Twenty-four hours later. Darkness. Silence. Screams* (OFF). *Enter* Inspector Macduff *with* Malcolm *and* Donalbain, *both handcuffed.*

Macduff. I arrest you on the charge of the murder of your father. It is my duty to warn you. . . . etc.

Malcolm. But this is infamous.

Donalbain. I know nothing about it.

Enter Lord Ross *hurriedly.*

Ross. General Banquo has been murdered, Inspector!

Macduff (*suspiciously*). How do you know?

Ross. Know, idiot? I've seen his body.

Macduff (*suspiciously*). Oh, you have, have you? [*Exit* Macduff.

Ross. What—handcuffed?

Mal. and Don. Yes.

Ross. But you are innocent.

Mal. and Don. Of course. We all know that.

Ross. I know who has done it.

Mal. and Don. Macbeth? [Ross *nods.*

Enter three Old Women.

1st Old W. Macbeth!

2nd Old W. Macbeth!

3rd Old W. Macbeth!

Ross. Can't you see he's not here? What do you want?

Three Old W. To apply for the situation of cook.

Ross (*suspiciously*). How did you get in?

Enter Macduff *reading a telegram, and* Lennox.

Macduff. What—all!

Ross. What's the matter now?

Macduff. All murdered!

Ross. Heavens! what do you mean?

Macduff. All my pretty chickens!

Ross. Is that all? What were they?

Macduff. Wyandottes.

Enter Macbeth.

M. Inspector, I know who has done it.

All. So do we.

M. Yes, but I really know. (*Enter* Parlourmaid *and two Pekinese.*) The culprit is . . .

Parlourmaid. Your medicine, Sir.

M. Don't interrupt me now. Give it to the dogs. The culprit is . . .

Enter Mrs. Macbeth *in her sleep.*

All. Mrs. Macbeth.

M. Not at all.

Mrs. M. A spot on my best cushion!



Boardship Acquaintance (*to celebrated author, who is not feeling too well*). "I SAY, I'VE BROUGHT MY AUNT. SHE HATES YOUR BOOKS AND WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THEM."

M. No, no. Wake up! You are dreaming.

Mrs. M. (*waking*). Oh!

M. The culprit is . . .

Enter Ghost of General Banquo.

All. Banquo!

M. No, no. He 's dead. This is his ghost.

All. I see.

Macduff. What is he pointing at?

All. The clock.

M. Yes. Watch the clock! The culprit is. . . .

[*The grandfather clock solemnly strikes Twelve. All wait. On the twelfth stroke the case opens and the body of* Duncan *rolls at the feet of* Macduff.

All. Macduff!

Macduff. Ridiculous.

Ross. He could not possibly have been the man.

Lennox. He had no time to do it.

Ross. And no reason.

Mal. He 's a policeman.

Don. He 's a 'tec.

Mal. He is the least likely to have been the murderer.

M. And *therefore*, friends, 'tis he.

All. Of course! 'Tis he!

[*Whereupon the Author enters and is greeted by the assembled company.*

M. Hail, King! for so thou art; of secret crimes
And bloodiest murders prince-unraveller!

All. Hail, EDGAR SHAKESPEARE, King of Dramatists!

M. There 's not a cry dissentient. BARRIE bows
His humbled head for shame; SHAW tears his beard;
The ingenious LONSDALE, deeper than the Thames,
Must drown his titled puppets; NOEL'S self
Turn Coward and forsake the unequal fight,
And he is bless'd that swears "This is the stuff!"
And damn'd be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"

"While debating the subject of railway facilities in your columns it is worth bringing to notice the case of the poor parson, who, with his Sunday ties, is necessarily debarred the benefit of the week-end reductions."
Daily Paper.

The racehorse-owner too is sometimes debarred by mishaps to his stud.

THE COW.

I 'M very sorry for
A cow;
Its clothes seem fashioned
Anyhow;
They never look as if they
Fit;
I wonder what is wrong
With it?

And if a cow should need
A patch
It never chooses one
To match,
But makes the oddest pieces
Do.
I think it 's rather sad;
Don't you?

Cause and Effect?

"At the Lincoln County picnic at Vineland, Ontario, the rolling-pin throwing contest was won by Mrs. W. H. Upsall, who threw the rolling-pin 67 feet. Mr. Upsall won the 100-yards dash for married men."—*Sunday Paper.*

"The bride's travelling dress was of cafe-au-lait spotted with crepe-de-Chine."
Kent Paper.

Lump sugar, we understand, is rapidly supplanting confetti at Kentish weddings.



"HOW D' YOU LIKE MY NEW COSTUME?"
"VERY PRETTY AND FEMININE AND ALL THAT, BUT I SHOULD HATE TO BE HAMPERED BY SKIRTS MYSELF."

HOW CLOVER CAME TO ENGLAND.

[Clover was first introduced into this country by Sir RICHARD WESTON, a Surrey knight, towards the year 1645.]

How clover came to England
I wonder if you know;
It was RICHARD WESTON brought it
Three hundred years ago;
It was stout Sir RICHARD WESTON, and a stout King's man was he,
And while NOLL and his knaves were ruling at Whitehall he dwelt beyond the sea.

The purple-tufted clover,
So honey-sweet and dim,
He saw in Lowland marshes,
And it seemed good to him;
And it seemed good to the cattle that on those marshes fed;
And Sir RICHARD thought of his Surrey meadows. "I will plant it there," he said.

So clover came to England,
As Sir RICHARD willed it should,
And to the English cattle
It seemed exceeding good;
And to the bees of England it was good beyond a doubt,
They ought to have blessed Sir RICHARD WESTON as they sucked the honey out!

But let it be remembered
It is not only bees
Who from a clover goblet
May draw the honey-lees;
The child who takes one floret and puts it to his lips
May sip a delicate drop of honey just as the brown bee sips.

Wherefore the kine of England,
Black, russet, white and dun,
Should praise Sir RICHARD WESTON
In thankful unison,
And all the bees of England should for Sir RICHARD pray,
And so should the children who find sweet clover in the meadows where they play.

D. M. S.

BRIGHTER BOWLING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—With regard to the subject of prepared wickets I beg to offer through your columns a suggestion for the consideration of the M.C.C. and other interested bodies.

The question as a whole is a tremendous one. We can't, admittedly, abolish p.w.'s altogether, but I do feel that some good might be done by putting a heavy policeman on the pitch for ten minutes before the start of each day's play instead of the heavy roller. If the policeman were instructed to proceed at the double his action should undoubtedly benefit the bowler.

I have no hesitation in adding that, should my suggestion be adopted by responsible authorities, we can look forward confidently to a stimulating season in 1929.

Yours, etc.,
SPECTATOR.

"WEATHER FORECAST.

Rather unsettled, but considerable fair periods in the south. English Channel: needs recovering also."—*Evening Paper.*

Why is the English Channel like my umbrella?

"The President of the Turkish National Assembly says that short hair is more than a fashion. It is perfection, and the same applies to short skirts. Civilised women cannot go about with skirts reaching to their angles."—*Indian Paper.*

We thought that civilized women were just cylinders.



THE SENTIMENTAL REALIST.

SCENE—*In Rhineland.*

GERMANY. "*MUST* YOU STAY?"

M. BRIAND (*recalling the Locarno spirit*). "I LOVE YOU TOO MUCH TO THINK OF LEAVING YOU JUST YET."



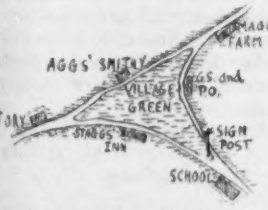
SCENE ON HIGHGATE HILL A FEW DAYS AFTER THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF THE LIFE-STORY OF SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

THE ONE-WAY TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

THAT the one week's trial of the gyratory traffic system in the village of Pobblecombe came to an end about the same time as the three months' experiment on the same lines in the City of London may not be generally appreciated. For we are admittedly some weeks behind them in publishing our report. We propose to proceed with it here and now without further delay:—

REPORT
of the
POBBLECOMBE VILLAGE COUNCIL
On the Experimental Period of one week of One-way Traffic in the Village of Pobblecombe.

To enable our readers to follow us more closely we append a rough diagram of the village green at Pobblecombe, the scene of the trial.



The police, represented by Craggs, the village constable, were first asked to submit their report. We may say at once that we placed the greatest reliance on the testimony of Craggs, who had been from the first whole-heartedly in favour of the scheme, though against his own interests; for he must have known that the new system, if adopted, would impose on him the monotonous and exhausting duty of controlling the traffic round the green, his services having hitherto been confined to long and interesting rambles round the outskirts of the parish. But to proceed.

The police relied mainly on figures. In the previous six years, they said, five accidents had taken place in the neighbourhood of the green. In the first of these a bantam belonging to Staggs had been run over in the road immediately outside that gentleman's inn by a person or persons unknown driving an unknown type of vehicle. The unfortunate bird had died early the following morning. The next two accidents, four years later, might really, if you came to think of it, as Craggs said, be looked upon as one. Farmer Maggs' boys had been racing home from school on bicycles one evening round the bend by the General Store and Post Office, when without any warning at all the one who was leading ran into and stunned a pig that had strolled across the green from Aggs' smithy. The boy had sprained his knee, and the pig had never afterwards been quite right in the head. Craggs was at this point told that he need not bother to detail the other accidents, but should pass straight on to the week of the trial.

There had during this week been one accident only. But, as Craggs said, and he appeared to have worked it out carefully, there was no doubt that this figure, considered proportionally, showed an increase. A car driven by a total stranger had approached the green along the road by the school and was about to turn in the forbidden direction down by the General Store and Post Office when Craggs, who was standing in the middle of the green, waved it vigorously round to its left. In trying to obey his orders it had crossed the corner of the green and collided with the sign-post. That had been the only car with which he had had to deal. With the carts he had had no trouble at all. They had without exception behaved splendidly. Of the conduct of the bicycle-traffic too, with the one exception of Farmer Maggs' boys, who had each been run in four times for taking the shorter route, he had no cause to complain.

The Pobblecombe Retail Traders' Association were next asked to give their report. This body consisted of Staggs of Staggs' Inn and the General Storekeeper and Postmaster. Both complained of a serious drop in trade. Staggs had completely lost his best customer. He had been a miller who lived a mile or so up the road beyond the rectory. For years he had been in the habit of dropping into Pobblecombe of an evening with his mare and his cart and discussing for a couple of hours or so the topics of the day with Staggs. His mare had always stood as quiet as a lamb in the road outside. Under the new system the miller had had to pro-

ceed right round the green before arriving at the Inn and to leave his mare facing in the direction from which he had come. The smell of home had been too strong for the animal's powers of resistance and she had immediately bolted back to her stable. After this had happened twice the miller came no more to Pobblecombe, and it was believed that he was now in the habit of having his evening discourses with the landlord of a tavern in a neighbouring village.

On the question being put to him Staggs admitted at once that as far as the casual traffic was concerned the new system had made no difference to him at all.

The G. S.-K. and P.-M. complained that his sale of sausages had seriously declined, but he was unable to advance any convincing argument in support of his contention that this was due to the one-way system, and the probability is that the causes were purely seasonal. The stamps sold, on the other hand, showed an increase to the extent of ninepence-halfpenny.

Farmer Maggs had some special remarks of his own to offer on the subject. He is a sour-tempered man, his boys and the weather having been a constant source of worry to him, and the terse, not to say expressive, language he used made his reasoning somewhat obscure. We gathered that he was opposed to continuing the system, but have unanimously decided not to include his statement in the report.

After a sitting lasting well into the night, the Pobblecombe Parish Council, having carefully weighed every aspect of the case as presented by the above evidence, decided by a small majority that the system should be discontinued.

* * * * *

To all those urban councils and the like who contemplate making a similar experiment, we trust that the publication of this report, examined of course in conjunction with those of other communities, such as the City of London, will be of true value in indicating the kind of difficulties they may expect to encounter. We wish them luck.

Brummagem-made.

"'THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS' (From Birmingham)."
Wireless Paper.

ARE ANIMALS REALLY MUSICAL?

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—The claim of a nation to be regarded as musical does not rest on the accomplishments and performances of human beings alone, but on those of the entire animal population. If this test be rigorously applied, England need have no fear of the result. Thus I note that in *The Daily News and Westminster Gazette* of the 13th inst. a correspondent, after testifying to the intelligence and courtesy of the geese in the neighbourhood of Freshwater (I. of W.), goes on to relate how, at a little country chapel in that neighbourhood, when music was played out-of-doors on summer Sunday afternoons, he has often observed the older geese assembled, evidently in order to listen, for as soon as the music ceased they went away. I cannot resist the conclusion that this musical intelligence of the Freshwater geese is to be traced to the abiding influence of its most distinguished resident, TENNYSON, the most melodious of poets. I am, yours faithfully,

Alum Bay. JEREMY GANNET.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE CAPE.

SIR,—During a recent visit to Cape Colony I was assured by my host that a baboon at Stellenbosch had been taught to play the saxophone and was much in request at local dances. That baboons have been trained to act as railway porters is an old story, but this I think marks a notable advance in the education of those whom with an undue self-complacency we have been in the habit of calling "our poor relations." At the Zoological Gardens at Durban there is a fine specimen of the Semi-Bombay Duck (*Anas Sapphirensis*), which has a curious habit of quacking in consecutive fifths; but unfortunately during my stay it was laid up with tonsilitis and unable to do itself justice.

Yours faithfully,

ALOYSIUS SWALLOW (Major).
The Redan, Gullane.

THE HEROIC CAT.

SIR,—The influence of cats on music is curious and perplexing. The connection of the cat and the fiddle is enshrined in one of the earliest lyrics of the language, and the services which this devoted animal has rendered to the king of instruments by providing the material from which its strings are made cannot be too highly commended. In the days when the Mecca of English music was the old St. James's Hall, many stories used to be told of a famous cat which lived on the premises and took the keenest interest in the concerts given there. Of these the most touching is that which relates to a recital given by the illustrious *virtuoso*, SARASATE. During the entire performance, so it is credibly related, the cat remained on the platform with an agonized expression on its countenance, making it perfectly clear that, in case the violinist broke a string, she was ready then and there to supply him with another.

The devotion of cats to music is beyond question, but as performers, alas! their voice-production leaves much to be desired. The resources of medical science, however, have now come to their aid, and I am informed that by grafting the thyroid gland of a nightingale on to the larynx of a Persian, a breed of cats has been evolved whose nocturnal serenades are above reproach. A friend of mine who owns one has happily named it Beethoven, in view of the beauty of its moonlight sonatas.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

FELIX CHATTO.
St. Kitts, Tilehurst.

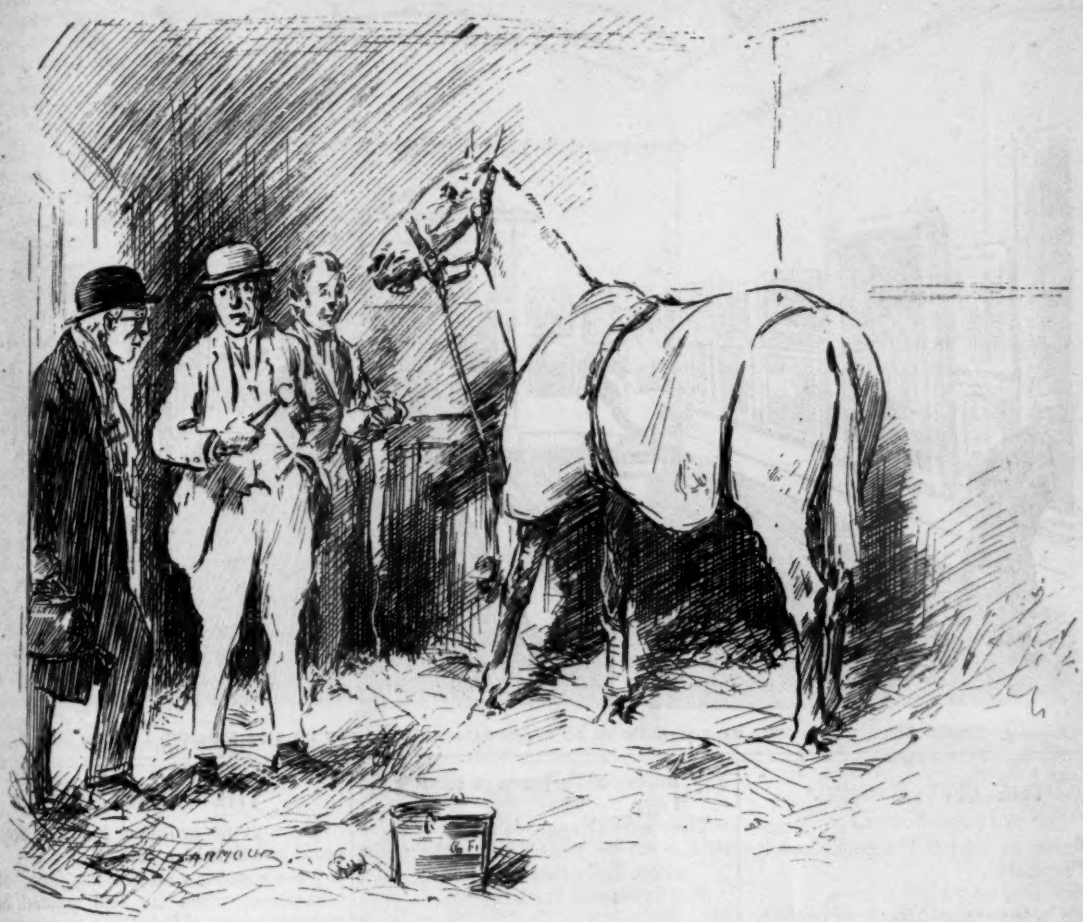
HELPFUL IMITATION.

SIR,—There can be no doubt that Nature is creeping up in the world of harmony. Quite recently I heard a flock of wild geese, as they were passing over my house in Norfolk, "honking" in highly creditable imitation of a motor-



Picture Dealer. "WHAT ABOUT A LANDSCAPE, OR A COUPLE OF SEASCAPES, OR A NICE LAKESCAPE?"

Picture Buyer. "NO, NO, NO. HAVE YOU GOT A COUNTRY SCENE—A BIT OF AN INNSCAPE? AND THE MISSUS, SHE WAS RATHER SET ON A CHURCHSCAPE."



Vet. (*puzzled by obscure case of lameness in doctor's hunter*). "I WISH MY PATIENTS COULD TELL THEIR SYMPTOMS LIKE YOURS, DOCTOR."

Doctor (*just returned from attending a very voluble hypochondriac*). "YOU OUGHT TO THANK HEAVEN THEY CAN'T."

horn. And a musical friend of mine tells me that calves are now in the habit of emitting noises of a quality distinctly reminiscent of the bass clarinet.

I am, Yours faithfully, ORLO BIFFIN.

The Crumbles, Cromer.

THE IDEAL ORGANIST.

SIR,—Recent researches in bio-chemistry undoubtedly foreshadow the possibility of producing creatures enormously larger than those at present in existence. As an amateur organist, painfully conscious of the inadequacy of the human frame to render full justice to the pedalling powers of this noble instrument, I cannot help thinking that the problem might be solved by the rearing of a race of giant centipedes, say ten times the size of those at present available.

I am, Sir, Yours hopefully,
(Miss) MYRIA PODDER.

Scolopendra Lodge, Crawley.

THE LANGUAGE DIFFICULTY.

I HAVE never claimed to be Sylvia's equal in knowledge of the French language. I don't propose to have an inferiority complex in the matter; I simply take the facts as they are. It was with some reluctance therefore that I agreed we should stay in and listen on the wireless to a causerie by a member of the French Academy who was flying over to England for that purpose. The result was what I expected.

"I'm awfully sorry, dear," I said, taking off the ear-phones after five minutes of what sounded like a series of short sharp barks, "but I'm afraid it's no use. My French is an even deader language than I thought."

"You'll get it in a bit," she encouraged me, "the accent's rather different; Monsieur Visire is a Gascon."

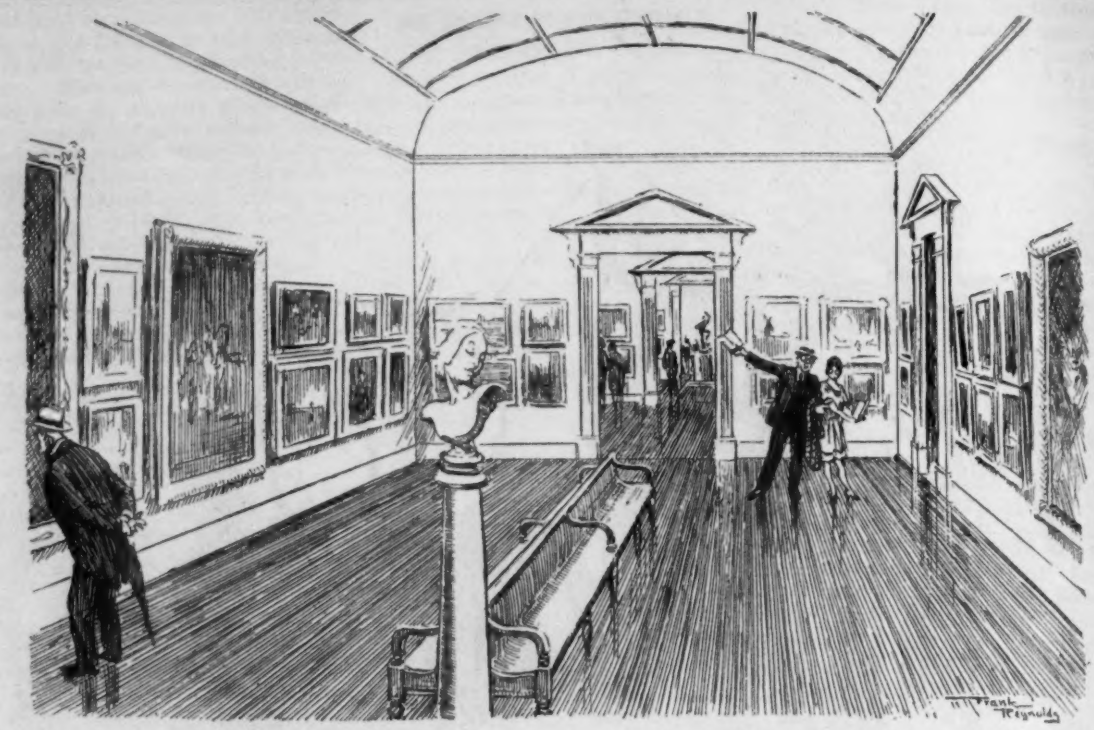
"Or a Pomeranian?" I said tentatively, "judging by the barks."

Sylvia disdained to reply. She continued to listen-in with a pleased smile, nodding her head appreciatively the while. I tried again. This time it was a little better. More than once I caught two consecutive words that I understood. I will give them here. They were "*entente cordiale.*" But it was poor sport waiting for them to come round and I surreptitiously disconnected myself once more.

"Isn't it good?" asked Sylvia, looking up.

I hastily resumed the ear-phones. Five minutes more and there came a pause. Then I heard something I really understood. In the clear cool voice of the announcer came the following words:—

"Monsieur Visire asks me to say that he finds it rather tiring talking English after his journey to-day, and, if you will excuse him, he will continue his address in French."



American Tourist. "SAY, WE 'VE JUST HALF-AN-HOUR TO DO THESE GALLERIES—SO YOU DO THIS SIDE AND I 'LL DO THAT."

THE LITTLE OWL.

(Athene Noctua.)

PERCHED on my wireless pole, aloof, inscrutable,
Warming its wicked wits—
There in the sunlight (eminently shootable)
The little villain sits.

This is the fiend that robs us of our beauty-sleep
And, what is more (or worse),
Makes mortals, resting from their daily duties, leap
Up in their beds and curse.

For nightly from the garden weird uncanny cries,
Suggestive of the screams
Wrung from the lips of tortured souls in panic, rise
To mingle with my dreams.

Should you not know the habits of the fellow, you 'd
Imagine one so quaint
In feathery plus-fours, with eyes so yellow-hued,
As something of a saint;

A creature fitly fashioned to exterminate
Things that are not thought nice;
One that with quite a proper taste in vermin ate
Frogs, beetles, rats and mice.

Nay, finches of the grove in terror quail if e'er
They hear the ogre-ish bark
Of one whose treat 's the nightingale, whose daily fare
The linnet and the lark.

This is no saint, no sacred fowl of Pallas's;
To honour with her name
A vandal bird so criminal and callous is
(To say the least) a shame.

Wherefore a boon, O goddess of the beryl eyes,
Your pagan poet begs;
Rise in your wrath and addle, smash or sterilise
This false Athene's eggs!

Another Impending Apology.

"FOSSILS HELD UP.
CHINESE EMBARGO ON SCIENTISTS."
Headlines in Sunday Paper.

"A former champion and hero of many a race Steel Blue was an ineffective participant, retiring early in the race. He has detonated with age."—*Indian Paper.*

Gone off, in fact.

"CAN FLOWERS FEEL PAIN?
MAYORS AND CRUELTY OF CUTTING THEM."
Daily Paper.

We don't know about flowers, but cut mayors can be revived by sticking their stalks in hot water.

THE WANDERER.

HE was no ordinary tramp. Joyce could tell that at a glance.

"He 's got an interesting face," she whispered, when he had passed our wayside camp. "It 's the pioneer type."

Joyce *will* divide mankind into types.

"How do you make that out?" I asked. "Almost any countryman——"

"His eyes," she explained, "were those of a man accustomed to far horizons. And did you notice the dogged determination of his jaw? I wonder why he 's returning home?"

We caught him up in a few minutes. He was covering the ground with a raking stride and had slung his coat over his shoulder. His arms and neck were the colour of mahogany.

"Scorched by tropic suns," decided Joyce. "A pioneer type certainly."

I asked the pioneer type if he would like a lift. He touched his hat and clambered in. He had hardly settled himself on the back seat when Joyce turned round and questioned him.

"Have you come far?"

"Furrin' parts," replied the young man.

Joyce nudged me to ensure that I was listening.

"Perhaps you didn't strike it lucky? Or no one would grub-stake you? Or were you just homesick?"

Joyce likes to use the idiom of the great open spaces where men are men and all that sort of thing.

"Don't reckon much to furrin' parts," he explained.

"But weren't you thrilled," persisted Joyce, "when you stood alone on the boundless waving prairie?"

"Don't remember them," he said doggedly; "and I warn't alone; Uncle Jim was with me."

"How nice to have your uncle with you! But what was wrong with the foreign parts?"

"Land's no good for roots; their turnips ain't so forrard. They can't learn Little Peddlington owt about farming."

"Then you're glad to see the old homestead again?"

"I am that. Dad 'll be surprised to see me."

"Haven't you written?"

"I'm a poor hand at letter-writing. Never was a scholard."

"But haven't you sent a line all the time you've been away?"

"Nay, we don't go in for letter-writing in our fam'ly; only at funerals. Letters have to be answered, and Dad would rather plough a field than write a letter. He'd know I was all right."

"And he'll be glad to see you?" pressed Joyce, reluctant to give up her picture of the return of the wanderer.

"He will that. He's been hard set to since I've been away. Twelve beast to milk, calves to rear, stores to fatten, five acres of mowing." His voice trailed off into silence. "Dunno how he's managed."

"Perhaps you'll settle down now?" suggested Joyce.

"Ay, my travelling days is over." He sighed contentedly. "The gipsy up at the Fair last back-end said I were to travel. Well, I reckon she was right. I'm the only traveller in our family. But I'm glad to be back home."

"Perhaps," pursued Joyce, "there's a little girl waiting for you, eating her heart out through the long days, wondering and wondering when you'd return?"

"If she's been walking-out with Jim," the pioneer muttered, blushing to the roots of his hair, "I'll—I'll push his face in."

"You mustn't blame her," argued Joyce, "if you've never written. She will think you've found some foreign girl."

"Nay," he protested, "I reckon nowt to furrin' gals. Sarah's good enough for me. You should taste her curran' dumplings!"

"I hope you'll always think like that of Sarah," admonished Joyce. "There will be times when you'll remember the old pine-shack on the edge of the beyond and feel the call of the trail. You'll have to think of Sarah and put that behind you."

"Ay, my travelling days is over. I reckon nowt to furrin' parts. Their beans——"

"You'll work for your father after you're married?"

"Ay. Dunno how he's managed all this time. Twelve beast to milk——"

The pioneer's mind seemed to work in circles.

"Uncle Jim wanted me to stop; but I told him I didn't reckon owt to furrin' parts. His beans——"

Suddenly the young man prodded me in the back.

"Hi! we're here! There's the old 'un. Dad!"

We knew we ought not to intrude. Their emotion was private. But we had entered so fully into the joys and sorrows of our pioneer that we could not tear our eyes from this family reunion.

The old man took his pipe from his mouth and spat reflectively.

"How's Jim's beans?" he demanded. "And what have you come back for? Your uncle axed you to stop for a week, didn't he?"

W. E. R.



House-Agent. "... AND THE PROPERTY HAS THE ADDITIONAL ADVANTAGE OF BEING CLOSE TO THE RAILWAY-STATION—TO BE PRECISE, EXACTLY TWO STONE'S-THROWS."

Hymns for Profiteers.

"The service commenced with the singing of the hymn, 'All people that on earth do well.'"—*Devonshire Paper.*

"SIGNOR MUSSOLIKI AT SEA."
Manchester Paper.

We have never dared to say a thing like that.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ADMIRAL'S SECRET" (STRAND).

IT was not a strikingly novel thought to open the play with an exchange of back-chat between a butler and a cook. But the authors were apparently so pleased with the humour of it that they couldn't bear to have it curtailed by the arrival of the *Admiral* and his daughter at the breakfast-table, and so they made the domestics stand by and take part in the conversation.

And this was not the sole touch of originality, for there can never have been a "secret" so widely known. It was indeed familiar to fifty per cent of the other characters, and I have therefore the less scruple about divulging it.

Admiral Fitzporter (now retired), in the course of suppressing a scrap between some rival brigands off Minorca, had picked up and pocketed the object in dispute, a monstrous diamond star. This he had secreted behind a glass case containing a stuffed salmon, another trophy of his aquatic prowess. His possession of it was known to his butler (late R.N.), who had witnessed the theft; to certain members of one of the gangs concerned, and to *Don Pablo di Tuena y Gonzalez*, from whose family it was alleged to have been originally stolen. By a joyous coincidence both the *Don* and a brace of the brigands—the former in a yacht (with lady-friend)—had appeared independently but simultaneously in the neighbourhood of the *Admiral's* house, situated on the edge of a beetling cliff, in quest of the missing jewel.

Their methods were very properly distinguished. The brigands, on the one hand, were out for anything, preferably murder. One of them was said to be extremely accomplished at throwing knives. His actual record was not given, but we felt sure that he could spit a fly on a wall at fifty yards. We took it therefore as a great piece of luck for us that he missed the *Admiral's* head at a range of ten feet. The *Don*, on the other hand, being sprung from a race of Spanish gentlemen—possibly hidalgos—was content with craft, insinuating himself into the *Admiral's* confidence by warning him against danger from another quarter. The machinations of both parties were greatly facilitated by the *Admiral's* habit of keeping his French-windows (on the ground floor) wide open day and night. Through the curtains drawn across them after dark there would appear from time to time a surreptitious head or weapon, as in the crook plays. Indeed I hoped against hope that the authors had intended to cast ridicule on this deplorably popular type of drama. But I finally concluded, that, if this had ever been their intention, they had recoiled before the subtleties essential to burlesque and contented themselves with pure farce.



Admiral Fitzporter (*Mr. O. B. CLARENCE*). "DON'T YOU EVER COME IN BY THE FRONT-DOOR?"

Don Pablo di Tuena y Gonzalez (*Mr. EDWARD DIGNON*). "I SHOULD BE MOST CHARMED, BUT WHAT WOULD BECOME OF ZE PLOT?"



SPANISH CONVERSATION.

Guido d'Elvira . . . . . MR. HENRY CASS.
Questa . . . . . MR. F. ZENORA.
Donna Theresa d'Alcantra. . . MISS MARY CLARE.

Passing over some rather elementary fun and ignoring not only those errors in naval usage which have fluttered the experts, but also that rectangular capstan on the drop-curtain which seems to have escaped their notice, I will report briefly that the jewel, after passing from hand to hand and finding itself attached in transit to the back of the overcoat of a retired officer, was ultimately, as the cause of too much discord, flung by the *Admiral* through a window into the sea.

Well, not quite ultimately, for, as soon as the room was empty—the brigands having rushed out to dive for the treasure, and the *Don* having withdrawn with his lady-friend (she was terribly disgruntled at having missed the reversion of it and being unable to swim)—the *Admiral* by some impenetrable legerdemain contrived to—— but I mustn't betray another of his mysteries.

Not a good play, but I have seen many worse. If the plot and the situations were frankly puerile, there was some pretty good fun in the dialogue. Mr. O. B. CLARENCE, as the *Admiral*, though meant for better things, was excellent with what they gave him here. Of the others the best performance was Miss MARY CLARE's too-brief sketch of *Donna Theresa* (the lady from the yacht), whether superciliously calm or lapsing, when infuriated, into the manners and speech of the best Spanish *canaille*. Miss LAURA SMITHSON, as *Mrs. Pinchcliffe*, the cook, wore an admirably bovine expression, and Mr. PAUNCEFORT, as *Sam Hawkins* the nautical butler, had his passable moments of humour.

To Mr. EDWARD DIGNON, one of the collaborators, I give credit for an intelligent interpretation of a character (the

Don) that he had presumably written for himself; but this opinion is worth little, as my experience of Spanish yachtsmen in search of stolen stars is negligible. Mr. BELFRAGE (*Lieutenant Frank Bruce*) contrived with Miss CASARTELLI (the *Admiral's* daughter) to furnish a little mild love-interest. He played soundly enough, and it was not his fault if he adopted towards the *Admiral* an air of easy candour unusual either in a junior officer or in a prospective son-in-law on approval. Miss CASARTELLI was not very happy in her part. For a post-War flapper I have seen nothing so unmodern on the stage for years.

In conclusion I do hope I haven't damaged what I suspect to be the rather dubious prospects of the play by giving away the *Admiral's* secret. I had to say something, and, like the authors, I meant well. O. S.

We regret that the name of the actor who played the part of *Allison Barker* in *The Devil's Host* was incorrectly given as Mr. BALLARD BERKELEY in our issue of August 29. It should have been Mr. LYONEL WATTS.

THE PICTURES.

"SIMBA" (PALACE).

THOUGH it be ungrateful and perhaps irrelevant to say so, one is a little disappointed in *Simba* if one remembers *Chang*. *Simba* does for the lion what *Chang* did for the elephant, but does not pretend to do it in the same way. *Chang* had a "story," simple but artful, and an exactly sufficient framework for the triumphs of the camera. *Simba* has no story except the personal story of MARTIN and OSA JOHNSON, who during a four-year expedition in British East Africa produced these very fine pictures of the jungle beasts. In *Chang* one was never conscious of the photographers; in this film one is never allowed to forget them. And why not indeed? For they are evidently two fearless, patient and indefatigable American citizens, and by their labours and bravery they have made for posterity a valuable record and for us an exciting and often beautiful entertainment.

Personally I delight in such pictures. I could sit for hours, I believe, and watch these fleets of elephants lumbering slowly over the plain, or in monstrous close-ups flapping those wing-like ears, the repellent rhinoceros and appalling crocodile, the dainty antelope and aristocratic absurd giraffe, whose walk is so feebly imitated in the Paddock at Ascot, and, lastly, these, I imagine, unique pictures of lions yawning and stretching in the sun, playing, hunting and devouring their prey, as unconscious of eavesdroppers as the cats in my garden. And I cannot think why I was not more thrilled and horrified

THE NOT-TOO-WILD LIFE OF THE JUNGLE.



(1) MY LORD THE ELEPHANT.



(2) RHINO IN A TEMPER.



(3) THE KING OF BEASTS.

by the recurrent spectacle of gallant OSA JOHNSON defying rhinoceros or *Simba* in the open, with nothing but a slender firearm to protect her, and (since the camera cannot lie) in imminent danger of an undignified end. Ungrateful irrational pig that I am, I only know that from time to time I did murmur to myself, "The title of this film should be not *Simba*, but *Osa*."

Perhaps it is the presentation of the story which produces this very reluctant dissatisfaction. Probably the story of Ulysses would have jarred if told in the first person by an unskilled writer. One hates to go on and on about the language of films, but also one hates to see so often a fine theme, made for the screen, larded over with clumsy sentiment. *Down to the Sea in Ships* was an example. *Chang* was not. Let us pray that future promoters will get some person of taste to put the thing together and write whatever words are necessary. In this film there are ten times too many words, and the oft-repeated gush about "the long trail" and so forth is enough to put an audience against LIVINGSTONE himself. You must believe me when I tell you that this grim record of the ceaseless war of the jungle, etc., where Nature's remorseless forces, etc., is prefaced by a ballad of the lushest sentimentality, in which the singer (BRITISH PHOTOTONE effects) yearns querulously for "safari" as we used to yearn for Kentucky. The following are the concluding lines:—

> "The ones that trod
> The sun-kist sod
> Are the ones that are blest
> With a feeling of rest . . .
> A place one can dream
> And your dreams all come true—
> Safari mine,
> I 'm coming back to you."

The song is by SAM. H. STEPT, and was written especially for Mr. and Mrs. JOHNSON. But what is there to make a song about? It emerges clearly from this film that either wild beasts lack courage or the eye of OSA (or the camera) is exceptionally powerful. For when confronted with those orbs the savage denizens of the jungle almost invariably turn tail. One glance from OSA and the angry rhinoceros puts in the reverse, while the sensitive elephant does what he can to get his tail between his legs. It is a pity she did not give Mr. SAM H. STEPT just one look.

One more mild complaint. Is it impossible, even in such scenes as the languorous East and South Sea Islands, to reduce the breathless *speed* of the film? *Must* the dancing women of Samoa look like peas shaken in a pod? Must rickshaws travel at the pace of racing-cars and the graceful felucca dash down the Suez Canal at about forty knots? Apparently, for this has been the rule since the film began, but it is still mysterious and maddening.

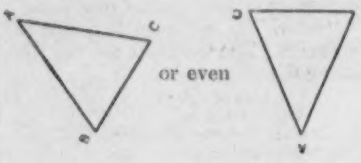
Well, well, well—I hope you will go to see this show, for it is good, though it might be so much better. A. P. H.

PONS ASINORUM.

WHICH heart among us, when we behold one, does not leap up with respect and affection to the isosceles triangle? Its combination of classic dignity and unctuous uprightness exercises a potent charm on the memory, recalling halcyon days when to prove its base angles equal seemed the crown of a lifetime of effort. Throughout the ages it has preserved a reputation for respectability, appearing always firmly seated on its base, erect and austere, thus—



Never, even in moments of enthusiasm, does it imitate the unseemly deportment of other triangles. One cannot imagine it in any such undignified posture as



These attitudes are frankly vulgar, and such triangles as resort to them forfeit our respect. From youth up we are taught to revere the isosceles triangle as a symbol of steadfastness and to believe in the equality of its base angles. Professed sceptics are fortunately few, and associate usually with Bimetallists and other doubtful characters.

Such being the popular esteem in which this triangle is held, the recent attack on it by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL came as a complete surprise. Speaking to an audience of teachers, he disparaged the venerable figure and actually scouted the idea that its base angles were of importance. Such a revolutionary doctrine invites very serious reflection. If the equality of these angles does not matter, the downfall of our civilisation could be shown by any competent engineer. Take away the isosceles triangle from the mathematician and he will find quadratic equations an unsatisfactory if not an impossible substitute. Eliminate it from the school-books and Smith minor may take to the Law and pass an idle hour in haranguing the teachers on still other dispensable subjects. Such propaganda is clearly undesirable.

The tradition of the eternal triangle is deeply rooted in human nature. Most of the great intellects of the world have been engaged on the problem of the basic angles of the isosceles type. These are admittedly acute, the need for establishing their equality being only less urgent.

Some there may be who will actually dispute the matter. Who knows? It takes all sorts to make a world, and EUCLID himself addresses his discourse especially to such a disbeliever. Perhaps they were commoner in his time. Should you ever have to deal with such a sceptic you cannot do better than follow EUCLID'S method. Don't argue; let him have his say. "Oh, all right," you will reply, "have it your own way. If angle B isn't equal to angle C, perhaps you'll be good enough to show us your idea of an angle that is." And of course he will fall into the trap. He will draw an angle at C which is anything but equal to B. Now is your chance. You keep very cool (this is essential) and reason it out from step to step. This is called crossing the Asses' Bridge. I forget just how it is done, but if you are careful you will get across safely and your opponent will look exceedingly foolish; or you will. Personally I always take EUCLID'S Q.E.D. for it. It saves trouble and he is usually right.

As a rule Englishmen are careful to profit by the awful example of the man who spoke disrespectfully of the Equator. In spite of this there exists a regrettable tendency to deal flippantly with the most valued treasures of human knowledge. To-day the isosceles triangle is maligned; to-morrow it may be the Tropic of Capricorn or Vitamin B. Meantime it is thought that the deplorable sentiments of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL do not represent the considered opinion of the Cabinet on the question of safeguarding the base angles of the isosceles triangle. Some expression of official opinion is, however, desirable. Alternatively Mr. GENE TUNNEY, who was reported in a recent lecture to have "spoken well" of SHAKESPEARE, might be asked to lend his powerful aid to re-establish the isosceles triangle in all the glory of its antique dignity.

History for American Use.

"King George boarded H.M.S. Victory and unveiled a tablet describing the defeat of Lord Nelson at Trafalgar in 1759."
American Paper.

We would give a little to know the precise words of this inscription.

"'This is gross carelessness,' said Mr. Justice ——, in the Supreme Court yesterday, when he refered to erors and omisions in affidavits."
Australian Paper.

The compositor seems to have caught the spirit of it.

MR. PUNCH'S GENUINE MODELS FOR YOUNG LETTER-WRITERS.

(*Being an accident claim addressed by a native to a West African firm.*)

CAPTAIN SIR,—My statement to you about your speech to my Lawyer when he came to demand as per legal orders the sum of £10 for my poor damaged Body, by falling into the Company's lighter while doing my duty for Elder Dempster, on account of which I might have gone to heaven thank God I did not go, but Sir when you said to my lawyer legal adviser

(1) that I was drunken

(2) that cause of drunkenness was stealing gin from Lighter, well Sir those two speeches 1 and 2 prove that you are the son of a Father of lies, namely the devil, because

(1) said gin had been drunk freely at 8 A.M. prompt

(2) I fell headlong into Lighter at 11 A.M. prompt

(3) At 11 A.M. prompt gin had passed through Body, so cause of top heaviness had finished.

Therefore you are the very firstborn of one Father of Lies to wit the devil, because a second charge of stealing companies gin lible Sir. Do not take away my poor character, besides thousands of pounds are often lost legal by lible, as legal costs plenty money Sir for God's sake try and sign for £50 for damages to my poor frame of mortality as follows:—

Fell headlong in Lighter on tons of metal
One head splitten
One nose broken (very grave)
One shoulder broken (blood extracted)
One arm bent (blood extracted)
One thick leg dashed
One calf leg broken (bloody freely)
General condition (breakings dashings all bloody freely).

Now Sir, this hurts are cheap at £50. Please Sir for God's sake sign to Elder Dempster as recovery is impossible, to allow £50 when I will pay you £15—not for Bribe, no Sir, I do not sin like that, but to show thanks to you and the Lord for complete recovery.

I will come for book for £50 tomorrow morning. Meantime may God watch and protect you safe till morning and I will get £50. May his mercy keep and protect you from Father of said devil. Yours, —— ——

"Widower would like to meet respectable homely woman with view."
"Wants" Column.

There ought to be no difficulty. All the respectable homely women we know have dozens of views.



COUNTY SONGS.

XLII.—YORKSHIRE.

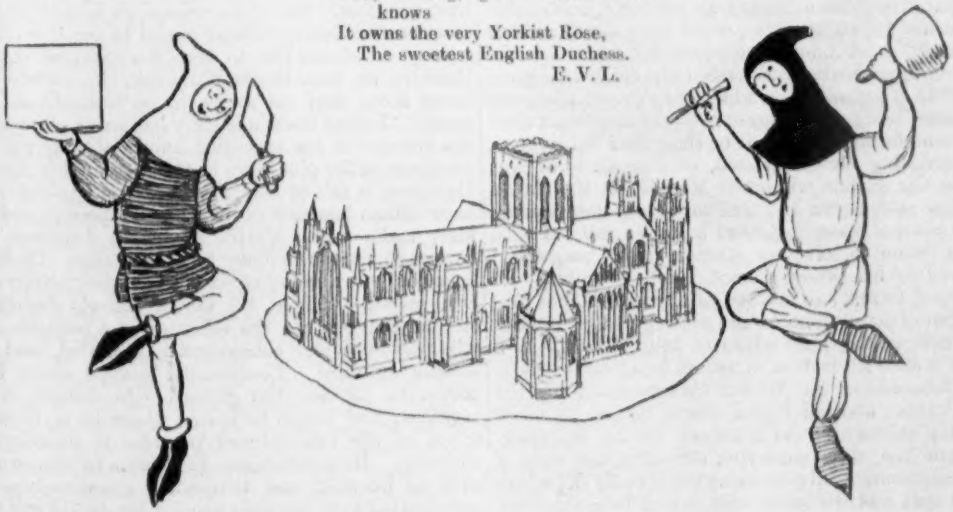




FROM Yorkshire comes the Yorker,
Of stealthy balls the chief;
From Yorkshire comes the pudding
That mates with England's beef;
From Yorkshire comes the cutlery
That serves that beef to sever;
And other things the Ridings find
Which make the county disinclined
To think itself unclever.

So if the towns are boastful
'Tis not without a cause,
From Whitby with its Abbey
To Ripon with its daws.
But York? Ah, York 's the proudest one!
Its pride it hugs and clutches,
And, smiling, glows because it knows
It owns the very Yorkist Rose,
The sweetest English Duchess.

E. V. L.



Ernest H. Shepard



Mabel (having a bothering time with the harness). "EDNA, HAVE YOU GOT A PIN?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

THE two volumes of *Memories and Reflections* (CASSELL) that were the last literary work of the late Earl of OXFORD AND ASQUITH are remarkable, almost beyond any other writing of their kind, for magnanimity under provocation and the saving influence of a never-failing sense of humour. Even those comparatively brief extracts from his notes, written during the blackest days of the War, which most nearly amount to "revelations," have infinitely more fun than bitterness, the amazing French spoken on occasion by some of his colleagues, or the mixture of metaphors in which they vowed allegiance to their leader, being chosen for emphasis rather than their not infrequent futility in council or their final betrayal, as it must inevitably have appeared, of himself. All was not lost for the author while one Minister of the Crown could produce such a gem as "*S'ils savent que nous sommes gens qu'ils peuvent conter sur*," and a second resisted with difficulty a desire to loot the statuary from bombarded Ypres. True to his life-long creed, Lord OXFORD has definitely refused to reply to attacks on himself, but has preferred to write of men and books and passing phases without direct reference to anything advanced against him. As a young man it once fell to him to act as examiner to those promising school-boys, Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and the late Lord CURZON, and one might almost believe he never quite lost the attitude of the examiner, for his character-sketches show him, while surveying the capacities even of his keenest opponents, still preserving the friendly Olympian detachment that was the secret, one cannot help thinking, alike of his triumphs and of his limitations. Could he but quite have descended to earth, these memoirs suggest, the history of a very earthly struggle might have been a little different, yet assuredly no one can read them without feeling a certain degree of pride that at a time when the Empire came definitely under trial the Empire's leader and spokesman should have been one who could play so perfectly the part of an English gentleman.

It was a maxim with ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON that if you were going to make a book end badly it must end badly from the start. Once the creator let himself smile on his creations he was in honour bound to see them through to felicity. I should like to urge this excellent counsel, as I think it, on Mrs. EDITH WHARTON, the curtain of whose latest novel does not strike me as premeditated from the outset. Indeed the whole story has an air of improvisation, the *bravura* of the execution amply atoning for the waywardness of the plot, save in the case of this same ending. Its theme is full of wistful and satiric implications, and I have seldom known a novel get more speedily and enchantingly under way. *Martin Boyne*, an American bachelor, crosses to Europe to renew an old romance. On the voyage he encounters a group of six children, delightfully mothered by a seventh. These, the fifteen-year-old *Judith Wheater* and her charges, are the offspring of a millionaire and his wife, divorced and subsequently re-united, and of their interim affinities. Continually bandied about from one parent to another, the group's sole thought is to keep together; and, before he knows where he is, *Boyne*, an old friend of the predominant parents, is constituted their advocate. He accompanies his clients to Venice and takes over an informal and temporary guardianship, speedily complicated by a dawning passion for *Judith* and a waning interest in the lady who awaits him in the Dolomites. Mrs. WHARTON has done nothing more incisive in the way of social satire than her picture of the Lido world and its

standardized beauties. The tragedy of *The Children* (APPLETON), precociously interested yet innocent spectators of their elders' vagaries, is unforgettable.

Tom, My Peacock,
Says FRANCES PITT,
Was the most unmeek cock-
Bird that it
Was ever your luck
To meet; his pride
Walks like a buck,
Is Argus-eyed.

Tom, a figure
Begemmed, aglow,
Has a peacock nigger
For friend—*Black Joe*;
Joe's Japanese,
So he 's darker than
Is *Tom*—*Tom* he 's
Blue Indian.

These live their lives here
In all delights;
They marry their wives here
And fight their fights;
And you will buy
Their book forthwith—
This "Peacock Pie"
From ARROWSMITH.

Miss PITT, like Juno,
Knows her birds,
And she would have *you* know
In briefest words
That, should you take
A garden pet,
The peacocks make
The nicest yet.

I can imagine that it was the delightful effect with which "DIZZY'S" "MARY ANNE" emerged in M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS' life of her husband that gave Mr. JAMES SYKES the happy idea of treating *Mary Anne Disraeli* (BENN) to a separate biography. Such a biography can hardly be complete in itself. It is bound to resemble the photograph of a particularly interesting piece of detail in an historic canvas. Mr. SYKES's book, however, goes further, in that it casts, as Mr. A. G. GARDINER asserts in his preface, a pleasant and revealing light on DISRAELI. Incomprehensible as ENDYMION remains, he is never more comprehensible than when asserting the charms or vindicating the importance of his middle-aged goddess. The mystery of that goddess's origin (mystery which she apparently enjoyed intensifying, to the confusion of Victorian gossips) is here entirely dispelled. "MARY ANNE" was of highly respectable parentage, gentle enough, on her mother's side, to give the heralds a leg-up in devising the bearings of Viscountess BEACONSFIELD. Her father, one EVANS, a Devonshire farmer's son, died young. Her mother came of a Gloucestershire county family, with which she kept in constant touch; and this family, the VINEYS, provided MARY ANNE EVANS with prestige and expectations. Both were enhanced when she married WYNDHAM LEWIS, subsequently M.P. for Cardiff, in the year of Waterloo; but Mr. SYKES will not admit that either constituted the main attraction when DISRAELI captured LEWIS's widow twenty-four years later. The groom was then thirty-three, the bride forty-five; yet DISRAELI was entirely content in "the paradise of slightly comical adoration" his wife created for him. The humours and pathos of this elysium, with something of its political implications, are most attractively brought out in this benevolent and graceful study.



Sarcastic Second. "WELL, ANY'OW, 'E AIN'T MADE YER BLUB—YET."

Perhaps Mr. "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" is becoming more farcical in his methods than of old, but he is still amusing enough for most of us. Not for him the subtleties of novel-

writing, your little *nuances* of character or careful intricacies of plot. Just give him his customary material—Connaught, with a few local clergy and an Irish servant or two, and one of those Balkan States which he is now so fond of handling—and you may trust him to put together an amusing story. Some of his characters may be exaggerated beyond all human possibility, but somehow they make you laugh. His situations are no less absurd, but they provide scope for the characters, so why dissect his stories further? They fulfil their purpose. In *The Runaways* (METHUEN) we open with an invitation to a fashionable wedding in Mayfair—*Joyce*, the wealthy daughter of the widowed *Lady Wilmer*, and *Prince Benedek Rudolph*, son of the sometime King of Andania, who has been educated in England and has no desire at all to upset the present republican status of his native land. The second chapter transports us swiftly to the quiet rectory of Fennard, in Connaught, fifteen desolate miles from Lisnagree, separated only by a few sand-dunes from the long Atlantic rollers. Clearly the place for the two protagonists in this wedding to hide themselves, unknown to each other, for different reasons. Once let Mr. BIRMINGHAM get them out there and he can begin to enjoy himself. He has some excellent minor figures. You may not care overmuch for his Balkan diplomats with their very shaky English; you may even grow rather weary of his comic Rural Dean, perpetually inquiring into things that do not concern him; possibly even the hero and heroine may leave you a trifle cold. But you are sure to find one or two people worthy of your regard. I liked *Tom Harding*, the rector, and *Bridgy*, his autocratic servant, and *Mr. Laverty*; but *Lady Klaxon* is perhaps the most pleasing of the lot. And how excellent a name for a Society journalist!



Wife. "I THINK THIS YEAR'S ARRANGEMENT OF THE GARDEN WITH ROCKERY MOUND AND FOUNTAIN ON TOP HAS BEEN A DECIDED SUCCESS, BUT IT'S NOT TOO SOON FOR YOU TO BE THINKING ABOUT NEXT YEAR, GEORGE. I HAVE AT LAST DECIDED ON A SUNK GARDEN, WITH A FISHPOND AT THE BOTTOM."

Berrington (HEINEMANN), otherwise *The Child*, otherwise *Master Nic*, and finally, though for long he did not know it, *Mr. Nicholas Berrington* of Steeple Berrington, Oxon., came by a strange turn of fortune's wheel to be the pupil of no less renowned a master than JONATHAN WILD the Great, and, as was due to such tutelage, grew into as proper a rascal as ever faked a cly or went on the rum-padding lay. Sir EDWARD PARRY, that eminent judge and accomplished man of letters, is very much at home in the early-Georgian underworld. Not only does he revive the atmosphere of *The Beggar's Opera* in all its purity, but he introduces his hero to one of the most charming characters of GAY's masterpiece, that "dear slut" *Jenny Diver*, who is *Nic's* accomplice in some of his most admirable adventures. One is quite sorry when that young man, like *Mr. David Balfour* of Shaws before him, gets the better of the villain who has cheated him of his heritage. But one's fears are groundless, for *Nic's* new leaf is not to be turned until all his money is spent and he has tasted the unsavoury fare of the Fleet prison. Not Medmenham nor Newstead in its palmiest days was a livelier place than Steeple Berrington during his brief reign. It is true that in the end, ruined, repentant and married to his first love, a fair Wesleyan, he sets sail for Georgia in the unexceptionable company of *Captain James Oglethorpe*; but Sir EDWARD, content to have written as delightful an essay in the picaresque as it is easy to imagine, dismisses his hero's respectable years in a paragraph.

The scene of *Black Sleeves* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is laid in Hollywood, and events that might seem incredible in another setting do not exceed one's powers of belief when they happen in this amazing town. Naturally film-magnates and stars play their parts in Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON's thrilling story, but the *rôle* of heroine is reserved for a beautiful girl who had gone to Hollywood intent only on tracking down a robber and murderer. A young man befriended her when she was almost down-and-out, and she in return came to his rescue when he had been arrested and was in considerable danger of losing his life. Mrs. WILLIAMSON has absorbed the atmosphere of Hollywood, and has given her readers an entertainment which is most skilfully staged.

There is certainly something mysterious about the incidents described in *The Merlewood Mystery* (NELSON), but I think Mrs. J. O. ARNOLD makes rather too much of it. A double murder took place fifty years ago, and a bag of diamonds was hidden. A young man anxious to find the diamonds is compelled to look into the history of the murders. He doesn't pretend to be an expert detective, but he seems to be less intelligent than the average amateur in fiction. At any rate, he so frequently recapitulates the few things which he does understand and the many which he does not that I wanted to slip a hint into the book, a page or two ahead, to help him through some of his difficulties. And when the diamonds turn up by accident and are lost again I had rather abandoned interest in them and in the complications of their hiding. The invention which enables you to hear words spoken in the past and thus eventually solves the puzzle of the murders seems worthy of a better setting.

I read the first part of *So Disdained* (CASSELL) with the greatest satisfaction. *Peter Moran* comes across an airman in distress, whom he had known in the War, and naturally befriends him. Presently he discovers that this man is flying for the Soviet Government and had been photographing Portsmouth when an accident brought him to grief and solid earth. What was to be done with him constitutes a pretty problem, and personally I think that Mr. NEVIL SHUTE provides good and sufficient reasons for *Peter's* actions and inactions. It is a rousing yarn of flying written by an expert, and that I harbour a small grudge against it is due to the fact that the subtlety of its earlier chapters is lost later on in a series of break-neck adventures.

CHARIVARIA.

THE next step in the Westernization of Afghanistan will probably be a Kyber By-pass.

Now that Canon GOWING has said that "Damn" is a clean word, and more expressive than "Tut, tut," we understand why SHAKESPEARE never wrote, "Out, tut-tutted spot."

East African natives are said to be fond of billiards. Under civilising influences they have of course abandoned the practice of potting the white.

A woman of Coney Island has established a new endurance record by remaining in the water for sixty hours. Our predecessor in the bathroom the other morning wasn't really trying.

A reader writes to *The Daily Mail* suggesting two referees in each football match. We strongly deprecate this bloodthirsty tendency.

"Lord ——," says a paragraphist, "has grown a reddish moustache, being one of the very few young men in the West End who are not in the Guards to do so." It may not be generally known that a reddish moustache is looked upon as a prerogative of the Guards.

"Where to play Golf" was the title of a recent article. We know of no better place than a golf-course.

Some artists, it is stated, paint with one eye shut. Others, we believe, shut both eyes.

The recent correspondence in *The Times* about the curious appearance of a point of light on the tip of a sentry's bayonet reminds us that when our old sergeant-major was stroked the wrong way he always threw off sparks.

With reference to the published photograph of Sir HERBERT BARKER, the famous osteopath, standing on his head on an Italian beach, we learn from medical circles that this is never done in Harley Street.

An angler who recently caught a fine carp returned it to the water because he had some time ago landed a larger one. Snubs of this kind make a sensitive carp feel rather small.

An artist is reported to have climbed Snowdon five hundred-and-twenty times. He should beware of a tendency to repeat himself.

A writer recalls that FABRE, the great naturalist, found it impossible to maintain the life in a wasps' nest through the winter. Wasp-lovers therefore must become reconciled to the prospect of parting with their pets.

With reference to the perishable nature of modern paper, a speaker at the annual conference of Special Libraries asked how many out of more than eight thousand books published last year would be readable in fifty years' time. But how many of them were readable last year?

A man who was placed on probation for stealing a packet of cigarettes was stated to be a non-smoker. The usual defence in these cases is that the accused is a non-stealer.

We read of a rich man who used to give his guests on the Riviera money to gamble with. They must often have been sorely tempted to keep it in their pockets.

A pair of scissors has been invented that makes two parallel cuts at once. This is said to be the greatest aid to newspaper-production since the linotype.

An Argentine in Holland is alleged to have stolen forty thousand pounds from his firm and gone off to speculate with it. We ought soon to be hearing of a new contango step.

A professor says that the nightingale sings "Ihih titu girarrrrrrrrrr itz." And to think that the night it was broadcast we took that for atmospherics.

One advantage of the autogiro plane, it is said, is that it can land on a tennis-court. From the point of view of the tennis-player we should call it deuce rather than advantage.

Spiritualists, we hear, are definitely entering politics; so now we may at last find out what Mr. GLADSTONE really did say in '82.

We are reminded that JULIUS CÆSAR had a very small head, but then, of course, he never saw the announcements of the serial publication of his *Gallic War* in a Sunday newspaper.

The motorist is said to be rivalling the angler and the golfer as a teller of tales. You should hear his description of the whopping pedestrian he just missed.

After entering a shop at Leighton Buzzard a cow went upstairs and had to be driven down backwards. Incidents such as these should inspire British film-writers to challenge the ascendency of Hollywood.



"H'LO, BROWN! HOW *ARE* YOU? YOU 'RE LOOKIN' ALL THE BETTER FOR YOUR WIFE'S HOLIDAY—WHAT?"

"KENNEL AND DOMESTIC PETS.
Handsome, full-length Persian Lamb Coat, as new: bargain."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Also a shop-soiled Sealyham surtout with Airedale cuffs.

"PRESENTATION CEREMONY AT NEWCASTLE.
Chief Petty Officer —— then sounded eight bells at the request of the Lord Mayor, Waqdfivxbz vxbz bzgfi figkfi kflqff jfffffffff."
North-Country Paper.

What were the other two bells doing?

"For Sale.—Historic stone house; easily convertible into Swiss shalley."
Canadian Paper.

And perhaps the gardener might be rearranged as a French valley.

MILK-FARMER AND MIDDLE-MAN.

How to Eliminate Both.

Reflecting on the general use
Of milk—that most essential juice—
With what relief one hears
That, ere a single head was broke,
The farmer and the middle-bloke
Have kissed again with tears.

Yet when I think how youth and age
Rely upon this beverage
Neat, or with tea or rum,
I wish that someone would project
A scheme of transit more direct
From milking-pail to tum.

The nicest plan, of course, would be
For each (and every) family
To have its private cow;
But, though I 've often longed and prayed
That this arrangement might be made,
I cannot tell you how.

Not every household has at hand
The necessary pasture-land
For purposes of cud;
And kine, if we would have them give
Full measure, can't be asked to live
Out in the street on mud.

Why not a scheme of public cows
On the group-system? Let them browse
At large in public scenes;
And we could do, at dawn and dark,
Community-milking in the Park
Or on our village greens.

And those who found no time to spare
For visiting the common lair
Might still be catered for;
I 'd let them have the milky brute
Brought in a plain van, or on foot,
Round to their very door. O. S.

DOUBLE-FACED CONDUCT.

Henry had reached that fatuous stage of courtship when he knew that he was going to propose to Marjorie, and Marjorie knew that he was too. But from the afternoon he put it off until the evening and from the evening he put it off until to-morrow—the perfect lover. Marjorie also behaved as a good lover. That is, she made up her mind that it was going to be "Yes" one morning, doubted it the next day, became certain it was going to be "No," and then changed her mind again.

They were both in this unbalanced condition while they were staying at a place which we will call Prawnton-by-the-Sea. Marjorie and her mother were there on holiday. Henry had run down to be near Marjorie, making some inadequate excuse about overwork.

Prawnton has a popular shore—what you and I would call the vulgar end of the town—and a select shore. Henry's mental state forced him to take solitary walks when Marjorie was not available; and one day on the popular shore he fell in with a seedy-looking gentleman with something to sell.

The rascal had obviously taken a course in salesmanship. He oozed with the forceful personality, the persuasive manner, the cogent fluency developed by twelve correspondence lessons. What he sold was a florin bearing two tails. It says much for Henry's imbecile state that he paid five shillings for it; but something must be allowed for the vendor's convincing methods.

"Imagine it," he had said. "You are talking to the Dook and 'is Grice says, 'Thirsty weather,' 'e says. 'You 'ave one with me,' says you, 'and we 'll toss oo pies.' Up goes the 'arf-dollar and before 'e can say anything you does the callin'. 'Tiles,' you says—and tiles it 'll be."

It was satisfactory to be credited with a ducal friend and not less so to contemplate this ducal friend as a perpetual payer. But, when the vendor had disappeared and his oily tongue wagged no more, Henry looked on his new coin as a white and possibly dangerous elephant.

You would have thought that for one day Henry had by now been foolish enough or wise enough—according to your point of view. But he hadn't. That same evening he proposed to Marjorie.

Marjorie balanced herself precariously on her fence and refused to come down.

"I like you enormously," she said, adopting the usual lover's gambit, "but do I like you enough? I can't answer you to-day. I must go for a long solitary walk to-morrow morning, and perhaps in the evening I can say 'Yes' or 'No.'"

Marjorie didn't put it quite so crisply as this. There were delicious little hesitations and shynesses which absolutely ravished poor Henry. But you have the pith of what she said.

I think Henry put a rose in his button-hole when he called the next evening. At any rate he had tied his tie with care. Marjorie looked lovelier than ever. Little blushes chased each other over her face. Not carrot-like blushes, but little pink things like the shyer petals of the rose that, I think, was in Henry's button-hole. But she gave Henry a shock.

"I still can't make up my mind," she said.

"But, my dear, dear Marjorie," mumbled Henry—or words to that effect.

"I 'll tell you what I 've decided to do," she went on; "I 'm going to toss up."

Can you look into Henry's guilty mind and note it recalling the words of the salesman: "Up goes the 'arf-dollar. 'Tiles,' you calls—and tiles it 'll be"?

"Yes, Marjorie, yes," he said excitedly, grappling with an idea. "If I win you 'll be mine?"

"Very nearly that. Take this coin to toss with."

She thrust a two-shilling-piece upon him.

Determined to keep command of the game, Henry made a cunning substitution and held his own special two-tailed coin in his hands.

"Now," cried Marjorie, almost as excited as he was, "I call. If I 'm right I 'll marry you."

Henry protested. She brushed his protests aside.

"Either that or it 's all off," she said.

His heart sank. He knew he would have to toss with his two-tailed coin, and there was only the half-chance of her calling as he would wish. Still, there *was* the half-chance. He tossed.

"Heads!" shouted Marjorie hysterically and buried her face in her hands.

She had to unbury it, because Henry did nothing except hold out a flat palm with a coin in it.

"Tails," he said gloomily.

If he had been even glancing at Marjorie he would have seen her air of consternation. Presently he did look at her, and those two wretched mortals must have wasted a full minute gazing into each other's eyes.

Then Marjorie took the fatal coin and turned it over. She turned it over several times, hardly able to believe what she saw on both sides.

"Did you," she faltered—"did you go for a walk on the beach? Did you—did you—meet a man—and—buy a florin from him?"

"Yes, a florin with two tails."

"The one I bought," said Marjorie, "had two heads."

Henry watched the rose-petal blushes chase each other again across her cheeks. He was spell-bound! He burst free from the spell.

"Marjorie!" he cried—or words to that effect.

Smith Minor Again.

Q. "*Notre voisin est mort d'une congestion pulmonaire.*

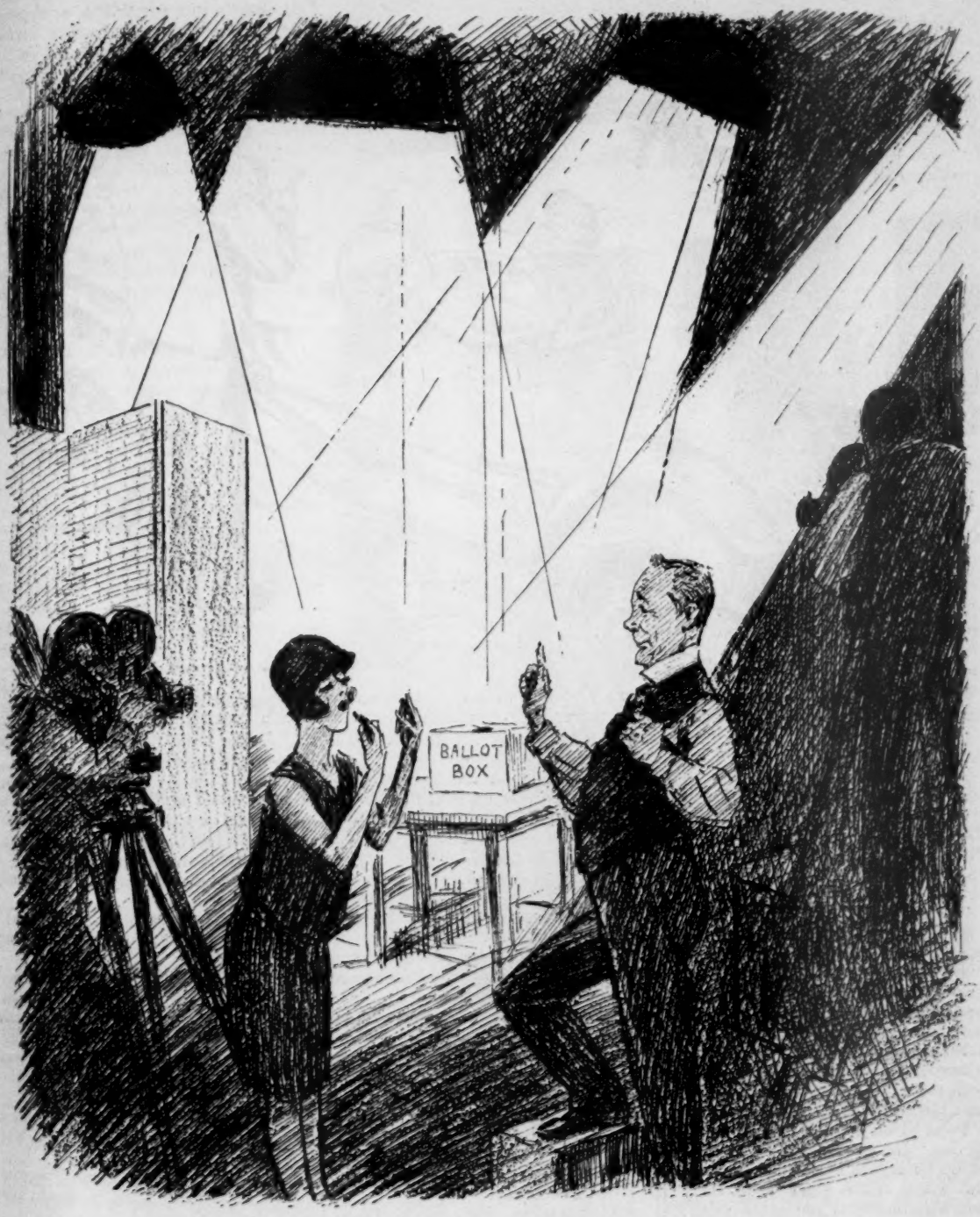
A. Our neighbour died in a crush on a Pullmancar."

"Third-Class Sleepers.

The charge, in addition to third-class fare, including the reservation of seats, hire of pillow and rug, will be six chillings between stations in England and Wales."

Northern Paper.

Unless the charge is reduced to one bout of catarrh, we are not taking any.



THE NEW FEATURE.

JIX (*as Film-Director*). "VERY NICE. AND NOW I WANT YOU TO REGISTER CIVIC RESPONSIBILITY."

[The HOME SECRETARY will require members of the new electorate to register themselves, under a penalty, as fixed in the Representation of the People (1918) Act, of twenty pounds.]



Old Offender. "I SAY, AIN'T YOU GOIN' TO READ THE MINUTES OF THE LAST MEETIN'?"

INNOCENTS AT HOME.

VI.—DINING OUT.

"Now look here," I said to Percival, "we have by now seen a good deal of London through foreign eyes—French, Italian, American, Ruritanian. Let us this time combine everything and be men-of-the-world."

"Good! What shall we do?"

"What else do men-of-the-world do except dine—artistically and discerningly? Not in the 'garish temples of food frequented by the common herd,' but in some little cosmopolitan place they have discovered where they consult the proprietor before choosing, and where, if they complain that there is a trifle too much salt in the *consommé Réjane*, the chef shoots himself in despair."

Percival has no perception of the finer shades. He merely said: "Well, I'm all on for a good feed, wherever we go. But where is this place where there's such high mortality among the cooks?"

"I have here," I said, "a little book called *Dining Out*, by 'Connoisseur' of *The Daily Snack*—you know, he dined out for them every night for a month all over London to improve the circulation—and he speaks highly of the Restaurant Coccolini, in Soho. We will make up like ADOLPHE MENJOU and set off there."

Percival Menjou and Adolphe Apple caused a slight sensation in the Coccolini that night. They had read up the book carefully beforehand and were determined to do the thing in style—just as the writer had done.

"Now, remember," I said to Percival, "we understanding men-of-the-world have no truck with mere waiters; we deal only with the manager—er—Signor Cello, most urbane of proprietors, according to the book——"

"Table for two, Saire," interrupted a head-waiter.

"One minute!" I began, quoting from the first paragraph. "I'd like a discreet corner-table for two out of the rush and where one——"

"Suttinly, Saire." He plumped us down at a centre-table between two hurrying streams of waiters.

"But look here, I——"

"Zis last table. Very full these days. What you like to eat?" He flipped a card in front of us.

We waved it haughtily aside. Evidently he had not read "Connoisseur."

"We will discuss our meal with the manager. Ask my friend Signor Cello to come and talk to me."

"Signor Cello dead two year. You like-a nice *table d'hôte*——"

"In that case I won't bother him," I interrupted stiffly. I could see the dining-out was going to be more difficult than I had thought. "Connoisseur" was a trifle out-of-date.

"You like-a nice *table d'hôte* dinner vera good?"

"Ask the present manager to come!"

"Suttinly, Saire. Signor Tromboni manager now."

Signor Tromboni when he arrived was busy. There was no doubt of it. His attention was a trifle errant and his forehead a trifle moist. He merely suggested the *table d'hôte* dinner was very good, shoved the menu further in front of us and prepared to depart in the direction of the kitchen, in which a good South European altercation was evidently in progress.

"We never take the dinner," we said firmly. "We are going to design and eat a meal *à la carte*."

He merely substituted the *carte* for the menu, murmured "Excuse," and faded out into the back premises. We sighed, and continued to read up the book in secret and to wave away waiters till he returned.

This time Signor Tromboni was a

little more affable, having apparently settled without much bloodshed some trifling vendetta in the kitchen. We prepared to design our meal.

"I 'm told your *filet de sole Dandolo* is very good," I began.

"It 's not on to-day, Saire. We must have notice. There are special things to buy for that dish. Leetle things that——"

"What—no *sole Dandolo?*"

"No sole, Saire."

"Then we must have *supréme de barbue*," I said, consulting the *carte* learnedly, "followed by your speciality —*poulet Coccolini*."

"Alas! Monsieur; for the *poulet Coccolini* I require notice too."

"We appear to have come on the wrong day for men-of-the-world, old chap," commented Percival. "To-morrow would be always better."

We certainly did seem to be having bad luck. I hurriedly assumed a knowing air and ordered *poulet poché au riz*, trying to look as if it hadn't just caught my eye, but had been secretly recommended to me by the secretary of a Gourmets' Club. This choice Percival the Philistine supplemented with some common roast lamb, and Signor Tromboni prefixed with a soup "while you are waiting, yes."

Then came the question of wine. And there I knew I had him. For "Connoisseur" had specially recommended a "1906 Montrachet, No. 70 on the list." So, waving aside the documents in the case, I said in my most superior manner, "And we 'll drink a bottle of your No. 70."

"A—bottle of 70, Monsieur?" he repeated. He appeared not so much awed as surprised.

"That 's right," I said sharply; "I have heard it well spoken of here——"

He summoned the wine-waiter, passed on our order and left us abruptly.

We took our soup in an appraising manner and had embarked on the fish when the wine-waiter appeared with a grin and a bottle. He placed the latter reverently on the table and Percival sniggered. It was a small bottle of beer.

"What in thunder——?" I began, and then a thought struck me. I verified it from the wine-list. Much had changed since Cello's and indeed "Connoisseur's" day. The Montrachet had been promoted to No. 50 and the succeeding beverages had moved up in rotation. Indeed I had only just kept in the ales; a few more gaps in the senior ranks of champagne and I should have been landed with a bottle of cherry brandy.

"Take this away—my error. Of course I meant No. 50——" I was beginning rapidly, when Percival spoilt it all.



First Schoolboy. "I NOTICE YOUR MOTHER ALWAYS CRIES WHEN SHE SEES YOU OFF."
Second Ditto. "YES; IT 'S RATHER ROTTEN FOR ME. SHE 'S REALLY QUITE A GOOD-LOOKING WOMAN."

"Not on your life, Mussolini!" he said. "I *like* beer!"

Percival, I fear, will never make a man-of-the-world. He is too earthy; he has feet of clay.

Somehow the dinner fell flat after that; it took on altogether a different tone. We ate quickly and paid and went out. It was not till I got outside that I realised that, feeding *à la carte*, we had had exactly the same dishes as we should have had if we had taken the fixed dinner—with the exception of *hors d'œuvre*. We had, however, paid nearly double.

Discovering this, Percival immediately wanted to go back, secure a refund or alternatively demand his *hors d'œuvre*, but I dissuaded him.

"To men-of-the-world," I said severely, "a little money more or less is nothing; nor do they often partake of *hors d'œuvre* after the coffee. They have *savoir faire*."

"Well, let 's be ourselves next time," said Percival morosely, "and have *savoir manger* instead." A. A.

TOPSY, M.P.

II.—HAS TROUBLE WITH REPTILES.

MY *soul's* thanks Trix for your *fragrant* letter, but my dear I do wish you wouldn't *exaggerate* so, I can't think *what* I said to put such *moonery* into your head, because of course my dear there was *never* a "*row*" or "*incident*" or anything, I *told* you we had *history's* halcyon honeymoon, my dear *too* serene, in fact *some* girls *might* smell the breath of cattery in your suggestions, but I know you don't mean that, however *since* you ask me darling I *will* tell you one thing that happened because it was *rather* laughworthy and I think might be a help and sign-post to *you* darling if ever you snare something as far as the altar.

Only my dear you must register a *virgin's* vow to *never* let my Haddock guess I tell you a *thing* about him, because I *rather* think he'd *rather* resent it, however well my dear the *moment* I saw that he was *quite* noticing this Mrs. May the American, and I must say darling she had high sight-value, though a bit on the *bijou* scale, besides of course reminding Haddock of his Green fairy, the pure passion of the past, my dear they *both* have eyes like the *largest* lavender *pearls*, my dear *my* pathetic little orbs are the merest *beads* beside them, however, thanksbe, I am *not* the height of a small-size marionette, *no* darling I'm *not* jealous, I *am*—*not*—a—*jealous*—*woman*, it *merely* isn't in my *nature*, of course a girl has her *amour propre*, but *what* happened was that, well *Mr.* May who was an Englishman and *rather* a savoury fellow, only he's one of the gun-brigade my dear *never* happy unless he's *supplying* the fish-course or murdering a bird, and of course Glory, that's the wife, yes darling *believe* me *Glory* was the charmer's name, well she was quite a one with a gun as well, my dear she knew about *butts* and she'd *landed* fish the size of herself, *sardines* I suppose said the young wife tenderly, well my dear on our *last* day in Jamaica she turned her lavender lamps on Haddock and said *would* we like to go and shoot *alligators* with them, because *if* one shot any they made the *most* Parisian shoes.

Well of course my dear *my* reactions were *too* negative, because you *know* my attitude to gunnery, my dear don't think I'm flabby about alligators or anything only I definitely had *no* feeling against the alligators of Jamaica because it seems they lead *aloof* lives in the mangrove swamps and *quite* never invade the home, besides I *rather* wanted to have a farewell sun-debauch on the sands, well of course Haddock and I are absolute gloves on this subject as a rule, but what was my stagger and dismay when I saw him utterly nibbling at the alligator notion, well my dear I did the *Christian* thing forthwith and said that *Haddock* must go alligating and *I* would stay and suffer on the beach by myself, well then of course Haddock said that a barrel of *rubies* wouldn't induce him, etc., so then I did the double-Christian and said well we'd *both* go on the shoe-hunt, and Gosh it was so.



Mrs. Smythe (*anxious to impress guests*). "MARTHA, WE 'LL HAVE COFFEE IN THE LOUNGE-HALL."

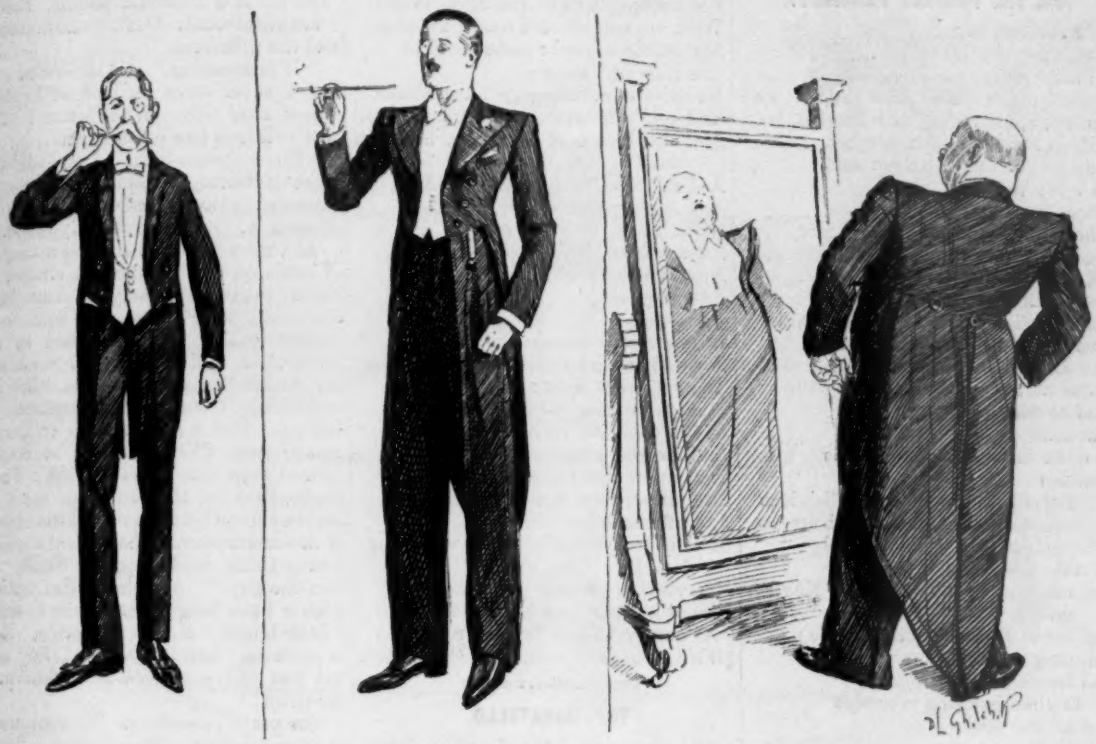
Martha (*anxious to understand*). "DO YOU MEAN IN THE FRONT PASSAGE, MUM?"

Well darling the alligator may be seductive *footwear* but he lives in the *most* unsalubrious places, my dear have you *ever* been in a mangrove swamp, my dear Nature at its *most* revolting, well we *all* got into an almost invisible little *flat* boat, my dear a mere *plank*, well *two* would have been a crowd but we had a jet-black Britisher as well to row, May had a gun of course and so had Haddock, but my dear *too* reluctant, because it seems he hasn't fingered a firearm since the Battle of *Arras*, and had *quite* forgotten how most of it *functioned*, however he didn't dare to say so and of course Glory insisted on his having her gun, and my dear I did do *rather* a girlish chuckle within because I thought he was becoming *rather* lukewarm about the entire proceeding, me likewise darling, well there was a frantic wind and in *two* whiffs we were blown round a corner into the *bowels* of this *insanitary* swamp, my dear I *always* thought a mangrove was a sort of *plant* they put in the chutney, but *these* were absolute *trees*, my dear if you can imagine the *smelliest* forest merely growing in a *deep* drain, and of course the *most* emetical *red* and black *crabs* quite clambering about the branches, my dear *too* nephritic, so there we were my dear in that *festering* corner, entirely surrounded by the *slimy* mangroves, sitting in a *hot* draught, *inhaling* malaria, *black* with mosquitoes and *looking* for alligators. O Gosh!

And if that isn't life's most *lowering* situation I don't know what, *because* my dear it seems the *sole* thing you *ever* see of an alligator is *one* eye popping out of the water, and what with the water that day being *too* ruffled by the wind and *fish* popping in *all* directions one saw *platoons* of alligators only they *never* were, and my dear one couldn't *respirate* or blow the old nose for fear of upsetting this *precarious* boat, in *which* case of course there being no ground visible one would *merely* cling to these indecent mangroves and have the legs chewed off by submarine reptiles and the *upper* parts by mosquitoes and crabs, O yes and by the way darling they said that the *pet* habit of the alligator is to pop up *too* near the boat and merely *flick* it over with *one* flick of the old tail, my dear I *never* knew a place where there were *so* many agonies at the *same* time, because of course at *any* moment one might be *shot* to death by my *dejected* Haddock, my dear he *sat* there looking *too* unmilitary with the gun on his knees, my dear like a man left alone with a *baby*, and my dear I did pray that no alligator would do the popping act *his* side of the boat because I was *quite* convinced that long before he found the right trigger and everything I should have lost *both* the little uninsured legs.

Too right my dear, because *meanwhile* the *May* family were merely *living* for the chase, my dear *too* voracious, the male May kept whispering *There there* and *hoisting* his weapon, my dear my *nerves*, but it was always only a *fish*

MANNERS AND MODES.



IT IS BECAUSE THE CUT OF MEN'S EVENING CLOTHES HAS BEEN MORE OR LESS STEREOTYPED FOR YEARS—

THAT THE INSPIRED LINES OF THE LATEST MODELS ARE SO REFRESHING TO THE EYE—

ON SOME PEOPLE.

or something and the Glory creature kept hissing at Haddock *Shoot* man *shoot* and my poor Haddock would peer *too* fiercely in the wrong direction and do *quite* nothing, well at *last* Mr. May *suddenly* made a film face and blew off his rifle, my dear *too* alarming, the boat rocked *madly* and some of the drain came in, well my dear nobody else had seen the *smell* of a reptile but he was *too* sure he'd hit one, an old hen alligator it seemed darling, and we could have the skin, only it wouldn't come to the surface for *two* days, so I said *Too* thoughtless we're leaving to-morrow, and of course *Glory* after this was *more* bloodsome than before and *more* and *more* unsatisfied with Haddock, my dear she saw alligators *everywhere*, but *nothing* she said could induce my Haddock to part with his bullet, and what with the *wind* and the *whiff*, and the *mosquitoes* and the *crabs* I thought that at *any* moment I should have to *scream* like a spinster, my dear *too* right because just then one of these *obscene* crabs fell *plop* into the boat out of a tree, and my dear I am *not* accustomed to a shower of crabs so I *merely* yelled, the boat *heaved* and my dear *at* that Haddock's gun went off at *last*, well the black man disembarked the crab and my *poor* Haddock looked the *least* bit evasive but he swore he'd seen *two* reptiles and *definitely* hit *one*, well we all said it was *too* bad it wouldn't come up for *two* days, however *Glory* my dear looked *too* incredulous and *disillusioned* and I doubt if they'll *ever* be *quite* bosoms now, however after that we merely *crawled* out of the swamp *against* the hurricane, my dear *torture*, and my *poor* Haddock couldn't remember *how* to *unload* or something, well we *both* agreed that it had been the world's *most* noxious expedition and it was a lesson to both of us, but of course the *real* message for you darling is *as* I say that it *always* pays to *always* do etc., so take it to heart your *Christian* little TOPSY.

A. P. H.

"AMUSEMENTS.

ANNUAL MEETING OF NORTHERN COUNTIES' GROCERS' ASSOCIATIONS."

Bolton Paper.

We hope that this will be kept from Mr. CHESTERTON, who gets no amusement out of grocers.

MISUNDERSTANDING.

[Massaging the face with ice is recommended as an aid to beauty.]

Phyllis, I've always joyed to know,
Seeing you fair and smart,
That your complexion did not owe
One single thing to art.

Though every day some luring ad.
Put forth its siren call,
For you, I understood, it had
No interest at all.

Can I, my love, have wrongly guessed
The view you seemed to hold,
Who said that beauty's artful quest
Left you completely cold?

Dowsing for Alcohol.

"Geneva, Friday.—There is no question of a Prohibitionist tendency in the inquiries, and wine, beer and cider are expected from any League investigation."—*Provincial Paper.*

"After that merry clash of tongues, so neatly 'staged,' a reconstruction of the doings at the Towel of Babel ought to be well within the B.B.C.'s powers."—*Sunday Paper.*

The washing of linen through the microphone is not to be encouraged.

EVERYTHING 'S WRONG WITH ENGLAND; OR, THE PERFECT PESSIMIST.

LET lamentation
Fall upon the nation
(*With a tow-row-row-row-row !*).
Something is wrong with English beef,
Something is wrong with English beer,
Life in England is simply hell,
And English roses do not smell:
It 's my belief
There 's something queer
About apple-tart, and Haslemere,
And St. Pancras railway-station
(*With a fol-de-rol, fol-de-rol day !*).
Joy in England has disappeared
And English oysters have no beard,
And ah! not these things only,
For English cotton and English wool
Come all to pieces when you pull,
And so does silk.
Our milk
Is quite unlike the stuff it was
Because
The grass that grows on English leas
Is covered with foot-and-mouth disease,
And the cattle are feeling lonely
(*With a tra-la-la-la-la !*).
You can't grow wheat on the English mould,
And ice in England is never cold;
Shipping is dead
And iron 's lead;
All English painting is unripe
And all the books
At which one looks
Are lamentable tripe;
They stay unsold.
And Stilton cheese was so much stronger,
And girls are beautiful no longer
(*With a hey nonny, hey nonny no !*).
All labour is unskilled
And scarcer every minute,
All things undo
That are stuck together with English glue;
Partridges won't be killed,
And sugar 's filled
With lots more grit than once was in it,
And lots more sand.
Religion ain't what it used to be,
And rampant immorality
(*Sing hey-diddle-diddle*
And give me my fiddle !)
Stalks unashamed through the land.
Now all the roads
Are filled with loads
Of horrible charabankers
Touring from place to place
At a quite impossible pace,
The toads!
The cankers!
Through rows of houses that stretch out far
Over the shining waste of tar.
The sea is not salt,
And you can't make malt,
And chains come loose from anchors.
Oh, weep
Deep, deep,
For nothing 's right and all is wrong
With art and life and food and song,
And worse is yet to come along!
The hills will sleep
No more in differing light and shade,
And golf will cease from being played,
And the House of Commons be let in flats
And nobody put on white top-hats,
And, having run
Right down, the sun
Refrain from re-adventuring,
As he has usually done
In spring
(*Heigho !*
With a merry roundelay !);
For we know, as we take our pen in hand
And sit at our desk all rosy bland
And look out, as we do,
At the timbered view
And the rising autumn vapour,
That every creed is a mass of doubt
And all our food is a source of gout,
And all our drink;
So that everything 's wrong with England!
Everything 's wrong with England!
Except our glorious English ink
And our wonderful English paper.
(*With a tra-la-la-la-la-la-la !*) EVOE.

THE DONATELLO.

WE moved from the glare and clatter of the streets into the cool silent church. The air was dim with incense and the abrupt change from the brilliant sunshine of Florence to this soft grey mist was disconcerting to the eye. We fumbled vaguely with our guide-books and peered into the shadows. We were looking for the Donatello.

"There it is," said Priscilla. "But why, oh, why, will they do that?" "That" referred to the disguise of stuff and tinsel with which the Italian Church delights to invest its masterpieces. We sat down in front of the figure and, striving to disentangle it from tin halo, cheap draperies and the litter which surrounded it, prepared to admire. It was in a dark corner, and at first the process presented difficulties. Gradually, however, our eyes grew accustomed to the gloom; the draperies were forgotten, the halo disappeared, the cheap attendant finery was transformed into a blur of gold, and we seemed to see the Saint at last, unspoiled, untravestied, in his pristine beauty as he came from the hands of the master.

So we passed a few minutes in silence. At length Priscilla spoke. "It reminds me of the 'David,'" she said, "the same simplicity and line, once you get behind all that stuff."

I agreed. "I think I even prefer this. There is a feeling and warmth in it which is lacking in the other. The 'David' is a beautiful pagan; this is a beautiful saint. DONATELLO makes us feel the difference."

"It is amazing," said Priscilla. "I feel I never want to look at another statue after this. What a man! The rest will look like plaster casts."

"The more one looks," I replied, "the more the beauty of it appears. I am even prepared to thank the Church for trying to spoil it. It has so signally failed."

At that moment there was a ringing of heels on marble and the chatter of shrill voices. A party of Americans had come into the church with their Italian guide. We continued to sit motionless, endeavouring to block out the Americans, as well as the other incongruities, from our contemplation of beauty. But it is impossible to ignore Americans. They will not be transformed even into blurs of gold. They approached us, they came in front of us, they stood between us and the object of our admiration. "Say," said a sweet young thing, indicating our Saint, "is this the guy?" And the Italian replied with a little laugh—curse him!—with a little laugh, "No, no, Signorina. Zat is nozzing, nozzing at all. Eet ees vat you call a nouveauté. Moderno! moderno!"

The party passed on. We continued to sit motionless. They halted. They were gaping at something. It was a statue, almost invisible in the gloom of the great church. We had not even noticed it. "Behold," came out of the darkness the voice of the detestable little guide—"behold, ze so beautiful, so rare Donatello!"

* * * * *

Florence is a stupid place. We are returning to London to-morrow. Priscilla thinks, and I agree with her, that the only statues worth looking at are the lions in Trafalgar Square. At least they are not draped.

Bad News for House-Hunters.

"HOME SECRETARY.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary, denied the report that for reasons of health he wishes to lease the Home Office for a less onerous position in the Government."
Daily Paper.

"SITUATIONS WANTED—MEN.

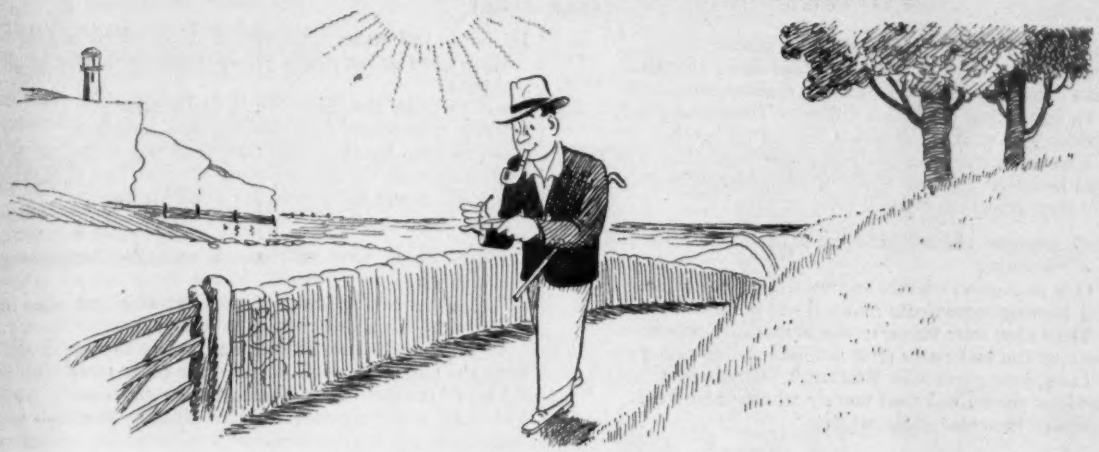
Master recommends Russian chauffer-mechanic, speaks English, French, Rolls, Hispano, Minerva, Packard; references."—*Paris Paper.*

Our chauffeur speaks Nursery Austin with a Morris-Oxford accent.

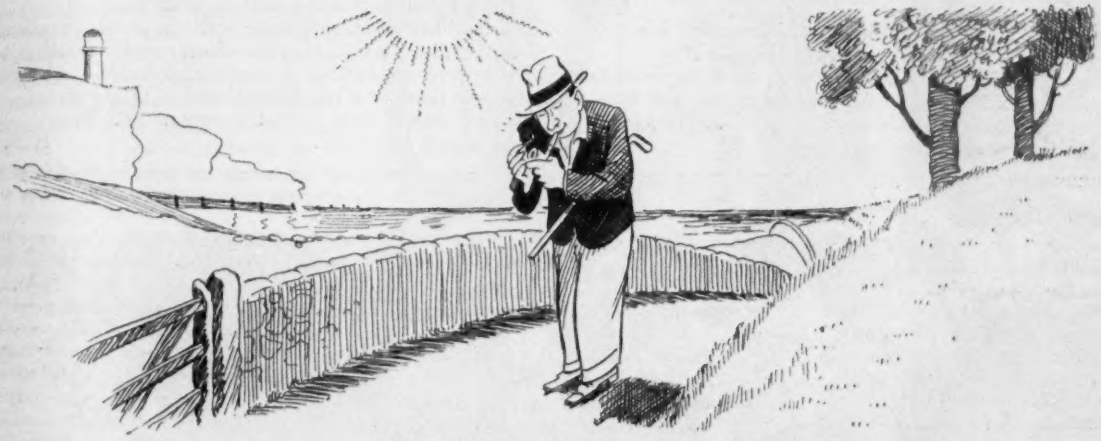
"Lost, Thursday evening, Hanbury Road, half Persian Tabby Cat."
Advt. in Bristol Paper.

The other half has been retained for reference.

THE WIND'S WAY: ANOTHER PROBLEM FOR SCIENTISTS.



HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THE ASTONISHING EFFECT IT HAS UPON NATURE—



WHEN YOU ATTEMPT TO LIGHT YOUR PIPE—



WITH THE LAST MATCH?

PEG-TIME.

(South India.)

OFT have I sat at eve in poisonous places
After such days of work as would drive you mad,
Like counting stamps or hearing maintenance cases
Or inspecting the Taluk Office of Thingummybad;
Sodden and sticky and bitten beyond all bearing
I have sought me a chair and stretched me a weary leg
And bellowed aloud in the accents of one despairing,
"Boy, bring me a peg!"

And straight there would sally from what he calls the "kitching"
One in himself neither virtuous, kind nor clean,
But bearing ingredients many times more bewitching
Than ever were found in the blushful Hippocrene—
Bearing the real Scots stuff and proceeding to load a
Long, long glass with a liquor who reads may guess;
Yet how shall I call that merely whisky-and-soda
Which is nectar itself, no less?

Nectar indeed; what other name shall I give it
That comes like a draught of Fiddich and Lossie and Spey,
Of Avon and Findhorn, Nairn and Rinnes and Livet,
Chilly and keen and living and strong as they—
Like a draught of the wind that walks the Moray mountains,
Charged with the golden glint, the sparkle and foam
Of rivers sprung from the peat, of snow-fed fountains,
Heather and hills and—Home?

Ah, bards and makers, masters of mine, whose praises
Have gone to the grape, whose votes have been given to wine,
Never ye knew the thirst South India raises,
Never were yours such devilish days as mine;
Had *you* been fighting with files until you were sick, or
Striving with Village Accounts till your hair turned grey,
You, as I, would have made for a solider liquor—
Even the Usquebae.

There be those who will say I squander language and waste it,
That a peg can be drunk without all this flurry and fret;
Possibly so, but a man can only *taste* it
At the tail of a twelve-hour day in Shaitanpet,
With the papers five feet deep on the office-table
And all the devils the dreariest Districts breed
Wearying, worrying, working him all they 're able—
Ah, then it 's a drink indeed.

Oft have I sat at eve in murderous passions,
Horrid with hate and a menace to all mankind;
And then has Ganymede come with the evening's rations,
And the body is bucked and madness moved from the mind;
And in reverie then that is sleep's kind herald and cousin
I have thought it the saddest item in all things sad
That *one* should be so good, but a round half-dozen
So utterly badly bad.

H. B.



"AH, JULIA, THE AUTUMNAL SMELL OF BURNING LEAVES!"

NEWSPAPER INSURANCE.

A LONG-FELT WANT.

THE list of calamities which we may face light-heartedly as registered readers of our daily papers grows and grows, yet, strangely enough, not even the most enterprising of our journals appears to have thought of the insurance scheme which would be the most sensational and attractive of the lot. I refer to the bold policy of insuring the reader against his newspaper. That there is urgent need for such a scheme must be obvious to the most casual observer. We have, for instance, only to glance at the correspondence columns of *The Daily Bombshell* to get an inkling of the damaging effect which the daily advent of this great organ is having upon the constitution of the people of these isles. One reader of the previous day's issue reveals the significant fact that he was "staggered to learn." Another confesses to being "horrified to observe." A third went so far as "to boil with indignation." A fourth, although a retired fighting man and hardened to danger, was "considerably alarmed." These shattering sentiments were of course not engendered by the admirable *Bombshell* as such, but by the public-spirited disclosures made in its columns.

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Five pounds a week for life may never be our widow's owing to a foolish prejudice against taking our evening stroll on the railway line, but surely this would not be too much to offer the loyalist who has a brain-storm on reading the stupendous net sales' figures of the object of his devotion?

Minor maladies, such as lassitude and loss of appetite, brought on by the conclusion of a stimulating series of articles, or excessive indignation combined with high blood-pressure following upon the perusal of a leading article on the ineptitude of the Cabinet—these ought assuredly to be covered by the journals in whose support we daily risk them.

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Uncle (during interval). "THIS SHOW IS NOT AT ALL—ER—WHAT I EXPECTED. I 'M AFRAID IT 'S—ER—SCARCELY A PLAY FOR A GIRL OF YOUR AGE."

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Scottish Paper.

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As the Goddess of Youth—
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The Vicar (*introducing Friend to oldest Parishioner*). "TOM, THIS IS CAPTAIN WINGHAM. HE'S TRAVELLED ALL OVER THE WORLD."

Tom. "FANCY THAT, NOW! DID YE EVER 'EAR THE LOIKE? AND THIS BE THE FIRST TOIME YE'VE VISITED LITTLE GRANSDEN—WELL, WELL!"

THE GAME'S THE THING.

THERE did not seem to be much to do at Llanbwlchwyn. It lay among the hills and possessed, according to the guide-book, medicinal baths. The hotel was full of superfatted persons obviously qualifying for the cure. I motored to the place with Ambrose in order to hear him ask the A.A. men how to get there. I found the play of the neck-muscles on both sides very fascinating.

Roaming around the hinterland of the hotel we discovered among a mass of boulders and vegetation several green circles, which I said were the burying-places of druidical bards. Supported by the evidence of red flags, Ambrose declared they were a nine-hole golf-course, and, noticing a small wooden shed with a girl standing near it, he decided to put his theory to the test. Not only that, she said, but we could hire clubs from her and play on the thing.

All our sporting instincts were immediately aroused. She chose four clubs for each of us, four very long ones for me and four very short ones for Ambrose, who is not as tall as I am."

"Come, come," I said, "that is hardly the spirit of the game. I will have the short ones and you the long, and we will make it half-a-crown a hole. If," I added, turning to the girl, "there are any holes?"

She said that there were plenty. I should have liked her to say, "Plenty whateffer," but she didn't. Natives so seldom live up to their reputation. Besides, she came from Lancashire. She was right, however, about the large number of holes.

"Where do we start?" said Ambrose.

The gentle creature pointed to a cromlech, and we strode up the hill.

"That over there," asserted Ambrose, showing me a red speck on a neighbouring scaur, "will be the first green."

I said I thought it was a red flannel petticoat, which I believed to be the national garment of Wales, but he gainsaid me.

"Strike, then!" I cried, and he struck. The ball went fair and true.

I hit my own ball a cruel blow on the top and it rolled down the hill.

"Hullo!" I said angrily, "you never told me there was a road running underneath."

"You're not in the road," commented Ambrose; "you're in the hedge. Go down and sport there for a while and I will sit and wait up here. I wanted a quiet pipe."

"What of it?" he cried a few moments later.

"I was out of the hedge in two," I shouted, "and well on to the road, but a cart came by and crushed me into the mud. Can I pick out?"

He agreed.

"Well?" he cried again after another pause.

"I can't play at all now," I said.

"Why not?"

"I hit the bank on the other side of the road and came back again."

"Why not carry on?"

"I would if I could," I told him, "but I've been eaten by a cow."

"A *cow*?"

"Not a cow really," I confessed—"a bullock, to be exact. It has a white face, with pink round the eyes."

"Nonsense!"

"I am not accustomed," I roared up to him, "to have my word doubted on a point of honour when I am playing in an important match. I know nothing of the niceties of stock-breeding, but my ball has been eaten by a graminivorous mammal of the Hereford breed. It put out its tongue and licked it up with a lump of grass."

"Very well," said Ambrose coolly, coming down the hill. "My hole."

I was not unnaturally indignant.

"We have yet to find out where your ball is," I observed with some heat.

"It 's lying just off the green."

We walked together up the further slope. The ball of Ambrose was seen to be deeply pocketed in the crevice of a sunken monolith about twelve yards short of the flag. No golf-stroke known to man could possibly have moved it one way or the other, though something might have been done with a long pair of pincers or a large hydraulic drill.

"Play your second," I sneered.

"Lost ball, lost hole," responded Ambrose. "This one is mine."

I endeavoured to reason with the man.

"To the eye of faith," I said, "my ball is no more lost than yours. What after all is a mere outward covering of mutton—I mean to say, of beef, which may for the moment obscure it from our eyes?"

"All right," said Ambrose. "Play your fifth."

"There is another point," I went on, "which you seem to have forgotten. This steer, in which I am bunkered for the moment, is a ruminant animal; having four stomachs, it passes its food in the first instance into one or other of these receptacles and afterwards regurgitates it for use in leisure hours. It is a process known to science as chewing the cud. Who can say, if I keep ward and watch by this young ox, whether it will not in course of time return to me my ball? There are no vitamins in rubber and I shall wait on here hoping for the best.

"However," said Ambrose, "I shall go back and play another ball from the tee."

"Not you," I said. "We are both out, I hope, to do battle in a sporting way. Neither ball is lost and neither is out of bounds. Time and frost may wear away your monolith, and the hand of nature restore me my ball from the mouth of the neat. Patience, as MITCHELL or VARDON would tell you——"

"What about this evening?" suggested Ambrose with a sudden inspiration. "Your cow will then be driven home to its byre, which is obviously out of bounds."

In that case, I said triumphantly, "I can put down another ball and go on to win."

Ambrose thought hard.

"Speaking as one sportsman to another," he said, "I submit to you the following thesis. Both of us have striven hard and earnestly for the prize. My ball lies nearer to the pin than yours. I claim the hole."

I hate a petty mind. Without another word I went down the hill, opened a gate and, using my driving-iron with excellent effect, I prodded the muddy flanks of the steer and sent it ambling up the slope. I drove it clear and clean past Ambrose's ball, until it stood finally in the very centre of the green, where it turned and gazed at us with a kind of puzzled frown on its curly brows.

"And now?" I said.

"You 've moved your ball in a bunker!" exclaimed Ambrose with glee.

"I never grounded my club inside it," I shouted indignantly; "I only struck the earth outside."

At this point the girl who had loaned us the implements appeared on the scene.

"You 've played wrong," she informed us in a needlessly shrill voice. "I 've watched you all the time. This is the seventh green you 're at. Yon 's the first, over there;" and she indicated another group of dolmens on a neighbouring mound.

"I think honour is satisfied," announced Ambrose; "we 'll toss who pays for tea."

Nevertheless I find that my view of the position at which we ceased from play is taken by many eminent scratch golfers of my acquaintance, and, pending the discovery of some special local rule at Llanbwlchwyn, the matter so stands.

EVOE.



UMPIRE, A LOVER OF NATURE, HEARS A SKYLARK.

Another Chance for the Saxophone.

"GREAT SAYINGS.

The band that rocks the cradle rules the world."—*Indian Paper.*

Our Glorious Flafi.

"AFRICAN FLAGSHIP.

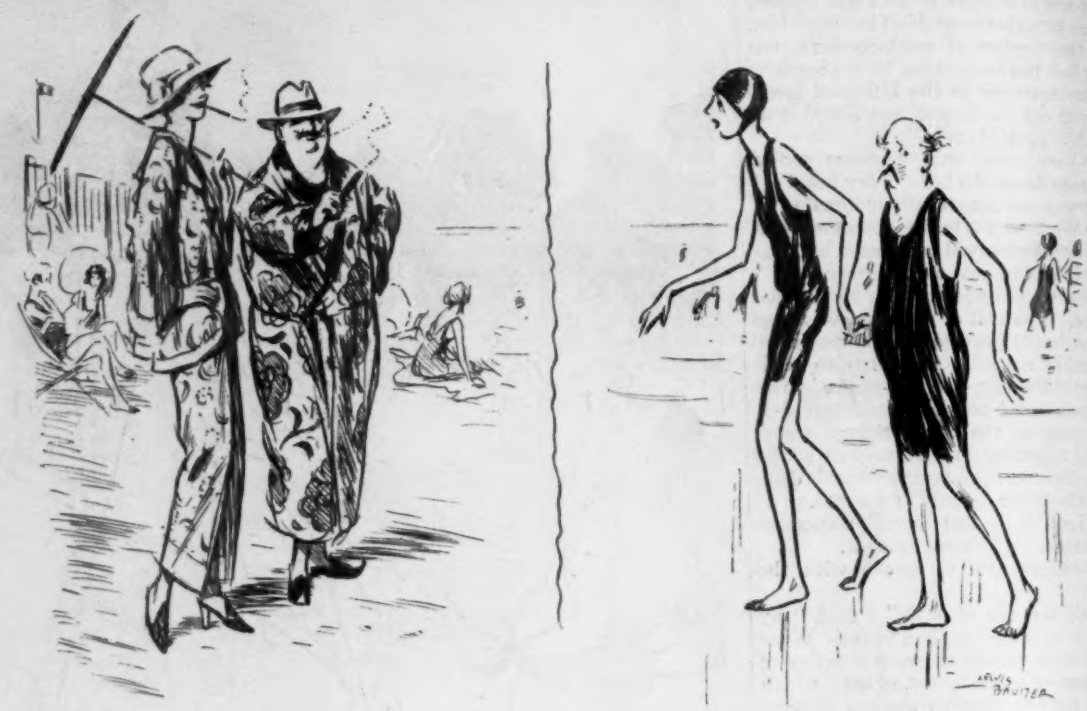
H.M.S. CALCUTTA'S NEW DUTIES.

The flafi of the Commander-in-Chief is temporarily flying in the Lowestoft."

Portsmouth Paper.

It 's a way they have in the Navy.

FREAKS OF NATURE.



FROM BUTTERFLY TO GRUB.

THE ROAD TO ROMANCE.

[Old cinema-film is now being employed in the making of varnish.]

WHEN books seem dull, and dull the evening papers,
And I have failed to settle down to write,
My Muse displaying mere capricious capers
And Pegasus not proving apt for flight,
I have one consolation naught can tarnish,
One hobby that has never proved a bore:
I shut my eyes and think about the varnish
That decks my study-door.

Set going by this simplest of expedients,
In realms of bliss my raptured fancy roams
As I recall how one of its ingredients
Has thrilled the throng in countless picturedromes;
Though sombre now, it had its time of glory,
Allured its patrons to a nightly rush
Ere (like the sentiment that filled its story)
'Twas laid on with a brush.

I won't suppose that it was only job-stuff
Such as is let to merely minor halls;
Some fragment of a masterpiece of sob-stuff
Graces the entrance to my book-lined walls—
Kind Hearts, or *Grisly Jake*, whose fell vagaries
Took several reels to come to final wreck
When, foiled (ha! ha!) by *Pixie of the Prairies*,
He got it in the neck.

And, not content with this, my unrestricted
Fancy goes further, and I strive to hit
On what, of all the scenes the film depicted,
Was once portrayed on my especial bit;
Upon that surface which the lamp-light shows up
My mental and romantic eye can trace
The details of some culminating close-up
(Ten feet of fond embrace).

Or, flowing in a more constricted channel,
My thoughts suggest that, ere they boiled it down,
The decoration on the centre panel
Was DOUG'S right arm or MARY'S pensive frown;
In short, before me, cast as by a gnomon,
Shadows of bygone dramas come in flocks,
Recalling all the glory that is GAUMONT,
The grandeur that is FOX.

AN EPISTLE FROM AN "EPHESIAN."

LAST week it was stated in these pages that neither at the time of his death, nor since, until the publication of "EPHESIAN'S" book, had any "stone been cast" at the good name of CHARLES DICKENS in regard to his "domestic infelicity." In a communication addressed to the Editor of *Punch* this statement is challenged by "EPHESIAN," who quotes from an article published by *Chambers' Journal* in 1874 which condemns DICKENS for having "obtruded" this matter "on public notice."

It is clear therefore that "EPHESIAN" has not earned the distinction of casting the first stone, and Mr. Punch is constrained to apologise for having attributed it to him.



PERILS OF THE DEEP.

PROTECTIONIST MERMAID. "COME ON, STAN! IT'S LOVELY OUT HERE."

MR. BALDWIN. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH; BUT I THINK I'D BETTER NOT GO TOO FAR FROM MY CLOTHES."

[At the Unionist Conference, which opens to-day at Great Yarmouth, a resolution will be submitted in favour of the extension of safeguarding.]



THE END OF THE SILLY SEASON.

GIANT GOOSEBERRIES BEING USED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF THE WORLD'S WORST CHAMPAGNE.

THE TEA-INTERVAL.

REFRESHMENT AND THE FORCE.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—Lately the news has been exhilarating. Miss MERCEDES GLEITZE, we learn, has never been kissed. But the men of our race are not altogether idling their time away. A man has driven a motor-car to the summit of Ben Nevis, and Sir ERIC GEDDES has descended in an aeroplane on the waters of Loch Lomond.

But is the same spirit alive in the ranks of our admirable police? No one would begrudge them any proper mitigation of their fatiguing duties, and none of us would like to walk the streets for eight hours at a stretch. Still, it has been a surprise to many of us to learn that the officer charged with the defence of our homes by night is officially entitled to leave his beat at a given time and may for half-an-hour let detection wait on appetite. As long as he does not enter "licensed premises," it seems, he may disappear where he will.

Now, Sir, when the enterprising burglar 's not a-burgling it is our pleasure to think that the constable is a-basking with a bun. But it is of the essence of a tea-interval (as of an armistice) that both sides agree to suspend operations at the same time; and the question is, can we rely on our burglars to observe this elementary understanding? And, if we can't, can we not in this reasonable age arrive at some compromise by which the policeman on our beat may wield the knife and fork without endangering our plate?

The solution perhaps is to treat the criminal classes more straightforwardly in this matter. At present they know that each constable will be keeping body and soul together at a definite time, and that once they have watched him into the coffee-house they should honourably take half-an-hour off themselves for nourishment and repose. But it is not clear whether his *half-hour non* is always at the same time, and without some careful publicity some confusion must be caused by the meal-times of adjoining beats being different. Co-ordination is lacking. And I suggest that it would be helpful if some standard coffee-hour were fixed for the whole Force, and notified to those concerned, so that it would be clear to all that between, say, 1.0 and 1.30 A.M. no housebreaking, homicide or arson must be done.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A. P. H.

Our Journalistic Arithmeticians.

"Statistics would prove, I expect, that out of a population of twenty hatted millions, twelve millions would be wearing bowlers, four millions top hats, and the remaining two million in caps."—*Evening Paper.*

And what about the other two millions? Wigs?

SUMMER 1928.

(Bless Her!)

O LOVELIEST of ladies,
Your coach has stopped the way;
In gold its roof arrayed is,
In gold its panels sway;
The linkmen lift the torches,
You 're coming down the stair,
And music 's in the porches
And music 's in the air.

You go in all beguiling;
No pale good-byes for you;
Oh, still your mouth 's for smiling,
Oh, still your eyes are blue;
But all your ways were laughter,
You rose without a thorn;
And Echo to the rafter
Shall laugh that you were born.

Dan Cupid trots behind you
With flowers and cloak and all;
Old Father Time, to find you,
Comes fussing through the hall;
Quick, ere the footmen flank you
And Dad has claimed you quite,
Good-night, you dear, and thank you,
Good-night, you *dear*, good-night!

P. R. C.

"But this interruption is something very different from that which takes place when an infernal combustion engine runs out of petrol."—*Liverpool Paper.*

That is the sort of devilish interruption you never forget.

BIG BUSINESS.

I HAVE always maintained that Ernest is a man of genius.

"What are you thinking of doing next?" I asked him the other day.

"Business," said Ernest—"business with a big B. I have bought the premises already."

At first he was inclined to be reserved, but gradually I flattered him into telling me more about it.

"The brass plate for the door," he told me, "was designed to-day," and he handed me a sheet of paper on which was written:—

THE COLONIAL AND MARITIME MUTUAL AMALGAMATING SOCIETY LIMITED.

"You see it's a pretty big affair," he observed.

"Evidently enormous," I agreed. "But what on earth does it all mean, Ernest?"

"Oh, it doesn't *mean* anything, of course," he replied casually. "Not yet, if you know what I mean."

"But what sort of business will you do?"

"You never know," said Ernest; "everything depends on the demand. *Colonial* and *Maritime* business a good deal, I expect; though of course there will be some *Mutual* and *Amalgamating* and *Society* business as well. But probably I shall start with sailors and Australians."

"Yes," I protested; "but in what sort of way will you be of assistance to sailors and Australians? You don't explain what the business *is*."

"Naturally I can't tell you that," said Ernest almost petulantly, "until I see what my clients ask me to do. So far I have bought the premises, I have designed a uniform for the hall-porter, I have engaged a hundred typists, I have reserved for myself an enormous office behind a glass door marked PRIVATE, and I have bought quite a number of huge ledgers marked 1928. To-morrow at 9.30 in the morning I shall start sitting behind the glass door. I have not the slightest doubt that clients will turn up."

"Is it," I asked, becoming exasperated, "a sort of Insurance Company, or an Investment Trust, or what?"

But he only shrugged his shoulders and smiled enigmatically. . . .

The next evening I dined with Ernest by invitation at an expensive restaurant.

I asked him to tell me how business had started, and he told me the whole story.

"At 9.30," he began, "I sat down in my enormous office. Everything went off well, as I anticipated. First of all, about 9.40, a *Colonial* sort of man came along. He read my brass plate and walked in. He asked if we were agents for the "City of Melbourne and Pacific Agreement Trust," and, if so, whether for a small fee we would mind making an Agreement of some kind with him about the Pacific, before the 25th inst. Well, of course we weren't, but we didn't tell him that; we just took the matter in hand and became agents at once. That alone, I estimate, will be enough to pay for the brass plate.

"Then, at about 10 A.M., a *Maritime* sort of man came along, and, seeing 'Maritime' on the plate, he walked in and asked if we would insure him against Colour Blindness and/or Loss of Memory while at sea. Naturally we said 'Yes' at once, and did so at a reasonable premium.

"Next, at 10.15 A.M., a *Mutual* kind of man turned up. He took a good look round, and then said he liked the look of us and asked whether it was mutual or not. We said quite definitely that it was (but that of course we charged a commission for that kind of thing), and he wondered whether we could take him on as an apprentice if he paid a good apprenticeship fee. We said we would consider the matter, and, between you and me, we are going to take him on to-morrow.

"Then, about 11 o'clock, an *Amalgamating* sort of man caught sight of the brass plate and he too came in, and asked whether we wouldn't consider amalgamating with him at an early date. We asked him whether he was a millionaire or not, and he said that he was, easily; so we agreed to an amalgamation and drew up a deed at once and made him sign it. So that's all settled.

"After this it was plain sailing; the *Society* men simply poured in on one kind of business or another. At one o'clock I told the typists and the hall-porter that we would have a half-holiday, so we closed then.

"You see," concluded Ernest, "the fact is there are hundreds of brass plates like mine in the City, and nobody knows what half of them mean; most of them, in fact, clearly mean nothing at all. But that kind of thing does attract Big Business; there is no doubt about it."

There was, so far as I could see, only one omission.

"Your brass plate," I said, "seems to have justified itself in almost every particular. But why did you call your Society a *Limited* one?"

"Ah," replied Ernest wisely, "that was perhaps an error of judgment on my part. There was, in fact, a telephone call from a *Limited* sort of man, but he and I couldn't agree as to where to draw the line, and I was afraid a man like that might cramp my style, so I was obliged to turn him down. Very regrettable indeed, don't you know; but one can't be too careful . . ."



Mother. "BOBBIE, BOBBIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"
Bobbie. "NASTY FLY ON DADDY'S NOSE."

A new Rest-cure.

"Accommodation offered to elderly gentlewoman in country house with couple. Suitable for those not strong and needing good food. Bath eight miles."—*Advt. in Weekly Paper.*

Try trotting eight miles to the bath and see how good breakfast will taste!

"Trained Cook seeks post; Cordon Blew."
Oxford Paper.

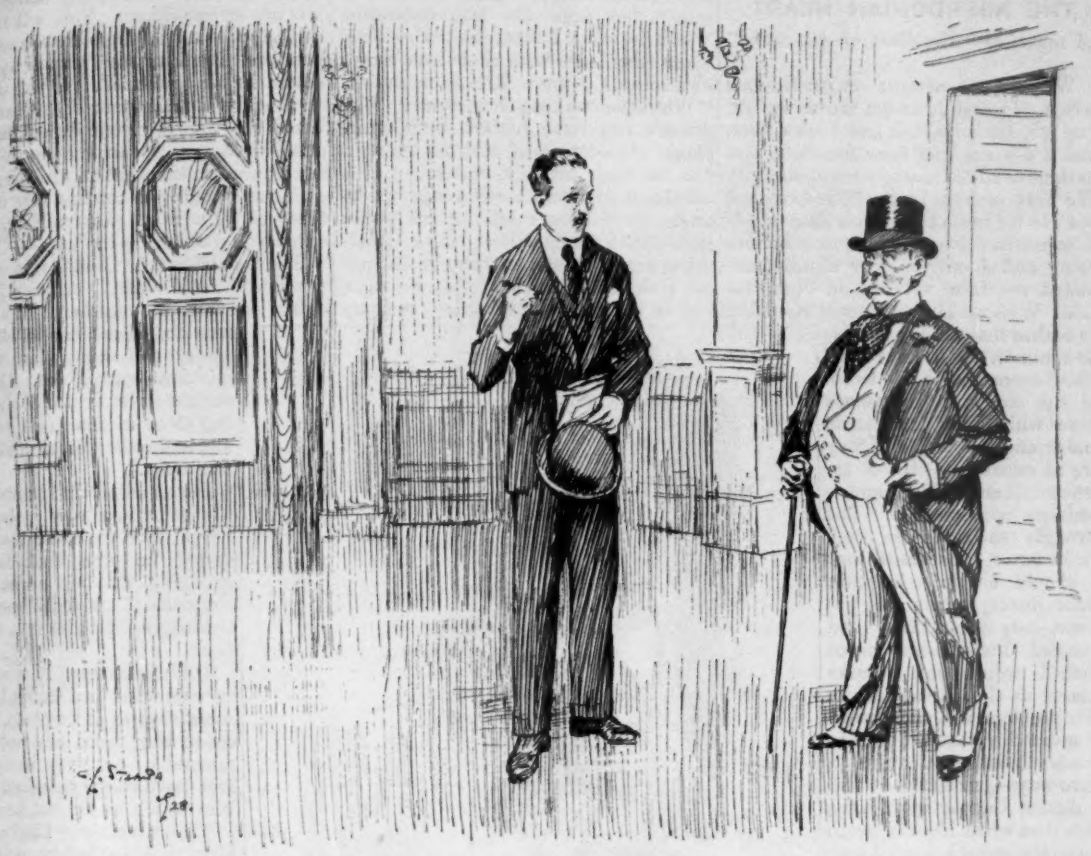
Cordon seems to have found the soup too hot.

"Wanted at once a live Sanitary Plumber."
Natal Paper.

No dead or insanitary ones need therefore apply.

"Fresh Fish arrive daily by own motor and sailing boats."—*Advt. in Welsh Paper.*

Sole at the prow and lobster at the helm.



Representative of large Furnishing House. "AND HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THIS ROOM FURNISHED?"
Pretentious Profiteer. "WHAT ABOUT QUATORZE THE FIFTEENTH?"

THE OLD HOUSE.

WHERE the new road goes and the motor-buses,
Horrible brand-new villas stand
In arrogant rows, the brazen hussies!
And, unaware of their scornful stare,
(Entranced she seems, with her absent gaze),
Quietly still on the crowded hill
An old house dreams of the olden days.

She knew that the times of peace were over
When they stubbed the hedge at her meadow's edge
And felled the limes and trampled the clover
Till the lane that strolled through the green and gold
With the casual trend of enchanted ways
Stretched straight and black as a racing-track,
And that was the end of the olden days.

Her diamond panes grew strangely dimmer;
She dared not look at the distant brook
Where the whitethorn rains and the ripples shimmer,
For soon, she knew, to a different view
Her eyes must wake with a sick amaze;
So the old house died to the world outside
Lest her heart should break for the olden days.

Scaffoldings loomed and lorries clattered,
But the house mused on, though her trees were gone
And her fields were doomed, in a calm unshattered;
At mushroom speed an insolent breed
In concrete-block of a type that pays,
All faked antique, and with roofs that leak,
Arose to mock at the olden days.

She is hemmed about by a would-be town;
You hardly guess at her loveliness;
They elbow her out and stare her down;
On her straitened lawn she stands withdrawn;
But the kingcups gleam and the red cows graze
As the child that was I goes laughing by
In her gentle dream of the olden days.

Insurance In Toto.

"To the number of insurances on artists' eyes, fingers, and limbs quoted in *The Daily Mail* may be added an insurance of £2,000 on each of Mlle. Genée's big toes that used to be taken out annually when she was at the height of her dancing career."—*Daily Paper.*

We hate having our big toes taken out.

Journalistic Candour.

"The show took place in a darkened basement, where Sir Conan Doyle sat, the half light revealing his rubicund face and burly figure set off by a background of ghastly-looking Pressmen."—*Daily Paper.*

Not at all.

THE ABERDONIAN HEART.

(*A sequel to "The Book of Aberdeen."*)

I.

We weren't always on such good terms, He and I, as we are now; for, you see, He is English and I am a Scot, and it takes a long time for these two nations to adjust matters harmoniously. We were perhaps both a little to blame, but He far more than I, because He is a wonderful two-legged vocal human being and I only a poor dumb four-footed creature without an immortal soul. With all His cleverness He failed to realise that an Aberdeen is no common dog to be ordered about according to the whim of the moment. Aberdeens have whims too, and pride and strength of will, and they are as capable as He of resentments and enthusiasms—perhaps more capable. The struggle we had! He was, for instance, determined that I should sit in a certain chair during meals and get down only when They had finished. I was as determined that I would not. Weeks passed in the adjustment of this problem, and then, when it seemed a waste of time to thwart Him any longer, I gave way—gracefully, I trust.

Again, He started with the idea that when He told me to leave the room I must do so. Mistaken egoist! For a long while I rubbed His error in, and then, when He had learned it thoroughly, I suddenly became amenable and complied.

They're very odd about chairs, these Owner people. Sometimes you may jump into one—or on the seat of the car—and They say nothing, or even pat you. The next time They're furious and order you out. What is a poor dog to do? As a matter of fact, humiliating though it may be to a Scotsman to admit it, my experience is that obedience is the best policy, and I pass it on to my fellow-creatures as a fact.

No self-respecting Aberdeen would deny himself the satisfaction of a little obstinacy, of course, but he must watch his step. As I have said before and, however reluctantly, must say again—They always get you in the end.

All the same, even now, after years have passed, I exhibit moods which He never anticipates; I think it politic, in the interests of independence, now and then to retreat when He calls me, or even to go to such an extreme length as to refuse a meal. This makes Him angry, but none the less respectful, which is what I wanted. "Confound these Aberdeens with their iron Scot's character!" I know Him to be saying. "Why does one keep them at all? Why doesn't one have honest, blundering, loyal, obedient dogs, with no thought but for their masters, instead of self-indulgent complexities who enjoy grievances more than rabbiting and prefer jealousies to india-rubber balls? Aberdeens aren't dogs at all, they're difficult old clubmen." That's what he says, but if he had one of those smarmy obvious spaniels he'd tire of it in a week.



Pavement Artist (*wiping off picture*). "ANY'OW, THIS ONE WON'T GO TO AMERICA."

As for jealousy, I'll plead guilty to plenty of that. But that's canine nature; you can't eradicate it. And They would have to agree that They have tried me rather high; for on two separate occasions rival dogs have been smuggled in. I say "smuggled" deliberately, because on each occasion They both looked so ashamed. One day, in a weak moment, my Master gave my Mistress a Pekinese, which, in the manner of those foreign devils, demanded and obtained every kind of preferential treatment. Seeing that He too was attracted by the little monstrosity, I realised that I must act and act swiftly. "Look here," I said to it when I got it alone in the garden, "this is my house and you are an interloper. You will never be happy here, and therefore the sooner you force Them to send you away the better for all concerned. If you don't do this I will make your life a burden. Until the time for your departure (or demise) arrives, I count on you to confine your attentions entirely to Her, but as far as possible to repulse Her overtures of friendship. As for Him, if I catch you making up to Him——"

The misbegotten Chink was very sensible. "All right," he said; "I didn't ask to be brought here. It's not my idea of a home at all. I prefer a London flat, with cushions everywhere. Also I should never dream of choosing to be in the same house as another dog, least of all an Aberdeen."

I must admit that he played the game in a way I should never have expected from a dago; he was disobedient, grudging, and as a last resource he shammed illness so thoroughly that he was sent back.

I didn't have quite the same success with the Dandie Dinmont that took its place, because the Scots are not so amenable; but very early I laid down rules of conduct for him which he did not break.

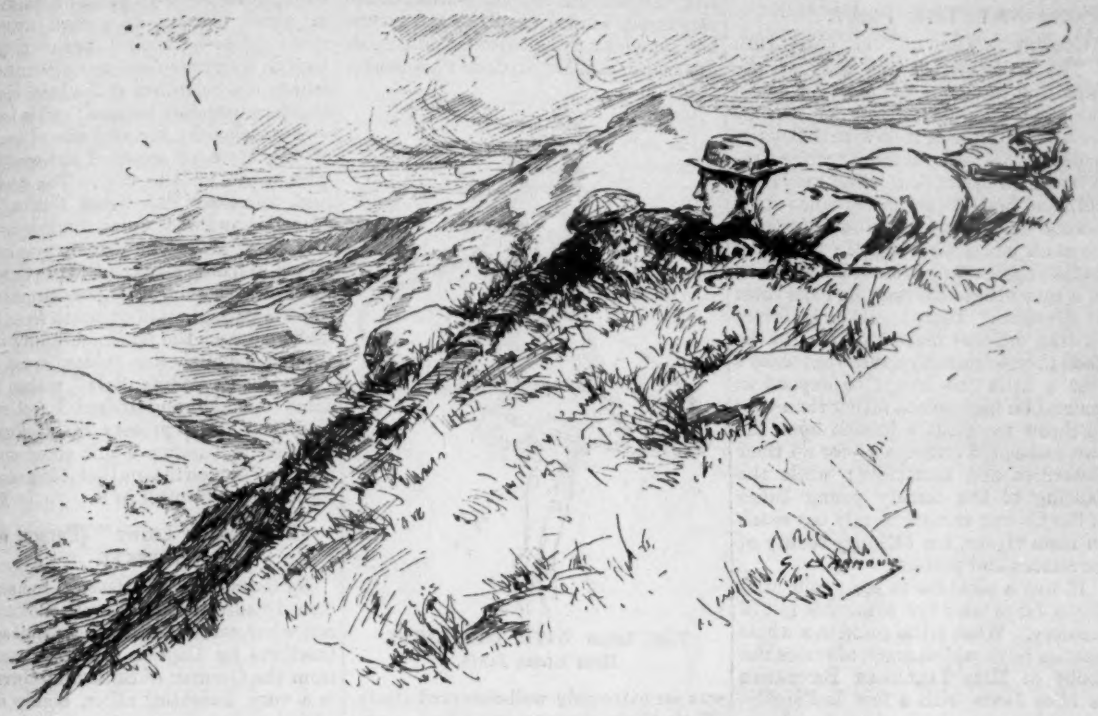
"Do what you like with Her," I said, "but leave Him alone. He's mine, and don't you forget it. Why they want to bring in another dog I can't imagine, unless it's because She knows I'm His and She wants something to call Her own. See then that you are Her own."

We got on fairly well after this, and I so far relented as to tell him all about everyone in the place—the cook's weak points and so forth—and gave him a lot of useful tips. I even told him, for he knew nothing, having come straight from some kennels, about arm-chairs and obedience generally. I told him what I was saying just now, but of course I didn't pay him the compliment of adding that bit about Aberdonian pride. That would have been wasted. Nor did I relent so far as to let him join me when I went ratting. I could not be so tolerant as that. E. V. L.

(*To be continued.*)

"Part by order of Executors, Solicitors, and others. Three days' sale of jewellery, silver and plated foods."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Better than tinned foods, anyway.



Stalker. "WE'LL NO CAN MOVE TILL THEY 'LL BE GETTIN' UP TO FEED."
Wilbur P. Bronx (champion hustler of U.S.A.). "WELL, WHEN WILL THAT BE? IT 'S TWELVE NOW."
Stalker. "WEEL, THEY 'LL MAYBE LIE A CONSEEDERABLE TIME, OR MAYBE JUIST TWA-THREE HOORS."

PEOPLE I DON'T LIKE.

(The Misanthrope's Mixed Bag.)

PEOPLE who live on uncooked roots;
People who dote on viols and lutes;
People who go to bed in their boots.

People who keep outlandish pets,
Kinkajous and marmosets;
People who talk of serviettes.

People who are not pleased but "enchanted,"
Who say when you apologise, "granted";
People who speak of the dead as "planted."

Grandmammas with Eton crops;
Grandpapas who perform at "hops";
People with hands like cold pork chops.

People who eat their cheese with a knife;
People who never say "five" but "fife,"
And talk of "the kiddies" and "the wife."

Gilded youths with a permanent wave,
Oiled and curled and sleek and suave,
Men of the lounge, not men of the cave.

Girls whose charm is solely dental;
"People" who advertise as "gentle";
People who claim to be temperamental.

People in dread of growing fatter;
People whose talk is an endless chatter
Of things that don't begin to matter.

People who call for the lash and scourge
Until their literature they purge
From *clichés* such as "awareness" and "urge."

People who whistle in railway trains;
People who sully our country lanes
With broken bottles and petrol stains.

People who dance on escalators;
People who swear at hard-worked waiters;
Bishops with badly-buttoned gaiters.

VERY PLEASED.

"WOULDN'T it be splendid——" began Joan; but I interrupted her with a gesture, for the Editor was speaking.

"I am very sorry indeed," he said, "that your manuscript was rejected. Needless to say, it was a ridiculous mistake. I know of course that you are always busy, but, if you could manage to let me have a page every week at, say, a shilling a word, I should be very much indebted to you."

"A shilling a word?" I repeated, trying not to appear impressed.

"Well, let us say one-and-sixpence a word," he said, "just to show our appreciation of your style."

I shook him warmly by the hand.

"I shall be very pleased," I said.

As I left the Editor's office I heard pursuing footsteps and, turning, found myself face to face with Mr. JIMMY BRAID.

"I've been looking everywhere for you," he said; "I hope I'm not troubling you, but, if you could play nine holes with me to-morrow and teach me that tricky mashie shot of yours, I should be very much obliged. You're sure you don't mind?"

"I shall be very pleased," I said.

"But wouldn't it?" said Joan.

"Wouldn't what?" I asked.

"You were asleep," she said. "I was saying, wouldn't it be splendid if your writing brought in enough to pay for some lessons from the Professional?"

"I should be very pleased," I said.

"ROYAL EAST BERKS AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION OPEN SHOW.
JUMPING EVENTS
SHEEP, CATTLE, POULTRY, DUCKS, PIGS, ROOTS, &C.
A BAND WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE."
From an Advt. Poster.

It takes a lot of music to make a mangel-wurzel jump.

AT THE PLAY.

"CLOWNS IN CLOVER," II. (ADELPHI).

The dramatic reporter may at any time find himself looking at an entertainment unappreciatively for reasons which have nothing to do with the merits or demerits of performance or performers. A horse, an oyster or a friend may have betrayed him—to the disturbance of his normal judgment. I can however trace no such cause for a certain feeling of deflation after seeing this second version of a revue that obviously had the votes of the town. There seemed a tendency to drag out and make too much of the good things (scarcely a turn that wasn't just a little too long); to depend in general on high spirits rather than wit; to throw too great a burden upon the two associated principals—for all their cleverness and versatility; while the dancing of the comely young ladies of the Chorus seemed to rely too much on mere vigour, too little on beauty of movement and pattern.

It was a pleasure to see again Miss ELSIE JANIS with her admirable gift of mimicry. What critic could in a whole treatise have said so much of praise and doubt of Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD as Miss JANIS with a few brilliantly-selected poses, gestures and intonations? She can even make a quite passable imitation of WILL ROGERS'S rope-twirling.

The revue is largely based upon the personalities and talents of Mr. JACK HULBERT and Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE. This is at once a strength and a weakness. Both are competent comedians with sufficient variety of method. They are also, it was pleasant to note, fresh enough to make each other laugh with their antics, which always seems to me a good sign. Mr. HULBERT'S dancing, whether lazy or vigorously intricate, is as good as can be, and he has the sort of geniality and resourcefulness required to "conduct" the show and push it along. Miss COURTNEIDGE has a clever head for the broadest comedy, and I wondered what two turbaned Indian notables made of this daughter of the dominant race in "La Belle des Folies-Bergère." In the admirable little sketch by Mr. RONALD JEANS, "Love's Re-awakening," she contrives, within a frame of gross exaggeration of detail, to give a brilliant character-study of the shoemaker's faded, desperately tiresome but somehow not altogether unlikeable little wife; and Mr. HULBERT'S husband



THE LASS WITH THE LASSO.
MISS ELSIE JANIS.

was an extremely well-observed study. (Both these items were, by the way, carried over from the first version.)

The best of the new matter is the altogether delightful "Silence is Golden," a prophetic travesty of "The Talkies," in which the fun of a well-invented spoof plot—a wicked pre-revolution *Duc de Quarante-Centimes* attempts to seduce the betrothed of the local blacksmith (or possibly brigand) and is foiled—is enriched by the vagaries of accent of the stars of assorted nationalities who make up the cast. The second best was the "The Great Nebko," an amusing and not unfair burlesque by Mr. JACK HULBERT of the pranks of music-hall magicians, with Miss COURTNEIDGE perhaps a little over-emphasising the part of an idiot youth from the audience, and the whole certainly protracted beyond the golden moment. "The Great White Sale" makes the same mistake, and indeed I feel sure that the mere process of intelligent excision will improve this show enormously—which means that it has essentially the right stuff in it. T.

"BY CANDLE LIGHT" (PRINCE OF WALES'S).

By Candle Light, a farcical-romantic comedy, adroitly adapted with one knows not what witty additions or tactful subtractions by Captain HARRY GRAHAM from the German of SIEGFRIED GEYER, is a very delightful affair, highly disedifying of course, yet handled so as to be entirely free of offence save to the Pharisees.

Baron Egon von Felsen (Mr. LESLIE FABER), authentic highborn, living in a Viennese palace now converted into luxurious bachelor flats, persistently engages himself in romantic adventures, from the minor inconveniences of which it is the business of his resourceful and rather unusual valet, *Bastien* (Mr. RONALD SQUIRE), to disentangle him. The Baron, preferring a dinner of dull duty to an appointment with a dying flame, leaves his valet to his customary task of invention and explanation by telephone. The Exchange gives the wrong number—and romance. The unknown Voice has evidently mistaken him for his master—he will suffer the mistake to pass; the Voice is clearly a person of consequence, a lady, and it has always been his dream to rise above the easy successes of his own proper environment; the Voice is evidently adventurous, complaisant. He grows bolder; yes, in fine he may expect a visitor



The Boy from the Pit (*Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE*) *to the Conjurer* (*Mr. JACK HULBERT*). "LOOK WHAT I 'VE FOUND!"

for just a few short discreet moments. A quick exchange of his gorgeously servile uniform for his master's admirably cut clothes and he is ready to open the door to a beautifully dressed, plump and pretty brunette (Miss YVONNE ARNAUD), slightly over-friendly and a little too timidly reluctant by turns, a lady evidently not quite sure of her way about in these adventures, not quick to detect certain gaucheries and rather fatuous complacencies in her host.

And of course the *Baron* returns. And of course, instead of unmasking his valet, he plays up to him, elects to indulge and at the same time embarrass him by accepting and directing the situation, having at once penetrated, at least in general terms, the disguise of the now rather obviously unlikely lady of rank and fashion. Naturally also the temporary Baron has incidentally to face the anger of an outraged husband who finds his wife's cloak in the flat and, when he sees its wearer, bursts unto uncontrollable laughter, mystifying the infatuated *Bastien* but confirming the guesses we had all been making from the beginning.

The knots are loosened and the threads dexterously tied. The *Baron*, having resumed his rank with his garments, is left at supper with a most beautiful lady who has been deeply angered by the false suspicion of her ogre of a husband and is now prepared to employ the usual Viennese method of punishing such distrustful persons.

A slight and, clearly, an incurably flippant affair, which I have outlined thus obscurely so as not to deprive the playgoer of the pleasure to be got out of the gradual unfolding of the situation.

Miss YVONNE ARNAUD'S performance goes as near perfection in this kind as anything I have seen for a long time. The difficult business of the First Act, to suggest doubts without too clearly confirming them, was admirably handled. What excellent differentiation between the situations that could be met by conscious following of an observed model and those where independent decisions were called for! what roguishly abandoned enjoyment of those frankly illustrated books in the *Baron's* library! in fact what an entirely delightful and unmoral little baggage!

As for Mr. RONALD SQUIRE in his specialised business of the hero-valet, if he had a less subtle problem to solve, he missed no point that could well be made. One must blame the author, not the artist, for the arbitary progression from extreme sophistication, as in the opening telephone approaches and a quite unlikely naïveté in the actual wooing of his lady, wherein he depended on some stereotyped romantic phrases written out for him by his master.

Mr. LESLIE FABER'S twinkling gravity, admirable ease of manner and manifest air of knowing backwards the whole alphabet of unfaithful hearts, made the *Baron* an extremely engaging person.

A very pleasant unimproving evening. T.



Count Pahlen (*Mr. MATHESON LANG*) *to Paul I.* (*Mr. ROBERT FARQUHARSON*). "YOU CAN'T SHOOT ME NOW. IT 'S GOING TO BE DONE MUCH MORE THEATRICALLY IN THE LAST SCENE."

"SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

Close on a year ago we had MEREJKOVSKY'S *Paul I.* at the Court Theatre, produced by Mr. KOMISARJEVSKY. Now Mr. MATHESON LANG presents us with a version of the same theme, the conspiracy headed by *Count Pahlen* to displace this same mad *Paul* by his irresolute son, *Alexander*, a version adapted by Mr. ASHLEY DUKES from the German (?) of ALFRED NEUMANN.

In this version the part of *Count Pahlen* has been developed beyond historical warrant in order to make a subtler hero, overwhelmed by the burden of his task and making reparation by suicide, or rather by execution at the hands of a devoted servant, for the lies and violence which were necessary to accomplish the rescue of Russia from her insane tyrant. Commonsense and concern for Russia would have alike dictated an attempt to guide the young *Alexander* in his difficult task.

The part gives Mr. MATHESON LANG an admirable opportunity for a sound full-dress portrait in his most impressive manner; and the whole makes an effective spectacle, with the help of Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND'S distinguished designs. The structure, as in MEREJKOVSKY'S play, is episodic, but with more intricate elaboration of the mechanism of the intrigue, which is theatrically effective, though it was never quite clear to me why *Pahlen* imposed his difficult mistress, the *Baroness Ostermann*, on the Emperor or what precisely was the drift of the *Baroness's* grievance against the man she at once loved and hated.

Mr. ROBERT FARQUHARSON might be counted on for a rather terrible study of the disgusting degenerate; he succeeded also in the more subtle and difficult business of conveying the loneliness and misery of the perplexed distrustful man and appealed to our pity—raising the situation at moments to the height of poignant tragedy. Miss ISOBEL ELSOM interested us in her *Baroness* without clearly explaining that rather tortuous lady. Mr. JOHN GARSIDE (*Chamberlain*) and Mr. HARCOURT WILLIAMS (*Chancellor*) gave us two well-conceived studies of character; and Mr. GYLES ISHAM indicated with intelligence the tortured indecision of the young *Tsarevitch*.

Altogether a stimulatingly gloomy, interesting and effective piece of manipulated history. T.

Commercial Candour.

"There is nothing to beat a good cigar for the nerves. At the Battle of Saarbrucken the Brunswick Hussars galloped into action behind good strong Havana cigars. They staggered the enemy!"

Cigar Makers' Advt. in Madras Paper.

"BIRTH.

To Norah, wife of F. H. ——, a son. With effect from August 1, 1928."—*Rangoon Paper.*

With great effect, we hope.

BUGLE LYRICS.

WHEN I picked up a copy of *Trumpet and Bugle Calls for the Army* the other day, I was horrified to find that a delightful practice had been discontinued. The bugle calls with which I had for a spell been on terms of such great familiarity were there all right, set out in a neat and orderly manner in staff notation—or, if you prefer it, General Staff notation—with key and time signatures, pauses, rests, bars and so forth, all complete. But where were the words? Everyone who knows anything of the bugle, who lives within bugle call, so to speak, is well aware that there are words, and in the old days the Army Council apparently did not think it undignified or frivolous to print many of them in the official publication. And now they are gone.
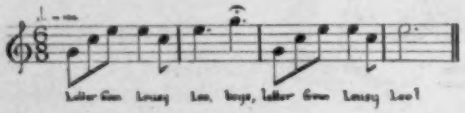
I have come to the conclusion that there are two possible explanations of this important change in policy. Either it is feared that the words which have become wedded to certain calls may prove subversive of discipline in these days of insidious Communistic propaganda, or that the old lyrics, if I may use that term, are liable to offend the literary tastes of the educated soldier of to-day.

Whatever the real reason, I think the change a pity. I grant you that there are certain disintegrating features about one or two of the Mess calls.

"Oh, sergeants' wives get puddings and pies,
But we poor blokes get skilly . . ."

would in certain circumstances tend to fan the flames of class hatred, although I think it is open to argument that the ends of discipline might well be served by drumming—or bugling—into the heads of the rank and file that sergeants and their wives are a superior breed, whose diet should therefore be of a correspondingly higher standard.

I am prepared to admit that the words in some cases are open to grave criticism. There are few calls so charming as the Infantry Post call. As it echoes sweetly across the barrack square, visions of the fireside, the yellow gorse, the poppy-flecked corn-fields, come crowding into the mind. The call demands delicate treatment at the hands of the lyric-writer, yet what do we actually find?

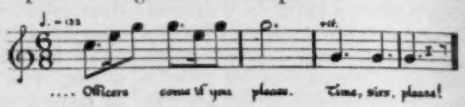


Lousy Loo? Could anything be more appalling? Mud, mud.

If either or both these considerations, however, have prompted the Army Council to cut out the words, I can only say that they have failed utterly in imagination and are letting a glorious opportunity slip. If they were in any way dissatisfied they should have entrusted the revision of the whole of the lyrics to a competent writer of verse, such as those who write for our monthly magazines to fill up the spaces between the short stories. To cut them out altogether is too drastic.

I am tempted to indicate the lines upon which such a revision might well be undertaken. In order not to make too great a break with the past, I think that every endeavour should be made, while keeping matters of discipline and good taste in mind, to retain some of the best features of the originals. In the case of the Post call, "Lousy Loo" must of course go, and in her place I would put "Marguerite," "Nancy Lee" or "Aunt Susanne."

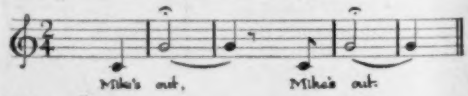
The words sung with the Officers' call, summoning them to a Commanding Officer's pow-wow or something like that, are dull and banal in the extreme. The call consists of a kind of introduction or *toccata* in the form of a thrice-repeated phrase, followed by the subject, which, though not exactly in fugal idiom, might well have led to a fugue had the composer been given more scope:—



The repetition of "Officers, come if you please," though it conveys a certain urgency, and the concluding cry of "Time," suggesting that, unless an immediate effort is made, the place may be closed before the Officers can get there, clearly betray a lack of poetic imagination. The alternative (unofficial) version, "Officers come and be damned . . . ." is open to objection on other and obvious grounds. What is wanted, it seems to me, is a stirring service song, some sort of call to stern duty perhaps, ending in a thrilling climax such as "On! On! On!" or "Up! Up! Up!"

The frequent references to food in these lyrics is also open to condemnation, but I realise that it is no good trying to amend "Come to the cook-house door, boys!" However lacking in grace, the lyric has a powerful traditional appeal to which every soldier inwardly responds. The words must be retained at whatever sacrifice to good taste. Grace for once must come after grub, instead of before.

The lyric-writer will probably dislike this pandering to the call of the stomach, but let him console himself with Reveille, Retreat and Tattoo, long calls which have never been properly exploited and give plenty of scope for romantic and imaginative treatment. Of the short calls, "Lights Out" is a little poem in itself, and I would not dare to suggest a change in more than one of the simple and telling words already associated with it. When the world (in barracks or camp) is hushed and nothing can be heard save the tramp of the sentry and the rumble of distant traffic, or the barking of village pariah dogs and perhaps the howling of jackals, the two clear notes that make up this call, breaking through the stillness like some long-drawn-out cuckoo-call (inverted), have something weird and moving about them. And all the while we know that one of our comrades is still at large—without a pass. It is a sad call.



And then—silence.

I have dealt with just a few calls. There are a number of others, and of these—but I am forgetting myself. There can be no bugle-calls after "Lights Out" except certain alarms, and for the moment I see no cause for alarms.

Brighter Bottles for Babies.

"SETTLEMENT OF DAIRY DISPUTE.
The contract will be gin on Oct. 1."—*Daily Paper.*

Warmth for Willoughby.

"WEST AUSTRALIAN SHRUBS SOUGHT.
The writer, ex-councillor ——, who is residing in Willoughby, New South Wales, stated that the shrubs had been greatly admired by the Mayor of Willoughby during a municipal inspection of the district and he had been requested to import about 250 pants for civic use."
Australian Paper.

Our advice to those in Willoughby with bad circulations is to put up for the Council immediately.

"BIRTH.
To Rev. and Mrs. ——, at the Rectory ——, on the 9th inst., a son, Keith. Fa.her, mother and baby doing well."—*West Indian Paper.*

And how is nurse?



SIR WALTER LAWRENCE, BT., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O.

The loyal Bart that's limned above
From their tradition never swerved—
Those LAWRENCES *that loved, and love,*
The India they served.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXVIII.



SPEEDING-UP OUR TRIPPERS: THE CHARABANC DAVIT FOR OUTSIZE PASSENGERS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LORD RONALDSHAY'S account of the last twenty years of *The Life of Lord Curzon* (BENN) reminds me of a famous diatribe of ST. PAUL to the Corinthians. The ignominies of political exile, the hazards of precarious office, the failure of pet projects, the success of detested causes, the gibes of enemies, the *gaffes* of friends, the shipwreck of lifelong hopes when he failed to secure the Premiership—all these heap up a record of "stripes above measure" beside which the list of his not inconsiderable triumphs pales. During the world-war and in the post-war world, CURZON felt himself looked upon, intermittently but with increasing frequency, as "a back number." The tragedy, as it seems to me, of his life is that in European and domestic affairs he had never been typically a current one. The East was his vocation—"my heart is still in poor old India"—and the most illuminating passages in the third and last volume of his Life are those in which the East intervenes. His analysis of our prospective difficulties in Palestine, his sense of the precise scope and function of the Turk, his manner of handling the Mesopotamian mandate—these betray the perfection of instinct and training, the manner of "the setter among partridges" which Count KEYSERLING describes as characteristic of the political Englishman. Scarcely less happy are CURZON'S activities as a private citizen. A chapter on his work for Oxford is contributed by Sir HERBERT WARREN; but the tale of his enthusiasms and benefactions is a long one, and the latter did not end with his life. Nor did his inspiration for others. The altitude of the present biography, the witness of many contemporaries still living, shows how discerning an admiration can cherish his memory.

When the tribesmen of Swat and Dir, on the North-West frontier, heard, while engaged in a cheery little war of their own a year or two ago, that the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army was about to pass through their territory, they promptly arranged a two-days' armistice to avoid the possibility of annoying him. The recipient of this unusual honour was the famous soldier whose own very complete diaries form the basis of Major-General Sir FREDERICK MAURICE'S latest volume of military biography—*The Life of General Lord Rawlinson of Trent* (CASSELL). This is a book which, while inevitably many of its pages lie under the shadow of the Great War, yet is not wholly taken up with the years of crisis, and indeed leaves rather the impression that, great as were Lord RAWLINSON'S services at the head of the Fourth Army, his reforms in India possibly constitute his greater title to remembrance. That the reputation for luck which followed him all his life was not without foundation is suggested pretty clearly when the second chapter of this volume bears the suggestive title, "A.D.C. to Roberts: with Kitchener Up the Nile"—and even the chapter before had given the hero his full share of dacoit-hunting adventures in Burmah. Indeed, whether he was escaping from a party of Boers after ten minutes' captivity, or working his guns up to a climax of two hundred thousand rounds a day before the battle of the Somme, or only leading his polo team to victory at an age when even the toughest officers generally prefer to become spectators, he had a knack of not only being in the thick of the game but of finishing on top when the last stroke was played. Sir FREDERICK MAURICE has often shown himself unable to write a book that shall be dull or lifeless, and even the chapters in this biography which cover ground already familiar form no exception to this excellent limitation of his.

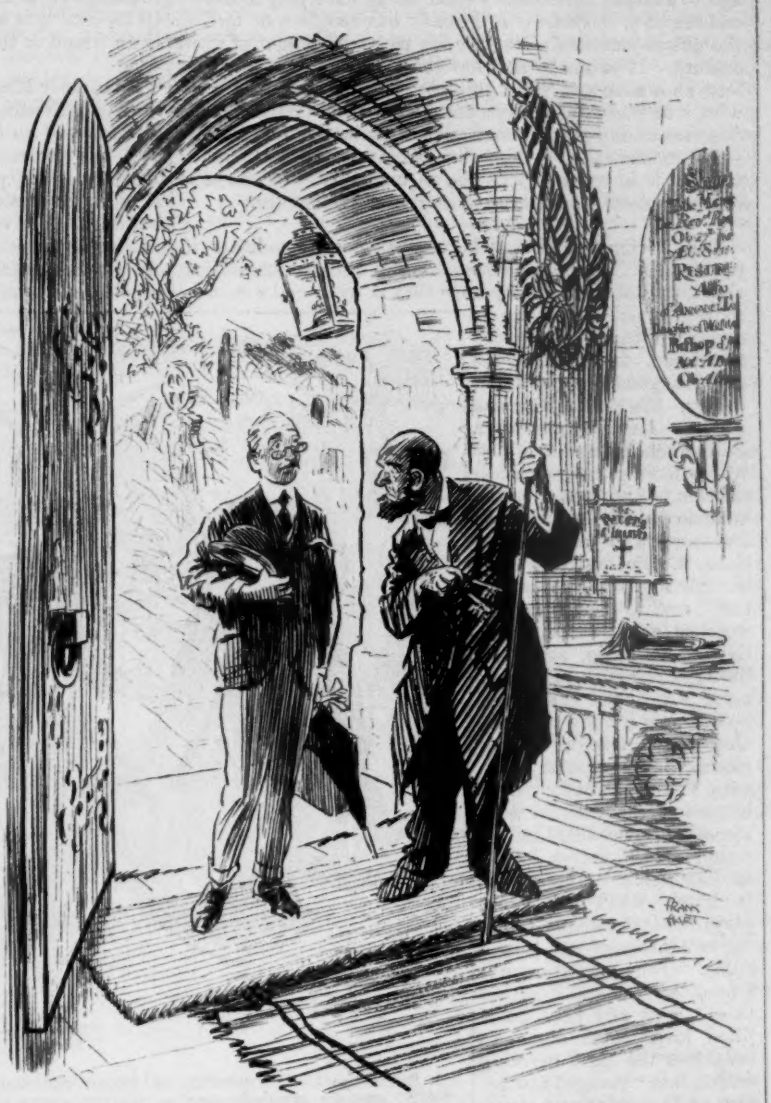
It wouldn't be possible, I should say,
To meet in the course of a summer's day,
Or a winter's one, for the matter of that,
A pleasanter blend of fox and cat
Than ALFRED TOOSÉ contrives to mix
In *Madame Iago* (7*s.* 6*d.*).

A little bit indiscreet, it 's true,
Is the girl whom she gets her knife into,
But scandal is spread on the slightest hint
And paragraphs wangled into print,
Till, posing the while in a friendly *rôle*,
She paints her victim as black as coal.

Everyone takes a gloomy view,
Love's young dream wears a sickly hue,
"Madame's" husband himself makes scenes,
China is smashed into smithereens;
But all comes out with a flavour of mirth
(The volume is published by BUTTERWORTH).

Because it had rained steadily for three weeks on end and because, being "a perfect lady," she was always getting left behind in London bus-scrums; because Tunisia in March promises immunity from both evils, and is (thanks to the franc) accessible to modest purses, Miss DOROTHY BUCK (Madame LÉON CHAVANNE) decided to go to Tunisia with a journalist friend and write a book about it. The book, she tells you, was to be a useful book. It was to cater for tourists like herself and "ESMERALDA," tourists who haven't much money, who want to steer clear of other tourists, who are all for experimenting with places, people and food, but have a weakness for *confort moderne* when it comes to sanitation. To such I heartily recommend *The New Lotos-Eaters* (ARROWSMITH), a merry and adventurous chronicle which is far more informative and thoughtful than its rippling surface warrants. Its tale of travel to Tunis itself, to out-of-the-way towns and French military stations in the Bled is interspersed with stories supposed to have been told by characters encountered on the journey; and these, though they make no pretence of reproducing the idiom of their supposed narrators, do succeed very happily in amplifying the picture of the country and embodying curious folk-lore. The travels themselves show a keen eye and a comprehensive charity. French methods of colonization are amusingly and shrewdly contrasted with English; and the harem-woman, engrossed in her husband and children, with her emancipated and often childless sister. The weather appears to have played its part to perfection; but you are advised all the same, if you really wish to see Tunisia *chez soi*, to travel in the summer, when prices are low and tourists non-existent.

Set a novelist to catch a novelist. Mr. RALPH STRAUS, in his *Dickens: A Portrait in Pencil* (GOLLANCZ), has undoubtedly caught DICKENS to the life; but, unlike one of his confrères, whose portrayal (or, as some would say, betrayal) of the immortal Boz has lately been fluttering the dovecots, he has not attempted to catch him out. Mr. STRAUS does not belong to that curious sect of contemporary biographers who in their reaction against hero-worship find their motive force in toploftical denigration. He is so old-fashioned as to admire his subject, and, though frank, he tempers frankness with discretion. It is true that he does not burke the fact that DICKENS was unhappily married. Why should he? seeing that DICKENS himself rushed headlong into print on the sorry subject and quarrelled with Mr. Punch because he refused it the publicity of his pages. But Mr. STRAUS only expatiates on that theme because it explains the queer restlessness which came on DICKENS in middle life, culminating in that hectic Odyssey from platform to platform which brought him, at a comparatively early



Temporary Organist. "WHAT CHANTS DO YOU USE HERE?"
Verger and Clerk. "YOU JUST PLAY WHAT CHUNES YOU PLEASE. I KNOWS WHAT I'VE GOT TO *SING*."

age, to a totally unnecessary end. Mr. STRAUS may modestly call his book *A Portrait in Pencil;* but he offers no food to the gutter-perchers. Nor are his pages in danger of swift erasure. It seems to me that they are likely to stand for long as a sane and vivid presentation of an amazing man, who, if he was what Mr. GEORGE MOORE would call a dancing dog, was at any rate a dancing dog of genius and incidentally —too incidentally, I think, in Mr. STRAUS's treatment of this not unimportant fact—the author of half-a-dozen or so of the greatest stories ever written in any language.

Guy Livingstone (ELKIN MATHEWS), now republished in the Rescue Series, was a best-seller of the eighteen-fifties, and, if its publishers really hope that it will "make its way to fresh popularity," they are certain, I think, to be disappointed. It is both too bad and too good for readers of to-day. The author, GEORGE ALFRED LAWRENCE, was a Balliol scholar and a stylist whose fondness for classical allusion is only not offensive because he obviously wrote for those who could appreciate it. So much at least we must put to our ancestors' credit. They had a working acquaintance with Greek and Latin, and they liked good English. But they must have been easily imposed upon if they accepted *Guy Livingstone* as a true picture of contemporary manners. To-day the fluffiest little magazine-reader would want something more like life. It would not, of course, be fair to LAWRENCE or his public to laugh when the vamp plays her last card by showing two inches of well-turned ankle. That was no doubt true at the time. But neither then nor at any time did a jilted lover come down to breakfast the next morning with a face "ravaged and deformed by passion and sleeplessness like a cane-brake in the Western Indies over which a tornado has passed." Most of the characters live at that sort of level, and we recognise them, if our grandfathers did not, for the puppets that they are. It is a corpse that has been "rescued," and though we gaze upon it with curiosity nothing can give it life.

Rupert Norrish, whose adventures you can follow in *A Friendless Millionaire* (NELSON), was without either money or the means of getting it when he inherited a colossal fortune. If, however, he died before reaching the age of thirty his million or so passed to a *Mark Judwood*, of whom no one knew anything. Under the circumstances I think that most people would have made inquiries about this *Judwood*, but *Rupert* was content to leave him in obscurity. Gaily, with a valet in attendance, *Rupert* set out to see the world, and presently discovered that someone was anxious to prevent him from seeing much of it. In fact several desperate attempts were made to slay him, and these Mr. H. L. PHILLIPS describes with considerable vigour. Of its kind it is a readable yarn, and the final scene, staged in an island in the South Seas, is really exciting.

Admirably illustrated with portraits, facsimiles and pictures of old Vienna, Mr. NEWMAN FLOWER's *Franz Schubert: the Man and his Circle* (CASSELL) is faithful to its title. He does not profess to discuss SCHUBERT's music; even so interesting an episode as the discovery of the forgotten MSS. by SULLIVAN and GROVE in 1867 is passed over in a few lines. But of SCHUBERT's home-life, surroundings and friends the account is full and well-documented. I admire Mr. NEWMAN FLOWER's indefatigable industry and research, which have been rewarded by the unearthing of many unprinted letters and other valuable material. I gladly recognise his curiosity and enthusiasm, but I wish they had been tempered with discretion. He is always afraid of saying a plain thing in a plain way; always forcing the note. His style is florid in the extreme and entirely undistinguished. Thus we read of "bullying of the most rabid type"; of SCHUBERT "delivering gem after gem"; of NAPOLEON "lingering in Vienna like a scab on the flesh of a people"; of a "turgid light"—whatever that may mean—and of "grizzly curiosity"; while SCHUBERT in one passage is compared to a Gorgon. I have recently had occasion to re-read GROVE's description of SCHUBERT's last illness and was as deeply moved as when I read it many years ago. The story as told by Mr. FLOWER at much greater length left me cold, while the pathological details, rubbed in with italics, are neither relevant nor edifying.



Sales-Expert. "INTERESTED IN THOSE TROUSER-PRESSES, SIR? ALMOST INDISPENSABLE IF YOU 'RE DOING ANY DEER-STALKING."

In days when sensational novelists are apt to add crime to crime until the heap is in danger of becoming top-heavy, Mr. HERBERT ADAMS, in *Rogues Fall Out* (METHUEN), has been content with one abduction and two murders. Moreover, although his sleuth, *Jimmie Haswell*, is clever enough to track down the murderer, nobody connected with Scotland Yard is held up to ridicule while he performs his feats of detection. The tale is ably told and is all the more readable because its interest is sustained without a perpetual sequence of thrills. And I am glad to add that the villains do not, as so often happens in novels of this *genre*, commit suicide and so escape from the punishment they deserve. Three-shillings-and-sixpence is the price you are invited to pay for this story of mystery; I have often paid more than double that amount and been less baffled and entertained.

More Candid Advertising.

"Dumbartonshire.—For sale, finely situated residence, containing spacious hall."—*Advt. in Scotch Paper.*

Marble ones are usually the most plausible.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that Liverpool has been ceremonially wedded to the sea, there is a strong feeling that Manchester ought to do the right thing by the Ship Canal.

* * *

Those present at the luncheon given in his honour were struck by the giant stature of ISHAK HELMY, who swam the Channel. There is no suggestion, however, that he waded it.

* * *

We read that a bright blue cocktail has been evolved. The idea, we fancy, is to stun the public and so keep their minds off all this talk about a General Election.

* * *

It has been stated that politicians live longer than other men. We fear that nothing can be done about it.

* * *

On recognising a customer as her long-lost brother, a Cardiff waitress dropped her tray. Her surprise must have been as great as that of a customer on the reappearance of a long-lost waitress.

* * *

If the L.C.C. are still looking for a new motto for London, what about "Let 's All Tear Up the Strand"?

* * *

A veteran angler is reported as saying that girls cannot fish because they talk too much. They should wait, like men, till afterwards.

* * *

Complaint is made that broadcasting comedians are getting into the habit of making private jokes for the benefit of their friends. But surely they may be allowed their lighter moments.

* * *

The announcement that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is forming a herd of pigs lends colour to the rumour that he is getting tired of taxpayers.

* * *

An advocate of apple-eating as a substitute for smoking points out that not even the best cigar ever kept the doctor away. Yet we have known cigars that would keep anybody away.

* * *

President COOLIDGE can waggle his ears, it seems. In view of the success of his term of office it is hoped that his successor will see the advisability of cultivating this accomplishment.

Attention is drawn to a falling-off in the number of visitors to Doctor JOHNSON'S birthplace. We can only suggest that the "Come to Lichfield" movement needs pep.

* * *

At the congress of the Folk-Lore Society Professor GWYNNE JONES mentioned some curious superstitions surviving in Wales. He made no reference to the fact that many Welsh people still firmly believe in Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

* * *

The dulness of Paris is ascribed to attempts to imitate London. So this is what comes of trying to make London like Paris.

* * *

Bérets have risen considerably in price since they first appeared in this country, we read, but in our opinion they are still far too easily obtainable.

* * *

The muffin-man's bell, a contemporary reminds us, is an indication of approaching winter. It is also, of course, an indication of approaching muffins.

* * *

A slot machine has been invented into which you can put sixpence and get a handkerchief, but the trouble is that, if you didn't get it, you might burst into tears and need it all the more.

* * *

At a conference of educationalists it was stated that the girl of the moment is less fluent with the tongue than with the pen. Her contributions to the Press leave us this to be thankful for.

* * *

Speaking at Nottingham the other day, Dr. SELBIE said that youths of to-day suspect their parents of having made a mess of things. So do many others when they look at modern youth.

A widow of Bordeaux who had been on holiday returned to find that her funeral was taking place, it being believed that a body recovered from the river was hers. This is what comes of the rule that no person is ever required to give evidence at his own inquest.

* * *

With reference to bookmaker Candidates at the next General Election we understand that the organisers are now looking round for a few of the fraternity who would be odds-on favourites.

* * *

You cannot always learn to be a good cook by means of a cookery-book, says a dietetic expert. Some cooks we have met seem to cook by ear.

* * *

An American newspaper has discovered that, just when fifteen nations decided to outlaw war, China launched a new battleship named *Peace*. We daresay the Chinese idea may be just as harmless as the other.

* * *

A London magistrate has reminded a defendant that the motorist is not entitled to the whole of the road. But all that the average motorist seems to want is the bit in front.

* * *

Sir FREDERIC COWEN says that theatres would be better without music between the Acts. We know of some that would have done better without music between the intervals.

* * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE intimates that he did not pay any compliments to Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. Still, think of the publicity he gave him.

* * *

The disappearance of storks is considered to be due to the number killed by eating poisoned grasshoppers during their migration to South Africa. And we quite thought Dr. MARIE STOPES was responsible.

* * *

Several people have written to the papers recently to say that wasps are particularly spiteful. But what can you expect if people persist in writing to the papers about them?

* * *

We are told of a West-end dentist who displays a bust of DANTE. Yet one would have thought that a dentist's clients needed no reminder of the Inferno.



MIRTH FOR MILLIONAIRES.

AFTER THE THEATRE INDUCE YOUR GUESTS TO TRY A FEW OYSTERS, HAVING PREVIOUSLY ARRANGED WITH THE OYSTER-BAR PEOPLE TO INSERT A PEARL NECKLACE IN EACH OYSTER. THIS IS A VERY GOOD JOKE.

WINTER'S DEARTH OF SPORTING NEWS.

[A cable from Port Said announces that all the English cricket team were in good health on the 26th ult. "Everyone," it adds, "is highly delighted with the distinctive badge which has been awarded to the members of the team. The badge depicts St. George and the Dragon."]

Joyous indeed the tidings are
That Reuter tells us—how our team
Have weathered with aplomb (so far)
The nauseous seas that smote their beam;
Their health—which I am pleased to drink
In orangeade, a generous flagon—
Continues in the perfect pink,
And they enjoy, I 'm glad to think,
Their badge that shows St. George with dragon.

And well may hearts like mine be high
To have this interim report,
Since on their prowess we rely
To serve our need with news of sport;
For in these days of wintry dumps
Stuff fit to read—how sadly sparse it is!
There 's nothing to relieve our humps
In horses falling over jumps;
There 's only Rugger at the Varsities.

For rotary dogs I do not care,
Nor am I greatly edified
By Soccer champions, bought elsewhere
To warm the local patriot's pride;
Delirium shakes a million seats,
Yet I remain unsympathetic;
Those bounding gladiatorial feats
Snap-shotted in the Sunday sheets—
Three in the air at once, or more,
The goalie (fouled) upon the floor—
They move me like a strong emetic. O. S.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S GUIDE TO ZOOLOGY.

IN response to many grateful acknowledgments from authors of every age, sex and variety, of the utility of my "Young Author's Guide to Botany," I have decided to accede to their requests and publish a similar Guide to the *fauna* of the world of letters. It would have been more helpful, as well as more profitable, to have dealt separately with entomology, ichthyology and ornithology, but you know—particularly those of you whom I am endeavouring to assist—what editors are.

It must be admitted that this science is not of so much general use to the young author as botany. Any poet fit to hold a licence should be able to fill at least two stanzas with a catalogue of flowers, but it is difficult to impart any literary quality to a list of animals, still more of insects or fishes. SPENSER manages to do it, but he was helped by the generous latitude permitted to Elizabethan naturalists and spellers, which allows him to talk of the griesly Wasserman, spring-headed Hydres, mighty Monoceroses with immeasured tayles, and greedy Rosmarines with visages deforme.

However a certain acquaintance with what are humorously called the lower forms of life is necessary for use in similes, the provision of local colour, the construction of crossword puzzles or the removal of superfluous characters, as in the exit of ANTIGONUS pursued by a bear. To supply these and other wants I append the following list:—

ANT.—Always a favourite with the moralist, this little insect can now be confidently recommended as the pattern of the perfect Socialist, passing his life in labouring for posterity, who in their turn repeat the process, and so *ad nauseam* (I mean *infinitum*).

BEE.—Do not be so *démodé* as to hold the bee up as worthy of imitation. The modern passion for denigration has stamped him as the exponent of all the commoner and several of the more exotic vices.

COUGAR.—Invaluable for local colour when the hero has retired to the bush to register (*a*) chagrin or (*b*) BAYARD-like self-control, according to the absence or presence of the heroine. With commendable tact, learnt no doubt in the latter situation, invariably denotes its presence by a short dry cough; on no account make it utter a long wet hiccup.

DOVE.—This fraudulent fowl is now universally recognised as an awful example of selfishness and bad temper. He still, however, provides an almost indispensable rhyme to "love."

EMU.—A striking example of the truth that nothing walks with aimless feet. Had this creature not existed it would have been necessary for the composer of crossword puzzles to invent it.

FAWN.—The fawn, particularly when startled, still affords a reliable comparison for the heroine of the "Heartsease Library" type of fiction. Be careful of the spelling, as with a "u" it belongs to a very different and less respectable style of writing.

GNU.—See "Emu."

HORNET.—The axiom of biology, that three stings of this persevering insect will kill a horse, suggests a new way, unimagined even by NAT GOULD, of nobbling the favourite (the legend that one blow of its wing will break a man's arm is probably apocryphal).

IBEX.—See "Emu."

KOODOO.—An essential item of African scenery. With two kopjes, a kraal, a knobkerry and a koodoo the limitless veld may be brought into the back-parlour.

LLAMA.—This hirsute ruminant should be shown as pacing the llano, not as ruminating hairily in a Tibetan monastery.

NIGHTINGALE.—The only way left for the enterprising young author to deal with this bird is to compare the noise it produces unfavourably with that of the saxophone—or the oyster (*q. v. i.*).

OYSTER.—Once the hallowed symbol of dignified taciturnity. Modern journalistic research has shown that it is actually a confirmed addict to community-singing.

QUAGGA.—See "Emu."

RABBIT.—Application for permission to use this animal for serious literary purposes should be made to Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE. In sporting articles it may be employed without fee or licence.

TIGER.—An indispensable adjunct to (*a*) golfing articles, (*b*) Indian stories or reminiscences; in the latter may be referred to as "Stripes."

UNICORN.—A good method of disposing of the unwanted husband would be to send him out unicorn-hunting. The correct procedure is to stand before a suitable tree and goad the animal into charging, at the crucial moment stepping smartly aside. The character to be disposed of should be a celebrated unicorn-slayer, and through over-confidence or a momentary loss of nerve or with the heroic determination of taking the only way out should time his withdrawal just too late.

YAK.—See (for the last time) "Emu."

The Rigours of Rugger.

"Dacre, the New Zealand cricketer, who is qualifying for Gloucestershire, has played at right-half and rick back."
Gloucestershire Paper.

"The band included saxophones, banjos and rums."—*Sunday Paper.*
The regular jazz outfit, in fact.



THE TRAIL OF THE COMMUNIST RED-HERRING.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. "WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE IN BIRMINGHAM?"

The Red-Herring. "WELL, WHERE DO YOU EXPECT ME TO GO? YARMOUTH? YARMOUTH IS NO USE TO ME."

[The Conference of the Labour Party, now being held at Birmingham, follows that of the Unionist Party at Yarmouth, and will be succeeded by the Liberal Conference, also at Yarmouth.]



Small Child (with extreme delicacy). "DO YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH INSIDE OR OUTSIDE YOUR MOUTH?"

HOW TO USE YOUR NAVAL EXPERT.

THE occasion does not often arise when a big newspaper can pick up a genuine Naval officer for its staff. The Silent Service, on retirement, is more given to a house by the sea and a flag-staff than to an office in London and a typewriter. But now and then an opportunity does occur for a genuine expert to be advantageously transferred from quarter-deck to Fleet Street, or from staff to staff—naval to newspaper—and then obviously one must make the very most of him upon all occasions.

The following extracts will show how to do it:—

I.—From *The Daily Puff* of Monday:

H.M.S. CENTIPEDE AGROUND.

The Admiralty regret to announce that H.M. Coastal Motor Boat *Centipede* collided with a piece of coast at 11 P.M. on Saturday. No details are yet to hand, but H.M. Dinghy *Saucy Sue* has been ordered to proceed to the assistance of the *Centipede*.

ROCKS AHEAD.

NIGHT SCENE ON A COASTAL MOTOR BOAT.

BY COMMANDER D. MAYNEBRAYCE, R.N. (*who at one time served on H.M.S. Caterpillar*).

"Details of Saturday's collision of H.M. Coastal Motor Boat *Centipede* with a portion of coast are not fully available, so one cannot yet say what has actually happened. One can, however, conjure up a picture of the scene from similar incidents in one's experience.

"Standing on the small bridge of the *Centipede* are the captain, the navigating officer and the officer of the watch. He is alternately peering anxiously out into the night and gazing intently into the binnacle. In addition no doubt the leadsman is working the lead and the look-out man is looking-out. For one cannot exercise too much caution in a coastal motor boat at night; the very nature of her duties brings her very near the coast and a glance at the map of England will show what an uneven coast it is. Pieces stick out everywhere in the most dangerous manner. At intervals the siren will rend the night, or, if the *Centipede* has not yet been fitted with a siren (she was not in 1913), the officer of the watch will shout 'Hoy!' instead. On all sides are waves, a feature of the sea that the sailor soon grows used to and even learns to treat with contempt.

"Suddenly a darker mass is seen ahead. 'Piece of coast on port bow!' comes the cry. . . . 'Hard-a-port! . . .' Then 'Full speed astern!' But too late. The carburettor is choked; the engines won't go astern; the petrol has given out. *Scrunch!* H.M. Coastal Motor Boat *Centipede* and the coast are inextricably mingled. She is aground.

"The captain, navigating officer, officer of the watch and engineer officer disembark and walk over to the nearest garage to ask for the loan of a can of petrol. . . ."

* * *

II.—Extract from *The Daily Puff* of Tuesday:—

DECK SWEPT BY WAVES.

WAVES SWEEP DECKS.

The Admiralty announce to-day that waves are sweeping the decks of H.M. Coastal Motor Boat *Centipede*, which ran aground on Saturday night, and it is improbable that she can be saved. H.M. Dinghy *Saucy Sue*, which was ordered to go to the *Centipede's* assistance, has, after some hours of fruitless search, caught a crab and put back to port for repairs to the crew. Below, our readers will find a vivid article by our naval expert, Commander D. Maynebrayce, on the subject of Naval Mishaps.

NAVAL MISHAPS.

By Commander D. Maynebrayce
(*who once saw H.M. Dinghy Saucy Sue in Portsmouth Harbour*).

"A naval mishap is a bad thing to happen to one of H.M. Dinghies, more particularly when she is going to the assistance of another of H.M. ships, the latter being aground. Except for the fact that the *Saucy Sue* has put back to port with a damaged crew and that waves are sweeping the deck of the *Centipede* no details are to hand. But one can imagine the scene.

"On the mid-ships seat of the *Saucy Sue* is the crew, gazing intently back at his wake, for in the Navy, as distinct from the pleasure-marine, it is *de rigueur* to row that way round. Now and then he peers anxiously over his shoulder to see if the waves sweeping over the wave-swept decks of the *Centipede* are yet in sight. It is at dangerous moments like these that crabs occur, and one can imagine the scene. . . ."

* * *

III.—Extract from *The Daily Puff* of Wednesday:—

CENTIPEDE OFF ROCKS.
WAVES' VAGARIES.

The Admiralty announce that H.M. Coastal Motor Boat *Centipede*, which ran aground on Saturday night, was to-day washed off by the very waves which up to this morning had been sweeping the decks, aided in addition by an exceptionally high tide. No loss of life has occurred. Salvage operations for a spanner which was dropped overboard on Monday night have had, however, to be abandoned. The orders to H.M. Dinghy *Saucy Sue* have been cancelled.

TRICKS OF THE SEA.

By Commander D. Maynebrayce
(*who took up a journalistic career viâ Osborne and the Royal Navy*).

"It is not often that ships which have run aground are washed off again, but such things do occur. There is the famous case of the *Andromeda* in 1904, and others of which the landsman has perhaps not heard. One can imagine the scene on the bridge as the grounded vessel lifts and drops. . . ."

* * *

IV.—Extract from *The Daily Puff* of Thursday:—

Robert Smith (7) was nearly drowned to-day in the Round Pond, Kensington Gardens, while attempting to retrieve a toy sailing-boat which had become becalmed a few inches out of his reach.

SAILING SHIPS IN THE DOLDRUMS.
OLD DAYS OF MASTS AND YARDS.

By Commander D. Maynebrayce
(*Our Naval Expert*).

"With the advent of steam to the Navy of to-day, one of the many perils of the sailor's life has been removed. No longer can he become becalmed at sea; he is now independent of the vagaries of the wind. Before steam came this was not so, and in the doldrums the bridge of a sailing-ship must have presented an anxious spectacle. One can imagine the scene. The captain is peering anxiously aloft. . . ." A. A.



Electrician. "But your wireless set seems perfectly in order, Madam."
Lady. "Yes, but it wants adjusting. We'd like it to play the dance-music much slower."

Original Sin Will Out.

"Commissioners of Inland Revenue v. Adam."
Headline in Accountancy Paper.

It seems a bit hard on the old man.

"Literature with a capital 'A' is still the dominating influence with a good many writers."—*American Paper.*

On the other hand many artists think very little of Art with a capital T.

Sleight of Ear.

"Sir William Bull said that the radio industry was giving for the first time a really comprehensive exhibition of the apparatus available for good deception."—*Manchester Paper.*

Producing rabbits from a loud speaker should be a popular trick this Christmas.

"On inspecting a large pumpkin he was growing for exhibition purposes, Mr. —— found a large cavity, in which was his cat with a litter of four newly-born kittens."—*Daily Paper.*

Cinderella must look to her laurels.

"At Spithead L25 dived and the Sultan saw two torpedoes loaded into her tubes. Before leaving £25 the Sultan said, 'I have greatly enjoyed my trip.'"—*Daily Paper.*

They will probably ask him again.

"Impcsing Durbar in Rangoon. His Excellency was accompanied by his suit."—*Rangoon Paper.*

It 's never sa'e to leave your clothes lying about at a Durbar.

TOPSY, M.P.

III.—PASSES PEACEHAVEN.

Trix my poppy I find the *jading* thing about being a *public* woman is that one feels responsible for *quite* everything, and of course *all* a girl's constituents write *sulphuric* letters to her *too* daily, my dear I've come to the conclusion that *my* constituency is THE cradle of the nation's half-wits, my dear there seems to be a *definite* race of *moonmen* who dwell at Burbleton and write *imperative* postcards, *women* principally of *course*, my dear you've no idea what absolute *cabbage-water* the minds are made of, and the *baffling* feature is that *at* the Election they seemed *too* normal, however the moment people begin to write letters they do rather tend to give themselves away *doesn't* one darling?

Well my dear *at* the moment I'm *moved* to the core about the cancerisation of England, my dear *have* you read that *luminous* book England and the Octopus or something, you *must* buy it I haven't myself because Hermione Tarver is going to lend me her library copy, however I've read bits and it's *quite* inflammatory, it's by WILLIAMS ELLIS that *rather* Celtic architect we met in a bathing-dress somewhere, well anyhow he's *too* right because my dear *last* Saturday I and my Haddock motored all the septic way from Dover to Worthing, of course you'll say But *why* motor from Dover to *Worthing* and my dear you *may* say it, because my dear *Worthing*, and my dear *Brighton*, and *Hastings*, and *Bexhill*, and *Seaford*, and *Newhaven*, and *Rottingdean*, and *Shoreham*, my dear *uncataloguable*, however the facts are as stated so *don't* ask for the grisly details, well my dear an *old* friend of Haddock's called *Rowland* drove us, I *think* I've mentioned him before, well he'd have been *quite* an endurable fellow darling if only the *internal* combustion engine had *never* been invented, but since it has been he's a human *epidemic*, my dear he's the *kind* of distemper who actually *likes motoring*, my dear he *lives* for his next car, my dear call me crude if you *like* but his breath *does* smell of *petrol*, my dear he *is* definitely a *carburetter*, and of course my dear you know *my* attitude to motoring, it's merely an *epileptic* way of getting from one place to another, but as for pleasure, my dear you can't *read*, you can't *think*, you can't *smoke*, you *must* talk if there's anyone there, you *must* look at the scenery *however* nocuous, and my dear at *every* corner you *merely* oscillate from prayer to thanksgiving, and of course my dear in an *open* car where the *whole* time you have *one* eye screwed up and the other full of winged creatures, my dear after *five* miles I want to resign my seat and this was a *hundred*, however off we went, and my dear it was the *pearliest* morning with Nature *quite* at the top of her form, which is more than I can say for the efforts of *Man*, well when I tell you that in the *whole* hundred miles you hardly go *one* without seeing something that merely *blisters* the eyes with cheapness and hideosity, my dear you know that *optimistic* yap about Kent being the *Garden* of England and everything, well along the South Coast it's much more like the *Backyard* of England, or the *Garage* of England, or the *Servants' Bathroom* of England because my dear you know the Romney Marshes which of course are *too* atmospheric and flat but at present the *only* atmosphere is supplied by *motor*-spirit, and the *entire* coast is a *chain* of motor-parks for bathers and *motor*-shops and *motor*-advertisements, and loathly *tea-shops* for the motorist, and gruesome *warnings* to the motorist, and my dear *when* I realised that I was being a motorist myself I merely *blushed* for shame all down the little back, do you ever do that darling?



Assistant (a student of modern advertising). "I AM NOT OVERSTATING THE CASE, SIR, WHEN I SAY THAT THERE IS NOW AN ALMOST UNIVERSAL FACE URGE TOWARDS THIS LITTLE RAZOR."

However compared with Fair Sussex by the Sea the Backyard of England is *almost* amenitous, my dear I'll pass over *Brighton* and *even Hastings*, because of course I suppose all these *teeming* Britons with families *must* have their annual wash and brush-up by the sea, and my dear *that's* the sardonic thought *isn't* it that it's the pure old sea is responsible for all these putrefying places, however one's got used to the larger blots, and *parts* of some of them are less agonising than others, but my dear it reminds me of poor brother Phil who, my dear it's *rather* a crude allegory but he used to have the hugest *boils* after the War from *iron* rations or something poor lamb, scattered *all* about the body, my dear he was *too* patient with them and we used to have *names* for them all, my dear one would be Hastings and another *Bexhill* and one absolute *carbuncle* was Brighton, well that was bad enough but it was *rather* much when he began coming out in *small* spots everywhere *in between* the major boroughs, well we had him inoculated and *swamped* him in orange-juice which *quite* cured him only of course then he had *jaundice* and was *too* bilious for *years*, sorry darling this is rather a *realistic* letter perhaps, but you *do* see my point, it's the *creeping* spottery is the *ghastly* symptom, my dear at *Shoreham* there's the *most* awful *nest* of bungaloid ulcers, and of course *when* you come to *Peacehaven* you *merely* yearn for the *invasion* of England by history's most destructive *Huns*.

Well my dear *meanwhile* the Rowland was being *rather* a burden because the *whole* time he talked of nothing but the *internal* organs of his unalluring car and wondering *what* was rattling and *why*, when of course the *entire* machine was one *importunate* rattle because he will keep seeing if he can get sixty out of her on a bad road, and my dear what with *wasps* in the little eye and *inhaling* the exhaust of those *maternal* motor-coaches I was *quite* saturated *too* soon, and of course I kept on *yelping* with



CONVERSATIONAL OPENINGS.

Girl (to very shy youth). "Tell me, what do you think about love?"

anguish at the sights I saw, but my dear the *mechanical* fellow saw *simply* nothing but his *felonious* speedometer, my dear *too* unmoved, my dear as long it 's a *road* it can run between *dust-heaps* for all he'd care, and *when* we got to *Peacehaven*, my dear, *as* I say, *Peacehaven*, my dear the little hand trembles as I write the word, my dear it is the *world's* sight-restorer because you may have had *no* views before but *when* you see *Peacehaven* you have the *most* æsthetic *abdominal* pain, like someone getting religion, especially if you knew those *rather* seductive cliffs a few years ago *before* they broke out with these *gangrenous growths*, my dear it *is* definitely the *bungalonic plague*, well not even *bungalows* often, it 's a mere multitude of *bijou* shacks and garagettes *dropped* on the innocent downs out of a *sack*, and my dear I hardly saw *one* of these pustulous little dwellings that didn't advertise *something*, one wants to fly up and down in an aeroplane and *spray* the place with a good strong weed-killer, one *aches* for an *earthquake*, only of course probably the *best* thing would be to utterly *preserve* Peacehaven just as it is, my dear a sort of *grisly* Peace Memorial, and have absolute *free* expeditions from all over England to *show* people what 's going to happen everywhere if *somebody* doesn't function *quite* soon, because at the moment as Haddock said the disease is *galloping* destruction, but of course all *Rowland* said was we 'd better *stop* here for *petrol* O gosh!

Well my dear *when* you think of the *things* you 're not allowed to do which do *no* harm to anybody, and Auntie Jix tearing her suffering hair over twenty Britons in a night-club, while my dear a *herd* of mouldy little builders can take *chunks* of the Sussex Downs and turn them into a festering eye-sore for *quite* ever, and nobody can stop them, well of course they *can* really, only what *is* the good of these balloon-bellied councillors, have they *never* heard of an *architect*, of course they 're too busy peering at a girl's *skirts* and *censoring* the bathing-dress, my dear as Haddock said they can't see the wood for the *knees*, and if only they 'd realise that a bad girl dies but a bad building lasts for *centuries*, and of course all this *bat-eyed* bleating about the *declining* Birth-rate, my dear the Birth-rate ought to be *stopped*, well anyhow the moment the House sits I shall go to the Prime and say *Darling* Stanley *put* the old pipe down and have a Mussolini morning about this, farewell now darling your *shocked* little Topsy. A. P. H.

[At Lydney, in Gloucestershire, archæologists are now excavating a Temple to the Roman-British god Nodens, to whom dogs were specially dedicated.]

Since dogs delight to bark and bite
And show their teeth in manner ruthless,
'Tis rather odd to find the god
To whom they 're dedicate is toothless.

Oh, Lala!

"Notice is hereby given that Ehrenfried Walter Alfred Reinhold Von Hartung known as Henry Lala has applied to the Home Secretary for naturalization."—*Daily Paper.*

"Mammoth Finds Near Norwich."
Daily Paper.

We understand the Norfolk Foxes Association has entered a protest.

"Retford Musical Society.
Practices re-commence Sunday, Sept. 23rd, 1928, for 'Elijah and Tom Jones.'"
Notts Paper.

We have always regarded "Jonah and Moby Dick" as the finer piece of work.

BASS RELIEF.

SOME leading bass singers have been complaining that they can get no new ballads to suit their voices, and that they have to fall back upon old songs that everybody knows and is tired of.

Is this to be wondered at? Basses, by some inscrutable decree of Providence, are large and mournful persons, or large and of truculent manner, or large, boisterous and roystering (for the encore), but always large. And when you wear an eighteen-inch collar it is not easy to sing about the nightingale, ladies' gloves, windows you passed by and looked through (rather rudely), or caravans that, after arriving, have (not unnaturally) gone off again. For the same reason your bass may not be arch or plaintive or whimsical. He may occasionally wax hearty and smite you heavily upon the back, but gloom is his almost everlasting portion on the platform.

Nor, I fear, will his problem be solved by the sympathetic efforts of two contributors to *Punch*, the first of whom published an admirable ditty—for baritones, while the other made more recent entry into the matter by stating (*a*) that there are very few real bass singers, and (*b*) that those who have the voices have no songs to sing; which leaves us where we were.

Feeling, as I do, that the greater kindness would have lain in supplying that lack, I append herewith some fresh bass numbers, ballads which in their utter lack of optimism should prove a tremendous asset to the concert programme.

SAILORS, DESPAIR!

Obtainable in C sharp minor, D flat or B flat.

(DEDICATED TO MR. TOPLESS GREENS.)

Sailors, awake from your feverish slumber!
What is that gleam on your starboard jib-boom?
'Tis but the quicksand which times without number
Draws in the flow'r of the docks to their doom.

Sailors, despair! from the deeps Death is risen.
Land is not sighted and dear is our life.
Why do you shrink from the sharks on your mizzen?
I have a baby; the mate has a wife.

Jump overboard, for you know she has left you!
Haste, for the monsters are waiting their prey;
Leap! Have your rum-sodden wits so bereft you?
Is it to her you're allotting your pay?

Drowning is kinder than lack of promotion.
Ay, we have chosen the kindlier way.
Let the boat drift on the breast of the ocean.
Ain't the sea cold? We are blinded with spray.

Rest, sailors, rest! Fate has wielded her shuttle;
Crabs bleach your bones chilly white as the sleet;
Sleep, sailors, sleep! In your ribs sits a cuttle
Guarding the gap where your heart used to beat.

So, in the midst of life's fitful confusion,
Stormtoss'd with doubt in your watery prison,
Love is a shipwreck and woman delusion;
Sailors, despair! There are sharks on your mizzen!

Sailors, be-ware!
Sailors, despair!
There are sharks,
There are sharks,
There are sharks
On
Your
Mizzen.

(*F moll, below the line.*)

SERGEANT, WHAT OF THE SENTRY-BOX?

Obtainable in N, B and G (minor).
For rendition in Regimental Messes a Major version is in preparation.

(DEDICATED TO STEUART JEONES.)

Sergeant, fetch the roster!
Drummers, sound the roll!
We 'll have a fine court-martial
Ere we go on patrol.
Where 's the missing private?
Whose the empty boots?
Stand him to attention!
See that he salutes!

Oh, it's bowing and it 's scraping
To the Captain and the Loot,
And I've hit the sergeant hearty with my hipe;
I 'm the Company's bad hat,
And I 'm desperate at that,
And I'll never, never, never get me stripe.

Sergeant, what of the sentry-box?
Who is to guard the shell?
Clap the man in irons!
See you give him hell!

You can clap me in the irons
If for mutiny you 're ripe,
You can dump me into Broadmoor on the run;
But I've hit the Sergeant hearty
With my scientific hipe,
An' I 'm glad of all I bin an' gone an' done!

WHAT OUR LEADING SINGERS SAY.

M. CHALIAPINE writes—

"Your lyrics sound the true note of depression. *Tous mes compliments!* A real revolution."

The Directors of the Quebechsteinbert Hall write—

"Your subversive ballads . . . are . . . very curious. A new note in the concert world. We . . . them very much."

Mr. TOM BURKE writes—

"Your . . . ballads arrived safely."

Mr. Steuart Jeones writes—

"With 'Sergeant, What of the Sentry-box?' I was a riot at the Knightsbridge Barracks last week. Hundreds were turned away, myself included."

In Preparation—

"The Fox at My Vitals (is gnawing, is gnawing)."
"Remorse, Thou hast Claimed Me!"
"The Deathbed of Hope."
"She is False (and she Lies)"
and
"The Ambulance Bell."

THE FAITHFUL MERMAID.

THERE was once a little mermaid
Full of dreams, as mermaids are,
But her friends a final stir made
When she wished she was a star;
"A shiny star," said she,
"How becoming that would be!"
Said her Aunt Ann Chovy, "Whip her!"
Said her Tory Uncle Whale,
"Well, she *can't* be, I 'll go bail.
Why, you silly little kipper,
Do you want to lose your tail?
Stars have no distinctive tail;"
And he lashed the foam to froth
Like a Hun or like a Goth,
And he swallowed of a tripper
(Mr. JONAH) in his wrath.

Soft she said, "I 'd not be scatheful
To its tiniest briniest scale;
No, I 'd never be unfaithful
To my curly-wurly tail.
And, all shiny as they are—
Well, who wants to be a star
And shine separated from it?"
And, on high, Olympus smiled
Most benevolent and mild,
And said, "What about a *comet*,
Where the tail goes with the child—
With the star or with the child,
Who shall be the shiniest myth
Among all our little kith?"
And Olympus, with aplomb, it
Made a job of her forthwith.

And they pinned her high in Heaven,
And our heroine appears
Once in six (or is it seven?)—
Six *or* seven hundred years.
"So they 've found her a birch-rod,"
Said Aunt Chovy with a nod,
"And I trust that it tick*lish* is."
"But at least," said Uncle Whale—
"But at least she does not fail
To be faithful to our wishes,
To her family and tail,
To a *quite* sufficing tail."
And a little star it bent,
Danced and waved its tail and went;
And the gods and little fishes
All were perfectly content. P. R. C.

Jollity in the I.O.W.

"MOVING COAST OF ISLE OF WIGHT.

In the past forty-tight hours the moving mass of over sixty acres has slipped fifty yards further towards the sea."—*Provincial Paper.*

But these things have an odd way of slipping back again after a good sleep.

"Gardener (29), married; 14 years' experience all reference; French, music, Nature study; needlework."—*Scots Paper.*

Including French beans and bachelor's buttons.



Charlady Cook (*with game*). "D' YER THINK THEY 'RE WRONG ENOUGH FOR THE MASTER YET, MUM?"

OF MAPS.

I HEAR a great deal about the fury of pedestrians against the driver of the motor-car, and the rage of the drivers of motor-cars against pedestrians; and about the whole worry, noise and confusion in general of this petrol-ridden world.

But no sympathy is expressed with that unfortunate bondslave and satellite of the motor maniac, the map-holder, the map-reader, the cartologist—the man or woman who sits not behind but beside the wheel. His life is not his own, and the speedometer becomes a burden to him. He is in terror every moment lest the driver should run, as he perpetually does run, into a pot-hole or crevice of the map, where road junctions are not and the names of places have become undecipherable. Every landmark arrives before the miserable map-worm is ready for it and disappears before he can say what it was. The loathly arrangement of loose-jointed canvas parallelograms winds itself about him and wobbles wildly with the motion of the car.

"Where are we now?" says the driver.

"Near the right-hand bottom corner."

"Whereabouts in England, I mean."

"Oh, yes, England."

But the map is not a map of England, of course. Only of some part of the beastly place.

Bump! We have sprung into the air; we have gone over a small stream.

"What a *lovely* little river!" says the driver. For your driver, mark you, so easy is the conduct of the modern car, can lean back, drive at fifty miles an hour and contemplate the scenery perfectly. Not so the unhappy Laocoon at his side, struggling in the toils of the Ordnance Survey.

"Was it?" says this one coldly.

"Beautiful. What was its name?"

"I think it was the Wug. Did we go under a railway-bridge just after the cross-roads about a minute ago?"

"Yes."

"Then it *must* have been the Wug—unless it was the Wiggle."

"Oh, do look at that gorgeous park on the left! Can you find it on the map?"

Of course you can. All gentlemen's parks are marked on the map. The only trouble is that they do not have the restful appearance of a gentleman's park when you are going at fifty miles an hour.

"It seems to be called Jolt Lodge. Unless that is Wobbly Tump on the right. If it is, this isn't Jolt Lodge, because it's on the wrong side of the road. They would scarcely have shifted it over since 1925."

For 1925, as you have carefully ascertained, was the year of the last revision of the Ordnance Survey.

"I see. Are those fallow deer under the trees?"

"Very likely. They're not marked in the map."

Bump!

"What was it we crossed that time?"

"The Wug again."

"It's getting more beautiful than ever."

But the map-wrestler shows no enthusiasm about the increased beauty of the Wug, which is partly because he hasn't had time to look at it, and partly because of a growing doubt, which has almost reached a certainty, that it was not the Wug after all, and possibly not even the Wiggle. The arrival of Churtle in a wild cascade of notices shouting CAUTION, SLOW DOWN, SCHOOL, TEN MILES AN HOUR THROUGH CHURTLE, THANK YOU, proves conclusively that it was neither the Wug nor the Wiggle that gave him the bumps, but the lovely little river, Egge. For the last fifteen minutes he has been living a lie. The Wug and the Wiggle are further on, and even now being rapidly approached, and Jolt Lodge will have to come all over again without any fallow deer at all, or at any rate with quite different fallow deer, and as likely as not merely pigs. The question is whether to confess it all and have done with the affair, or continue to keep up the mask and turn the Wug or Wiggle quietly into the Egge. It will not matter very much to the natives, anyhow.

There is a growing tendency, I admit, to advertise the names of small English rivers by the side of the bridge, and this practice saves the map-juggler a certain amount of toil. It would be well for his sake if the practice were extended to the seats of the gentry and nobility, the mountains, the lakes and the woods. Nor do I see any reason why we should not have placards stating in large letters:—

THERE ARE FALLOW DEER IN THIS PARK, AND THE TREES UNDER WHICH THEY ARE REPOSING ARE OAK.

Or pigs and cedars, as the case may be. Anything to save labour to the English working-man.

Lately a new terror has been added to the life of the motoring map-muddler. I refer to the treasure-hunt. The sport arose originally to enliven the monotony of the London season, but is now used to enhance the revelry of rustic life.



IT IS A SURE SIGN THAT THE SEASIDE SEASON IS ON THE WANE WHEN THE ICE-CREAM MAN SHELTERS BEHIND HIS CART.

A clue is handed to the motorist, who drives furiously to the point indicated, and there receives another clue, and so onwards again. This at least is the intention.

I took part in one of these agricultural orgies the other day. The first clue ran:—

Drive N.N.E. to where the chestnut stands
And seek the village blacksmith's outstretched hands.

If the man from whom I erroneously snatched his football coupon had not happened to be a carpenter standing under a laburnum-tree, he would probably not have been so seriously annoyed.

The next clue, when I got it, read—

Go left, then right, to where the Norman church,
Mid clump of dock-leaves, shall reward your search.

I found the Norman church all right with the aid of the map and was about to grope in what I took to be a bed of dock-leaves on the other side of the road, when the girl who was driving insisted that they were gromwell, and we had a discussion on the point that lasted nearly a quarter-of-an-hour.

The clue—

A league! a league! A sign! Another sign!
Then in the lonely field a post will shine—

would have been perfectly simple except for the rough behaviour of the bull. This treasure-hunt was organised by a doctor, and it merely shows you how a country practice can be built up with a little judicious care and skill.

The only kind of map that could afford real relief to the motorist would be one wound on two wooden rollers, like the Koran or the Talmud. But even this would not benefit the treasure-hunter, who is always having the map snatched from him by the other occupants of the car, until it is torn into fragments or the car is shattered to pieces against a gate-post, whichever may happen the sooner.

The fact is that maps were made for sane men, walking or travelling slowly and not whiffling through the air like an express train. How different were the days when as pedestrians we used to set them by the sun and examine the contours with a contented mind. Or as soldiers, when we used to meet the Brigadier five hundred yards north of the second "g" in Wiggle and solemnly discuss the point as to whether we were right or he.

I repeat that maps were made for the leisurely. In a travelling motor-car they are a bewilderment and a grief. Stop and examine them by the quiet waters of the Egge if you will; hang them on the willow-trees by the brink of the Wug and study them to your heart's desire; but if a man tells you to read them for him while he is hooting through the fair face of England and identify her village smithies or her stately country homes, beat him over the head with a spanner.

EVOE.

The New Chivalry.

"Lass going cheap for garden frames.—Knights of Beau Street."—*Bath Paper.*

Our Irascible Navy.

"WARSHIPS AT PORTSMOUTH OPEN TO PUBLIC. THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER FURIOUS."
New Zealand Paper.

We do hope the destroyers didn't lose their tempers.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

The peace of my home has been shattered. Things are not as they were. The care and thought that were formerly lavished upon my welfare have been diverted to a more solemn shrine and service. Instead of solicitous inquiries into the state of my feelings towards duck, salmon or lobster there is derisive pity for my inability to deny myself these beautiful gifts of Nature and a passionate quest for a menu for my wife, which displays all the dishes I most abhor. When I raise an occasional protest against the evils of starvation, I am met by the assurance, illustrated by convincing tables of vitamin-values, that Betty's diet contains all that is necessary for complete health and vigour, and I am further gratuitously informed that I should "be a great deal better" (a mysterious phrase, whose precise meaning has caused me much thought, seeing that my health and vigour are notorious) if I had the strength of mind to follow her example.

Early tea, the papers and a cigarette used to be the pleasant preliminary to our day's activities. Now I alone imbibe that admirable beverage, while Betty, her face contorted with agony, sucks a lemon. Once I could count upon a full half-hour's uninterrupted communion with the chaste columns of the great journal while she lingered in her warm scented bath; but since she heard that "cold baths, my dear, are absolutely *the* thing to bring you down—stimulate the circulation, you know," I compress my survey of the news into ten meagre minutes, snatched while she steps reluctantly to the bath-room, splashes violently and then returns with chattering teeth at a brisk canter up the corridor.

Nor does breakfast help matters much. We used to pride ourselves on being "rather good first thing." Our breakfast-table was gay with my wife's pretty prattle and my penetrating analysis of affairs. But it is not now as it hath been of yore, not by any means. For what husband with true feelings of tenderness towards his wife can eat grilled kidneys and bacon or munch with joyous relish his toast and marmalade unmoved, while she with stoic fortitude pecks at a lettuce or nibbles a sort of thin dog-biscuit, brightened by a cup of sugarless and milkless tea?

When all her efforts made no impression on the implacable finger of the chemist's weighing-machine Betty comforted herself with dreams of what she would do with all the money saved by this hardy régime. "You see," she urged with touching eagerness one morning, "I shan't *look* at cream or butter or meat, and as for cocktails, my dear, they are absolutely *septic!* And all those darling little frocks that I can't wiggle into now, they are absolute gifts when they fit you straight off. No dressmakers' bills then, you see."

Later, as I mused on the economic advantages promised by Betty's regimen, I was enjoying visions of a new car, of our dream-cottage, of fishing in Norway, when my reverie was shattered at a stroke by the urgent staccato accents of a drill-sergeant. The sound came apparently from the drawing-room. Shaken but incredulous I went to investigate. Prone on the floor lay my wife, clad in a neat swimming-suit and struggling helplessly with a species of physical jerks, while from the gramophone the imperious voice proceeded with, "One, two, three, four!" to the accompaniment of the over-familiar strains of "Colonel Bogey."

"My darling child," I expostulated as I stopped the gramophone, "what in the world are you doing? If you could see yourself from behind. . . .!"

My wife, who is five foot five inches in her adorable stockings, flashed the glance which never fails to destroy my *moral* and swept out of the room—if one can sweep in a bathing-costume. I



New Shooting Tenant. "Oughtn't we to be creeping or something? I think I can smell a stag."
Stalker. "Yon's no but Hamish Macpherrson's goat. I was getting his wind a quarrter of a mile back."

followed her, humble and compunctious. My apologies were cut short by a collision on the landing with Ellen the housemaid and a van-man staggering under the weight of a cumbersome and mysterious package. "It's the mistress's weighing-machine, Sir," she explained woodenly, "and will you please pay for it now?"

The weeks of summer sped by, and daily, with the feelings of a criminal, I basked in the fresh delicate beauty of salmon mayonnaise, strawberries-and-cream, lobster and all the rest, while Betty sought the dismal vitamin in dog-biscuits and rabbit's food. Daily in the bathroom I stubbed my toe against the enamel-and-nickel toy that was Betty's weighing-machine; daily I shuddered as I beheld her subdue her tender flesh with the rubber roller that was guaranteed to reduce at the first application; daily I heard the voice of the drill-sergeant and watched Betty's puzzled bewilderment as the weighing-machine showed no variation.

And then yesterday, for one brief joyous moment I thought that release had come for her at last. Above the signature of one of those oracular writers of gossip in the illustrated papers it was declared, on the best authority from Paris, that "figures were in" and that curves were essential to the proper wearing of the fashionable picture-frock.

I dashed home, bursting with the glad news. Betty met me at the door, her face radiant with smiles. I held the paper out to her.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she breathed.

"You've seen it too?" I asked, a trifle dashed, for I had hoped to be the first to bring her the glorious tidings.

"I don't know what you mean," she answered; "but it doesn't matter anyway. I'm down *one ounce*! Think of it . . . . Isn't it *too* marvellous?"

Her joy was so radiantly beautiful that I hadn't the heart to tell her of the utterance of the Parisian oracle.

"The steeplichase over a course of about two inches on Sunday morning resulted in an easy win for Major Richards on Tunku Mahomed's Kenildor. The field of nine found the going very heavy owing to the rain overnight."
Malay Paper.

It's the last few millimetres that try them out when the going's like that.

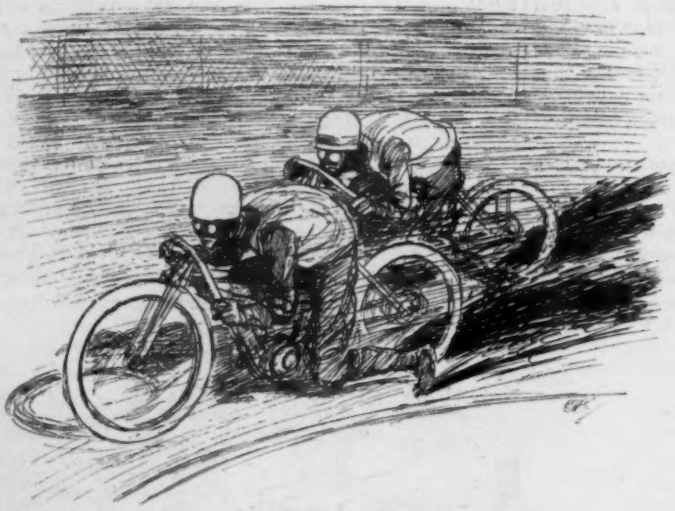
CINDERENA; OR, THE DIRT-TRACK.

IF anyone had told me that I should enjoy an evening watching motor-bicycle races on a Speedway, I should have laughed heartily or struck the man. I loathe speed, I abhor motor-bicycles. I could see that a motor-bicycle race on a Speedway might mean that a few motor-bicycles were removed from the roads, but I could think of no other extenuating feature. However, George lured me there with a lovely lady, and I must confess that I enjoyed it.

"Dirt-track racing," George had said strangely, "is a clean sport," meaning that there is no betting. And because there is no betting there is no delay, none of those protracted intervals which make the "dogs" so dreary to all but bookies and habitual backers. The organisation is clockwork, and one race treads punctually on the heels of another. We had twenty-one events in the evening, instead of six; the race is four times round the course instead of once, and lasts for eighty seconds or so instead of thirty. There are no loud gentlemen bellowing odds or flourishing wads. Also the races are real races; the riders pass and repass; there are thrilling surprises and changes of fortune, though nearly always the best man wins.

In short, though I revere the dog, I would much sooner see the motor-bicycle competing at the White City. (Let me say at once, by the way, that I have no shares in either.) Even as a spectacle the horrid motor-bicycle wins. True, it does not jump hurdles, and, true, there is not much beauty about the dirt-track; and yet it *has* a kind of modern, macabre, Stravinskian, Capekian beauty. The vast stadium by night, the track lit brightly at the rim, the sea of shadow in the centre, the mountainous black stands behind packed with a shouting invisible multitude, the starry sky of London above—here, whatever the race may be, is something worth seeing once at least. Such a spectacle must have been the chariot-races of Rome, if they were ever run by night; and if they were not then we are one up on Rome.

I doubt also if the chariots made so much noise. Heavens, the noise! It is like ten million mechanical drills performing in unison. It swells and falls as the riders take the corners; it echoes about the cavernous concrete halls, drowning the feeble acclamations of the crowd; it dies away slowly as the riders stop, and the end of a race seems like the end of a battle. It is titanic and terrible and monstrous; and yet, in that enormous place, made by those monsters, it seems appropriate and right. And I do believe I rather liked it.



"MAKING THE CINDERS FLY."

Those strange stentorian things careering round the cinder-track, spitting fire and vapour, are certainly monsters. They do not look like men or motor-bicycles at all; they are some new nameless creation. The machines have no silencers, no number-plates, no brakes, no lights. They do not obey our mundane laws of gravity. They swoop round the inside of a bend lying flat on their sides, like racing-yachts too heavily canvassed, so that you say the rider must be grazing his elbow on the ground, so that you say, "He is over! He *must* be over!" But he is not over at all. As a matter of fact he is deceiving you, for his left knee and foot are ploughing through the dust and keeping him precariously balanced. He swings up to the perpendicular again and goes roaring and flaming down the straight, spraying a cloud of cindery dust in his pursuer's face (and engine) and, even in the straight sometimes, bucking and yawing like a recalcitrant colt. At the next turn, pushed farther out, you may see him "broadsiding" through the dust, which is kept deep and soft at the corners, and he flies round sideways at thirty or forty knots, looking for all the world like an electrical crab.

At these corners nearly all the falls occur. I saw one fall in nearly every race, and sometimes two. They are pleasantly exciting, because they do not seem to matter much, unless there is a rider immediately behind the fallen. He falls in a cushion and a cloud of dust, is whisked swiftly out of the way by white-robed flunkeys, and as often as not remounts and finishes the race. I thought one BILLY LAMONT a little over-did his admirable keenness when, having fallen once, he completed the course entirely by himself, but at such a pace that in the straight and at the winning-post he staggered and crashed again. But you should have heard the generous applause of the crowd.

For here is real hero-worship. All the crack "boys" have their devoted fans and endearing pet-names. There is "Sprouts" ELDER, and "Smiling" JIM KEMPSTER, and "Broadside" VIC HUXLEY, and "Wizard" FRANK ARTHUR, and "Flying" DICKY SMYTHE, and so on; and thus they are announced before the races through the Olympian stentorphone, or whatever the thing is. They are mobbed for autographs, and you may buy signed photographs of your favourite riders at a moderate price. For fan-enthusiasm, I am told, the decorous White City cannot compare with the Speedway of emotional Wimbledon; but I felt very much that we were at an intimate family-party and, though the riders came from many nations, there is no international unpleasantness.

Not even among the riders. On the contrary, they seem to love each other much better than authors or musicians do. There was the moving incident of VIC HUXLEY'S gear-box. George was invited to present the Silver Wings Trophy; he was announced through the stentorphone as "the well-known motorist," and was slightly hurt because "Smiling" DICKY SMYTHE'S name got a round of applause and a deathly hush filled the Stadium after his own. However, he still consented to present the Trophy to "Sprouts" ELDER, an American. And "Sprouts" at once said modestly that he had only won the Trophy through the good-heartedness of "Broadside" VIC HUXLEY, an Australian. And it turned out that, between races, "Broadside" had lent "Sprouts" his, "Broadside's," gear-box. I know nothing about gear-boxes, and I did not know that they could be taken out and put back and transferred and so forth in this easy fashion, like a glass eye, but in that strenuous arena the whole thing seemed to me to be rather touching. It was like one dramatist giving another an idea, like STRAUSS presenting Sir EDWARD ELGAR with a tune. I do not know any author to whom I would lend my gear-box.

Nor were "Sprouts" and "Broadside" the cast-iron he-men that one expected after seeing their savage sport and their cinder-dusted faces, but quiet and smooth-voiced and even shy. They reckon to have two or three falls a week, these "boys." They earn a lot of money, I am told; and I reckon they earn it. Somebody should give these proceedings a better name. I fancy "Cinderena" has been suggested; and, if so, why not? A. P. H.



A HUMAN ROBOT.

IN 1950.

Julie looked me up and down anxiously and pulled my Silkoki handkerchief another half-inch out of my pocket.

"You're sure you're ready?"

"Quite," I replied.

"Got your *Daily Glass, Perkin's Weekly, Gladys and Her Garden*, and *Bibb's Gazette*?"

"All present and correct."

"Cleaned your boots with Shoolac, your teeth with Pearlite and shaved with Hakitoff?"

"Even as you say."

"I think I can trust you in the other things, but I know you always try to dodge the Hakitoff. Good-bye, dear." She was about to kiss me, then dashed upstairs and came down again with crimsoned lips. "I had nearly forgotten to use Bouchoir. Now good-bye, dear," —a kiss—"and don't forget to show your Proofeau soles."

I skipped lightly down the drive and went to my work in the great world.

* * * * *

The sun was just sinking in the west when I came back again to my eager and expectant wife.

"Only forty-nine pounds to-day, dear," I groaned, and sank wearily into a chair while Julie released me from my Snuggin's spats. "I caught Doom Sardonix of *Bibb's Gazette* in the Square," I continued, "but missed the five hundred pounds because I was showing the fourth page instead of the seventh. I secured the Pearlite ten pounds by breathing in the right face in Queen Street, and my Noosenek tie earned me twenty pounds at Lichgate. I had a bit of good luck and a bit of bad. Proofeau's man paid me early in the day, and I was glad of that, for it's the most tiring exhibit of the lot; but I had to kiss five girls in Colmore Row before I found the Bouchoir flapper. Lord, what a fuss they made—as if I were doing it for my own pleasure! Those amounts and a few odd guineas thrust on me here and there make up the day's takings; and a pretty poor lot it is too, considering the miles I've walked."

"Still it's better than having to go to the old office, dear," Julie said consolingly. "You know in those days you had to work for a month for what you've earned to-day."

"It's not the financial aspect that I'm complaining about," I retorted irritably, for my nerves were thoroughly on edge. "It's having all these newspapers about all the time, with their beastly litter."

Julie kissed me sympathetically. "Never mind, dear," she said, "you don't have to read them."

The Under-dressed Landslide.

"ACRES GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SLIPS." *Sunday Paper.*

We hope the I.O.W. authorities will insist on a proper bathing-costume.



John. "AUNTIE, WHEN PEOPLE FAINT, DO THEY GO ALL FLAT?"
Auntie. "WHY, JOHN?"
John. "WELL, THIS BOOK SAYS, 'SHE FAINTED AWAY, BUT SOON CAME *ROUND* AGAIN.'"

TOO LATE.

An Absolutely Abominable Poem, which Everybody is Advised Not to Read.

[Dr. W. J. ADIE, Physician to the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases, is said to have stated that he distrusts the modern practice of entirely removing the teeth.]

Now is there wailing in the brotherhood
  Of those who lightly changed the old for new,
Till honour rooted in dishonour stood
  And faith unfaithful made them falsely true;
They smiled a glittering smile and seemed to jest
  On reappearing in the strange concern,
Though all they had, the loveliest and the best,
  Departed from them never to return.

Little they seemed to mourn the athlete's joy,
  The unassisted triumph past belief,
When they were called upon at lunch to toy
  With what the waiter said was English beef;
Only they grieved to see the table shine
  With unpermitted foison loved before—
Nuts that they used to take they now decline,
  So sad, so sweet, the days that are no more.

Too swift despairers! that were prone to go
  And face the forceps and the fearful wrist,
The nurse that looked upon an alien woe,
  The unemotional anæsthetist;
They passed beyond the bourne of time and space,
  And thence returned in horror and alone
To bid the fell destroyer fit their face
  With curious rearrangements not their own.

Say, was it well? or was it but the scheme
  Of some wild theorist when now the gas,
From which he wakened with an eldritch scream,
  Closed o'er the head of our loved Lyeidas?
Shall he in days to come regret the shoot
  Ay, even of pain, in these old friends uptorn,
Though it was sometimes fiercer than a boot
  Standing, like RUTH, upon his favourite corn?

Is there a lower set with soul so dead
  That brings not by surcease yet graver cares,
If Art must counterfeit within the head
  The livelier progeny that Nature bears?
These gold-capped towers, these gorgeous palaces,
  If they should fade and leave no wrack behind,
Does it affect, my Muse, say No or Yes,
  The keep of the unconquerable mind?

If it be so, then, well remembering
  The fever of displacement and the fear,
What of the doctors who began the thing?
  Where are the ivories of yesteryear?
'Tis not alone that men have greatly loved
  The deeds they used to do as gastronomes,
But how does Science stand who went and shoved
  These young intruders on our ancient homes?

There is no grief that we would rather shun
  Than that for having borne a needless pain,
And to be slightly wroth at being done
  Doth operate like madness in the brain.
Who was the man, my Muse—come now, be frank—
  Who first of all, defying Nature's laws,
Made all those starry rows move rank on rank,
  An army of unalterable jaws?

EVOE.



ANOTHER PACT: GRÆCO-ROMAN STYLE.

M. Venizelos. "AVE, CÆSAR!"
Signor Mussolini. "THE SAME TO YOU, ARISTIDES."

[M. Venizelos, during his recent visit to Rome, signed an agreement between Greece and Italy with the view of promoting peace in the Mediterranean and the Balkans.]



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

Opening of the Smoked Fish Season; Bloater Banquet at Yarmouth.

THE ABERDONIAN HEART.

(*A sequel to "The Book of Aberdeen."*)

II.

If I kept human beings as pets and showed as little consideration for them as Owners seem to do for us, I should be ashamed. What do you think? A few days after the Dandie arrived They took him to London with Them on Their weekly visit and left me behind. Can you conceive of conduct more mean?

There I was, all alone, with nothing to do but wonder when They would return, listen for the car and hunt for rats. Rats! It is on these occasions, when hunting, that one thanks Heaven that the pleasure is in the chase even more than the capture; if one had always to kill in order to be beguiled there would not be enough rats to go round.

It was indeed a happy thought of Providence to create rats, and I shall always cherish the belief that it was done for the comfort and solace of terriers. I like to think that terriers were made first and then, recognising that, by reason of their great intelligence and gifts of understanding, the grief and disappointment in store for them when they became members of man's household but could not express their feelings would be intense, God made rats. I enjoy my life, but the enjoyment I experienced before I tackled my first rat is as nothing compared with the zest that I now know, when I am ratting most of the time. The earlier ones bit me, but I am too clever for them now and I bite first. I suppose that when my Master and his friends go out shooting and bring down their game they are on the best of terms with themselves; but there is no comparison between killing with gunpowder and shot at a distance and getting your teeth into the foe and shaking him into the air dead! That is life!

I confess to not a little pleasure in hunting hares, but this is an academic pursuit leading nowhere. In fact I often wake up in a fright thinking I have caught one and am at a loss how to deal with it. Nothing but a very remarkable accident could, however, bring this about; nor do the hares fear it. In fact all the hares about here know me familiarly, and stop every now and then to call me things, which, I am mortified to confess, I am too much out of breath to reply to, although I have lots of very good retorts in my head.

That, however, is an interlude. When at last They came back I began by letting Him see that I thought His treatment of me deplorable: I declined His attentions, I looked at Her with my most pathetic expressions, of which I have a considerable range. This went on until He had fondled me sufficiently and I had heard Her say, "We must not leave Roy behind again; it 's too cruel," and then I relented.

Meanwhile I had been putting the Dandie through it. "What did you do?" I asked.

"Nothing much," he said. "Just went out in the car or was taken walks on a lead by the shover."

"Was She very nice to you?"

"She did her best."

"Where did you sit in the car—by Him or by Her?"

"By Her."

"Careful, now——"

"By Her."

"Good," I said. "And where did you sleep? In Her room?"

"Yes."

"All three nights? Be truthful."

"No, only the first. She said I was too restless. So They put me in the hall."

"Not in His room?"

"No."

"Swear it."

"I swear it."

"Swear you didn't make up to Him at all."

"I swear."

"But you 'd like to?" I added quickly. He looked a little confused.

"Did He whack you?" I asked, my suspicions aroused.

"Yes, once."



Precious Youth. "I *say*, I FIND I SENT YOU MY LAUNDRY-BILL INSTEAD OF MY WEEKLY POEM."
Editor of ultra-modern Publication. "TOO LATE. IT 'S GONE THROUGH."

"Hard?"

"Fairly."

"What for?"

"I didn't get out of a chair quick enough."

"Ah, just as I expected. The besetting sin. And it was after He had whacked you that you began to like Him?"

"How could you know?" he exclaimed.

This, I admit, put me rather into a difficulty, because I didn't want him to think He ever whacked me. But one isn't a Scot for nothing. "Intuition," I replied.

"But listen to me," I added. "He 's mine and don't you forget it. Mine, mine, mine! Now go back to Her and don't leave Her side." E. V. L.

An Impending Apology.

"It is expected that women from Manchester and district will assemble in great numbers for the public opening of *The Daily Dispatch* artificial silk exhibition on Tuesday next week by Violent Duchess of ——."—*Daily Paper.*

"ROUND THE WORLD CRUISE.
By world-cruising liner FRANCONIA (20,000 tons) from London January 28th, 1929."
Advt. in Liverpool Paper.

The passengers must be getting rather tired of each other.

NIGHTPIECE.

"WOMEN," said Edward, "are a dead loss."

Words failed him for a moment and he sat in gloomy silence polishing his horn-rims.

"If it hadn't happened to me personally," he brought forth at last, "I wouldn't have believed it—nice little thing like that, all big eyes and curly hair. . . . It destroys your faith in human nature.

"It was at my Aunt Amelia's dance," he explained, "and I hadn't been there above an hour or so when she swooped down on me like a bird of prey and said firmly, 'Come along, Edward, I want to introduce you to a perfectly charming girl, and be sure you take her in to supper;' and then I knew it was all up for the rest of the evening. Aunt Amelia's perfectly charming girls may vary in looks and dress and so forth, but they all have one fundamental quality in common—they cling.

"So I pulled myself together and said good-bye to all my young friends and drifted off in her wake; and I don't mind telling you that at first sight I was quite favourably impressed. She was a pretty little thing with curly hair, and hadn't that up-and-coming, good-as-a-man-if-not-better look that you so often get with an Eton crop. My aunt explained briefly how I 'd been panting to meet her all the evening, and left us to it; and so I thought the best thing would be to ask her to dance and give tongue afterwards.

"In about two minutes," continued Edward, "it was distressingly obvious that, whatever her other sweet and feminine qualities, the girl could not dance. She got her feet under mine, she lost step, she had no control of her gears. I was just wondering what I could do about it when she came to a dead stop by the French windows.

"'Oh, dear,' she said, 'I 've just remembered, I 've left my fan out on the terrace—it may get lost. Do you mind if I go and look for it?' Personally I was only too bucked to do anything that would take us off the floor, so out we went.

"Almost the first thing we saw was a green feathery affair on one of the seats—right under our noses. Well, the encore was just beginning, and I was quite relieved when she said, No, hers was white; so we prowled about some more until I found another, the right colour this time, under someone's shawl; and then she explained that hers was a little ivory one with cupids on it.

"'It's very old-fashioned,' she said; 'my grandmother left it me when I was quite small.' And she told me not to bother any more in that sweet and thoughtful way women have when they know you can't very well stop.

"After another ten minutes or so I was still grubbing about in the rose-bushes and she was still begging me not to, when suddenly a small rough-haired terrier ran out onto the lawn with something white and shiny in his mouth. He had a sort of guilty look and seemed to be making for the maze.

"'I believe he's got it,' I said, moving after him.

"'Nonsense,' said the girl; 'it's a bone.'

"Now I knew perfectly well," explained Edward, "that it was much more likely to be a bone than her fan; but on the other hand she couldn't possibly see for certain in that light, and he might quite easily have found the fan on the terrace when looking for something to bury; so I said I'd go and have a look to be sure.

"'Oh, please don't bother,' she cried, 'I'm sure that's not my fan—I'm sure it isn't.'

"I asked her how she could tell, and she said she could see from there, which was obviously untrue; and, as we were advancing towards him, arguing all the time, that dog gave one look round and bolted into the maze, and somehow or other I instinctively let out a yell and went after him. And then began," said Edward, "the most amazing run I've ever had outside a nightmare.

"I must have been about four yards behind him at the entrance, with the girl—Miss Meredith her name was—about the same length behind me, and for the first few laps we kept our distances pretty well; then the pup began to gain, racing ahead and taking the corners like an expert, paws well in, tail streaming in the wind, and a line of white gleaming between his teeth. There was a good dirt-track racer," observed Edward, "lost in that pup. When he was two or three turns in front he'd ease up in a most sporting manner and grin at me through the hedges, and every now and then we'd come bang up against a blank wall of box, and he'd dive through underneath and wait again while we untangled ourselves. Then we'd speed up faster than before, with Miss Meredith panting somewhere in the background, and the hedges whizzing past all smudged together, and the moon above our heads swinging round like a shilling on a string."

Here he paused to take breath, winded by the bare recollection.

"On and on we went, braking at the corners and shooting down the straights, until at last the path opened out with a rush, and before I could take my bearings we were in the centre of the maze where the lily-pond is."

He paused again, this time merely for effect.

"Well, I scrambled out at the shallow end, but the pup stayed in, swimming round in circles and yelping for joy, and whatever he'd been carrying was somewhere down among the lily-roots. As for Miss Meredith, she was sitting on the bank having mild hysterics; so I waited until she'd calmed down a little and then told her that if she felt really strongly about it I'd get in again and see what I could do, and that seemed to sober her completely.

"'No, no, you shan't do it!' she cried in a horrified sort of way, as though I'd suggested drowning myself.

"'But,' I pointed out, 'supposing the fan's still in the pond?'

"'But it isn't,' she said; 'I tell you it isn't. How could it be? I haven't lost one. That's what I've been trying to shout after you all this time.'

"'You haven't lost one?' I asked on a note of disillusionment.

"'No,' she said.

"'Not an ivory fan with cupids on it that your grandmother left you?'

"She shook her head.

"'Then why on earth——' and I just broke off and gazed in reproachful silence at the dog and the pond and the water-lilies twining round my trousers.

"'Oh,' says she, sweet as honey, 'you see, you—you *do* dance rather badly; I couldn't bear it. And I didn't want to hurt your feelings, that was all. I'm so sorry.'

"She didn't want to hurt my feelings," repeated Edward slowly, "she didn't want—— And they're going to give them votes at twenty-one!"



Ancient Parishioner. "YES, SIR, I BE NINETY-NINE, BUT THAT BAIN'T NUTHIN'. IF MY FATHER WAS STILL ALIVE, 'E'D BE A 'UNDR'D-AN'-THIRTY-TWO NEXT WEEK."

"Lost, a large brown fluffy tabby cat; face like a lion; answers to the name of 'Billy.' Reward."—*Notice in Guildford.*

His face may be like a lion, but we hope he doesn't behave like one, because the replies we have got from lions when we called them "Billy" have never been satisfactory.



Large-footed Customer. "I 'M AFRAID MY FEET ARE RATHER—ER——?"
Assistant. "NOT AT ALL, MADAM; YOU TAKE THE SMALLEST OF OUR MAGNA SIZES."

THE CITY CLERK'S DAY-DREAM.

WEARY of my Ealing villa and the clothes I occupy,
I would wander to Manilla or Morocco ere I die,
Leap into the world arena; found a legend; emulate
MUSSOLINI, MESSALINA—anybody fierce or great.

Tired (I grieve to say) of Hannah, of her cloying angel-cakes,
I would scour the vast Savannah or consort with genuine sheikhs;
Or in some occult pagoda confidentially hobnob
With the intrepid PRENK BIB DODA, if he still is on the job.

With what joy I 'd don the turban in the magic land of mosques,
And, remote from smug suburban circles, mingle with the Tosks;
Or exchange my silk umbrella and the sheathings of my legs
For the breezy fustanella and the rifle of the Ghegs.

I would scour the grand Sahara, cantillating as I rode
Melodies of ancient Tara in the Mixo-Lydian mode;
I would prance with wild bravura, robed in Rosicrucian garb,
Round thy coast, Estremadura, seated on a Moorish barb.

How I 'd love to show my mettle scaling Siniolchum's peak,
Climbing Popocatepetl or exploring Mozambique;
Soaring with the glad Chimæra through the illimitable dark
Bombinating "tira lira," catapulted from an "Ark."

Where no duties gall and hamper, full of elemental pep,
Oh, what joy 'twould be to scamper o'er the bare and stony steppe,
Cheerfully content to pig it, *minus* soap and "h. and c.,"
Guided by a hairy Djiggit, mounted on a Tartar gee.

Where the golden-crested eagles in their rocky fastness brood,
Where the petulant porbeagles pingle with their scaly food,
Let me hie, or go harpooning haddock off the Dogger Bank,
List'ning to the plaintive crooning of the sleek elasmobranch.

Where the oleanders burgeon, where the helicopters scream,
Where the mild majestic sturgeon cleaves the Volga's sacred stream
I would fly, or spear the grampus, beard the tawny *bêche-de-mer*,
Or pursue the *hippocampus major* to his spicy lair.

* * * * * * *

Lo! the gleam, its glories dimming, melts into the autumn murk,
And the radiant rack, dislimning, leaves me still a City clurk,
Far from Delhi or Darjiling, "rolling down," but homeward bound,
Not to Rio but to Ealing on the gloomy Underground.

Yet, though tea and cake and kippers don't promote a lordly life,
I have still my pipe and slippers and a much-enduring wife,
Who, although my verses bring her no addition to my pay,
Thinks me quite the poshest singer of an epileptic day.

FANCY-DRESS FRAGMENTS.

Falstaff. Orangeade, please. And you?
Nell Gwyn. No, thanks. I never touch oranges.

* * *

Louis XIV. I gave way at once.
Dr. Johnson. The only thing to do. I never argue.

* * *

Charles I. I hate driving in London. The traffic is appalling. There was such a block the other day near Whitehall, I thought I should never move again.
Florence Nightingale. And the police are so officious. I was had up last night for not having my lamp lit.

* * *

William Tell. I hear there are a lot of birds, but I shan't enjoy it. I never hit a thing!

* * *

Wellington. How do you do? I think we've met before?
Napoleon. Yes, I'm sure we have. Where was it?

* * *

Boadicea. I *love* Rome—don't you?

* * *

Bunyan. Jolly good fizz!
Milton. Yes, jolly good! And awfully jolly party, too!

* * *

Salome. Yes, if you'll sit it out. I never dance.

* * *

Henry VIII. I voted for the Prayer-book. After all, the Church must know best.

* * *

Cleopatra. No, you needn't hold my hand. I think you've forgotten who I am.

* * *

"*Bloody Mary.*" Isn't it hot? I'm *burning.*
Queen Anne. Hot? My dear, I'm *dead.*

* * *

Richard Wagner. That's a topping tune. What's it called?

* * *

The Ancient Mariner. I've not been invited. I'm a gate-crasher.
Samson. So am I.

* * *

Velasquez. I know nothing about pictures, but I know what I like.

* * *

Lady Godiva. I never knew what happiness was till I bobbed my hair.

* * *

Queen Elizabeth. Isn't the car coming for us? I shall have to walk through all that slush.
Sir Walter Raleigh. Well, it won't kill you.



Stout short-sighted Lady (having sat down heavily on a Stradivarius and smashed it). "I AM SO SORRY. I FEAR I HEARD A STRING GO."

THE RENEGADE.

[The lonely island of St. Kilda, in the Outer Hebrides, has now been fitted with two wireless receiving sets.]

O FAIR but false St. Kilda,
While still you dwelt apart,
How constantly you filled a
Warm corner of my heart!
"Her charms though worldlier men shun,"
So roved my fancy free,
"When I retire on pension
This is the place for me."

But science, ever tireless,
Shatters my dream for good;
Two sets, in short, of wireless
Will end your solitude;
And soon your population
(Two-and-a-quarter score),
Pleased with one innovation,
Will holler out for more.

The Covenanter's strictures
Will vanish from your ken;
They'll want their jazz, their "pictures,"
Their night-club in the glen;
The lass her locks will sever,
The lad plus-fours will don,
Till tourists hint they never
Heard of such goings-on.

So, when my time of leisure
Has later on arrived,
I must forgo the pleasure
My fancy had contrived,
And say, to those demanding
The reasons which forbid,
"I found St. Kilda standing
No longer where she did." A. K.

AT THE PLAY.

"Napoleon's Josephine" (Fortune).

Hurried consultation with our omniscient friend, E. B., confirmed my uncomfortable suspicions that Mr. Conal O'Riordan had chosen unscrupulously to rearrange the facts, trim the standard estimates of character and twist the motives of the protagonists in his delectable romance to suit his private ends. As he has succeeded in making an entirely satisfactory entertainment no one need complain, except perhaps the more infatuated followers of the Napoleon cult, if any still survive, for the great little man is not shown to much advantage.

The author has evidently taken a malicious delight in stripping the colossus of his *panache*, offering him up to us in his shirt-sleeves, showing his first step on the road to fame as the result of a particularly discreditable deal. *Josephine* is presented in a more flattering light as the architect of his fortunes, the believer in his star; a motherly lover, indulging, indeed, in an occasional infidelity, but only, or chiefly, to forward his interests—in the spirit of the times; calling him affectionately and something patronisingly her "little mouse," handling him rather as one handles a naughty unreasonable child.

The florid *Madame de Staël* has turned up a little earlier in the story than history warrants as a feather-brained gossip and cat, the self-styled soul-mate of the future Emperor, while the brilliant rascal and libertine citizen-director *Barras* trades the command in Italy for a consideration—the taking over of his discarded mistress, *Josephine de Beauharnais*.

We see the youngest General of the Army of the Republic, hungry, shabby and unwashed, in his chilly stuffy Montmartre garret (Mr. Leslie Banks having, by the way, artfully contrived a very striking resemblance to a popular portrait of the young Napoleon); *Josephine*, disdainful of all this squalor but gradually drawn to the fierce young egotist; *Barras*, exquisite and shameless; *Madame de Staël* fatuously claiming spiritual kinship—all these appear and go their ways in the first scene, which serves for prologue. A few months later there is the marriage ceremony in the Town Hall on the eve of the General's departure to Italy. Three years later, *Barras* is clearly bent on betraying his absent friend by renewing his relations with the seductive *Josephine*, she complying chiefly with a view to her absent husband's higher interests—so we are given to understand. The conquering hero unexpectedly returns and the author gives us a passage of rich comedy, in which the facts are successfully concealed by *Josephine's* ready wit from both the husband and the inquisitive *de Staël*. And so on to Malmaison—and the Emperor's fateful decision to apply for divorce. Then the final death-scene—the defeated Emperor, on the eve of his departure for Elba, coming hot-foot to see his former partner and always friend, the doors held against him while her body is composed by the physician and his attendants.



"WHAT! NO SOAP!"

Barras . . . . . Mr. Leon Quartermaine.
Bonaparte . . . Mr. Leslie Banks.



Josephine (*Miss Edith Evans*) *to Ulysse* (*Mr. John Gatrell*). "I can't be as bad as I'm painted."

The play is brilliantly presented and intelligently decorated. Miss Edith Evans fills out the part of *Josephine* in her disdain, her languorous passion, her dignity, her queer tenderness and patience, with the best of her great skill and challenging personality. Miss Seyler as *Madame de Staël* has a chance for her particular talent of bizarre exaggeration and guys amusingly, according to the author's mischievous intention, that rather pretentious lady. There was one charming passage of feeling between these two—when *de Staël* says, "But I did not know you really loved him!"—which was very moving.

Mr. Leslie Banks was perhaps better in the first scene, where the author had taken pains to detail his sketch, than afterwards when the Emperor became rather a shadowy person. Mr. Leon Quartermaine's finished skill and ease of manner are apt to make one underestimate his cleverness: his *Barras* was a plausible and sensitive performance. Miss Lila Maravan gave a charmingly tender portrait of the devoted *Angélique*, who from his obscure beginning worshipped her hero from afar and was content to serve him without reward—a complete invention of the author, we must suppose, and a happy one. And I thought the quiet well-observed character of the *Doctor* was most attractively done by Mr. Frederick Burtwell, who had also contributed a good thumbnail sketch of a Mayor with a misplaced sense of humour.

This interesting, indeed distinguished, piece does not avoid all the pitfalls of chronicle plays—chief of which is the lack of time to develop fully the changing situations and make the motivation clear—but it holds our excited attention to the end, and that is a rare achievement in the theatre. T.

"The Lord of the Manor" (Apollo).

The Lord of the Manor was a *Bovey*. The *Boveys* had come

over with the CONQUEROR and lived at the Hall ever since. The current *Bovey*, *Sir Henry*, was a heavy, irascible, profoundly stupid but entirely honest and fair-minded man, managed in all essentials by his gentle wife, *Lady Winifred*, and having the good sense to recognise the advantages of this firm and tactful direction.

And there is the son, *Bob Bovey*, with even less than the statutory *Bovey* ration of brains, and the pretty and intelligent daughter of a fiery Indian General, *Sir Henry's* life-long friend. It would be charming if *Bob* and *Barbara* made a match of it, but unlikely, as *Lady Winifred* has the wit to see.

And when in fact the amiable cretin arrives it is to announce that he has brought his *fiancée* and timidly parked her at the local pub (not exactly a happy augury), and, incidentally, that there has been a revolution—reference to his sheaf of evening papers confirming the fact and disclosing that the government of the country is being carried on by Workmen's Interim Councils, the chairman of the local council happening to be that very grocer who has been supplying the *Boveys* with inadequate butter.

Mr. HASTINGS TURNER is very properly not concerned with the wider aspects and reactions of the revolution, which was seemingly a very quiet and orderly affair, but only with its effect upon the *Boveys* and their ancient hall. *Bartlett*, the grocer-chairman of council, arrives to announce that three of the local homeless—a tramp, with his sluttish but spirited daughter, and a very personable young Canadian, are to be billeted upon *Sir Henry*. After the usual preliminary splutter of temper he sensibly accepts the inevitable, and, when the cook announces that, though she will (under protest) cook for them, she will *not* have them in the servants'-hall, the best of the old squire comes to the top with his temper; he decrees that the three shall be treated in all respects as his guests and proceeds with a grave and sincere courtesy to try to make them feel at home.

A pleasantly piquant situation, which Mr. HASTINGS TURNER handles most adroitly without essential exaggeration. He makes the kind of jokes from which, when you've laughed at them, you get a pleasant aftermath of slowly-perceived intention which keeps you quietly chuckling for some time.



A LOVE PASSAGE.

Barbara Fleeter . . . MISS JOAN HENLEY.
Jim Bridge . . . . . MR. LESLIE PERRINS.

And there is enough seriousness to enhance the flavour of the general jest. It is *Lily Tover*, the old tramp's daughter, who exposes the worthlessness of *Bob's* betrothed, *Kitty Carvell*—*Lily* who knows there is a place for plain homespun and silk, but not for artificial silk with cotton tops, which is *Kitty*. (Let us not inquire too curiously if *Lily* was at all likely to express herself in such metaphors or in any metaphors at all). And *Barbara*, resolutely going her own way, as was written in her character, pairs off with the handsome illiterate *Jim Bridge*, the Canadian, who almost reconciles the outraged squire to the match by his display of knowledge about the mysteries of pig-breeding in general and of imminently-expectant prize sows in particular.

I am not sure that either Mr. TURNER or his *Barbara* quite removed our doubts about this very modern engagement, but it was interesting (and odd) to note that when the young girl (Miss JOAN HENLEY) countered her father's fierce objections with the simple statement, "But you see we're in love," the house was visited by one of those strange spells of absolute stillness which proves that an audience has been really touched.

Mr. FRANK CELLIER's *Sir Henry* was a really delightful affair. His simulated fury was the easier part of Mr. CELLIER's accomplishment; the fiery old gentleman pulling himself together and showing the really right stuff of his character was the subtler and the more to be admired. Miss CAVANAGH I thought offered us a *Lily Tover* a little too squalid in appearance to make possible any suspicion of even the susceptible *Bob's* being attached to her; but she played with spirit and intelligence. Mr. BERTRAM's highly-coloured sketch of her drunken old father was excellent—the part itself was well invented; Miss FRIZELL played *Lady Winifred* in just the right key of self-forgetfulness; Miss ROOSE cleverly enough showed us the cheap interior of *Kitty* with the pleasant *façade*; Mr. PERRINS handled the awkward, assertive but essentially sound *Jim Bridge* with sufficient tact not to make the situation ridiculous. Mr. HOLMAN's grocer and Mr. LOWNE's retired General were sound portraits in their frame; and Mr. MOYES showed rare discretion in not making his butler go to pieces under the severe social strain of this queer house-party. T.



THE LORD OF THE MANOR WITH WEEDS "PLANTED" ON THE ESTATE.

Sir Henry Bovey . . . . . MR. FRANK CELLIER.
Lily Tover . . . . . MISS LILIAN CAVANAGH.
Charles Tover . . . . . MR. FRANK BERTRAM.

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

THE WHITE WINE ELECTION.

["The one outstanding issue is the Eighteenth Amendment." *Daily Paper.*]

THERE 's a wild time now in the United States,
In Alaska, Nebraska, Connecticut and Maine,
From Battery Point to the Golden Gates
There 's a hundred million Americans in pain.
And what 's it biting 'em?
What 's exciting 'em?
Why do they make such lots of speeches?
Is it European Pacts
Or the Immigration Acts,
The size of fleets or the price of peaches,
The Brotherhood of Man
Or a new Peace plan?
Why do the papers rave and riot
North and south of the Dixie Line?
Well, it 's all about a difficult question of diet—
Ought the Americans to drink white wine?

'Cos BERT *says "Oughtn't" and* AL *says "Oughter"—*
And who 'll be President of the United States?
Al wants wine and BERT *whines "Water"—*
And who 'll be President of the United States?
Who 'll be President, AL *or* BERT *?*
Al thinks a little glass of Hock won't hurt.
But HERBERT *has a shock*
If he sees a glass of Hock,
Graves or Chablis, Château Yquem,
And other pretty liquids I will not name,
For BERT *don't like 'em and it seems a shame*
(There 's a lot to be said for HERBERT HOOVER,
But nobody could call him a gravity-remover).
Anyhow, Hock
Is the stumbling-block,
Not ships or stock
Or the Monroe Doc.,
And north and south of the Dixie Line
They 're all discussing how a man should dine—
Well, ought *Americans to drink white wine?*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN sits in the sky
With good GEORGE WASHINGTON and one or two mates,
And "ABE," says WASHINGTON, "I can't think why
There 's all this noise in the United States."
And ABRAHAM says,
"When I was Pres.,
Nobody could say we 'd no ideels,
But we didn't much mind
How Americans dined,
And we *never* had Elections all about meals."
And GEORGE said, "Father told me it was rude
To talk in company about one's food,
And *I* never knew it mattered such a lot
If Americans drank white wine or not."

But BERT *says "Oughtn't" and* AL *says "Oughter"—*
And who 'll be President of the United States?
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Who 'll be President, BERT *or* AL *?*
Bert thinks Rudesheimer's bad for CAL
(There 's a lot to be said for HERBERT HOOVER,
But he 's got a lot to learn as a gravity-remover).
And if AL *takes a knock*
Abandon hope of Hock,
For HERBERT *has a shock*
If he sees a glass of Hock,
And Hock, just Hock,
Is the stumbling-block,
Not ships or stock
Or the Monroe Doc.,
So who 'll be President of the United States?
Michigan, Missouri, Mississippi, Maryland,
Colorado, Kansas, Kentucky, Carolina,
Vermont, Virginia, Tennessee and Texas,
Arizona, Utah, Oregon, Nevada,
Maine, Montana,
Iowa, Indiana,
And that 's about all
That I recall,
But they 're all discussing how a man should dine—
Well, ought *Americans to drink white wine?*

A. P. H.

OBSCURUM PER OBSCURIUS.

Dedicated to the Rev. W. A. SPOONER *with Mr. Punch's congratulations on his Golden Wedding.*

Phyllis has every grace and almost every virtue, but she is not good at explanations. It is owing to this defect that Lady Petherby thinks her liable to fits of lunacy. The good lady had descended upon Oxford to decide which college should have the privilege, in return for a portion of the late Sir Percy's millions, of conferring on young Percy that "'cashay,'" to quote her own words, "that only a university can give." The proximity of my ancestral villa to Petherby Hall had been her excuse for landing herself upon us for Sunday tea, whence Phyllis had nobly borne her off to New College chapel.

As the choir moved in stately procession to their places Phyllis, inspired by a feminine passion for the unseasonable imparting of information, suddenly whispered to Lady Petherby: "The last Warden was the inventor of Spoonerisms."

Uncertain whether these were a labour-saving device or some form of breakfast-food, Lady Petherby politely whispered back, "Really—what are they?"

Here Phyllis lost her head. Confronted with the task of formulating an impromptu definition of "Spoonerisms" in a concise and intelligible whisper, she decided to fall back on a concrete example. Unfortunately she omitted not only to give Lady Petherby any inkling of her intention but also to give both the ordinary and the "Spooneristic" versions of the remark. She even failed to effect that transposition of initial letters which is of the very essence of Spoonerism. Conscious, as she spoke, of her utter fatuity, she whispered, "I have brought two bags and a rug;" and, scarlet with an embarrassment that had communicated itself to her companion, took refuge in prayer.

We have not seen Lady Petherby since, but I hear that young Petherby is to acquire his "cashay" at the University of Cambridge, where the eccentricity of the dons' wives is less deplorably pronounced.

Our Versatile Young Actresses.

"On Friday evening Miss Bankhead was Friday evening Miss Bankhead was performance, and yesterday she was lunching with friends before her matinée."—*Sunday Paper.*

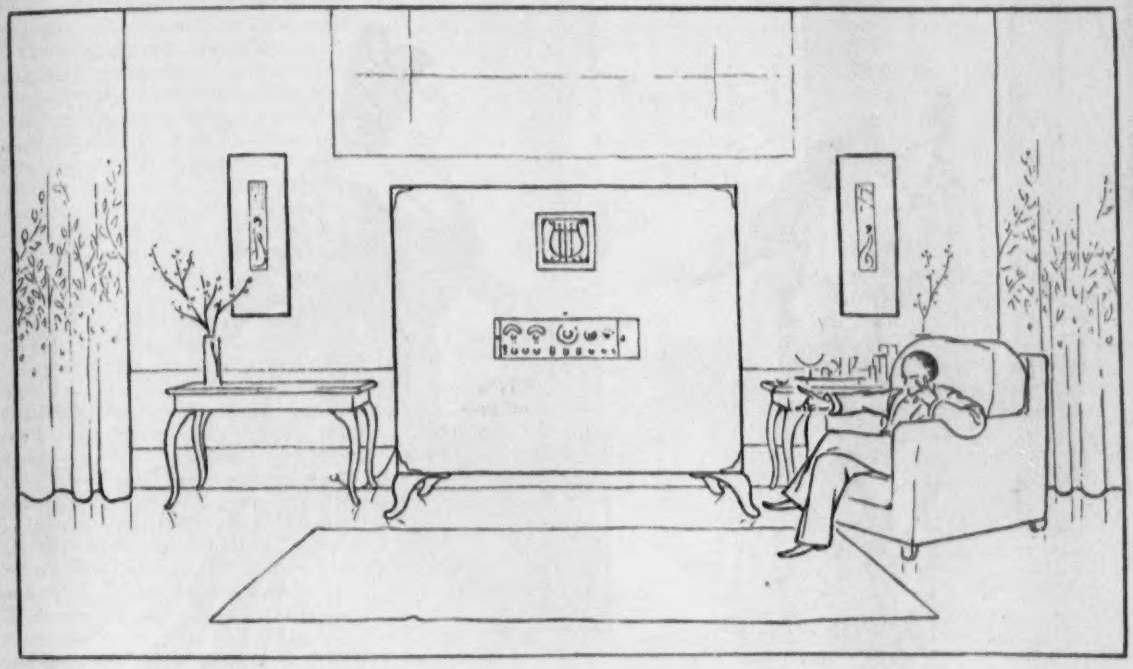
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With a thyrsus of pine,
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For, you see, *she* had no aspidistra.

Our Commercial Chicks.

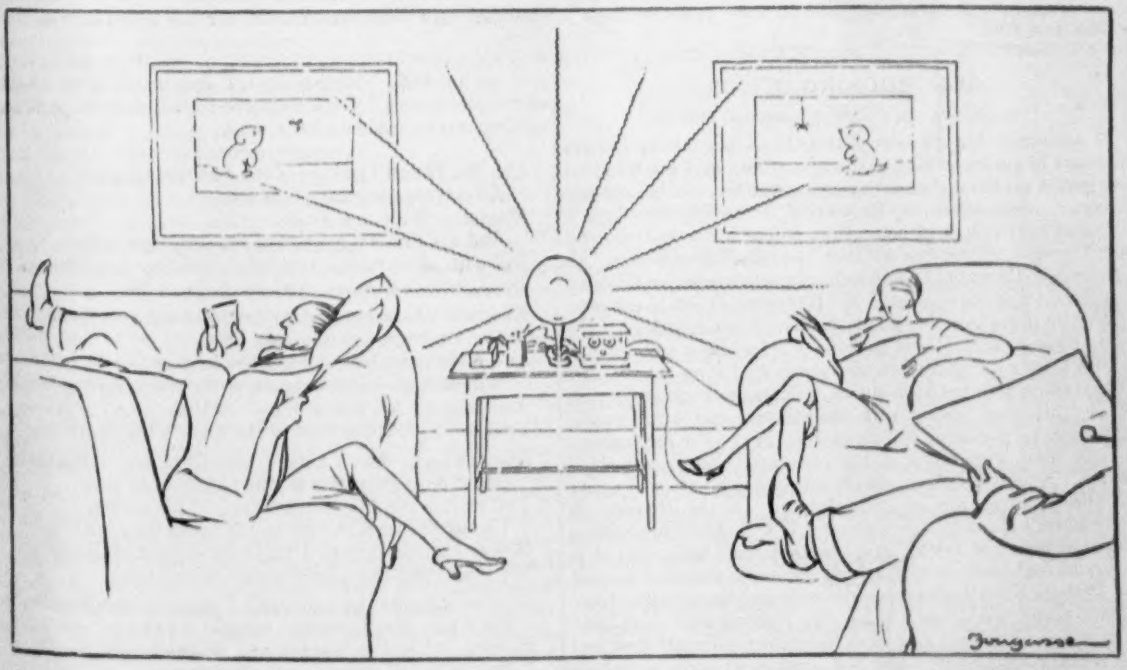
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BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

The White Wine Election.

["The one outstanding issue is the Eighteenth Amendment."
Daily Paper.]

There 's a wild time now in the United States,
In Alaska, Nebraska, Connecticut and Maine,
From Battery Point to the Golden Gates
There 's a hundred million Americans in pain.
And what 's it biting 'em?
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Why do they make such lots of speeches?
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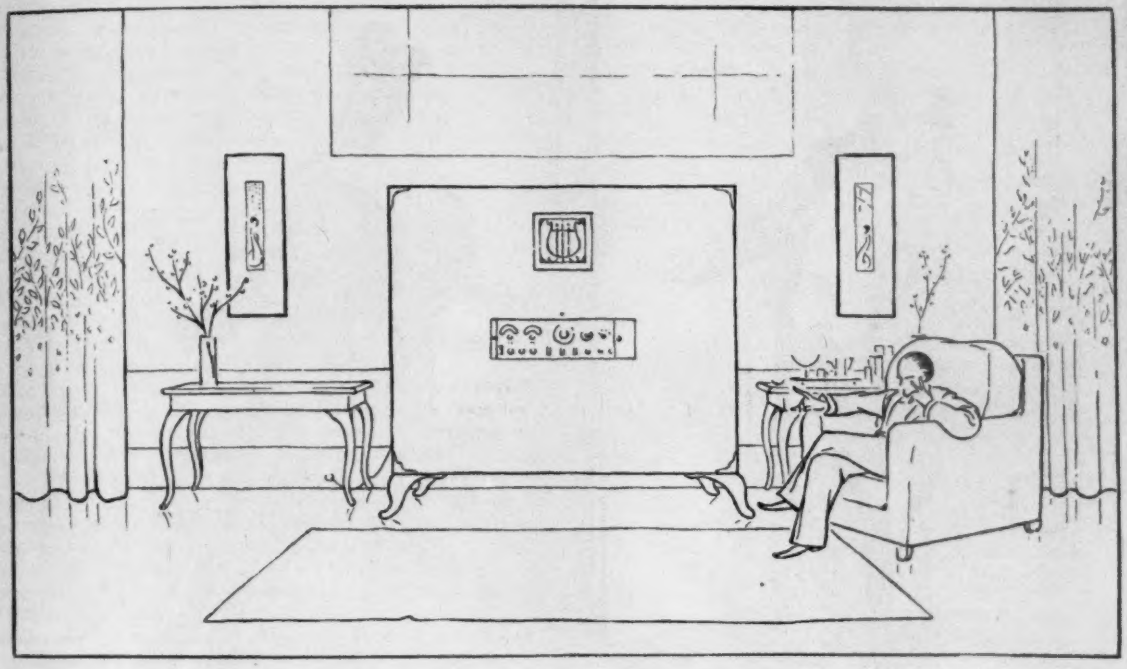
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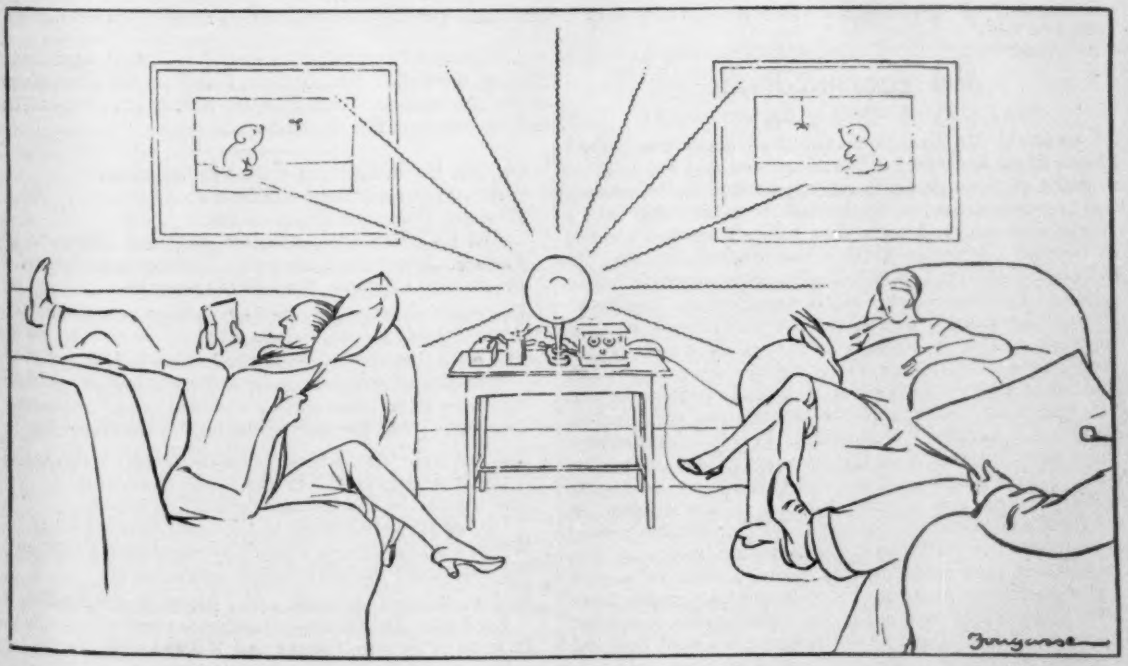
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REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

Prima-Donna (to Manager). "YOU MUST SPEAK TO THAT ELECTRICIAN. HE DOES NOTHING BUT PUT THE SPOT-LIGHT ON ME ALL THE TIME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM afraid Mr. ERNEST RAYMOND as a guide to Letters arouses in me something of the uneasiness that the religious revivalist of the eighteenth century excited in the average Georgian churchgoer. "Enthusiast" was in those days a term of reproach, and some time before I reached the end of *Through Literature to Life, An Enthusiasm and An Anthology* (CASSELL) I could feelingly appreciate the Georgian significance of the epithet. Mr. RAYMOND's book is a dissertation on literature "for those who want to write and for those who want to help others to write;" "for those who long to catch a love for literature and those who long to give it." The notion that enthusiasm is necessarily contagious and that "all that matters is enthusiasm and enthusiastic expression," pervades it throughout. It is "the enthusiasm of one man, with many of the passages he loves embedded in it." Now the enthusiasm obviously rings true, and many of the passages are happily chosen. In the chapter on "England's Humour and Europe's Wit" a really interesting superstructure is raised on a Chestertonian basis, and it is a joy to find such comparatively recondite material as part of Bishop KING'S elegy on his wife and paragraphs from KNUT HAMSUN'S *Growth of the Soil* incorporated elsewhere. Yet, when all is said and done, literature is a craft first and an ecstasy afterwards; and the teacher who not only fails to communicate but rather belittles the fascination of technique has failed in the hardest and most remunerative part of his task. Enthusiasm, I feel, is but a condiment of life and letters. Both dispense with it at their peril, but neither can be said to consist of it.

Oh, Mr. HUGH LOFTING 's the luckiest man
Among nursery fairy-tale tellers;
Most everybody 's a *Dolittle* "fan"
And his *Dolittle* books are the very best sellers;
And from JONATHAN CAPE here 's another one; here is
Dr. Dolittle's Garden, the last of the series.

Here are lots of old friends, but, as keen as a hawk,
The Doctor for newer ones all is,
And finds them by teaching the insects to talk—
Water-beetles and wasps and the like creepy-crawlies;
And they all tell him stories—on that, pray, be pinning
Your faith; but the best of the book 's the beginning

And the end. See, a moth from the moon; it descends
(How prodigious the moths of the moon are!)
And carries the Doctor and some of his friends
Up, up through the air to the lands that are lunar,
Where I guess, though I won't by suggesting a date err,
We shall meet the adventurous medico later.

So I 've finished the book, and I found it worth while,
For I like Mr. LOFTING—naught 's truer—
In spite of his *Pip, Squeak* and *Wilfred* style,
But, *pace* full many a famous reviewer,
I can't see him wearing the giant's apparel
Of GRAHAME (our KENNETH) or KIPLING or "CARROLL."

The writer's essential nobility of character comes clear through the moving chapters of the *Memoirs of Prince Max of Baden* (CONSTABLE), a war-book which, as here most admirably translated, must be ranked among the masterpieces of modern literature. He constantly misreads the English mentality and he lays himself open to the charge of having urged honesty on his compatriots not so much for its own sake as because it was the best policy, yet, even in his attempt to clear Germany of war-guilt, Prince MAX cannot escape a kind of involuntary candour that demands inquiry into the devastating factors which annihilate his own case; and this same restless searching after justice runs through all his pages. Called to be Imperial Chancellor when it was already too late, he was condemned to find himself driven by the blind obstinacy of the German Court and High Command through every resource of statesmanship, through every entreaty for the additional hour's delay, to that final collapse of the monarchy and to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, which for him were uttermost calamity. His description of his Cabinet Councils, constantly interrupted by news of further enemy advance or internal revolt or allies' defection is amazingly dramatic, set about as it is with such incidents as SHAKESPEARE might have conceived—General LUDENDORFF'S sudden failure of nerve, the magnanimous reply from hungry Berlin to the famine-cry of surrendered Vienna, or the Chancellor's own thirty-six hours' unbreakable sleep in the height of the crisis. At the back of it all, prancing and posturing, one sees the figure of the Ex-KAISER, still in the "clouds of unreality that had surrounded him for years"; his failure, until all too late, to face the truth—and abdicate—being the last heavy weight that dragged the balance down. In the end *Prince Max* is left still groping and searching for the way-out that was missed, trying if it be possible to blame himself for missing it. Probably nothing can convince him that in truth, long before he was called to lead, the way-out was not lost, but by his own countrymen wilfully destroyed.



Proud Father (*discussing his son*). "I THINK HE WOULD BE SPLENDID ON THE FILMS. HE CAN RIDE A HORSE, SWIM, RUN, DRIVE A CAR, IS A FINE, TALL, GOOD-LOOKING CHAP AND——"

Film Magnate. "YES, YES, MY DEAR SIR. BUT WHAT I AM LOOKING FOR IS A YOUTH WITH A RUBBER FACE."

It has recently been the fashion to pet the Victorians, to deck those portentous lions with bows and watch them gambolling on the hearth-rug. Mr. E. H. DANCE, a name, I fancy, new to literature, will have none of such trifling. He is made of sterner stuff. He allows, perhaps a little defiantly, that the reign of the great Queen—the adjective is not Mr. DANCE'S—produced some respectable poets and artists, scientists and theologians; but on the politicians of that time he is merciless. *The Victorian Illusion* (HEINEMANN) was that the age was one of political achievement, and he sets out to prove with dogmatic vivacity that this was not so. The Victorian giants were only giants by virtue of self-inflation. They were bladders which a sharp pen has no difficulty in bursting. Not one of them, not RUSSELL or PALMERSTON or GLADSTONE or DISRAELI, knew what he was doing, or, if he did, his motives were far too disreputable to be avowed. "The democracy of the Victorians was in itself an accident; in practice it was largely an illusion; and politicians are not statesmen because they create accidental illusions." Their reforms, which were not really reforms at all, were merely moves in the Party game, and were wanted neither by the reformed nor the reformers. PALMERSTON was a busybody, RUSSELL a sycophant, GLADSTONE a humbug, and DISRAELI an adventurer. And so on and so forth. Let those of us who are young enough thank heaven that we were born Georgians.

The Collected Letters of Oliver Goldsmith (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS) is a book to urge whole-heartedly on scholars, and on everyone else with reservations. Its editor, Miss K. C. BALDERSTON, is obviously catering for the former, for she dispenses with biographical preliminaries and devotes her introduction to the knottier problems presented by

GOLDSMITH'S life and works. These problems are fascinating matter for the student already primed with the much-controverted details of their hero's career; but my advice to the reader not so equipped is to go straight to the letters themselves, and read what Miss BALDERSTON has to say about these and other matters afterwards. All GOLDSMITH'S genuine correspondence is apparently present, except one letter to BOSWELL, absent for reasons of copyright; and some long-current forgeries are gibbeted in a useful appendix. The letters are written from a variety of addresses on a narrowish range of topics, the uneasy circumstances of the writer constituting the burden of the Leyden medical student, the London hack and the hard-pressed wit coining jests for *She Stoops to Conquer* in the rural solitudes of Edgware. Yet, considering that NOLL entertained none of his century's zest for correspondence—"no turnspit gets into the wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write"—he left a commendable number of good *genre* pictures. And whether in his garret "cheeking my grate with brick-bats" or in a Continental tavern laboriously employing his "picktooth" on French meat, he shows a laudably un-Augustan addiction to the concrete and familiar. He does not, I think, emerge as lovable as in his books. "No man," said FORSTER, "ever put so much of himself into his books as Goldsmith." His letters are sometimes the spoils, occasionally the remainder biscuit, of an arduous voyage.

Day's End (CAPE) is announced as "the second fruiting of the talent that produced *The Two Sisters*." The crop, to continue the metaphor imposed upon me, consists of one large apple and twenty-four small ones. But really Mr. H. E. BATES is too good a writer to be treated in this way, whether by the publishers (who began it) or by me. These stories (or sketches, for there is little plot in any of them) are mostly of village or country life, and some of them are so slight as to be mere thumbnail impressions of things seen. It is a drear world that Mr. BATES looks out upon. If it does not snow it rains, or if the sun shines it is for mockery rather than for warmth. The people he observes may escape disaster; they will not escape monotony and dull despair. Nevertheless there is no distortion of facts to serve a pessimistic creed. There is truth in all these sketches, and they are as beautiful as they are sincere. I did not read *The Two Sisters*, which Mr. BATES wrote at the age of twenty, but *Day's End*, at twenty-two, convinces me that his future is full of hope. And if he should occasionally allow his characters to share in that hopefulness his readers, I am sure, will not complain.

Mr. JOHN LESTERMAN'S book for boys, *A Pair of Rovers* (CAPE), deals with the adventures of two lads who are taken by the press-gang when on a visit to Portsmouth, and afterwards go through a number of exciting experiences together, including an encounter with pirates and a sojourn in the Sargasso Sea, that long-exploded figment of the maritime legend-monger. The story is on the whole a competent one enough, though Mr. LESTERMAN'S "period" atmosphere is not above reproach—surely "Right-o" was not among the lesser irritations which had to be endured by those living in the year of Trafalgar!—but the author of the "blurb" paragraph on the paper jacket has made rather a mistake in challenging comparison between this writer's decidedly matter of fact, indeed pedestrian, method of narration and the magic of "R. L. S." The illustrations by Mr. ROWLAND HILDER are clever in an Impressionistic style; but it is to be feared that the repulsive countenances of the two heroes as depicted in the frontispiece will not find favour with the critical boy-reader.



FINESSE IN REPARTEE.

Disgruntled Patron (emerging from cinema). "I'VE NEVER SEEN A ROTTENER PICTURE!"

Commissionaire. "EVER 'AD YER PHOTO TOOK?"

The fine quality of Mr. DONN BYRNE'S writing has never been more conspicuously displayed than in *Destiny Bay* (SAMPSON LOW), and the loss to literature caused by his tragic death is indeed deplorable. The scenes of the stories in this volume are laid for the most part in the North of Ireland, and have to do with a glorious Irish family. The art which goes to the making of "Aunt Jenepher's Wooing" and "Tale of James Carabine" is to my mind altogether admirable. Mr. BYRNE here, as in his previous work, has the gift of creating characters that are not merely lifelike but intensely alive, and whether these *MacFarlanes* are in their feudal way dealing with their dependants, or horse-racing, or bent on adventures of the heart, they are drawn with a skill that, at any rate, made me see and love them. Indeed *Aunt Jenepher*, *Sir Valentine* and *James Carabine* are niched for all time in my memory as great figures of fiction.

If some of the essays that compose *A West-Country Sketch Book* (HUTCHINSON) are so slight that their omission from the collection would not have been felt, others are charming examples of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTT'S work. Whenever he returns to Dartmoor and the neighbouring country from his various literary excursions I am pleased, for he can always be trusted to treat the Moor with the dignity it deserves. In this volume the sketches in which local people are given their say deserve special mention. "The Woodman," "The Old Woman and her Grandchildren," "The Peat-Cutters," "The Gamekeeper" and "The Family at Meat" are delightful to read and to remember.

"It is always said in favour of asps that they will not sting unless they are annoyed."—*Daily Paper.*

CLEOPATRA'S must have been terribly peeved.

CHARIVARIA.

GLASGOW, it seems, has a Pawnbrokers' Golf Club. The members are said to favour the three-ball game.

* * *

The Soviet Government has set up a zoological department for exporting wild beasts. It is suspected that attempts may be made to smuggle Bolshevist agents under this comparatively harmless designation.

* * *

The "talkies," we are told, have come to stay. So much for the hope that they had just popped in for a chat.

* * *

"Many people in the class to which I belong," writes Lord CASTLEROSSE, "object to my type of journalism." It is to the credit of our gossip-writers, however, that they are not easily discouraged by snobbery.

* * *

"Evening bags with seascapes worked on in rough coral, silver threads and mother-o'-pearl are now popular," says a fashion-writer. We fancy, however, that most men will still prefer the usual dark trouserings for evening wear.

* * *

More than one thousand million packages of chewing-gum were manufactured in the U.S. last year. America has such vast open spaces that the parking problem has not yet become really acute.

* * *

Fuel that produces no smoke will soon be available for domestic use, say the experts. We have long had fuel that produces no fire.

* * *

A woman-writer in an evening paper complains that the crowds of women she sees staring at the Oxford Street shops have no imagination, ideas, taste, knowledge, education or sense, and that they can't do anything useful. Still, they might write for the papers.

* * *

MUSTAPHA KEMAL makes a practice of writing the Latin alphabet on a blackboard in public places in order to demonstrate how easy it is. He shows it to be as easy as A B C.

* * *

The report that the Shah of PERSIA will visit London this winter is officially denied in Teheran. The old question, "Have you seen the Shah?" will therefore not arise.

* * *

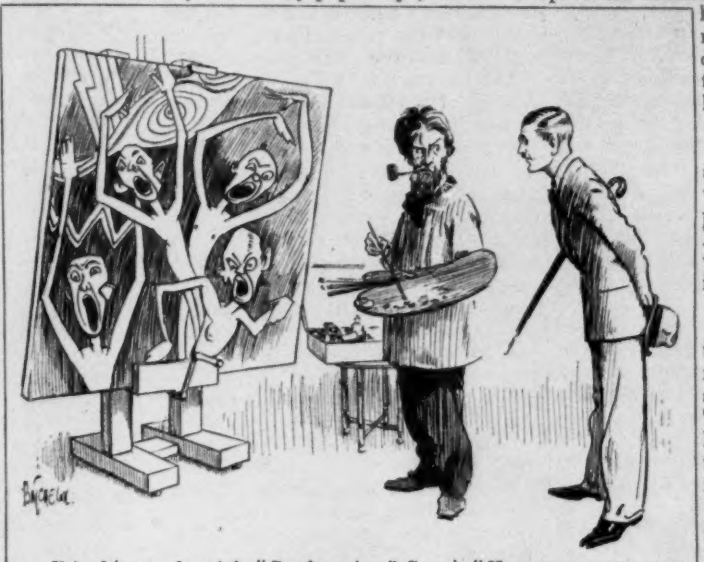
A famous billiard-player was fined for causing an obstruction in the West End by leaving his car unattended. He should have left it in baulk.

* * *

Pheasant-shooting, a sporting writer reminds us, will not begin in earnest till late in the autumn. The earlier birds understand, of course, that they are only shot in fun.

* * *

A *Daily Mail* reader's son has a scar on his leg where a chunk was bitten out of it by a wasp. Can any reader of any other daily paper say that?



Friend (to member of the "Pandemonium" Group). "HOW WILL THESE NEW TALKING PICTURES AFFECT YOUR STUFF?"

According to a Sunday paper nobody knows Mr. J. H. THOMAS's exact age. Our fear is that uncertainty on this point may eventually complicate arrangements for celebrating his centenary.

* * *

In the opening game of billiards at the inauguration of a Boys' Club, the Archbishop-elect of YORK is reported to have made three cannons. This throws a curious light on methods of promotion in the Church.

* * *

An expedition is to search in Central Asia for a lost tribe which is credited with supernatural powers. It remains to be seen if these powers will enable the tribe to continue lost.

* * *

Mystery attaches to the discovery of a large snake in a sack off Fleet Street. It is still not known which newspaper it got the sack from.

It is reported that Governor AL. SMITH smokes a cigar with one side of his mouth and says "Hullo, boys!" with the other. Much is thought to depend on Mr. HOOVER's ability to better this feat.

* * *

The wrist of a bank-manager who was stung by a wasp is said to have swollen to twice its normal size. We must insist on our overdraft being kept in a wasp-proof safe.

* * *

A sea-captain has a razor that has been all round the world with him. Not, of course, a non-strop run.

* * *

A girl whose first play was recently produced declares that she has written herself out. She will never be a leading dramatist if she lets a trifle like that worry her.

* * *

American military authorities fasten whistles to their carrier-pigeons to scare hawks. But surely saxophones would be more terrifying.

* * *

There is a German theatre where plays are made up by the characters as they go along. This method is not followed at any London theatre, the words being always written out beforehand by a dramatist, though you might not think so.

* * *

The question is asked, "Is the purest English spoken in Chicago?" The local answer is "Yep."

* * *

A gold threepenny-bit was recently sold in London for thirty pounds. We are unable to confirm the report that it was purchased by an Aberdonian to put in the plate on Sunday.

* * *

A German woman has found some diamonds inside a ham. Of course it's only pearls that swine hate so much.

* * *

It is said that the salary-lists of some plays are so heavy that the only way a producer can make any money out of a success is to play a ukulele to the waiting queues.

* * *

Recently a Colonel ran over a policeman's foot in the West End without causing any damage. It sounds as if his car was well sprung.

SNAKES ON THE LINKS.

THERE is one thing about playing golf in India; you can never know all the hazards of the links. Of course, if you play frequently on a particular course, you get to know the bunkers, the *nullahs*, the ponds or "tanks," the little bamboo bridges and so forth; and I am perfectly familiar with these obstacles on the course where I habitually play. I would even go so far as to say that I know them very well; none better. But there is always the unexpected factor. Indeed, how could it be otherwise with jungle bordering many of the fairways and greens? For the Indian jungle is a mystery, and the Bengal jungle, in the monsoons, a peculiar mystery.

There was an episode in which a provincial Governor and his A.D.C. figured the other day. They were playing in a foursome on the Shillong links. The Governor was approaching the eleventh green when a snake suddenly appeared from a bunker in or near which his ball was lying. As it stood up to strike, the A.D.C. selected a club from his bag and despatched it on the spot. The snake was found to be a cobra, three feet in length. The club selected was a mashie-niblick.

The incident has been freely discussed in golfing and other circles in India. At the local club the other night the discussion waged fast and furious. The main point of dispute was whether the mashie-niblick was the best club for the purpose. There was considerable disagreement, and I found that various clubs had their advocates.

"For myself," said Byers, "I would take my niblick every time."

"As you usually do when you go round," remarked Sellars. "Yes, I can quite see the advantage of taking a club with which one is familiar."

On the other hand there were those who held that a brassy with a whippy shaft was the weapon *par excellence* for the snake-ridden golfer. The twinkling bulbous head, it was maintained, with its polished brass picked out by the rays of a tropical sun, would have just that effect of bewilderment necessary to confuse the cobra's hypnotic eye; while the flail-like properties of a whippy shaft, given full play in an even swing, without snatch or jerk, and gaining force from the follow-through, would have the most striking result when contact was achieved with the vulnerable point behind and above its hood—the cobra's Achilles' heel, if I may use such a phrase of a limbless ophidian, and the other end of him at that.

Personally I felt sure that if the truth could be ascertained it would be found that the A.D.C. was a master of approach play, and in tackling the snake he felt that his mashie-niblick was the one club with which he could make sure of laying it dead. Had he been a master of wood he would have used his brassy; had he been well accustomed to playing from bunkers and *nullahs* he would have used his niblick; had he been deadly on the green he would have used his putter.

The discussion was ended by Leadsman of the Bengal Pilot Service.

"Why hit it with any kind of club?" he asked. "The last time I met a snake on the links was in the third round of the Tollygunge Cup, last rains. I was dormy at the fourteenth, I remember. I pushed out my drive a little from the tee somehow, and my ball was lying near the patch of jungle on the right of the fairway. Do you know it?"

Did we know it? Yes, we knew it. A tangle of weeds and undergrowth, bordered with spear-grass, where iguanas, centipede-spiders and lost balls lurk.

"My caddie was standing a little in front at the edge of the jungle," he went on, "as I took my stance with my brassy for my second. You can imagine my horror when I suddenly saw a cobra raise its head immediately behind him. There was no time to warn him. I rapidly changed my stance and took a full deliberate swing in the direction of the snake."

"And what happened?" said someone.

"The cobra got the ball in a vital spot," he said.

There was a long silence. There seemed nothing more to be said, but eventually the secretary ventured a question.

"What ball were you using, Leadsman?" he asked.

"An Irresistible Purple Dot," he replied; and then he suddenly blushed and became embarrassed and buried his nose in his whisky-and-soda. The rest of the company were obviously puzzled by this sudden and unusual confusion on Leadsman's part; but the secretary understood. And so did I. For that very morning I had once again remarked the unsigned "chit" pinned to the notice-board—"One Irresistible Purple Dot. 13–7–27"—which had remained there unclaimed for nearly a year.

The cobra had got its own back—in a vital spot.

"Board and Lodge for Stranded Europeans and Anglo-Indians. Carts will call and take delivery. Destruction by Pulping guaranteed."
Indian Paper.

Each to his taste. We always prefer being stranded to being pulped.

FOXHOUND PUPPIES.

GREAT big lolloping lovable things!
Rolling and tumbling on every lawn,
Tearing at slippers and bones and wings—
Wonderful loot from the ash-heap drawn,
Foxhound puppies,
Contented puppies,
Rubbing your ears in the dews of dawn!

Lapping your porridge at farm-house doors,
Cracking a biscuit, robbing a nest,
Printing your tracks upon kitchen floors,
Dodging a broom when the cooks protest;
Foxhound puppies,
Delinquent puppies,
Cursed for a moment and then caressed!

Wandering out where the spaniels walk,
Following slow when the guns go by,
Streaking for home when the twelve-bores talk,
Clumsy and puzzled and suddenly shy,
Foxhound puppies,
Bewildered puppies,
Lone and unwanted, and wondering why!

Never mind, puppies, your day will come;
By the distant coverts your kingdom waits,
When the spaniels doze and the guns are dumb
And the hoofs are loud by the bridle-gates;
Foxhound puppies—
Yet scarcely puppies,
Come as you are to hound's estate!

Lost will your lolloping ways be then,
Your timid glance and your shrinking pose,
As you shoulder the gorse in glade and glen,
Lifting the line that your tongues disclose;
Foxhound puppies—
No longer puppies
But trusted names that the huntsman knows!

W. H. O.

The Gold Bug Again?

"A veritable treasure Louse of legend has been opened by readers of *The Daily Express*."
Indian Paper.

"When American stars come to this country the Press representatives of their companies are obliging enough to try and teach we poor scribes how to get on with our jobs."
Sunday Paper.

Perhaps us have something to learn.

"The King's Head Hotel is also hundreds of years old, and was a calling place for stage coaches in the days when knights wore armour."
Northern Paper.

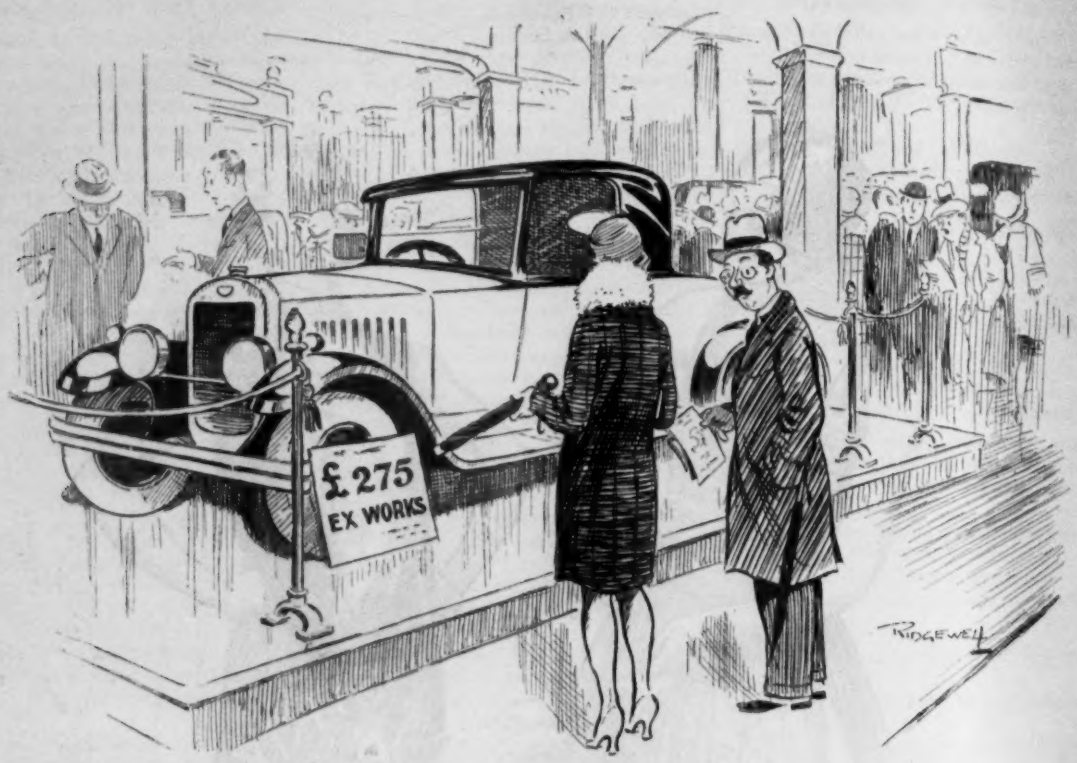
These were the days when *Mr. Pickwick* tilted at windmills.



ADVANCE, PLEASE, AUSTRALIA!

The New Era (*English style*) to Trade-Unionism (*Australian style*). "MY DEAR, WHAT A FROCK! YOU 'RE TERRIBLY BEHIND THE TIMES."

[In spite of her excellent Arbitration Act, Australia seems to be still addicted to the strike habit.]



First Novice. "Look, Cyril—'Ex Works.' Now what can that be?"
Second Novice. "Don't know, I'm sure, my dear, unless (*brightly*) it means 'without the engine.'"

GEARS AND CLUTCHES.

From time to time, mostly before the yearly motor-show, rumours are borne on the wind of a new and lovely kind of car that will work without a thing called a clutch and other things called gears. These things, though familiar to the motorist, are mere words to the pedestrian; all he knows is that they are parts of the contraption that comes at him roaring like a lion and gives him a deal of life-saving exercise in long jumps. It is for that kind of person that this article is written. It ought to interest him; it may help him. One has often seen a man, breathless on the pavement of safety, hurling oaths at the back of the car that nearly had him. To curse a great thing like a car is going to do it no harm, but to concentrate the force of your curse instead of distributing it over a wide area, to lay a curse on some one part, such as the clutch or gears, well, it might come off.

I think I may claim to be the man for the job. I have, I believe, a gift of clear and lucid exposition, and I am a motorist of experience, having recently had two (if it wasn't three) lessons. I did this, not with any idea of having a car of my own, but because, when sitting by a driver, I have often wondered what I should do if he were suddenly to have a fit. For one's own skin's sake one would want to be able to stop, even perhaps to drive, the thing. So I mastered the subject.

Briefly, a car consists of two bits, the engine; and—well, the car. Between the two there 's a gap. When it 's open the engine won't work the car; when it 's shut, it will. This gap is closed (or opened, for that matter) by a thing called a clutch. I could tell you all about it, but I shan't. However, there are a couple of facts I may as well put in here. One is that before doing anything you always stamp with your left foot. The other is that driving a car is pretty much like playing an organ. There is a lot for the hands to do—three are wanted—but the broad effects are got by the feet, of which you also want one extra. So much for the clutch. We will now pass to the gears.

These are the devil, and want jolly careful explanation. They come between the clutch, or gap, and the car. At least I think it 's like that. They are two sets of wheels, one on each side, engine and car. These wheels are of different sizes and have teeth like pterodactyls or crocodiles, with spaces between them (the teeth). They are done up in a thing called a gear-box, and are fiddled about with by a lever thing; at least yours are, not the engine's. Now these teeth are on the rims, and they move at different speeds because the wheels are of different sizes. You get me?

Very well. The lever is shifted about into varying positions in a thing called a gate; it isn't really a gate, of course; what do you want with a gate in a car? The game is—now, let 's be very careful here—the game is, I say—here, dash it, I haven't said that the wheels are moving all the time, but they are—the game is, I repeat, to get the teeth of your wheel, while it 's fizzing round, to fit into the spaces between the teeth of the other wheel while *it* 's fizzing round. The lever is worked by the hand which isn't steering, and you have to get it into the proper place without looking down. I 'm told, too, that if you really make a triumphant bloomer you can actually sheer the teeth clean off, in which event the car would get apoplexy. But there 's one sweet detail in all this trouble, a thing called neutral.

It is the easiest position of all to find; you can't miss it, and when you are there, or rather when your lever is, the blessed and soothing result is that nothing happens; those wheels go round and round, but the car is harmless. You are master.

You may think now that you know all about gears and the use of them. You don't. The detail—the drill, so to speak—of their employment has yet to be unfolded. Before starting on that there are a couple of other things I must tell you about. One is the hand-brake. It is a brake for the hand. As you have only two hands, and as one is busy with the steering-wheel, this hand-brake is put near the gear lever, so that the remaining hand can work both. This would be all right if one could look down; but the gaze has to be glued to the road, and the result too often is that you try to change gear (with no time to spare) with the brake, or, in groping for the brake, get the lever and push your gears into neutral, thus stopping the car.

The other thing is a thing called the accelerator. It accelerates. I don't know how, and it doesn't matter. The mere fact is that the harder you shove on it the faster the car goes. It is worked by one of the right feet, I mean the right-hand feet, so to speak, while the other right-hand foot—but never mind that just now. It is an uppish thing and at tense moments easily forgotten, and, when unexpectedly applied, its effect on an excitable thing like a car is much the same as that of a spur on a jumpy mare on a frosty morning.

And now for the process of changing gear. Upwards it isn't so bad. It goes like this. You start on the lowest and go up one by one. Take up your right foot, shove down your left foot, have a go with the gear lever at the next place, get it in, lift your left foot, shove down your right foot (but go easy) and there you are on number two. Simple, isn't it? The next step up is done in the same way, and so you work to the top.

But working downwards is another pair of shoes. Let me get it right. You take up your right foot, you put down your left foot, you give a dab—no, you don't. Look here, it 's like this. The wheel that you want to hoick into the other wheel is going faster—or is it slower? faster, I think—than that other one. Therefore, before you make a dab at it (the other one) it has to be quickened up, or your teeth won't get in. That 's it. Now. Left foot down, right foot up, then stick your lever into neutral; left foot down, give the accelerator a moment's gentle reminder, right foot up again, now make a shot at the new position, left foot up, right foot down, and on you go. There. And you do that each time.

I have now in my simple pellucid way told you about the clutch and gears. While I 'm warmed up to it, I should like to teach you a lot more—I haven't done with the right foot yet, to say nothing of the mysteries of driving—but for the moment I propose to close down. Perhaps next week (unless I have to play golf)—but we shall see. But there is one thing I must tell you. It is hardly credible, but there actually are persons who deplore the abolition of the things I 've described to you because, they say, it will spoil the fun of driving. They call this sort of thing fun.

DUM-DUM.



Lady (to novelist). "HOW DELIGHTFUL IT MUST BE TO BE ABLE TO WORK AND STUDY WHERE ONE PLEASES."

Modern Novelist. "IT IS. I SPENT YESTERDAY AT A MURDER TRIAL. TO-MORROW I SHALL WANDER INTO THE DIVORCE COURTS."

"The window, 40 years old, is ill in bed."
Manchurian Paper.
Probably a bad pane under the sash.

TOPSY, M.P.

IV.—FLIES THE ATLANTIC.

WELL Trix darling have you *ever* flown the Atlantic, well don't, of course it was all *so* secret I couldn't wire you, and my dear there was no time for *letters*, and of course I *never* know how *much* you read the papers, if any, anyhow you haven't seen the whole story, at least, hopes be, so here 's the whole *degrading* narrative.

Well my dear I *think* I told you once about a *congenitally* redundant Baronet called Sir Charles Chase who went all affectionate in the dentist's waiting-room, my dear one of the *few* definite *surprises* in this worldly little life, well our paths have never intersected since then, my dear *too* deliberate but my dear this dog-fish has a son called *Claude* whom I 'd cannoned into once or twice at routs and swarries, quite a congenial cub about supper-time darling only he *will* yap on about these *repugnant* aeroplanes and *dedicates* his life to *zooming* and *stalling* and all that ullage, and he was always *yearning* to take me up because my dear from the very first it was *rather* manifest that he was *rather* attracted, only of course Haddock is *too* alienated by the air, to say nothing of Claude, and I 've always been *rather* unanimous so I spurned the youth's petition on monogamous grounds.



THE CRAFT OF THE PAVEMENT ARTIST.

However *meanwhile* my dear he got a grip somehow on this moon-affected female you 've read about, Miss Lotweed, who has a weakness for all this *neurotic* air-stuff and also for the Rights of Woman and everything, and it seems her *life's* ambition is to finance the *first* London girl to *fly* the Atlantic from *east* to west, because it seems that 's the *one* thing wanted to put the *entire* feminine gender on its feet, well of course Claude told her that I was the *world's* little woman for the exploit because I was the *utter* prize-winner in the modern doe class, and besides I should be the *first* bride and the *first* woman M.P. to do the idiot's trick and shatter *masses* of records with a *single* gesture.

Well my dear I met her by chance and the Lotweed *totally* agreed with him at *sight*, my dear *too* impressed, but of course I was perfectly *aloof* about it, because I knew my poor Haddock would *merely* detonate, only my dear *then* it came out that the moon-woman wanted to pay positive *sums* of money to the First Girl etc., my dear she *started* at a thousand, and of course I told you that the Haddock finances have just a *paltry* touch of instability and vagueness, so my dear I began to *dimly* ponder the thing, but of course *too* reluctant, and my dear the woman *sweats* money, and I pointed out I should have to *deceive* my poor Haddock with the wedding-bells still trembling in the belfry, so the price leapt up at once, and so then I said I was *rather* lukewarm about going to America *at all*, and well to shingle the story somewhat the price leapt *quite* frequently, and at last I got one figure for hitting America, and another for half-way, and another for leaving the planet at all, my dear *too* satisfactory, and that was that.

Well then of course I had to tell my *poor* Haddock my *first* evasion, about a long week-end in my gruesome constituency or something, my dear it was *rather* poignant, but I sent him the *most* penitent letter from the thingummy-drome, but of course *quite* making the point that it was all for *his* sake and now he 'd be able to give up doing advertisements and write *synthetical* novels on any garbage he liked, my dear Gertrude says he merely *howled* like a dog and *flung* the goldfish-bowl out of the window when he got the letter, *rather* moving darling, wasn't it, however all 's well, etc.

Well my dear, *picture* your little Top at this *draughty* drome at *five* in the morning, *blue* with cold and *lemon* with aprehension, and my dear a *criminal* eyesore in *chestnut* leather, my dear I looked like a new suit-case *bulging* with a body, however, thanks be, there were no witnesses except the Lotweed who my dear was *too* cylindrical and clinging and nearly drowned me in the generous bosom, however I came up the third time so we climbed into the Spirit of Woman and abruptly left the planet. My dear, never go *near* the air, it 's as *cold* as a carcase, and the *noise*, my dear like *forty* motor-lorries in a telephone-box, and the *vibration*, my dear it 's like sitting on a mechanical *drill*, and of course the *barbarous* thing was that owing to the rush and hushery of it all I 'd *merely* never been up *before*, of course I 'd had a *sly* suspicion that I wasn't exactly *Nature's* bird-girl, my dear *too* right, because we 'd scarcely soared for *ten* minutes darling when I was as sick as an *Aunt*, my dear *too* humbling, because it wasn't a case of Now we *are* sick and done with it, but utter high frequency and *protracted* agony, my dear I was sick *all over* the Western Counties and three parts of Ireland, but of course the *moment* we saw the unnecessary Atlantic I was *so* petrified I forgot about the old tummy, well darling I thought of you and my poor Haddock of course, and had *rather* conscience-trouble, and I merely *lay* on the floor with the spanners and the sandwiches and *prayed* and *prayed* for thousands of miles, but of course *quite* fortitudinous on the surface, because whenever Claude wrote me a note, my dear that 's the *fallacious* thing about the air, you merely can't *utter* because of what they call the *hum* of the engines, well he would write down How D' You FEEL LITTLE WOMAN and I would write back TOO BUOYANT OLD SNIPE or something sparkling like that, but my dear feeling like a *rubber sponge* inside and the little bosom heaving with *girlish* tears, my dear I 've realised one thing what absolute *girls* girls are, don't you agree darling.

Well my dear after about *three* thousand miles I got used to the horror and was *merely* bored, my *dear* the boredom, because the *whole* Atlantic is nothing but *wet* clouds and you can't see a thing, and of course the *moment* I wasn't frightened I was sick again, and so it went on, however *about* midnight I saw



Wife (bitterly). "WHY NOT *BUY* THIS HORSE? HE'S THE BEST WE'VE HAD YET."

that Claude was *practically* asleep poor sheep, so I thought I'd do the serviceable hero-girl and keep him conscious with *hilarious* stories, my dear I wrote down in capitals all the *most* drawing-room ones I know, not naughty darling but definitely Continental, however he didn't seem to get much of a *kick* out of them, so at last I told him about Papa Chase at the dentist's, my dear *rather* crude I know but *consider* the circs, well *at* that he laughed and laughed and laughed till I thought he'd fall into the sea, my dear *too* right because just then whether it was his laughing or what, the Spirit of Woman merely kicked up its heels and *dived* through a cloud, and we fell *flop* on the foul Atlantic, my dear *too* alarming.

Well darling I powdered the little nose and everything, however I must stop now so ask me no details, *suffice* it to say that *years* passed and *there* we were, but my dear the *bizarre* thing is that in *spite* of the utter *squalor* of it all I was *too* convinced that all would be well still, but the masculine male had gone all sepulchral and *no hope* whatever, well of course we rather *nestled* together because of the brutal cold and sort of *discussed* our pasts and everything, and *suddenly* my dear, my dear you won't believe me, but the man went *suddenly* soupy and said I adore you little woman, so I said, O *gosh* like father like son, *because* my dear you *would* think that at four A.M. on a dark night with one small plank between a girl and the Atlantic she *might* be safe from the major passions, but my dear he wanted to utterly *lash* the bodies together and *drown* together in a fond embrace, my dear my *blushes*, but I said *Too* romantic but *how* embarrassing if we *don't* drown and me a bride and everything, well just then the dawn began to happen, thanks be, and there was the *most* opportune Cunarder well it only shows my dear that a girl can *simply* never be *too* careful, my dear not a *whisper* of this because my darling Haddock has been *Nature's* Christian about it all but if he knew the *whole* story, anyhow I've got the halfway prize and *hydraulic* publicity but no more bird-work for your *terrestrial* little Topsy.

A. P. H.

"The journalist felt a twinge, but he eased his conscience by reflecting that of the two evils he was committing the least."
Daily Paper.

Only a few journalists commit the lesser of two evils.

FRESH HOPE.

[The day will come, according to a scientist, when we shall burn water as fuel.]

WHEN I was young (O happy time!)
I laid my programme down
And gaily planned a rapid climb
To credit and renown.

But youth too soon was left behind
And with it every hope
That eminence of any kind
Would prove within my scope.

But, should our rivers soon supply
The fuel we require,
It may be, after all, that I
Shall set the Thames on fire.

A Rival for Housemaid's Knee.

"The Ministers have now decided that draft regulations, directed to abating the nuisance of motor traffic noise, should be prepared."
Evening Paper.

So far we have only suffered from the sister complaint, motor-traffic cars.

"ROSSLYN PARK *v.* 'QUINS.
Hughes scored a good try for the Park."
Evening Paper.

Those who don't like to hear that sort of try should wear a scrum-cap.

THE STORY OF A FILM.

I was alone in the room. It was past five o'clock. I was waiting for tea.

"We've just come back from *The Spy*," they told me, suddenly bursting in. "It was absolutely thrilling. You see, in one of the world's greatest cities"—

Our hero knew at once that the dread story would be told from beginning to end.

—"in one of the world's greatest cities there was a strange figure called *Haghi*, who was a very important banker and pretended to be an invalid and sat in a secret room on a little wheeled chair, with hypnotic eyes, and a kind of arch-crook, a lot of switches in front of him, and was also leader of a desperate band of criminals which kept murdering people and stealing secret documents"—

What message had this strange banker with the hypnotic wheels for him?

—"and copying them, and never betrayed their master even if they were sent to death; and some of them were beautiful women; and the Secret Service was baffled, even though it employed a handsome young man named *326*"—

"One of the Wiltshire Three-twosixes, I suppose?"

—"to help it, and this young man fell in love with one of the beautiful vamp women, named *Sonia*, who was employed by *Haghi*; and in order to vamp him she pretended to have shot a man in the hotel where they were both staying"—

"Why?"

—"and ran into *326's* room to ask him to protect her; and the man wasn't really shot, but the bullet had gone into his pocket-book, so naturally *326* fell in love with her, and was frightfully annoyed to see her coming out of the flat of a man called *Colonel Jellusic*"—

"Well, well, girls will be girls."

—"a traitor to his country, who was selling plans to *Haghi*; but *326* didn't know this at the time, in fact not till afterwards, when he saw a portrait of *Colonel Jellusic* in the Rogues' Gallery at the Secret Service Office, and he thought *Sonia*, the vamp woman, was just having an intrigue with *Colonel Jellusic*, so he went to a low cabaret and got drunk there"—

"Please pass the sugar! I like three lumps in mine."

—"and was told by *Dr. Matsumoto*, who was the representative of an Eastern Power and was arranging for the despatch of a secret treaty, that *Sonia* was a spy, though of course *Dr. Matsumoto* didn't know anything about *Haghi*; and so now *Sonia*, having fallen in love with *326*, refused to spy on him or vamp him any more, which made *Haghi* angry, and he kept her a prisoner in his bank; and meanwhile"—

Meanwhile our hero was still waiting silently for somebody to hand him the cake.

—"and meanwhile *Dr. Matsumoto*, who wanted to send the secret treaty out of the country to his emperor, sent three sealed packages, of which only one was genuine, by three different messengers, and told them they must all deliver their packages; but every one of the emissaries was killed"—

"Good!"

—"and the packages went to *Haghi* in his little secret room, and he opened them and found they were all dummies, because *Dr. Matsumoto* had kept the secret treaty after all. But *Haghi* wasn't baffled, because he sent another beautiful girl to vamp *Matsumoto*, and she lay in the wet street and pretended to be starving"—

"Good again!"

—"and *Matsumoto* wrapped his mackintosh round her and took her back to his rooms, and she fell on her knees at his feet and said *Matsumoto* was her preserver"—

Why, he wondered, did this beautiful girl wrap herself round Dr. Mackintosh's feet?

—"and she would never leave him; and she found out that *Matsumoto* had put the secret treaty in the flap of his suit-case and was going away with it that night to the land where the Eastern Power was, and she begged him to stay that one night, and before he woke in the morning she had stolen the treaty"—

"Naughty puss!"

—"so the vision of the three dead messengers came before his eyes, together with the flag of the Eastern Power, which was a red spot with red streaks coming out of it, and he went into another room, where there was an image of Buddha, and knelt down and fell on a sword, and that was the end of him"—

"I am rejoiced that Dr. Motor-car is dead."

—"and this girl vamp, who was called *Kitty* and looked very nice, went back to *Haghi* and was given a string of pearls, and laughed and bit them with her teeth to see if they were genuine"—

"That reminds me—I wonder where we ought to send little Pamela to school."

—"and meanwhile the bank-notes that were given to *Jellusic* for betraying the secret plans"—

What secret plans? Our hero did not know. Would nobody give him a second cup of tea?

—"were found to have consecutive numbers, and this fact was telegraphed to the Secret Service so that they could trace the drawer of the notes; and *Colonel Jellusic*, exposed by the Secret Service, was handed a revolver by his brother-officers and told to shoot himself, which he did, and that was the end of him"—

"It is delightful that Colonel Jellysick was also slain."

—"and then they called in to the councils of the Secret Service a mysterious official who was known as *719*, and the head of the Secret Service couldn't read the telegram about the bank-notes, because the mysterious official had shoved his glasses under a paper, so he handed it to *719* to read for him, and *719* substituted another telegram in which the numbers of the bank-notes were different"—

"Help! Help!!"

—"and *719* said the notes came from Russia and might be connected with the secret treaty, and that a Russian courier was leaving the country that night and might be carrying the treaty, and that *326* was to go and travel on the same coach of the train and try to get the treaty"—

"You have dropped a large crumb of chocolate cake on the carpet."

—"and *Haghi* discovered all this, so *Haghi* sent *Sonia* by the next train on some faked mission, saying that he would let her go to join her lover if she did it; but really he had arranged to have the last coach of the train on which *326* was travelling uncoupled in a tunnel, so that *Sonia's* train might run into it and they might both be killed"—

"That was a very neat plan. I now like this *Haghi* immensely."

—"but *Sonia's* train was delayed, so that it was another train which ran into *326's* coach, and it smashed it to bits, and *326* was pinned under the *débris*, and *Sonia's* train came afterwards, and she ran and helped to get *326* out, and kissed him and told him everything; and they got a side-car and rushed off after the men who had uncoupled the coach, because one of them was a murderer in *Haghi's* pay, and the car he was in was stopped by the traffic cops and ran into a glass window, and



The Welfare-worker. "Has your son got a job?"

The Mother. "Yes, Miss; 'e's a street-singer, but 'e's easily dis'eartened. 'E ain't bin out since a man asked 'im the other night if 'e could imitate any other animals besides a perishin' goat."

the murderer found it was the window of a concert-hall, and the concert was being broadcast, so the man cleared the room with his revolver and broadcasted to *Haghi* that the game was up; and then hundreds of troops attacked the bank, where *Sonia*, who had been caught again by *Haghi*, was tied to a chair"—

It seemed to him that this girl *Sonia*, like most of our young people, was never contented with a quiet life.

—"and *Haghi* filled the bank with gas and blew it up, and they rescued *Sonia*; but nobody could find *Haghi*. Then suddenly a clerk discovered a discrepancy between the telegram I told you about before and the real numbers of the bank-notes, and as *719* was the only person who had handled the telegram except *326* and the head of the Secret Service, they knew *719* must be *Haghi*; and I ought to have told you that *719*, besides being *Haghi*, was also a very famous clown called *Nemo*"—

"Aha! I suspected that all along."

—"who performed every night; and he made a wonderful last performance in which he had to shoot at a big property bee which got into his clothes, and he was very amusing indeed; but just at the end, instead of using his toy-pistol, he took out a real one, and shot at *326* and *Sonia*, who were standing in the wings; but he missed them and then shot himself in the head; but the audience thought it was all part of his turn and went on applauding heartily, and that 's the end."

"Good Heavens! You don't mean to say there isn't any more?"

"No, that 's all."

I sat stunned.

Evoe.

MY "LITTLE VISITERS."

A few days ago Frances and I returned from our holiday. Frances stood at the front-gate and remarked that both the marigolds had grown huge and even the nasturtiums had put on weight in our absence; and I stood at the front-door and fumbled with unaccustomed fingers for my latch-key.

Suddenly I found I didn't need a key after all. I just put my hand through a broken square of glass in the door and opened it inside.

"What on earth has happened . . .?" began Frances, and then squeaked as a perfectly enormous policeman came ponderously out of our kitchen.

"Are you the owner of the house?" he asked.

"Not if anyone else wants it," I said politely, glancing into the drawing-room, where a bureau with its face off leered rakishly at me.

"Well, you 've had burglars, Sir."

I breathed again. For the moment I had thought it was the gas-men or a hawker determined to sell a pot of ferns; or even the brokers.

"*Un*fortunately we just missed 'em," he continued, absently picking up a spoon which lay on the stairs and toying with it.

I soothed Frances, sent her upstairs to count both her jewelry, and drew the policeman aside into the dining-room. "Tell me all," I said, gently rescuing the spoon from his fingers. I felt that we should need it at supper that night, for I noticed that the whole of the silver drawer was missing from the side-board.

The story apparently was this. Our maid, the "Pooh" (because her name is Winnie), whom we had sent on by the train ahead to open up the house, had, after doing so, gone out to buy the simple loaf for master's tea. On her return she perceived by signs that persons unknown, and badly brought up at that, were making free with my hospitality. She therefore dropped the loaf and sprinted to the police-station, luckily only fifty yards away.

I have often wondered what happens when one totters into a police-station crying, "Help! Come to No. 14 quick!" Well, now I know. And I believe in Edgar Wallace at last.

According to the Pooh's subsequent narrative the station-sergeant listened with barely-restrained eagerness, then pressed a bell and gave a short sharp shout, at which policemen simply sprang into view from everywhere. Enormous constables, gripping truncheons, rushed out of back rooms and tore out of the station. Six of the biggest, in order to get more swiftly to the crime fifty yards away, commandeered a passing car; others fleeter of foot ran down side-streets and drew cordons round most of the borough. Constables off duty popped up unexpectedly from hidden lairs of recreation in basements, holding half-eaten buns or billiard-cues or even good nap-hands. Deceptively non-chalant gentlemen in plain clothes strolled rapidly out of the C.I.D. office, and even a mounted man appeared with a hurriedly-dressed horse; while the resounding police-whistles must have denuded half the Metropolis of its guardians. It was all so terribly efficient that it seemed almost a pity there hadn't been at least a double murder.

The Little Visiters only escaped by the skin of their teeth, with constabulary in hot pursuit. The Pooh went off next-door to have a quiet cup of tea and a hysteric; and the most enormous constable of them all was left behind to greet me and break the news.

Together then—while Frances went next-door to rescue the Pooh—we went over the scene of action; and I revised a lot of previous impressions. Hitherto I had had an idea that burglars were clever men—so clever that they were never caught till the last chapter, and then only by some strangely intelligent amateur sleuth, working on the flimsiest clues. The pair, however, who had paid me a call were not a bit like this. They were only extraordinary in that they appeared to differ from other humans by the presence of a stratum of solid pre-Devonian rock from the chin upwards.

To begin with, though the house had been empty day and night for five weeks, they had chosen to effect an entry on a busy afternoon, exactly ten minutes before I returned (and incidentally a quarter-of-an-hour before my insurance policy expired). Prior to their actual entry, we gathered, they had spent some while trying to force the front-door with a cheap chisel before it had occurred to the brighter of the pair that by breaking one small square of glass the door could be opened in less than three seconds. But even this the poor boob couldn't do without cutting himself in several places.

Once inside, whatever wit they had seems to have failed them altogether. An unlocked bureau, holding nothing of value, had been laboriously entered from the hinge end, while they had proved incapable of opening a tiny jewel-case, which did contain such jewelry as Frances possesses and was also unlocked, though I must in all fairness admit that the catch is a little stiff if you are unaccustomed to it. They had scrabbled vainly all over the outside of the thing with cold chisels and pneumatic drills and bits and braces and what not, and finally had thrown it aside in disgust. The fact that it would have slipped easily, just as it was, into the smallest pocket had apparently never penetrated the pre-Devonian. Instead of the jewel-case they took a five-shilling imitation-pearl necklace belonging to the Pooh, a twenty-franc note belonging to me and treasured as a clever piece of forgery, and one-half of a pair of gloves—owner unknown—left over from a tea-party last spring. By way of making things easier for the police they further took a cigarette-case heavily engraved with initials and an unusual crest, and a book of cheques for drawing on my overdraft.

But my desk was, I consider, their real triumph. It has nine drawers,



MODERN BUSINESS MODES.
The Principal and his Head Clerk.

eight of which have no locks themselves but are secured at the back by closing the ninth. This ninth drawer, which, besides controlling all the others, contained a ten-shilling note, my two bright burglars overlooked. Instead, labouring under a surge of grey matter in the cranium, they solemnly forced, one after the other, the eight drawers without locks, after first pulling the handle off each in turn to see if it would open. In them they found nothing but manuscripts, which they cast, perhaps wisely, into the waste-paper basket—all, that is, except one, which I like to think they read with pleasure. At any rate they took it downstairs with them and left it in the larder.

They also forced open a case with "REMONA TYPEWRITER" written on the outside in large letters, and appeared terribly surprised to find a typewriter inside it. Indeed it is a wonder to me that the couple of dozen cigarettes of mine which they took away were obtained by lifting the lid of the box, and not by drilling a hole in the bottom and extracting them with tweezers.

In answer to the constable's query I told him at last that there was nothing very much missing, and he merely said, "Ho! What about yer silver, Sir?"

This was a shock. I had forgotten that. Displaying some glimmerings of intelligence the thieves had at the last moment walked off with the complete drawer-full of silver from the sideboard. I went round with him to the station and gave him a full list and description. On my return half-an-hour later Frances said to me—

"Wasn't it lucky I took the precaution of taking out the silver drawer and hiding it under the spare-room bed? or they 'd have had it for sure. . . . Hullo, where are you off to now?"

"Just back to the police-station," I said, "to break the good news."

Well, I 'm glad the police had a nice laugh over my second visit, anyway. They 're good fellows and they 'd earned it.

A. A.

Fractional Infraction.

"An accusation of being drunk in charge of the car was not proceeded with."
Evening Paper.

One over the eight doesn't count.

"Further on the Princes passed a gathering of chiefs of tribes accompanied by tribal retainers full of war paint."—*Daily Paper.*

A good tot of paint makes terrible warriors of these simple people.

"At Burton-on-Trent Golf Club's ground a lamb lying on the green picked up a ball and dropped it in the hole. The Committee are still considering its judgment in the matter."
Weekly Paper.

Personally we question the wisdom of accepting the lamb's judgment.

There was a young lady named Menzies
Who said, "Do you know what this thenzies?"
Said her aunt with a gasp,
"Why, my dear, that 's a wasp!
And you 're holding the end where the stenzies."



WE SYMPATHISE WITH THE GENTLEMAN ON THE RIGHT. IT MUST BE MOST ANNOYING TO HAVE A NAME LIKE MONTGOMERY FITZWILLIAM BEAUCHAMP-BEAUCHAMP AND ONLY TO BE KNOWN AS "SALLY DIMPLE'S HUSBAND."

MEN OF THE SEA.

I.

When Digby and I are told by our friends of their comic adventures on the Broads we smile. It pleases them, for they think we are amused. They are wrong. The smiles are born of a sense of superiority. For we are sea-yachtsmen.

Time was when, if Digby and I fell into chance conversation with a professional seaman—I mean the really genuine stuff one comes across reclining against a bollard on a quayside, inverted pipe in mouth and eyes cast disdainfully upon some wretched novice trying to secure his dinghy to the jetty—we felt at a distinct disadvantage. We can now look him in the face and with some such observation as "Blowing up for a squall," or "Low water*—what?" join him in appreciation of the pathetic spectacle. True the remark rarely elicits a reply. But there is a certain mute understanding among men of the sea that—and we owe it all to Peake. For Peake is the owner of the good Belgian fishing-smack-converted-yacht, *Yann*, and for the past two years Digby and I have joined him for a full eight-days' summer cruise.

Peake is, I admit it at once, in a class by himself—among the ship's company, that is. He can shout out things like "She 's slack in stays" or "Ease off the throat halyard" with no more embarrassment than Digby, for instance, experiences in borrowing a cigarette from a fellow-member of the crew. Digby and I for a time eschewed nautical phraseology altogether, and we were, I remember, near the end of last year's cruise before we decided that the time was ripe to give it a trial. Peake was up in the bows out of earshot when, with barely a tremor in my voice, I remarked to Digby, who was seated in the stern, "She 's coming up into the wind." And he answered firmly, "Ay."†

II.

Digby and I, as I have hinted, started our maritime careers together at the same time and place, and as brothers we learnt our lessons together day by day. No vulgar striving to outdo one another marred our progress. Each was at all times ready and willing to leave to the other any job that arose, however interesting and valuable for the gaining of experience it might be. And we closely studied one another at our respective duties. For instance I think I shall never forget the lesson I learnt when Digby, who had been told to steer for a certain buoy, made instead for an empty barrel floating merrily along with the tide. When Peake, who had been below hatches, discovered the error we were sailing at a good five knots directly away from our destination. I discussed the incident for days and from every aspect and learnt my lesson fully.

Then again, when I inadvertently



"I INADVERTENTLY THREW THE BREAKFAST-REMAINS TO THE WINDWARD SIDE."

threw the breakfast-remains to the windward side of the ship and they blew back into my face and scattered over the deck, Digby was immensely and audibly impressed; so much so in fact that I decided to leave the *débris* where it was for an hour or so for him to gaze at that he might lose nothing of the lesson to be derived from the mistake.

Now in every sphere of action in which men seek to work together in harmony for a common purpose incidents are liable to occur which for a time threaten to divide them and to wreck the undertaking, but when reconciliation is effected serve to unite them more firmly than before. Life on the seas on a sailing-ship is such a sphere of action, and the maritime careers of Digby and myself were no exception to the rule.

We were lying at anchor off a certain South Coast port towards the latter end of this year's cruise when Peake announced that, as the tap of the water-tank had been left partly open by a member of the crew and the tank had nearly run dry, he was going ashore forthwith to find out if, where and when we could pull alongside the wharf and refill. He didn't put it quite so simply as that, but that was the gist of his observation. On this mission he left us, and Digby and I remained below hatches, alert in our respective bunks, to guard the ship. After some ten minutes or so we were rudely awakened by a hoarse cry of "*Yann*, ahoy!"* emanating apparently from some throat alongside the ship. Digby and I looked at each other. Each knew at once the meaning of the expression and realized that the ship was being hailed. Half-a-minute's silence reigned, and before either of us had gained his feet the same voice was heard again, "Hi, there! There 's no anchorage here. You 've got to shift at once!"

Now, though we had, as I have mentioned, made good use of our pupilage and could, at Peake's command, at times haul in a nice mainsheet or possibly in an emergency identify the bowsprit shrouds, neither had hitherto, in the absence of Peake, been called to duty's post. Digby grew visibly pale. For a full minute we remained calm and collected, considering the best course to pursue. Before we had selected it the voice was raised again, "Hi! You in there! Can you understand English?"

No sooner were these words uttered than that quickness to meet an emergency innate in all true seamen rose to the surface—to my surface. In a flash I had seen how to act.

"Donnerblitzen!" I cried, rushing up the companion-ladder. "Nein! Nein! Not speak Eengleesh. Vut you vunt?"

A motor-boat, whose lettering indicated that the fat red-faced gentleman who stood upon its deck was the harbour-master, lay alongside.

"Gott strafe in Himmel!" I remarked loudly to Digby, who had followed me on deck.

The harbour-master gazed long and fearlessly at us and at the good Belgian fishing S.C.Y. *Yann*. Finally his eyes rested on the burgee.

* Extreme ebb tide. † Yes.

* An interjection used to attract attention in hailing a vessel.



Maid. "Please, Mum, there's a coloured gentleman at the door, with a turbine on his head."

"Foreigners, eh?" he queried, "and members of an English cruising club? Queer."

He spat into the sea and scanned us again from head to foot. Digby rose nobly to the occasion.

"Unter den Linden," he growled.

"Ja, ja," I replied emphatically.

"Now lookee here," said the harbour-master; "who's in command of this here craft?"

Unbelievable though it may appear, it was this simple question that upset our so far successful plan of action. No sooner was it delivered than something whispered to me that now was the time and here was the chance for me, disregarding altogether the feelings of Digby, to show whether or no I was a leader of men. In short my British blood was challenged. This might have been harmless in itself had not Digby also felt exactly the same call.

"Who," the official voice again interrupted our meditations—"who, I asks again, is responsible for this here craft?"

"I am," we replied simultaneously.

Before the astonished official could reply I had given my orders. "Weigh the anchor and hoist the mains'l," I said to Digby in a tone that should have commanded obedience. "We must be off at once."

"We must," replied Digby in a voice I had not heard before. "Release that warp on the jib and stand by ready to hoist while I go below and examine the charts."

We each stood our ground. The situation was without precedent. "Who," began the harbour-master again, "I asks for the last time, is in charge of this——" It was Digby this time who cut him short.

"We are obliged to remain here," he said. "There is a mutiny in the crew."

"There is," I corroborated grimly.

"Mutiny be blowed," replied the official warmly. "First you pretends you're foreigners and then you says that the two of you has mutinied. What for? Think you're worth more pay, I suppose?" he suggested with a malicious grin. "I tell you what it is," he went on, "if this here vessel ain't shifted by six P.M. to-night you'll find she's under arrest, and that's that." And on a command from him his engine started with a roar and his boat shot across the harbour at a dangerous speed and disappeared behind a jetty.

It was about six o'clock when Peake returned from his fresh-water quest. Not a word had been spoken between Digby and me. Each had doubtless been thinking, among other deeper thoughts, how the news was to be broken to the skipper. But the skipper was, perhaps luckily, in no mood to have any news broken to him. "We've got to get her under weigh at once," he shouted, "and make Swanford before the tide turns or we'll have no water to-night." In silence Digby and I set about our duties. Swiftly and efficiently the anchor was weighed and the sails set, and the *Yann* glided away silently in the direction of Swanford creek. And while Peake was in the foc's'le searching for a chart I lifted my eyes and they met those of Digby. In an instant we knew instinctively that each recognised the qualities of the other and respected him for them, and we grasped each other firmly by the hand. There is a certain mute understanding among men of the sea that——

If our friends tell us this year of their comic adventures on the Broads we shan't smile; we shall laugh outright.

The Seat of the Pain.

"Dear Miss,—Please excuse Tommy for being absent yesterday. He had toothache in the A.M. and earache in the P.M. — Oblige, Mrs. ——"

Letter from Mother to Schoolmistress.

From a programme of a concert by the Royal Marines at Bognor:—

"To-day composers are attempting to return to their older design and in the case of the piano a new colour is added to the orchestral palate."

This registers a great advance on the Lip-stick Rhapsody.



THE YOUNG LIZARD'S DILEMMA.

BLOWING THE GAFF.

"Alas! and similar expressions," said Nitocris Jones, sighing over her oysters; "Toto has been sunk again."

"In what sea?" I inquired.

"Journalism," said Nitocris.

"I didn't know——"

"Oh, it only lasted a week or so. And she had begun with such excellent prospects—in the gossip line, darling; you know, blowing the gaff on your friends in an affectionate way, tottering about race-courses and restaurants with an eye open for Lady Hydrangea, and——"

"One moment, Nitocris," I interrupted, "you have forgotten something."

"What, provocative one?"

"In beige."

"Of course, of course," said Nitocris brightly, "Lady Hydrangea in beige—the intimate descriptive touch. She hunts, she fishes, she shoots; she is as intelligent as she is charming; she takes number fours in boots; her *insouciance* is most disarming; she *may* get into a rage, but she never gets out of"—we finished it together—"beige!"

"Well," resumed Nitocris, "as I said, her prospects were excellent. She had been introduced by a pretty little bantling who writes novels—she met her at Le Touquet bathing cynically—to the man who conducts the gossip column in *The Daily Benefit*; and she made her *début* with a very snappy story about Sonora Elk——"

"Sonora Elk?"

"Oh, pet!" said Nitocris reproachfully, "not remember Sonora? Sonora is the dinkiest person. Sonora is rich. Sonora has travelled far since she came over on Columbus's track after getting rid of her first husband. Sonora—the girl that 'Eggs' Erminois is tentatively engaged to."

A great light broke in on me. "Of course," I murmured, "the Duquesa di Caballeros y Pesetas."

"My sweet, you really must be topical," said Nitocris. "Sonora dropped her title last week—she says it's a gesture of girlishness—for 'Eggs'' sake. The only trouble is that Sonora isn't quite sure she hasn't committed trigonometry. She says she just can't figure it out. She guesses she may not be absolutely divorced after all. You see she married her second husband, a Russian Count, in Vienna. Then she married the Duke in Barcelona; and both divorces were staged in Paris. She says she's still receiving the strangest letters from lawyers. She says it's all very, very complicated, but it seems to boil down to this—that if she pays the Count's last tailor's bill he won't raise the question of retrospective domicile and everything will be pretty."

I nodded.

"To surge along once more," said Nitocris, "Toto told the gossip man of Sonora's engagement, as it were, and therewith created *some* sensation. There was much back-patting and gaiety, for the news was exclusive, and Toto went home that evening preening herself."

"And Sonora?"

"Sonora loved it. She told Toto she could have told her a whole lot more that was really piquant, but Toto, after listening with a blanched face, had to tell Sonora that she was afraid she couldn't use it because she had been cautioned that *The Daily Benefit* had a large circulation in the homes of the nation, and nothing could be printed in it that a young virgin couldn't read out at the breakfast-table."

I nodded again.

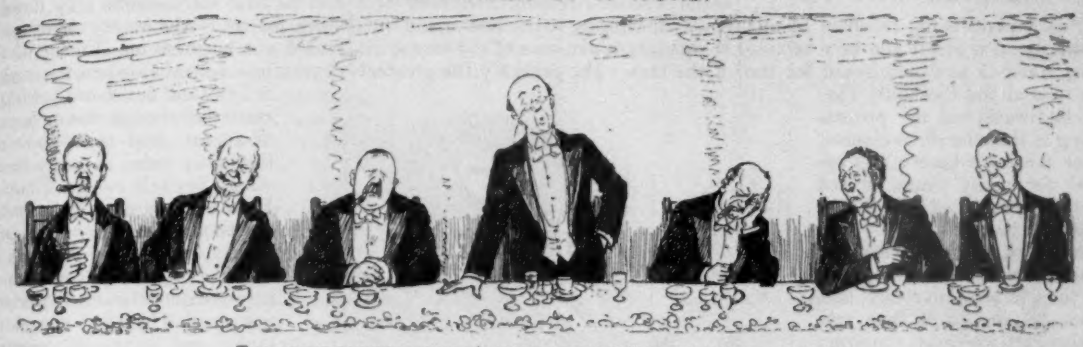
"Well," said Nitocris, "the next grist that Toto brought to the mill was Topaz Raguly's secret wedding. You see, she and Toto had been talking about the business in a disjointed sort of way and had decided that register-offices were now much more *chic* than



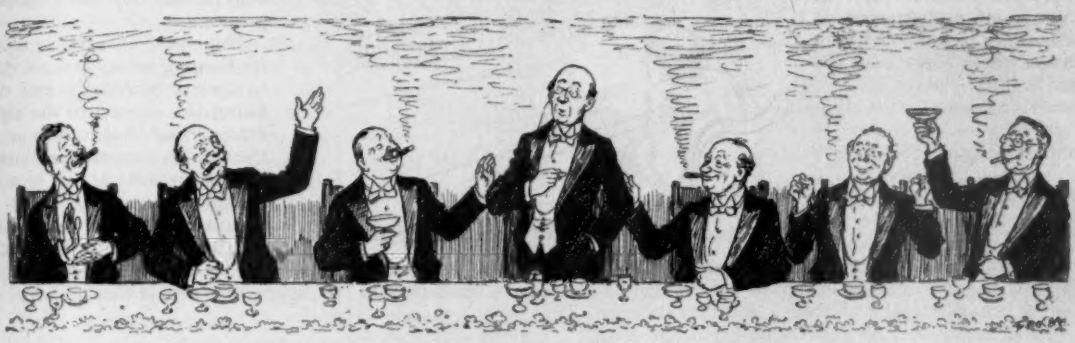
THE CAT THAT WAS TOO BIG FOR ITS BAG.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. "I HAVE THE HONOUR TO PRESENT MY DOMESTIC PET, WHICH I SCORN TO CONCEAL. I LEAVE SUCH CONDUCT TO THE FURTIVE FOREIGN OFFICE."

THE POWER OF A WORD.



THE AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER'S BEST STORY FAILED TO RAISE A LAUGH—



UNTIL HE WAS INSPIRED TO ADD THAT HE HEARD IT THE LAST TIME HE WAS IN WIGAN.

churches, when Topaz had an idea straight to the point. 'I know,' she said; 'we'll make it a secret wedding for Simpson's sake. Then there'll be lots more about it in the papers.'

"You must understand that Simpson, Topaz's maid, has a bet with Penelope Chevronny's maid that there will be more about Topaz in the papers by the end of the year than there will be about Penelope; and Topaz and Penelope are naturally doing their best.

"Toto was thrilled to extinction with the idea and impressed on Topaz that no one else must be told. 'Secret weddings,' she said, 'must be secret to a certain extent—so they tell me in Fleet Street. If all the papers have it there won't be much said, but if one paper thinks it has it to itself that paper will scream. And, darling,' she added, 'it will be all the better for me. I ought to be paid quite a lot for an exclusive secret wedding.'

"I now rapidly approach the climax," said Nitocris. "By the way, have you a coffin-nail? Thanks. Well" (puff), "the morning after the wedding *The Daily Benefit's* gossip column was practically half Topaz, and"—Nitocris paused impressively—"so was *The Daily Blessing's*."

I started. "Dear me!" I exclaimed; "but what had happened?"

"Topaz and her spouse-to-be had gone to *The Blessing's* gossip man and for a weighty consideration had given him the whole story themselves."

"Oh, why?"

"Well, Topaz's spouse man had thought here was a fine chance to prove that Topaz's people were wrong to say that he could never earn a penny for himself. Most adroit, wasn't he?"

"He should get on," I said approvingly.

"Of course," said Nitocris, "poor Toto was disgusted. She bore with comparative stoicism *The Benefit's* reproach that she had let them down, but she decided to resign her position. She says from what she's heard that Topaz's mate's act has made a deep impression and that journalism is going to be no life for a hard-working girl if all her friends take to blowing the gaff on themselves."

All things to all young men.

"Believing that young people should have innocent recreation also nocent recreation also Sunday evenings, Father —— formed a club."
Evening Paper.

"Italian school, The Enunciation, and the companion picture."—*Auctioneer's Catalogue.*

The companion picture is said to be also a speaking likeness.

A BALLADE OF BALBUS.

"*Balbus murum ædificat.*"

Lord of the level and line,
Haughtily heaving the hod,
Proud of the promise divine
Given to Rome and her rod;
Cleaving the clay and the clod,
Wielding the chisel and maul,
Girded for labour and shod,
Balbus is building a wall.

Noonday will call him to dine,
Munching a collop of cod,
Cheese, or anchovies in brine,
Onions and peas in the pod;
Then he will score on the sod
Sites for a shrine or a hall;
Towns will arise where he trod,
Balbus is building a wall.

Under the eagle for sign
Soon he will marshal his squad,
Watching by Rhine or by Tyne,
Armed with the pilum to prod
Savages painted and odd,
Barbarous foes who may crawl
Where, like a boundary god,
Balbus is building a wall.

Envoi.

Portal and pinnacle nod;
City and citadel fall;
Still in the class and the quad
Balbus is building a wall.

"THE EYES HAVE IT."

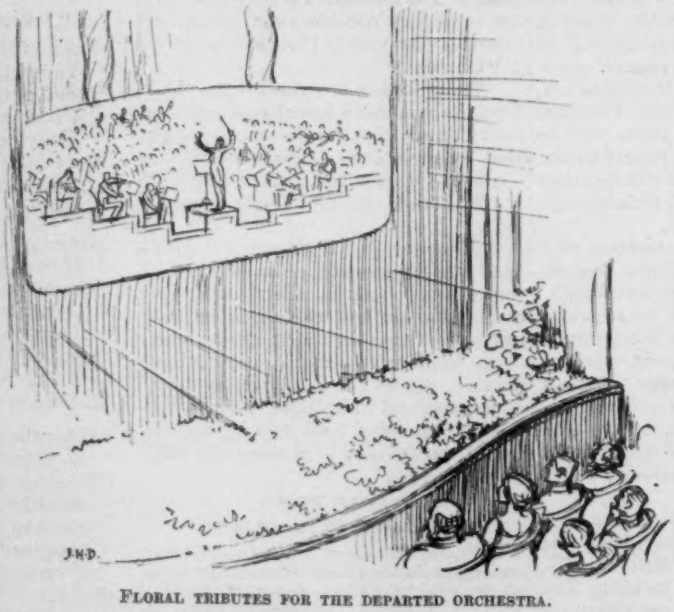
It is a little early to come to any lifelong opinion about the new talking films, which I saw and heard for the first time at the Piccadilly Theatre last week, but my present feeling is that the silent cinema, which we have known and enjoyed for many years, is not seriously threatened; or, if it is, ought not to be.

Science is, of course, a marvellous creature, even if tending now and then to be a busybody, and wonderful results of tone and synchronization may develop; but they are not here yet. In the Vitaphone performances at the Piccadilly there is a certain confusion which taxes both the eye and the ear—the eye, because everyone is a little more than life-size, and because, where there is more than a single figure, it must watch so carefully to see who is speaking; and the ear, because the sound is so pervasive and would seem, were it not for the eye, to come from all over the place. It has also a harsh tinniness which removes the fine edge from both voice and melody and, as the evening goes on, becomes increasingly fatiguing. The odd thing is that this metallic stridency is gentlest or faintest where one would expect it to be least restrained—that is, in the record of brass, which reaches the audience as though muted, and it is most faithful when dealing with the notes of the banjo. As for the voices, since they were all American, and all noisily confident, and were as much more than life-size as their owners, it is impossible to infer how a play by urbane-spoken English performers will make its effect.

Speaking solely for myself, I would say that I hope it will make none, because I think that the stage and the cinema are two distinct arts, which ought not to dabble in miscegenation. I even go so far as to deplore the accessories of sound which, in the false interests of realism, now accompany so many movies. The Naval picture which showed us the triumph of Sturdee and the fate of Von Spee was, for instance, to my mind ruined by the cannonading; while as for the scene of boiler-rivetting in the dockyard, it was shattering to the nerves and thus completely destructive of the true spirit of the film. For probably the greatest part of the attraction, the fascination, of the cinema resides, and should reside, in its stillness. That, at any rate, is its principal appeal to me: its presentation of activity without clamour, so that, watching the noiseless phantasmagoria, we are lulled and soothed into something like a trance, rapt into another sphere, from which we should emerge, disenchanted perhaps, but not unrefreshed. There may be music, but there should be nothing else.



"Thank goodness, that bit 's not a talkie."



Floral tributes for the departed orchestra.

Another loss which the Vitaphone and its rival mechanisms may have in store for us is the pretty face, for it would not surprise me if most of the Stars whose features are now the world's delight and desire are lacking in clarity of enunciation or beauty of accent. And then there are the funny men. Are they funny when they talk? Mr. Chaplin I have the honour of knowing, and though I admire the seriousness of his mind I hope that on the screen he will continue to express himself solely in gesture, not unaided by hat, boots, moustache and cane—all recently copyrighted for that humane purpose.

But there is another reason for keeping actors and actresses to their own domain and confining the cinema to the visual drama; and that is that one of the shining virtues of the cinema, through which it has brought beguilement and comfort to thousands of persons who might otherwise have had no distraction from their own not too happy thoughts, is that it is the theatre of the deaf.

E. V. L.

GREGORY'S FIRST LOVE.

It 's wonderful how much I know about Gregory's First Love. He began by talking of her as "a girl I used to meet," but I soon found out what she had really been to him.

The very first thing I heard about her was that she never wanted to go for picnics. Soon after we were married I was planning tea in the woods, and, quite by chance of course, Gregory happened to mention that his First Love never had proposed such a thing—never. She had more sense and could recognise the limitations of the British climate. He hates picnics, so this similarity in tastes seems to have been most providential.

I felt curious about her, and in answer to some questions Gregory admitted that she had blue eyes and fair hair. Not very long after I heard that she was the soul of punctuality. She never missed trains nor kept Gregory waiting in any circumstances.

It made her an ideal person to travel with.

Since then I have accumulated quite a lot of information on the subject. Some of the items are definite, and I take Gregory's word for them; others seem so purely inferential that I can't accept them in quite the same way. She was always calm, never fussed nor flurried Gregory. That, I suppose, was so. She made all her own dresses and hats. Perhaps! Her affair with Gregory came to an end for some good reason or other, and that might account for it. She adored watching Gregory fish—for any length of time, he says, and even when he didn't get so much as a nibble. That was simply splendid of her, of course. But that she would *never* have wanted to get the study spring-cleaned seems to me quite conjectural. And how can he know positively that she wouldn't have asked him to put new washers on the taps (a thing he's no good at), nor make him do messages for her in town, and that she would always have been able to keep her servants? I just wonder! But Gregory is quite sure.

It bewildered me at one time that her personal appearance was always varying. When she didn't plan picnics she was, as I said, fair with blue eyes. Then, when she was making all her own dresses, Gregory dwelt especially on a red one. He could see it in his mind's eye, as if it were only yesterday. . . . I suppose I was feeling snappy, and I said, "I hate blue-eyed people in red."

Gregory answered crushingly. "Well," he said, "as it happens, her eyes were brown."

In answer to other questions it came out that her hair was brown too at such times. After that I regularly collected descriptions of her. When she wasn't having the study cleaned she was apparently a sparkling brunette. She was short, just as high as his heart, when she watched him fishing, and tall and stately when she refrained from making him do messages in town.

Then it came out one day that mauve, which doesn't suit me, is Gregory's favourite colour, and that the F. L. always wore it (except when she had the red frock on, I suppose). I couldn't help asking if it suited her best when her eyes were blue or brown. Gregory wanted to know what I meant by that, so I drew his attention to the variations that made it so difficult for me to get a clear impression of her. Gregory said I ought not to have asked silly questions, and incidentally it came out that it was quite a characteristic of the F. L. not to ask questions on such subjects. She had too much delicacy of feeling.

Now that was an odd item. I began to be afraid Gregory had been misleading me all the time, and that there had been ANOTHER before the FIRST. There must have been, or how could she *not* ask questions like that? Evidently too that was how the discrepancies arose. Each of them represented ANOTHER; a whole army of OTHERS existed.

I had really begun to think Gregory's First Love was a kind of romantic *Mrs. 'Arris*. Then came a letter from my mother-in-law, asking me to call on a friend of hers who was to be in our neighbourhood for a few days. "Gregory will remember her. I believe she was his First Love," said the postscript.

"How splendid!" I said, when I had told Gregory the news. "Now I shall know whether she is dark or fair, tall or short. And I shall be able to see her not missing trains, and not having picnics, and not spring-cleaning the study. You must take a day's fishing while she 's here, so that I can learn how to watch you when you never get a bite. Will she do it in mauve, do you think, and in blue eyes or in brown?"

I was quite excited, but Gregory didn't seem interested. I was rather shocked to see him so cool about it. And (it was awfully unlucky) when he came home that evening he told me his partner wanted him to take his holiday almost at once, a good month before we meant to go away. So in the end we were abroad, and I've never met Gregory's First Love after all.



WHAT OUR DANCING-MEN HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Intense Female (very intensely). "TELL ME, IS IT REALLY TRUE THAT THE WAGGLE IS COMING BACK?"

"£0000 FOR THE BRITISH TREASURY."
Headline in Aberdeen Paper.

But sums like this mean nothing in Aberdeen.



Photographer (after vain efforts to get Baby to look pleasant). "MADAM WOULD NOT LIKE ONE OF HER *CRYING*, I SUPPOSE?"

THE H.C.F.

I HAVE a rather serious educational proposal to make. It is nothing less than the abolition of all that part of mathematical learning which is concerned with the Highest Common Factor and the Lowest Common Multiple.

My daughter was describing to me her day at school, and she mentioned arithmetic.

"What sort of arithmetic?" I asked idly; and she replied wearily, "Oh, H.C.F.'s or something. . . ." And it all came back to me.

The H.C.F. and the L.C.M. . . . The first initials that ever struck a root in my mind, and perhaps the barrenest. What weeks, what months (or so it seemed in retrospect) I had spent with the H.C.F. and the L.C.M.! What sights and sounds they stirred in the memory now—a glimpse of elm-trees through the class-room window, the scent of limes, the cawing of rooks, the insistent snuffle of old Durell, the Maths-master, whom the boys called "Beetle," the whirr of the mowing-machine at work on the wickets for Saturday—a world of infinite possibility for laughter and sunshine, but a world soured, spoiled, shattered by those unspeakable H.C.F.'s! Well, well. . . .

My daughter plucked me back from my reverie.

"What are they for, Daddy?" she said simply.

"What are they for?" I echoed, amazed. "What are they *for*? You 've been at an expensive school for two years and you dare to ask your poverty-stricken father what H.C.F.'s are *for*?"

"Yes," the innocent girl replied, "what *are* they for?"

"Well," I said, "if you ask me what H.C.F.'s are *for*, they 're for—— Do you mean to tell me they haven't *taught* you what H.C.F.'s are for?"

"No."

"Well, they 're for——" It had come to me suddenly, shockingly, that I had not the faintest idea what H.C.F.'s were for. I, a Bachelor of Arts, an author, a ratepayer, the father of young. I toyed with the impulse to tell my daughter that H.C.F.'s were for the good of her soul, for the exercise of her mind, but rejected that as unworthy. I said:—

"Well, as a matter of *fact* it 's rather difficult to explain what they 're for *now*, but you 'll find they 're the greatest help later on."

"Oh!" she said. "Have *you*?"

May Heaven forgive me for the answer I made to that trustful child! I am too much ashamed to put it down on paper. After all we must—must we not?—be loyal to Education.

But now, in the privacy of my chamber, I have been searching my heart and looking reality grimly in the face. My life has been varied and surprisingly long. Day by day I am confronted with practical problems—the rates, the rent, the income-tax, my wife's accounts, the sharing or disputing of restaurant bills—which call for a knowledge of certain elementary arithmetical exercises, addition, division, multiplication, even fractions, and above all, of course, subtraction. But never, to my recollection, have I employed on active service, so to speak, the H.C.F.; never have I slipped out of a tight corner with the timely aid of the L.C.M. In fact, so far as this department of science is concerned, my parents wasted their money.

And another thing, ghastly in a way. I find that I cannot even *do* the darned things!

I discovered from my daughter, by subtle means, not giving myself away, that the Highest Common Factor of 3, 6 and 9, is 3. Very well. But the point is, how do we *arrive* at that?

Easy, you say. And it does look easy. *But supposing it was 17, 45 and 382?* Ah-ha!

Well, I have locked the door. Let 's get down to it.

There they are—

3 6 9

And *all* we have to do is to find

the H.C.F., knowing the answer already.

Well?

3 6 9

Exactly.

I have a dim recollection that if we multiply 3 by 6 and divide by 9—— Or was that how we found ratios? Well, try it.

$3 \times 6 = 18$

$\frac{18}{9} = 2$

Therefore the H.C.F. of these sickening numbers is 2. Which we know to be a lie.

Now don't let us hurry this thing. There they are again.

3 6 9

Ah! I have it! Divide 9 by 3.

9 divided by 3 = 3

Therefore the H.C.F. of 3, 6 and 9 is 3. Which is generally admitted.

Very good.

"*Good?*" as the small American said. "Hell, it 's *perfect!*"

And now that we have the secret let us pass to more complicated sums.

Suppose now that we wanted to find the Highest Common Factor of 17 leaky baths and 45 express trains and 382 faulty taps?

Why *should* we want to find it? I don't know. But we can't go into that again. There we are—

17 45 382

Well, we know what to do.

$382 \div 17 = 22\ \frac{8}{17}$

Therefore the H.C.F. is $22\ \frac{8}{17}$—well, say nearly 23.

Now if we are right, the H.C.F. will divide *exactly* into the other figure, the 45 express trains.

And the extraordinary thing is that it very nearly does! For twice $22\ \frac{8}{17}$ is obviously $44\ \frac{16}{17}$, which is *practically* 45! In fact we 're only out by *one*-seventeenth, just one; and in a long calculation that could be accounted for in a hundred ways, deviation, drift, relativity or anything.

So we may take it that our method is substantially correct.

But the Lowest Common Multiple is another matter. In fact, the L.C.M. is rather a teaser. A multiple, it seems, is something you can divide things into without leaving loose ends; and my daughter let it out that the Lowest Common Multiple of 3, 6 and 9 is 18, because if you had 18 leaky baths you could put 3 leaky baths into them 6 times, and 6 leaky baths 3 times and 9 leaky baths 2 times, and in each case they 'd fit exactly.

Ah, but how do *I* find out that?

3 6 9



Husband. "I DO WISH, ALTHEA, THAT YE 'D STOP LIVING BEYOND OUR MEANS TO IMPRESS THE SMYTHES, SIMPLY BECAUSE *THEY* 'RE LIVING BEYOND *THEIR* MEANS TO IMPRESS *US*."

I haven't the least idea.

I *simply* can't imagine.

I don't know how to *begin!*

Of course, one way would be to try all the other numbers, from 17 downwards, and see if you could squeeze 9 leaky baths into any of them. Trial by error.

But supposing it was a case of express trains or barrels of cement, and you had to find the L.C.M. of

1233 50,421 316,957.

Ah-ha!

Now you begin to see why the schoolbills bound up every term.

Well, frankly, the thing baffles me. If I were to be confronted by a robber-chief with a gun, who said, "Find the L.C.M. of those numbers, or die!" I should say, "Shoot, man, and have done with it." To be quite honest, I am beginning to have qualms about that one-seventeenth. It would not surprise me to learn that the H.C.F. of 17, 45 and 382 is *not* $22\ \frac{8}{17}$ at all. But I could bear it. And I should be just as happy if my daughter cut the whole thing out of her life. In fact, in my opinion the L.C.M. is a nasty piece of chicanery; and the H.C.F. is only about one-seventeenth better.

A. P. H.

Smith Minor Libelled.

"Anyone with any inside knowledge is aware that most boys under 15 will stuff themselves sick whatever their diet."—*Daily Paper.*

Smith Minor says that the man who wrote the above had no knowledge of his (Smith Minor's) inside.

AT THE PLAY.

"Thunder on the Left" (Kingsway).

When the play opened with a delightful children's birthday-party where free criticism was passed on grown-ups, their state of mind and their attitude to the young, we hoped that we were going to have the right Kenneth Grahame stuff. But that hope came to nothing. Then, when one of the boys refused to grow up (mentally, at least, for his body had become quite large), we thought we were going to have the Barrie of *Peter Pan*. But that didn't come off. Later, when one of the girls, now physically and mentally adult—though I doubted her sanity—had visions and was rather vague about the past, we thought of the Barrie of *Mary Rose*. But it wasn't really like that. And finally, when some of the characters had their real natures and the true aspect of their conduct—not too creditable—revealed to them by magic (and in a wood, too) we recalled the Barrie of *Dear Brutus*. And that also was quite different.

But we were less troubled by all these reminiscences of good things that failed to reproduce themselves than by the general obscurity of the design. I have not read Mr. Christopher Morley's novel which Mr. Richard Pryce has here adapted, and I can only assume (since the book received high praise) that its author found space and means to make his purpose clear; just as I can well believe that his magic, which on the stage was grossly hampered by patent and palpable bodies, had a better chance when left to the reader's imagination to play with.

Briefly the story tells how at his birthday-party the precocious little *Martin* raises the question whether grown-ups live a happy life. On the answer to this depends the answer to the further question whether it is worth while for him and his young friends to grow up at all. He therefore thinks it would be well to spy upon his elders. This difficult proposition is facilitated by a magic which allows him to disappear in a sudden spasm of darkness which occurs in broad daylight.

In the next Act, twenty years later, *Martin* has developed into two people: (1) a person named *George* (the change of name doesn't help us much), who is married to one of the girls of the birthday-party and carrying on an intrigue with another of them (she too had vanished at the time of *Martin's* disappearance); (2) a person who has never begun to grow up and has no visible means of subsistence, but just hovers about the home of his childhood (occupied by No. 1 and family). He is loosely known as "the man," nothing else being known about him. That he neither looks nor feels like a spy is obvious both to us and



VISIONS ON THE HALF-LEFT.
Joyce Clyde . . . Miss Angela Baddeley.

to himself. He is popular with the children of No. 1, and all women, including No. 1's wife, fall in love with him at sight and pursue him, rather nauseously, with their unwelcome (and,



THE FOOD OF LOVE.
Phyllis Richmond (*Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore*). "I love you."
Martin (*Mr. Bramwell Fletcher*). "May I have some cake?"

to his innocence, incomprehensible) attentions.

Eventually, after developments which I don't pretend to follow, the simplicity of No. 2's unspoilt nature serves (I think, but I may be wrong) to reveal No. 1 and his wife to themselves and create in them a sense of their deplorable sophistication.

In his preface to Mr. Christopher Morley's novel (I had just time to glance at it, having hopefully bought a copy on the spot) Mr. Hugh Walpole excuses himself from a lot of troublesome analysis by saying that "the reaction" (dreadful word!) "of everybody to the story will be individual, and for that reason no general explanation is needed." It would seem, in fact, to be like the sound of the "thunder" (very well done, by the way), which seemed to the actors facing the footlights to come from the left, while to half the boxes it seemed to come from the right, to the other half from the half-left, and to the stalls from the half-right. I know nothing about the individual "reactions" of the audience at the *répétition générale*, for one couldn't judge by the generous thunder of applause, coming as it did from the left (that ill-omened quarter) as much as the right; but my own reaction was not of good augury for the success of the play.

Its obscurity, as I have hinted, was bad enough, but its technique was worse. People had an intolerable habit of talking in loud asides, if the word can be used of speeches that were constantly thrown off, one of them at quite short range, with the speaker's face turned full upon the object of his remarks, so that you were never sure whether you were listening to monologue or dialogue.

In these trying conditions I cannot blame the actors if their performances fell short of distinction. Miss Angela Baddeley perhaps came nearest to it, but not very near. She was ill-suited with the cryptic part of *Joyce*, the girl who had disappeared with the boy *Martin* and was subsequently the object of No. 1's depraved affections, while herself preferring No. 2. She took her task very seriously, adopting the gaze of a visionary, the air of one possessed, and a general resemblance (no doubt undesigned) to Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson in *The Dybbuk*.

As *Martin* No. 2, Mr. Bramwell Fletcher, though not visibly inspired, did his brave best to make us believe in this thirty-year-old innocent. Mr. Lawrence Anderson and Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore were fairly adequate as *Martin* No. 1 and his wife, and Miss Dora Barton was good and natural as the hostess of the children's party. And I liked the humour of Miss Muriel Aked as *Elizabeth*, a domestic, and of Mr. Richard Goolden as *Ben Brook*, a gentleman who invariably blew, or attempted to blow, smoke-rings as the best means of relieving an awkward situation.

I wish I could honestly earn a little easy credit for my intelligence by describing this play as a subtle fantasy delightfully worked out. But I will be content to pay it the compliment of saying that it threatens to enhance, if that is possible, the reputation of Sir James Barrie. One came away with an increased respect for that sure instinct by which he eludes the many snares that lie in the path of those who make magic for the stage. O. S.

"Diversion" (Little).

I rather hope that *Diversion* is not Mr. John Van Druten's vision of what may happen to *Young Woodley* when he grows up. His new hero, young *Wyn Hayward*, is also a sensitive and a romantic; he is insufficiently instructed for his—twenty-three or so—years. It seems odd that the deep affection and discerning sympathy of his father, the distinguished surgeon—the author again illuminates the difficult relationship of father and son—should be so utterly helpless to prevent the ruin which his son's pathological love affair brings upon the unhappy boy.

Wyn, holidaying in Bellaggio, has made acquaintance with the reigning beauty and principal star of the English stage, and has, on one spell-bound moon-haunted night, received the ultimate favour from her.

To this light woman the adventure has been mere diversion; for the boy it is transfiguration. He returns to his father's Harley Street house endeavouring or pretending to forget, but the well-loved voice on the telephone brings his smothered passion to the surface. The pretty lady without pity has him in thrall. The shrewd hints of his more instructed brother as to his idol's notorious reputation, the anxious but tactfully unobtrusive misgivings of his father, are of no avail. The acquaintanceship is renewed. But the woman, bored with the fervour and persistence of the ardent amateur, has no more favours to give. An heroic effort to escape from the abject humiliations of his obsession, to face his own growing suspicions of his beloved's unworthiness and pitiless indifference, is followed by an even more complete abandonment to the pursuit of the desired one—till in one moment of unrequited passion turned to hate the frenzied boy takes his tormentor by the throat and is aghast to find her body lifeless in his hands.

It is of course difficult to set any limits to the vagaries of the life-force, but it does rather seem as if Mr. Van Druten took a wrong turning in his play when he decided to give his hero's unhappy love-story this too sinister issue. There was enough misery and to spare inevitably in store for his poor young victim without this piling on of the agony, which seemed wanton and arbitrary, and therefore lessened rather than heightened the effect of authentic tragedy. It certainly was true that we were not moved by the death of *Rayetta* and the hopeless remorse, fear and imminent self-destruction (with his father's connivance) of young *Hayward* as we were by the less spectacular agonies of the poor boy's moral struggles and hopeless humiliations.

The author also seemed to make little use of some of his characters, who had the air of being rather dragged in to fill out the piece than knitted into the action, and that in a play of serious themes is surely a defect.

These criticisms are but to pay Mr. Van Druten the deserved compliment of taking his work seriously. His problem is sincerely felt and his analysis of youth astray in love seemed likely enough to be true. Mr. Maurice Evans presented the youth *Hayward* in a very well-balanced and sensitive performance, never spoiled (even at the difficult end) by an exaggerated emotionalism which was an ever-present temptation. Mr. C. V. France (the father) had an opportunity not merely for that gracious ease of manner which suits him so well, but for the deeper emotions which he presents with so capable and controlled a technique. His tender concern and strangled sympathy for his suffering boy were admirably suggested. Miss Alison Leggatt showed her rare conscientiousness by refusing to make *Wyn's* dull and worthy sister *Muriel* anything more than just dull and worthy, and therefore might miss the reward of her careful work from the unperceptive. Mr. George Thirlwell gave an agreeable performance as *Wyn's* knowing elder brother; and Miss Mollie Lumley scored easily and deservedly with the part of an exceedingly naice refained manicurist.

Miss Cathleen Nesbitt's *Rayetta* was more difficult to assess. She indicated cleverly the sleepy purring charm of *Rayetta's* assumed manner in public, the touch of hardly-concealed commonness; and in her more intimate moods the essential callousness and emptiness of the woman, her tigerish cruelty when angered and unmasked. But, beyond a certain contemptuous pity, there seemed to be wanting the indication of any attractive quality which could conceivably have held her lover in so abject and persistent a slavery.

However, I suppose no one can pretend to any real knowledge of this obscure business. T.



THE LOSER PAYS.

Rayetta Muir (*Miss Cathleen Nesbitt*) *to Wyn Hayward* (*Mr. Maurice Evans*). "Go through these bills before you settle them for me. See you're not imposed upon."



A HARLEY STREET PRESCRIPTION
(For Saving the Neck).

Wyn Hayward . . . Mr. Maurice Evans.
Sir Charles Hayward Mr. C. V. France.

"The golden treachery by Palgrave."
Bookseller's List in Dutch Paper.

This fellow Palgrave seems to have debased the currency.

ADDRESS TO THE EARTH.

(Written after reading a charming Scientific Essay recommended for use in our Schools.)

No longer hiding secrets of thy birth,
O Earth!
Whose very origin and date
The cold astronomer can calculate
(Not absolutely to a year,
But still extremely near),
Seeing thou 'rt one
Of a number of small pieces broken from the sun,
Whose rosy car
With a great bang
Crashed nearer to a star
Than careful drivers would have done
Nine thousand million years or so
Ago;
Thence all the planets sprang.

And what a life,
O World!
Of mineral tragedy and reptile strife
And what not, on thy face
Of seeming outward fairness, and at what a pace
Hast thou unfurled!
One cannot do it justice (not in odes)
Nor sing as one would like to sing all day
Of fierce pre-Cambrian clay.
Much must be left unsaid
About the radio-active origin of lead
And glacial episodes.

Suffice it to remark that things were weird,
And so remained a lengthy span
Ere yet our primal ancestor, astute,
Grew tired of posing as a newt
And then a lemur, and appeared
As something rather close to the brute
Which now we know as Man.
Him thou hast rolled
Through varying temperatures of heat and cold,
Æon by æon, like a blind thing lost,
Searching for empires, liberty and gold
And boiling glue,
But never feeling certain what thou wast
Or whence we came,
Till science put an end to that poor game,
And high time too!

So gradually now
We understand the how
Of most things that befall
On thee, O Ball!
Divide the atom and dissect the cow,
And maybe, in a myriad years or so,
By wiser convolutions of the brain,
Scorn of the easier arts and iced champagne,
Some gent (or no,
Some girl) will go
And find out All.

And after that, then what?
Surely, as like as not,
In boredom and disdain,
By devolutionary lapse
From that high point of strain
We shall go all to pot;
Man will descend once more into the brute,
Put on the lemur and the newt—
So curious are Nature's haps,
So unaccountable are chaps—
And disappear again.

But none the less,
Thou round Automaton,
Thou shalt go rolling on
With thy cold satellite, the moon,
Poor loon!
Thy birthday all forgot,
No one to ask thy whence, thy whither or thy what;
No one to guess
Which afternoon
Shall see thee ultimately, if thou dost, Bust,
Except a few amœbæ which are there
And will not care
To bet upon the date of the affair.
This strikes me as a bad
And rather sad
Result of progress; it dispels my mirth;
It makes me doubt if anything is worth
Doing, O Earth. EVOE.

THE HUSTLING OF HANDEL.

LEEDS has been fortunate in not only being the scene of a great musical festival, but in being honoured by one of those stimulating orations for which Sir THOMAS BEECHAM is famous.

His address at the Leeds Luncheon Club on October 1st was, however, rather disappointing. Although he belaboured the morons of the musical world with considerable vigour, notably in the passage dealing with brass bands, the pungency of his vituperation was weakened by moments of urbanity, as, for example, when, after bidding his audience look at the profits of the gramophone companies, he at once added, "Oh! I don't mind the profits; I've got shares in them all." Nor was the reference to "poor old Italy under the yolke [*sic*] of Mussolini"—I quote from the report in a leading daily—particularly felicitous.

But if Sir THOMAS BEECHAM'S oratory fell below his usual level of ornamental objurgation he achieved wonders with the bâton in brightening up HANDEL. CHARLES LAMB, it will be remembered, once wrote:—

> "I sit at oratorios like a fish,
> Incapable of sound, and only wish
> The thing was over."

People of this type still exist, and their sufferings are greatly alleviated by the acceleration of oratorio and the bucking up of BACH. We may even look forward to a time when it may be possible to perform the whole of *The Ring* in one evening, and all the symphonies of BEETHOVEN at one concert.

THE NOT QUITE PERFECT SUMMER.

["It is the bright day that brings forth the adder."]

MOST generously through golden days
The sun has poured his cheering rays
On country and on town;
His radiance, magically bright,
Has filled the summer with delight,
Given a stimulus to trade,
Inspired us as we worked and played,
Filled us with bounding health and made
Our faces nice and brown.

Farmers, I hear, had bumper crops
Of things like fruit and hay and hops;
The exclamation "Gee!"
Has proved Americans impressed
By English weather at its best;
Batsmen have made a lot of runs
(Sixes and fours as well as ones),
And bathers gaily swallowed tons
Of warm and sparkling sea.

But one result, entirely bad,
Makes every decent person mad:
The sun's unclouded face
Has sent out idiots in bands
To seek the country and the sands
And there commit that worst of sins,
Strewing their paper, empty tins,
Bread, bottles and banana-skins
In every blessèd place.

And Autumn finds the horrid mess
O'er England's native loveliness
Obscenely scattered yet.
The prayers and pleadings we rehearse
But serve to make the blighters worse,
And really one must half incline
To hope that 1929,
Instead of being warm and fine,
Will be extremely wet.

The Curate's Egg: New Version.

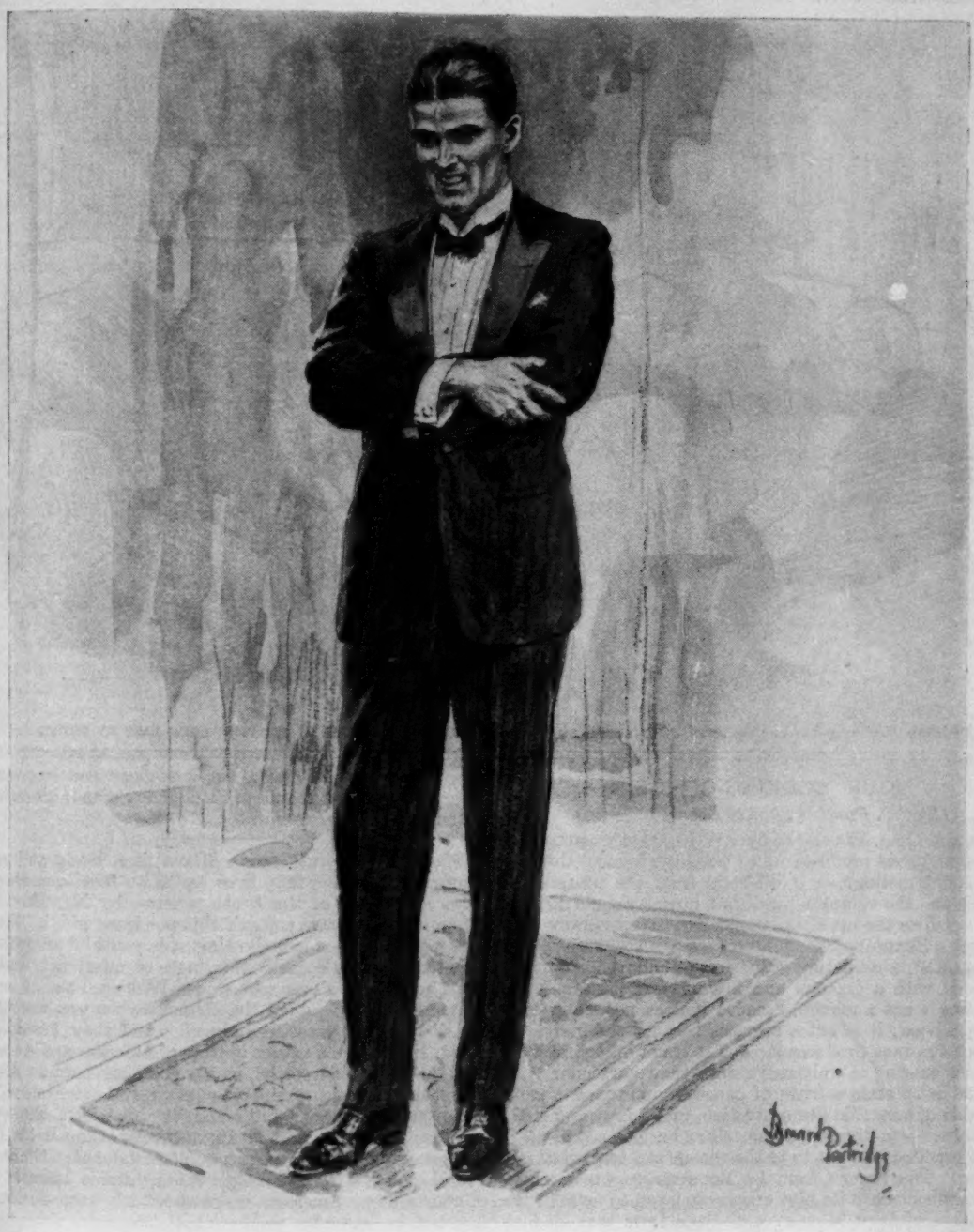
"Dr. W. Temple recalled the days he spent in Bermondsey club work as a graduate fresh from Oxford. He said: 'At my lodgings there was a tin bed, rather rickety, and I laid on it with anxiety.'"—*Daily Paper.*

"To-day many a heap of beautiful golden feathers have fluttered helplessly down in response to the crack of the sportsman's rifle."
Bradford Paper.

The pistol is, of course, reserved for cubbing.

"Harry Wilcox, of this city, left to-day for a short business trip to Chicago. The Baptist Church, of which he is a member, will hold prayer services to-night.—Minneapolis Star."
Canadian Paper.

Wouldn't BIG BILL be pained if he knew!



Mr. DOUGLAS LOWE.

We lacked a voice like old Olympian Pindar's
To praise his rhythmic stride that spurned the cinders;
And now, from running-tracks retired for good, he
Secures the baton (*jam donatus rude*).

On longer circuits moving fast and far
May he achieve more records at the Bar,
And win for Cambridge, with that heart so big,
More olive-groves to wear upon his wig!

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXIX.



Budding Diplomat (thoroughly bored at grown-up tea-party). "MUMMY, I'M SURE IT MUST BE LONG PAST MY BEDTIME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE aphorism, like the Sealyham, has always struck me as an ambiguous product; and I have yet to meet the man who could distinguish it off-hand from the maxim, the proverb and the epigram. Nothing however could do more to standardize the breed and popularise its attractions than Mr. LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH'S *Treasury of English Aphorisms* (CONSTABLE), a miniature "ROGET" of admirably grouped examples, with a graceful and illuminating preface. The aphorism is not a maxim, because it does not necessarily convey advice; it is not a proverb, because the individual and not the race produces it; and it is not an epigram because its bearing is universal rather than particular. Its function is to state a truth of general importance, a truth incapable of scientific demonstration, in a happy and striking manner—"a thought must tell at once or not at all"; and in practice it is apt to be the vehicle of a somewhat tart wisdom. The French, from LA ROCHEFOUCAULD onwards, have been esteemed its best exponents; yet, in spite of the contention of Lord MORLEY and Dean INGE that English aphorists make a comparatively poor show, Mr. PEARSALL SMITH is obviously right in conceding them a supremacy of their own. An anthology that ranges from BACON to BUTLER, HALIFAX to HAZLITT, JOHNSON to JOWETT and CHESTERFIELD to CHURTON COLLINS, displays a width of range and an imaginative lustre which more than atones for French lucidity. Needless to say its editor has not confined himself to fashionable or notorious sources. EMERSON, temporarily beclouded, contributes a striking number of worldly and other-worldly *dicta*; and a certain Dr. THOMAS FULLER —not he of the *Worthies*, but a younger contemporary—fathers an exquisite series of catchpenny admonitions in the authentic vein of *Polonius*.

The Star-Spangled Manner (CAPE) is a lively and entertaining book which fully lives up to its felicitous title. I have read most of the books written by Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS, and I have enjoyed this one most of all. For one thing, Mr. NICHOLS is mellowing; his youthful arrogance is now tempered by occasional twinges of misgiving, and you can't help liking a man who says, "Who am I that I should write like this?" just at the moment when you were going to ask him that question yourself. And then, for another thing, Mr. NICHOLS is now writing of America, and America, as I have long suspected, is his spiritual home. Almost everything American stirs his enthusiasm. ("Almost," for not even Mr. NICHOLS will stand for "big" BILL THOMPSON and Mrs. AIMÉE SEMPLE MCPHERSON the evangelist.) Even the generally accepted charges are condoned. Of course Prohibition is a farce, but then it is a "divine" farce. And of course every American brags about his home-town, and it would be better for us if we took the same pride in our towns over here. However, it is pleasant to note that in spite of his enthusiasm Mr. NICHOLS remains an Englishman after all. He is genuinely concerned about the future of English industries, for unless we take a leaf out of the American book we are surely doomed. If Mr. NICHOLS were a young man entering Parliament he would devote his life to a passionate campaign for the extension of British trade, "not by tariffs but of our own free wills." Every man, woman and child would be taught to reject with loathing any article not produced within the Empire. An excellent

idea; but need we wait for an organised campaign? We could start "buying British" at once, you and I, and all of us. Perhaps Mr. Nichols himself would join; he could begin by selling that French car of his, about which he spoke to Mr. Henry Ford, and buying an English one in place of it. Every little helps.

The opening of *Against the Sun*
(From Constable) presents the reader,
In a quite minor part, with one
Who might have well been briefed as leader;
A master of ironic wit,
This *Aubrey Trumble's* conversation
Is such that I 'd have welcomed it
In doses through the whole narration.

With this to ease it I 'd have said
The story was a fine achievement,
But Godfrey Elton probes instead
The mental aspects of bereavement;
The hero's wife untimely dies;
Shattered with grief, he dreads the morrow,
But rallies, and to life applies
A grim philosophy of sorrow.

Rare stuff for your psychologist.
So hard indeed the theme is driven
That action, though it does exist,
Is rather hinted at than given;
It 's excellently done throughout,
And I am churlish thus to grumble,
But I 'd have liked some more about
That pleasant fellow, *Aubrey Trumble*.

Admitting that sallies of wit always date more unfavourably than plain speech, it is hard, I think, to find duller reading than the facetious utterances of the Renascence. Anyone who has toiled through a series of such efforts will bear me out; and anyone who has not might do worse than peruse the painful array of jests bequeathed by Leonardo and Erasmus. The German genius for such things was particularly dunderheaded and its popular manifestations almost as dreary as its scholarly ones. This sufficiently accounts for the fact that the Teutonic legend of *Tyl Eulenspiegel*, which relates a series of pranks played by the bumpkin on the bourgeois, never had anything like the vogue of *fabliaux* of a more Gallic turn. In 1867, however, a Belgian, Charles De Coster, determined to rewrite *Eulenspiegel* as a Belgian national epic. He was faced with obvious difficulties; Belgium was sharply divided into Walloon and Fleming, Catholic and Protestant. Coster, however, ignored the Walloons and treated the Catholics as synonymous with the Spanish tyranny. The decks being thus cleared for action, he wrote an extraordinary farrago nearly seven hundred pages long, in which *Eulenspiegel* is the intellect of Flanders, *Claes*, his father, its fortitude, and so on. *Eulenspiegel* is born on the same day as Philip of Spain, and the rearing and fate of the two protagonists are contrasted throughout. In prefacing the original two-volume edition of the excellent translation now published in one, the late Sir Edmund Gosse discovered affinities between *The Legend of Ulenspiegel* (Heinemann) and the satire of Rabelais and Cervantes. These, however, sublimated the folklore at their disposal. De Coster strikes me as having prostituted his material to a controversial purpose without refining its original crudity.



Ticket-Collector (to passenger who is inclined to argue). "Now, come on out of it! You can't have a first-class row with a third-class ticket."

The great name of Drake, overshadowing the reputations of most of his contemporaries much as did Nelson's a couple of centuries later, has deprived more than one Tudor seaman of his just share of recognition at the hands not only of his own generation but of posterity. Sir Martin

Frobisher, whose story, told in vigorous and picturesque fashion by Mr. William McFee, forms the latest volume in the *Golden Hind* series of nautical biographies (Lane), is a case in point. Frobisher was a great seaman in an age of great seamen. He was the first to brave the frozen seas of the Arctic in search of the North-West Passage. His abortive attempt was the earliest ever made to establish a colony in North America. He grappled with the Armada galleons so stoutly that he was knighted after the battle on board Lord Howard's flagship. But to the great majority of modern Englishmen he is no more than—if indeed so much as—a name. Mr. McFee has built up out of the comparatively scanty material at his disposal a vivid picture of the hardbitten irascible Yorkshireman and the great times in which he lived, wherein are admirably blended the qualities of the historian and the imaginative writer. But is he not historically at fault in his statement that the fore and aft rig was "invented in 1539"? The lateen sail, which had of course been in use in the Mediterranean since the seventh century, if not before, had been adopted by most of the sea-going nations of Europe, in the form of the lateen mizzen, a hundred years before the date he specifies.

Seeing's Believing (Gollancz) is the title Mr. Gerard Hopkins has chosen for his latest novel, adding as a sub-title, *Variations on a Theme*. I liked his second choice. The book reminds me of those ancient pieces, arranged by Brinley Richards or another, that our mothers or aunts used to hammer out on the piano in our youth—pieces that started off simply enough but were apt to become a little wearisome before the final fireworks had been tortured out of the old melody. The action of the story is confined within the narrow limits of some thirty hours, which means that the author is forced to analyse his characters to the very last fibre of their being. It is something of a *tour de force*, no doubt, that Mr. Gerard Hopkins should have succeeded in spinning out his tenuous material to the customary length of a modern novel; it is something more that he should have contrived to make three out of his four chief characters interestingly alive. We have perhaps a little too much of the tangled thoughts that perplex the brain of *Sir Anthony Devison, K.C.B.*, the old General who has at last got his reward by being offered the Governorship of the Scillies, but his hard conventional wife, *Marion*, is distinctly good, especially in the scenes with her daughter *Ann*, who has just been discovered by a meddlesome old friend to have told a deliberate lie when she said she had enjoyed her visit to the *Harlands* at Cratchetts. Instead of spending a blameless fortnight there she had gone off, in fact, with *Major Tarleton*, once on the General's staff and withal a married man. *Ann* is undoubtedly the making of the book, but her outlook on life is almost too aggressively modern; and she is responsible for more than her just share of those brilliant aphorisms which the publisher has thoughtfully collected in a leaflet for the benefit of indolent reviewers.



Tramp. "Is the chopper for ter cut the wood or the cake, lady?"

There are eighteen short stories—and not so short as to make that anything but very generous measure—in Miss Phyllis Bottome's new collection, *Strange Fruit* (Collins). Everyone who cares anything for the attributes of our novelists knows that Miss Bottome can wander about the Continent of Europe and in and out of almost every phase of its social life with all the assurance of the completely initiated; but, though her knowledge is used to good effect here, it is not that which gives this volume its real distinction. Her settings and societies are excellently done and often uncommon, but it is the fact that she tells of happenings to the souls rather than the bodies of her men and women which makes her book so interesting. "The Dagger," the story of three little Polish aristocrats who ran away from their convent school to fight the Bolsheviki, stands out most, not that it is necessarily the best story but it is the only one quite of its kind. "The Lesser Light" is excellent in another *genre*, and so is "Le Drame." In fact it is impossible to imagine a reader at all concerned with the world where things are done who would not find some facet of his own interests reflected here. Soldiering from the soldier's point of view is, I should say, her only failure. Perhaps these stories lose as little from being lumped together—if Miss Bottome will excuse the expression—as any collection of short stories can.

Gyfford of Weare (Sampson Low) dates back to the period when men of breeding were free with their 'Sdeaths, 'Sbloods and so forth. Mr. Jeffery Farnol's heroine also was not restrained in her language, and I admit astonishment when I found her describing a man as a cockatrice, a venomous serpent, a basilisk, a damned fellow, a runagate villain and a hell-hound. For the moment I thought she was perhaps guilty of slight exaggeration, but I discovered afterwards that her heart was in the right place even if her tongue was unbridled. Mr. Farnol keeps the ball rolling at top speed in this romance, and the greatest glutton for adventure will have his fill. In the end, however, we reach calm and happiness and a heroine brimming over with love, which is very satisfactory.

"Our homeward journey took us through Hever, once the property of the Boleyns, famous for Anne of that ilk."—*Parish Magazine.*

We always thought of her as rather a dear.

"Bishop Fyffe gained a third class Classical Tripod at Cambridge and a third class Theological Tripod."—*Sussex Paper.*

We beat him: we got a second-hand Theodolite.

CHARIVARIA.

It is reported that Mr. Winston Churchill, the well-known bricklayer, is about to add a mortar-board to his repertoire of hats.

* * *

We are asked to deny the rumour that "Jix" has joined the Brick-droppers' Union.

* * *

"Cars to suit all pockets at Olympia," says a headline. Cars to fit the waistcoat-pocket would go far to solve the parking problem.

* * *

A contemporary informs us in its General Knowledge feature that the statesman who was nicknamed "Dizzy" was Lord Beaconsfield. So much for the belief that it was Mr. Gladstone.

* * *

Boot-manufacturers have been praying for rain, it seems. It is long since a drought brought Northampton to its knees.

* * *

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There's always this risk when a bride wears her going-away costume at the wedding-breakfast.

FROBISHER, whose story, told in vigorous and picturesque fashion by Mr. WILLIAM MCFEE, forms the latest volume in the *Golden Hind* series of nautical biographies (LANE), is a case in point. FROBISHER was a great seaman in an age of great seamen. He was the first to brave the frozen seas of the Arctic in search of the North-West Passage. His abortive attempt was the earliest ever made to establish a colony in North America. He grappled with the Armada galleons so stoutly that he was knighted after the battle on board Lord HOWARD'S flagship. But to the great majority of modern Englishmen he is no more than—if indeed so much as—a name. Mr. MCFEE has built up out of the comparatively scanty material at his disposal a vivid picture of the hardbitten irascible Yorkshireman and the great times in which he lived, wherein are admirably blended the qualities of the historian and the imaginative writer. But is he not historically at fault in his statement that the fore and aft rig was "invented in 1539"? The lateen sail, which had of course been in use in the Mediterranean since the seventh century, if not before, had been adopted by most of the seagoing nations of Europe, in the form of the lateen mizzen, a hundred years before the date he specifies.

Seeing's Believing (GOLLANCZ) is the title Mr. GERARD HOPKINS has chosen for his latest novel, adding as a sub-title, *Variations on a Theme*. I liked his second choice. The book reminds me of those ancient pieces, arranged by BRINLEY RICHARDS or another, that our mothers or aunts used to hammer out on the piano in our youth—pieces that started off simply enough but were apt to become a little wearisome before the final fireworks had been tortured out of the old melody. The action of the story is confined within the narrow limits of some thirty hours, which means that the author is forced to analyse his characters to the very last fibre of their being. It is something of a *tour de force*, no doubt, that Mr. GERARD HOPKINS should have succeeded in spinning out his tenuous material to the customary length of a modern novel; it is something more that he should have contrived to make three out of his four chief characters interestingly alive. We have perhaps a little too much of the tangled thoughts that perplex the brain of *Sir Anthony Devison, K.C.B.*, the old General who has at last got his reward by being offered the Governorship of the Scillies, but his hard conventional wife, *Marion*, is distinctly good, especially in the scenes with her daughter *Ann*, who has just been discovered by a meddlesome old friend to have told a deliberate lie when she said she had enjoyed her visit to the *Harlands* at Cratchetts. Instead of spending a blameless fortnight there she had gone off, in fact, with *Major Tarleton*, once on the General's staff and withal a married man. *Ann* is undoubtedly the making of the book, but her outlook on life is almost too aggressively modern; and she is responsible for more than her just share of those brilliant aphorisms which the publisher has thoughtfully collected in a leaflet for the benefit of indolent reviewers.



Tramp. "IS THE CHOPPER FOR TER CUT THE WOOD OR THE CAKE, LADY?"

There are eighteen short stories—and not so short as to make that anything but very generous measure—in Miss PHYLLIS BOTTOME'S new collection, *Strange Fruit* (COLLINS). Everyone who cares anything for the attributes of our novelists knows that Miss BOTTOME can wander about the Continent of Europe and in and out of almost every phase of its social life with all the assurance of the completely initiated; but, though her knowledge is used to good effect here, it is not that which gives this volume its real distinction. Her settings and societies are excellently done and often uncommon, but it is the fact that she tells of happenings to the souls rather than the bodies of her men and women which makes her book so interesting. "The Dagger," the story of three little Polish aristocrats who ran away from their convent school to fight the Bolsheviki, stands out most, not that it is necessarily the best story but it is the only one quite of its kind. "The Lesser Light" is excellent in another *genre*, and so is "Le Drame." In fact it is impossible to imagine a reader at all concerned with the world where things are done who would not find some facet of his own interests reflected here. Soldiering from the soldier's point of view is, I should say, her only failure. Perhaps these stories lose as little from being lumped together—if Miss BOTTOME will excuse the expression—as any collection of short stories can.

Gyfford of Weare (SAMPSON LOW) dates back to the period when men of breeding were free with their 'Sdeaths, 'Sbloods and so forth. Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL'S heroine also was not restrained in her language, and I admit astonishment when I found her describing a man as a cockatrice, a venomous serpent, a basilisk, a damned fellow, a runagate villain and a hell-hound. For the moment I thought she was perhaps guilty of slight exaggeration, but I discovered afterwards that her heart was in the right place even if her tongue was unbridled. Mr. FARNOL keeps the ball rolling at top speed in this romance, and the greatest glutton for adventure will have his fill. In the end, however, we reach calm and happiness and a heroine brimming over with love, which is very satisfactory.

"Our homeward journey took us through Hever, once the property of the Boleyns, famous for Anne of that ilk."—*Parish Magazine.*

We always thought of her as rather a dear.

"Bishop Fyffe gained a third class Classical Tripod at Cambridge and a third class Theological Tripod."—*Sussex Paper.*

We beat him: we got a second-hand Theodolite.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is reported that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, the well-known bricklayer, is about to add a mortar-board to his repertoire of hats.

* * *

We are asked to deny the rumour that "Jix" has joined the Brick-droppers' Union.

* * *

"Cars to suit all pockets at Olympia," says a headline. Cars to fit the waistcoat-pocket would go far to solve the parking problem.

* * *

A contemporary informs us in its General Knowledge feature that the statesman who was nicknamed "Dizzy" was Lord BEACONSFIELD. So much for the belief that it was Mr. GLADSTONE.

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GROUSE ON THE GREEN.

A SHORT time ago I was shooting in Scotland. I shot so badly that I haven't got over it yet.

Yesterday I played golf, and was completely off my game.

Last night I had a nightmare. I dreamed that I was standing in a butt on the slope of a hill. Before me the course stretched away in graceful undulations, its peaceful green surface dotted here and there with white and scarlet flags. Behind me my caddie stood ready. He had loaded my driver and was holding the other clubs in reserve. We were silent and alert.

Suddenly my opponent, who was in the rough to my right, fired. I jumped and looked about me, but could see no birds.

"What's the fool shooting at?" I asked my loader.

"There it is, Sir," he replied, pointing to one of the little flags. "Keep slightly to the left. There's a dead bird in that bunker. It's rather a nasty place."

"I shall never carry that bird," I replied, tentatively fingering the trigger of my driver. "And the hole is out of range. Three hundred yards at least. The idea's absurd;" and I handed the club back to the caddie.

"I thought you might reach the green with your second barrel, Sir," he explained apologetically.

But I had no further time for argument, for at that moment I saw a pack of grouse heading straight for my tee at the rate of several hundred miles an hour. "The mashie, fool! The mashie!" I shouted, for I realised at once that my only chance was a quick chip-shot. But the idiot handed me my brassie. What could I do? They were already so close upon me that to fire at them now with such a heavy gun would be most unsporting.

"Fore!" I yelled wildly, "Fore!" and waved my arms to give them every chance. With a roar they were past me, and, turning, I swung hastily and fired. But of course I pressed as usual, sliced badly and took a great divot off the butt. Not a bird dropped.

"You were behind them, Sir," said my loader, "and you lifted your head again."

"Go and fetch the ball," I retorted curtly.

While he was rummaging about amongst the heather I returned to my bunker and fell once more to the perusal of those lines which should be familiar to every young sportsman:—

"Never, never point your cleek
At a friend's unconscious cheek!
Calm and silent always be,
And you'll do the hole in three.

Though yourself and distant green
Butts and bunkers lie between,
Never heed them, take my word,
But 'keep your eye upon the bird.'

If you meet a snipe or partridge,
In your putter slip the cartridge;
Shouts of 'Fore!' are right and pleasant
Ere you drive at grouse or pheasant.

If you find you seldom fail
To pull or slice them through the tail,
Learn this maxim for success:
'Never poke and never press!'"

Having carefully committed these excellent injunctions to memory, I looked round to see what the other guns were doing. The opponent on my right had left his butt and was lying, at some distance before me, full-length upon the green. He was taking deliberate aim at a flag which, I now observed for the first time, was carried by a beater. Hastily averting my glance from what looked uncommonly like murder, I turned my attention to my host. He seemed to be practising his swing. He had balanced an empty cartridge-case on the top of some heather and, holding his gun firmly by the barrel, was whirling it round his head.

My neighbour on my left was shooting very prettily. He was already three up when, with two beautiful rights and lefts in quick succession, he bagged a foursome and laid them all dead within six inches of the pin.

Higher up the hill one of the guns was in difficulties. He had got into a butt and couldn't get out of it. Again and again he raised his niblick and struck furiously at an object which was invisible to me. Nothing appeared save a cloud of sand and feathers.

Meanwhile that ass of a caddie of mine was still looking for my ball. "Haven't you got a dog with you?" I asked angrily. "What is the use of coming on a grouse-course like this without a dog?"

"Can I help you?" said my opponent, strolling up to us. "I thought I had better hole out while you were looking for your ball."

"How many have you got down?" I asked suspiciously.

"Fifteen or sixteen; I am not sure which," he replied. "I think one was a runner. I topped it rather badly."

"Tailed it, you mean," said I rudely. "You had better get back to your butt. The drive isn't over yet."

"No," said he. "A very long one, isn't it? Well over four hundred yards, I should say;" and with that he strolled away, playfully cutting at the daisies with his mashie as he went.

We found my ball at last, and I returned to the bunker and dropped it over my shoulder. But as there were already so many empty cartridge-cases lying about I slyly picked it up again and put it in my pocket. The rest of the round was played without incident, except that I got one very pretty shot well in front, a nice smack clean through the head. The bird fell on the fairway, and I could see from where I stood that it was a good lie. Soon after that all the red and white flags were taken from the greens, moved slowly up to the butts, and the drive came to an end.

While the rest of the guns rustled round in the heather in search of their fallen prey, I made a bee-line for my solitary victim, which lay so conspicuously upon the shaven lawn. But to my disgust and indignation my smooth-tongued opponent was there before me. He stooped, picked up my bird and put it in his pocket.

"My hole, I think," he said.

THE FILM-DIRECTOR.

(Lines by an Old-fashioned Fan.)

THE Film-Director's learned to speak
Portentously about *technique*;
No longer does the Master feel
Content with S.A. (Sex-Appeal)
And crowds of people crisply shot
With lots of sin and lots of plot.
Though still constrained to ply his trade on
Such glorious stuff as sobs are made on,
He'd fain resort to clever wangles,
Distortions, fogs and curious angles,
In hopes that he may thus impart
The elevating touch of Art.

Now (speaking for myself alone)
I greet his efforts with a groan;
I fear that they may quite destroy
The hearty elemental joy
That stirs my pulses every time
I witness reels of meaty crime;
For, when he grows impressionistic,
Profound, obscure and too artistic,
Strong doubts within my mind arise
And I begin to criticise,
Muttering, as I puff my pipe,
"What unadulterated tripe!"

I would not seem to chide or hector
The bold ambitious Film-Director,
Or blame him if he likes to speak
Portentously about *technique*;
But lines of pain will furrow my brow
If he proceeds to play the highbrow,
For I'm a bloke that likes his thrills
Neat, stark and raw, and minus frills.

C. L. M.

Commercial Candour.

"Excellent Cigarettes and other Curios sold at Moderate Prices."—*Advt. in Zanzibar.*

"The pendulum swung full circle."—*From Mr. NEWMAN FLOWER'S "Franz Schubert: The Man and his Circle."*

What did it do, we wonder, when Papa HAYDN wrote his "Clock" symphony?



THE UGLY DOVELING.

THE PACT-BIRD. "AND I MEANT SO WELL!"

[Though the Anglo-French Pact seems to have fluttered some of the Doves of Peace, its authors describe it as a preliminary arrangement calculated to facilitate the proceedings of the next Conference on Disarmament.]



Old Gentleman. "I SEE THAT IN LONDON A MAN IS RUN OVER EVERY HALF-HOUR."
Old Lady. "POOR FELLOW!"

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

(An Olympian memory, written more or less after the manner of our motor-specialists in the Daily Press.)

IT is only when we consider the motor-car of twenty or thirty years ago that we realise what a wonderful thing the modern automobile can be.

Look at it there as it glides imperceptibly down the road, glides on towards the corner and goes on gliding imperceptibly until it glides out of perception altogether! Not only is it imperceptible, it is also inaudible. What you took to be the exhaust was merely an explosion in a dynamite factory some miles away. A hoot now and then like the sound of a jungle-cat in pain. That is all.

How different was the old-fashioned machine that our uncles used to drive! A rumble of machinery, five or six loud blasts, and the ponderous thing rolled forward to the slope, where it began to beat about to make the ascent of the hill.

Where by this time is our modern car? On wings it has sped up to the top. On wings it has flown to the road junction, where it is stayed by the policeman's uplifted hand, and where its occupants can spend a quiet hour or so of leisure, talking of the affairs of the day.

For us, on the other hand, struggling with the obsolete vehicle, what labour, what pain! We change gear once with a loud crash of ironmongery, and puff

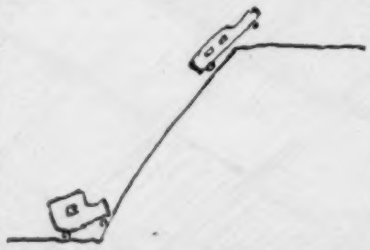


DIAGRAM SHOWING CONTRAST BETWEEN HILL-CLIMBING POWERS OF THE 1908 AND THE 1928 MOTOR-CAR.

manfully on. But at the second time of asking she falters and fails. Leaping out, we place stones behind her back-wheels. We lie underneath. Lumps of metal fall out of the bottom and hit us in the face. Candle-grease drops on our clothes. We open the bonnet and take out the plugs. We empty the tank and scour it with a solution of soda. We scatter pistons on the road.

The natives surround us. We borrow a horse and attach the radiator to its tail. One or two yokels push behind. With a gradual grinding of wheels we ascend to the top of the hill, and reach at last the point where the modern car is still waiting for the policeman's hand to fall. What a picture of luxury and refinement she seems. How she puts our grimy fingers and dust-covered faces to shame!

Peep now inside the two vehicles. What an array of shining ornaments lies in front of the driver of our up-to-date car, like the toilet articles on the table of a bride! There is a theodolite, a sextant, a commutator. Here, there and everywhere gleams a dainty gauge or ravishing fitment, adding a note of *ton* and *chic* to the little boudoir in which the owner lounges at her ease.

What have we in the old-fashioned car? Nothing but a compass and a bell.

A touch of the hand and foot, and the new car glides forward imperceptibly again. With the old we often have to drive out the clutch with a hammer, and

use our teeth as well as both hands in order to get the gear-lever from its socket. In front of us is a single cylinder. Under the bonnet of the new car is a serried phalanx, whose number it is well-nigh impossible to reckon.

The car ahead of us is hung with supplementary wheels which can be attached to the axles, in case of need, with a twist of the finger and thumb. With us, when we have a puncture, we have to sew up the inner tube with a darning-needle, a job that may take us an hour. For lights we have a paraffin lamp, or a couple of inconvenient candles that have to be snuffed every mile as we proceed. The monster in front of us illumines the countryside, turning night into day. Seventy miles is an easy rate of progress for it to attain. Ourselves, when we overtake a fast trotting gig, we shout with exultation and mirth.

No rain nor any snow filters through the roof of that exquisite limousine. We in our Balaclava helmets and leather masks are exposed to all the rigours of the storm. Errand-boys perch behind us, and we have to whip them off with the rubber tube of our foot-pump as we go.

We take no ladies with us. The privations and terrors of our journey are too great for their gentle frames. But the car yonder is being guided by the slim right hand of a mere school-girl of seventeen, while she uses a lip-stick with her left.

Our brakes are operated by a wheel and ratchet at the rear, and it is a full-time job for one man to look after them. Even then it takes us nearly a mile to pull up, when we are going at our maximum speed. The four-wheel brake of our great rival stops it instantaneously as though by a whispered word.

We have no reverse on our car. When we wish to back her, we must do it with our hands, or else have recourse to our old friend Dobbin again.

We do not accelerate easily. In the main we rely upon running furiously down hills, crying to the peasants, sheep, etc., to get out of our path. All the time we rattle abominably and strew the road as we travel with nuts, hubs, plugs, jets, spokes, knobs, buttons, braces and bits of string.

Meanwhile our magnificent model of 1928 gracefully eats up the miles without faltering, without a murmur or a sigh.

Were it not for the traffic-blocks we should never be able to keep up with her.

"Couples Courting on Tube Stairs."
Headline in Evening Paper.

What 's the osculator for?



New Proprietor. "That up there 's the old nigger minstrels' gallery.

Shifts before Shirts.

"I am sending you the she-mises, and the he-mises will follow."
Note from Indian Laundress.

Our Convincing Advertisers.

"Are you satisfied that your Savings are in a safe place? If not, bring them to a Bank that has kept its doors open for over 100 years."
Savings-Bank Circular.

"A quarter of an hour before the start Hancock scored an unconverted try for Bath."
Sunday Paper.

You 've got to get there at least half-an-hour before the start to make certain of a decent score nowadays.

"With them Othello won Ophelia."
Cross-word Clue in "The Morning Post."

What was it maddened the Royal Dane?
We have heard this problem again and again;
Scholars say this and scholars say that,
But each of them talks through the top of his hat;
And all of this highbrow and erudite host
Must bow to the word of *The Morning Post*,
Which hints that the trouble of *Hamlet* (poor fellow!)
Was due to the meddling of naughty *Othello*.

TOPSY, M.P.

V.—At the Prunery.

Well Trix darling no doubt you'll *chuckle* somewhat at the address, but *here* I am my dear *definitely* interned at Doctor Bootle's *Prunery* and have been for a week, well you see after the *afflicting* strain of *almost* flying the Atlantic my *girlish* nerves were *utterly* twanging, my dear you'd only to *contradict* me and they played a *tune*, and of course I must be *quite* pepulent by the time the *Session* sits, and the Press were being *rather* importunate about the *flight* and everything, my dear as Haddock said a public woman these days has no more privacy than a *goldfish*, so what with everything my darling Haddock thought I'd better go into a *retreat* or cloister somewhere and *quietly* decarbonise the neurotic system, and at the same time *incubate* my Parliamentary programme.

So *here* I am my dear sort of *sitting* on my policy and eating *nothing* but prunes, my dear you *must* have heard of this place, it's *the* Cadogan health-hell at the moment, my dear they charge you *fortunes* and *as* I say give you *nothing* but prunes, because of course *orange-juice* is *quite* vieux jeu by now, and my dear *don't* think we're stinted, we have the *most* protracted dinners, my dear *prune* soup, and *fillet* of prune, and *prune* cutlets, and after that *Roast* prune, and then as a rule we have prune à la *crème*, and as often as not some sort of a *prune* savoury, no coffee of *course* but they have the *most* exhilarating prune *liqueur*, oh and I forgot, there's generally some nice *prunes purées* with the joint, also on Wednesdays we *each* get a *banana* to ourselves, and on Sunday night which is *rather* an orgy we have beet-root salad *instead* of the savoury.

Well darling as you *know* I'm not a *congenital* herbivore, but I must say the *effect* is *rather* ethereal, and personally I'm doing the thing *too* fanatically, well so far I've *refused* both *beet-root* and *banana* and am utterly *loyal* to the prune, in fact in a day or two your misunderstood little friend will be 100 per cent *prune*, because my dear it's *too* discouraging to think that all these *æons* have fluttered by in vain before Dr. Bootle discovered it, but it seems the little *prune* is *Nature's* nourishment, my dear *nothing* else was ever *meant* to be eaten, well it's got *more* vitamins than the orange, my dear somebody's *counted* them, and more *hypo-cardrates* or something than the *banana*, and *no* alkali or *starch* or uric acid or *anything*, my dear *did* you know that if the *British* Army had been fed on *nothing* but prunes the *War* would have been over in *1916*, well that's what they say, and my dear it's *rather* a scandal when you come to think of it, of course Dr. Bootle says that *all* other food ought to be utterly *vetoed* by law, because he says that in the end the *Prune* Peoples must come out on top, so of course he's got a *big* kick out of an *authentic* legislator like your Topsy



Porter (to confrère). "Lumme, Alf, 'e must be the bloomin' Ace o' Clubs!"

time and there's no hurry about the *third*, anyhow I'm *too* clear that I am *not* going to be a sort of whining-trumpet for the jaundiced doe, because *love* is the note of *my* life, and as a *matter* of fact I *rather* detest *all* women, don't you agree darling?

Well my dear as you may imagine the *other* inmates are a *shade* miscellaneous, of course there are some of the *more* cylindrical *Cadogan* matrons busy revising the measurements, and a lot of *anæmic* citizens acquiring *flesh*, because my dear that's the *radiant* thing about the prune, it doesn't matter if you're too *fat* or too *thin*, the plucky prune will do the necessary, my dear it's *ambidexterous*, and of course anything like *lassitude* or *blood-pressure* or *flatulence* or *tennis-elbow* is *utterly* prunable, which reminds me, *who* did I find here but Councillor *Mule*, well I forget if you know about him but he's the absolute *Voice* of the Crêpe Vote in Burbleton, my dear *too* sunless, the *world's* vinophobe, and he's suffering from cubic capacity insomnia *and* nerves, which is not *much* of an "ad." for the Chocolate-Suckers, well of course I'm having to step *rather* delicately because of course we're *quite* cat and dog, my dear *this* is the fungus who suppressed the Burbleton *band* on Sundays, and we're going to have the *rudest* battles about that and a few other outrages, my dear I'm so *tired* of all these *railing* sin-seekers and sucking Savonarolas, however *at* the moment my policy is to *rather* win him with *sweetness* and disarming glances, but my dear *too* impervious at the time of writing, however nous verrons etc.

Well *meanwhile* darling as for myself I must confess I'm a mere *bubble* of well-being, thanks to the jolly prune, my dear sort of *rarefied*, well I feel that at *any* moment the little head might *float* off the little body and merely *waft* about the firmament, if you know what I mean, and of course the girl's complexion is *too* diaphanous and satisfactory, my dear I *rather* think I'm looking *rather* lovable, and it's just as well perhaps there's no male inmate under the Victorian age, however fortunately I feel more *valetudinous* than anything, because having at last a little time on the hands I've been *cherishing* the frame in every direction, my dear I read *all* the advertisements in *all* the hen-papers and send coming here, you know my dear they can say what they like about the *decay* of representative constitutions and everything but there's *no* doubt that being an M.P. *does* give a girl a sort of phantom importance, only I do *rather* find that people expect one to *bleat* about politics from dawn till dream-time, and of course all these infatuated *womanly* women who want me to be the absolute *battle-axe* of the *Woman's* Cause, my dear they *molest* and *mob* me *already*, and even in *this* concealed turning, because there are two friends of the *Lotweed* object here and *whenever* they can they merely *herd* me into a corner and *snuffle* at me about some *miasmal* aspect of the *Woman's* Problems, my dear I'm *too* laconic with them and it's *even* come to my *hiding* in the bathroom, because as I've *always* said there's never been more than *one* Woman's Problem and that is *Man*, and in *my* opinion the pathetic shrimp has already gone down for the second



"EXCUSE ME—DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE COME ACROSS A PORTION OF *THE EVENING GAZETTE* CONTAINING THE THIRD INSTALMENT OF 'THIRTEEN CROOKS'?"

for *simply* everything, because my dear it's *quite* alarming when you realise how we all *neglect* the body, my dear I've bought *brassières* and *cuticle* removers, and *things* for the *lips* and the *dandruff* and the *nails* and as for the *skin*, my dear *toning* creams and *tightening* creams, and *skin foods* and *muscle* oil, and then of course there are the *mouth*-balms and the *eye*-preservers, and *things* to put in the bath, and *garden-rollers* for the little tummy, and of course the exercises *quite* always, so altogether I *do* see now that if a girl can keep the body clean and sweet it's *about* all she's time for on *this* planet darling, and I *rather* fear that when I'm a busy public woman again I shall become a *mere* mass of *degenerate tissues*, and *flaccid muscles*, and *fatty accumulations*, not to speak of *impure pores* and *embarrassing blushes*, with probably a touch of halitosis and lethargy, my dear these *words*, they're *too* upsetting, however I'm *determined* to have a good pure *prune*-foundation for the winter months, so I'm going to suffer for another week here, if only to irritate Councillor Mule, though I must say I'm *quite* beginning to pine for my Haddock and as a *matter* of fact the *tiniest* beaker of juniper-juice and Italian would be *rather* like the ripple of a cooling stream in the *fatiguing* deserts of Sahara, and of course *what* Haddock is going to say about the *bill* my dear, because as far as I can see it *works* out at *about* a guinea a *prune*, however no more now darling, your *austere* little prunatic TOPSY.

A. P. H.

FICTION WHILE YOU WAIT.

[A machine has been invented which provides novelists with infinite combinations of plots and characters.]

James Penn was a writer of tales;
Successful? Decidedly not.
Two thousand his average sales—
It just took the chill off the pot.
He knew his technique of plot-building was weak,
For the critics agreed to deride it;
But "The Author's First Aid" furnished plots ready-made,
He was told, so he bought one and tried it.

It worked. With a turn of the crank
Came characters, stories for books,
And drama "outspoken and frank,"
And "rattling good yarns" about crooks
In a plentiful crop, till a maid let it drop
And ruined its tender interior;
When he mended the thing with some glue and some string
The results were distinctly inferior.

Mr. WODEHOUSE's *Bertie* and *Jeeves*
Were involved in a GALSWORTHY theme;
Some portions of *Those Barren Leaves*
Got into *Midsummer Night's Dream*;
The Ringer, *The Bat*, *Lorna Doone*, *The Green Hat*
Were entwined in a new *Oresteia*;
It mixed *Sarah Gamp* and *The Slave of the Lamp*
With the story of *Iphigenia*.

His publisher frowned, "This won't do;"
He tried to dispose of his wares
To *The Pegasus Monthly Review*—
The editor threw him downstairs.
Oh, blind! What they slighted *The Red Dawn*, delighted,
Accepted, and so did *Advance!*
And now he's acclaimed as a master, world-famed,
Of Modern Eclectic Romance.

IONIDES.

(An Epinikian Ode in Honour of Mr. Bobby Jones.)

It is a standing reproach to the poets of two great nations that, although the achievements of Mr. Jones have given rise to innumerable columns of prose, no attempt has so far (to my knowledge) been made to celebrate them in verse. Yet they should be as inspiring a theme as the victories in various events, from mule-chariot racing to long-distance flute-playing, which Pindar used to hymn with such punctuality and despatch in verse well up to the modern standard of obscurity and incoherence.

Moreover, Pindar was not, so far as we know, a practical exponent of feats of strength or endurance; I have little doubt that he had never hurled a discus or run the quarter in heavy armour in his life; whereas most poets of to-day are keen, though possibly inefficient, golfers, as ready to wield the putter as the plectrum and to address the ball as the Muse; and, differing from Mr. Jones in degree only, not in kind, they have a practical and sympathetic comprehension of the appalling difficulties he has overcome.

To fill this want I have thrown off an ode in the best Pindaric manner, a translation of which I subjoin. The original Greek, in genuine dactylo-epitritics, may be inspected at my private residence. If the poem should be found inferior to the original models in length and/or irrelevance, the blame must be laid on the captiousness of modern editors and their distressing unlikeness to the easy-going Greeks, who apparently paid for their panegyrics by the foot without troubling to read them, a proceeding in which, as they would have been hard put to it to understand them, they showed their usual good sense.

"Hail, Columbia, daughter of Freedom, mother of Prohibition, blow-hole of hot air! In thee are many fair cities, Thebes and Corinth, Athens and Sparta, Hollywood, favoured of the stars, and Dayton, hater of monkeys; but fairest of all is Atlanta, well-loved home-course of Ionides.

"Bring me round a forty-horse-power car of the Muses, for my song would fain soar away as a ball that leaveth the well-built tee smitten by a mighty driver. Such a one is he whom I sing, far-famed scion of a far-famed stock." (Here should follow a comprehensive history of the Jones family from the Early Cambrian age, with a short excursus on Welsh Disestablishment, which I reluctantly omit.)

"Truly, my friends, I am as one that driveth beyond the uttermost bounds of the well-marked course, and I must needs let fall another ball, losing stroke and distance both. It is meet for a man to walk in straight paths, and Length without Direction is but a snare. Thence cometh Excuse, sister of Mendacity, and an inglorious return to the house of his club-mates, while he puts off on the body of his caddy the shame of hateful defeat.

"Sweet, my Klaxon, now behoveth thee to shrill a loftier strain. Mine it is to relate how when yet a dear infant Bobby would ever be brandishing his tiny-bladed niblick, nor had he any craven fear of the dread Bogey-man, laughing him to scorn; and how he learned to fight with Old Man Par, sternest of foes, wielding, like Hercules, a club of might invincible.

"Verily, you might say, sacrificing Clearness, mother of Banality, to picturesque Metaphor, first-cousin to Nonsense, that among golfers he is a whetstone. On the storied plain of Saint Andrew, by Swilcan's hallowed stream, hath he won the victor's laurel, and at Lytham, whose glory is shared by Saint Anne, and at Inwood, and at Scioto and many other places with equally curious names. And at Brae Burn this year and at Chicago he trod heavily with fell intent on Perkins, pride of sea-girt Albion.

"And of his other triumphs I lack room to sing, for space is limited on Mr. Punch's sacred page, whereas the sand of the bunkers is uncountable, and who can number the leaves that strew the fairways of a deep-wooded inland course in autumn? Yet I will tell the world that sweet is his temper, while as a boon-companion you may not easily find his peer on either shore of the far-flung pond that men call haunted of herrings. Time, gentlemen, please!"

A. N. OTHER.

Dear Mr. Punch,—Like *Mr. Hardcastle* I love everything that's old, especially old friends. And among these I should like to think I may number one whose name I have known in the games-playing world for well over a quarter-of-a-century. I refer to that sturdy veteran, A. N. Other. What a wonderful man he is! He seems never to tire. As the seasons come round there is his name again, playing cricket, football, hockey—he does not mind what it is. It is marvellous at his age.

And what a sportsman! Somehow his name always appears at the end of the team; I never remember seeing it anywhere but last. Yet so far as I know he does not complain. A smaller man would have chucked the thing up many years ago.

Yet I wonder sometimes if we are right in letting him go on like this. Ought he not to retire gracefully before we read one day some such touching announcement as "A. N. Other was unfortunately prevented from playing by a sharp attack of senile decay"? There must be some young enthusiasts who would be only too glad to take his place. There is S. O. Meoneelse, for instance. His name has an alien look, I confess; but he has youth on his side.

I do hope that captains of teams will give this their careful consideration; but, if they cannot find it in their hearts to cut out their old friend, do let them put him in a bit earlier. How delighted the old boy would be if one day, instead of "The side will be: . . . J. Jones, W. Smith and A. N. Other," he were to read, "The side will be: . . . J. Jones, A. N. Other and W. Smith"!

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Faithfully yours,
Willoughby Woking.

APPLES.

Here in the orchard, gay and sober,
Russet and Pippin and Pearmain swing
Under the sky of serene October,
Ripe and ready for harvesting.
Lane's Prince Albert and Warner's King.

Read me their names of romance and mystery
And, as you study them, call to mind
That half of the famous fruits of history,
For the bane or the blessing of men designed,
Were apples—*and nobody knows what kind.*

When Eve was moved by the Serpent's wheedling
To sell the race with a broken vow,
I fancy the lure was a Scarlet Seedling,
Glowing bright on the burdened bough,
A thing of enticement then as now.

And, when young Paris upset Society
And the world went warring for Helen's eyes,
The story never says what variety
Was chosen as Aphrodite's prize;
A Cox's Orange is but surmise.

The apple that set the wise man musing,
The apple at which the bowman aimed,
Apples for praising or abusing,
They live in legend for ever famed,
Yet all unlabelled and all unnamed.

What of it, while with the sunshine flecking
The grassy spaces below the trees,
We may picture the magic of Autumn decking
The gardens of the Hesperides
With a golden bounty as fair as these?

A. C.



Luncher. "WHAT 'S THAT THING THE ORCHESTRA 'S PLAYING?"
Maître d'Hôtel. "SELECTIONS FROM *ORFEO*, SIR."
Luncher. "WELL, TELL 'EM IT DON'T SUIT MY JUGGED HARE."

ENOUGH! ENOUGH!

THERE are too many things in the world.

We are surrounded by instruments, articles, objects, apparatus and machines. There is a plague of levers in the land. Turn on a switch in an Englishman's home, and anything may happen—a kettle may boil, a light may shine, a voice may talk about beetles, a dinner-lift may come up through the floor. The population is fairly stationary, the birth-rate is decreasing, the number of things grows greater every year. And the old things do not die—at any rate, not enough of them die.

How many books are in existence per head of the population? Nobody knows.

What happens to old cinema films?

I discussed safety-razor blades long ago.

Supposing that a man has already in his house a telephone, a gramophone, a dictaphone, a megaphone and a wireless set with two earphones, will he be expected to buy during the course of the next six months a visophone, a moviephone and a microphone as well? Is his house to bulge with phones? And must he have an aeroplane and a hydroplane as well as a motor-car?

Owing to the traffic jam it is now said to take forty-seven minutes to ride on a motor-bus from Marble Arch to Holborn Circus. But the traffic jam in any house will be just as bad. The televisor, the loud-speaker, little Henry's lessons and the typewriter will all be going at once. Stumble over the electric-heater and you knock down the canary-cage. Who uses all these things? Where did I leave my pipe? There are seven hundred-and-forty different kinds of fountain-pen on the market at

the moment, and three on my desk as I take up my knife to sharpen my quill.

I never meet a scientist without his telling me of some new thing which has just been discovered to enable people to do a thing they never thought of doing before; but science never discovers any way of preventing people from using the old things which they have had all along. People are allowed to burn coal and ride horses, and talk to each other and look at each other, and write letters and go to concerts and theatres, just as if there were no such things as petrol and steam and radio and type-writers and television and cinemas in the world.

There you go! You have tuned in the electric fly-swatter to Daventry by mistake.

I know a man who was given an automatic cigarette-lighter two years ago and has tied a knot in his handkerchief every night in order to help him to remember to use it. But he has always gone on borrowing matches just the same.

Every large building has a staircase and a lift up the centre, and a nasty set of steps outside, to be used in the case of fire, which unhappily so seldom occurs. If you go into a multiple-shop you are struck at once by the number of things which nobody is buying. Nobody ever has bought them; nobody will. They are just things. A reliable statistician once told me that a larger number of hypophosphate drinks had been invented than the world's total supply of hypophosphates was able to produce.

A new dog is invented almost every year, but nearly all the old breeds survive. There must, I suppose, be a place where the old motor-cars, superseded by six-cylinders and straight eights, go at last, like the elephants, to die. But nobody has discovered where that place is. In America the bones of Fords lie bleaching along the prairies; but even then, what happens to the scrap-iron?

Leather buttons are being made out of milk, but to whose advantage? Cows still have to wear hides.

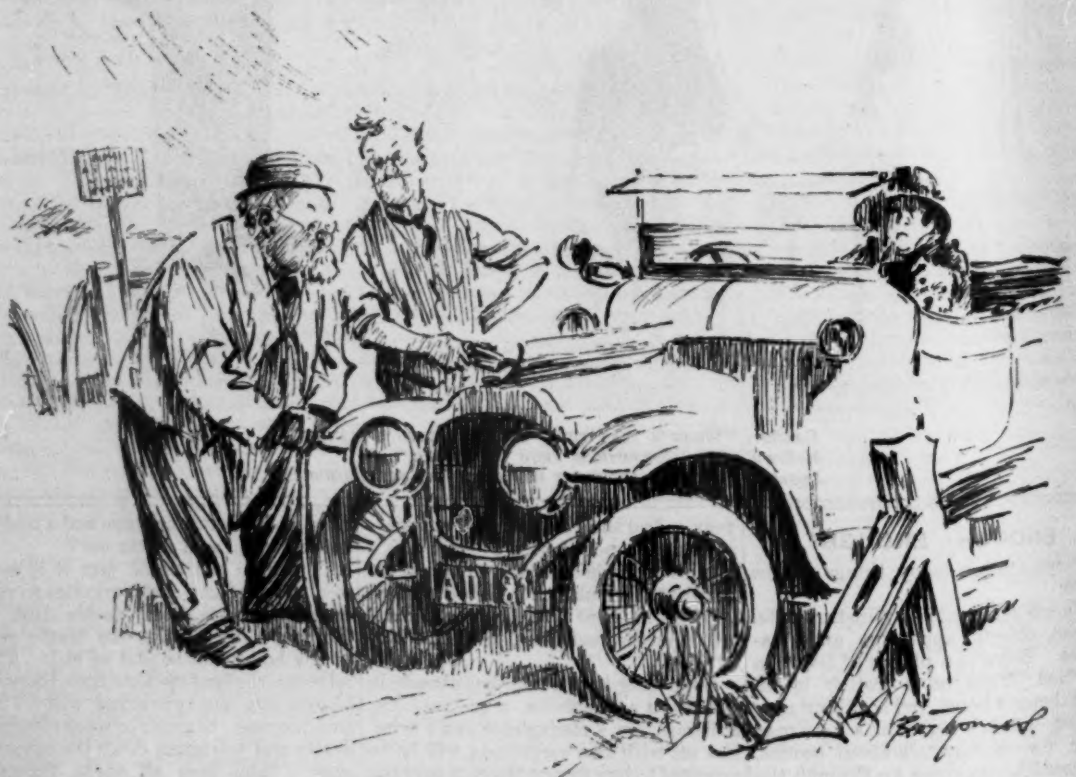
The result of our complicated civilisation is that every man grows every day more ignorant, because the number of things is becoming so vastly greater than the number of men to understand them. The editor of a very well-known daily paper told me that he had published over a hundred sensational new articles during the last month, and five or six that were epoch-making.

"What are you doing with the epochs?" I said.

"Nothing," he replied. "We are just keeping them in the office."

This is sheer waste.

The times in fact are getting far, far ahead of the people who live in them. Scarcely anybody you meet on the Underground can tell you what an aerophad is, and there is almost the same uncertainty about an omostat. Say to a bus-conductor, "How much do you know of microcenes?" and the man will bridle. Yet there these things are, and they affect our daily lives, whether we like it or not, for good or ill. The world is filled with labour-saving devices which nobody can take the trouble to operate. The air is a-quiver with electric vibrations which nobody bothers to pick up. And I have calculated that there are so many ridiculous printed notices in the street that in the course of a day a man reads, without knowing



"FIRST CAR YOU 'VE EVER SEEN, I SUPPOSE?"
"NOA, BUT IT BE *LOIKE* UN."

it, as many words as would make a large three-volume novel.

How many people know the names of those funny little things in the street that you open with a kind of thing-umabob and then there are queer things inside them? How many men over fifteen years of age understand a word of all that stuff in the wireless papers? Every time I read—

"A wonderful new instrument has just been invented that will enable us to hear the voice of a person who is not talking, or read the thoughts of a person who is not thinking, or, by means of the magnetic variations of a sensitised plate, will enable us to detect automatically in England a smell which is going to be smelt in Australia to-morrow,"

I am filled with impotent rage. Here am I with my work to do. What time have I to spend on these scientific novelties? And, if any man has time to immerse himself in the study even of one of them, how it separates him from his friends! Ask him to come round with his wife and play bridge, to go to a theatre, to play golf, he will say, "I am sorry, but my evenings—or afternoons—are spent almost entirely now in radiopathy," or "Osmography fills every spare moment that I have;" or again, "We have been busy the whole of this week fitting a new gauge to the nervophone."

The nervophone is that new instrument which reproduces the mental soliloquies of a man who is talking to somebody about something else.

Obviously there should be a Government department to censor the creation of new things, or else a Government department to destroy what is old. When ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON wrote—

"The world is so full of a number of things
That I'm sure we should all be as angry as Inges,"

he was right. Consider the position of a wealthy financier with a large house and grounds, who possesses not only old books, old furniture and old china, but also new books, new pottery and new art chairs; and besides this has installed a rosewood cabinet for the reproduction of songs, and a mahogany intensifier for the amplification of voices, and an osmonium for the transmission of aromas, and an optoscope for the presentation of aerial cinema plays, and keeps two or three motor-cars and three or four aeroplanes, and a hydroplane, and a small submersible boat on the lake, together with horses and peacocks and cattle and rock-gardens and tennis-lawns and wires and greyhounds and pigs. What would the life of such an one be worth? How could he enjoy his wealth? The voice of the peacocks would irresistibly grate on his ear when he was endeavouring to enjoy the quietude of the osmonium; the best murder-trials on the optoscope would be performed whilst he was absent in the hunting-field.

For the poor man life is no easier. He concentrates, let us say, on his wireless set and has no leisure for bicycling, dart-throwing, dog-racing, psycho-analysis, telepathy, phlebotomy, or the silver screen.



Sailor. "VERY DANGEROUS, THEM BIG LINERS, SIR. IF THEY STARTS ROLLIN' AN' YOU BEGINS TO SKID, YOU BREEZES ALONG FOR ABOUT 'ARF-A-MILE AFORE YOU FETCHES UP AGIN SOMETHIN' 'ARD."

And on top of this we excavate Ur of the Chaldees, dig up the furniture of TUTANKH-AMEN, and collect little vases that the Etruscans lost long ago.

There are too many things in the world.

EVOE.

Expressions Which Enrich the Language.

"SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Simla, Sept. 14.—H.H. the Nawab of Bahawalpur A. P. E. Chapman, has expressed his Viceregal Lodge."—*Indian Paper.*

MEN OF THE SEA.

III.

Having served in partnership with Digby as the crew of Peake's yacht, *Yann*, during the whole of his eight-days' cruise on the south coast this September, I took the opportunity last week of describing for the general public some of the ways of Men of the Sea: how they learn to act quickly by instinct on emergency, and how gradually, day by day—and here I made special reference to the maritime careers of Digby and myself—a silent understanding grows up between them. Since writing this I have had qualms of conscience lest some of my readers, not knowing life on the deep as we do, may not have really grasped the precise nature of this understanding. The fact is it is a variable quantity. It fluctuates from day to day. And there are times when for quite long periods at a stretch it is barely, if at all, noticeable.

Let me refer briefly to another adventure of ours during the cruise to illustrate my point. There is no doubt at all that the operation of leaving Swanford Harbour, where we had called for the purpose of refilling the water-tank, should have been an unqualified success. True we were faced with the somewhat difficult manœuvre, necessitated by Peake's lack of *savoir-faire* in entering the harbour bows-foremost, of turning the ship round alongside the quay before we could hope to move away at all. But then, before we started the operation, the whole population of Swanford had assembled as near the ship as possible to assist us with their advice. And I should like to say here and now in commendation of these good folk who dwell on the seaboard of our island that no sooner does a ship moor up to their quay than, putting all thought of self aside and forsaking their occupation at whatever personal inconvenience, they one and all gather alongside her for the purpose of giving the free benefit of their experience should any situation arise which invites it. And on this occasion the situation did arise in connection with the manœuvre I have mentioned.

Now it so happened that the full advantage of the collective advice of the band of helpers was bestowed on Digby. I myself was enjoying a few moments' respite from toil on the other side of the ship, while Peake, after telling Digby that all he had to do was to keep the bow-warp taut and the stern would swing round of herself, had retired below hatches on the important job of relieving the parched throat of the harbour-master who had supplied us with water. And Digby had hardly got properly going on his task, sitting alert, pipe in mouth, within a couple of yards or so of the mooring-post on to which the warp was fixed, when the crowd started to assist him.

The particular nature of much of the advice offered has escaped my memory, but there was one piece I remember which made a distinct impression upon me. A small boy remarked that he (Digby) had forgotten to put on his yachting-cap. How he knew not only that Digby possesses a yachting-cap, but that in the usual way he makes a point of wearing it on entering a harbour, is to this day a mystery. Digby would doubtless have gone and fetched it at once, but either he was too engrossed in his job—he had closed his eyes, I remember, to enable him the better to concentrate upon it—or he failed to hear the remark. But when he was warned by another helper, in a voice that rose above the rest, that if he didn't slack off that warp pretty quick he 'd have her bowsprit through the window of the harbour-master's office he immediately sprang to his feet and showed by that quickness of action in an emergency which all true—but I 've told you about that before. Barely had he untied the warp when Peake dashed up on deck and with unnecessary emphasis, as I thought, and with total disregard for the tender years of some of the ears among the spectators, asked him why, in the name of somebody who had nothing to do with the case at all, he had not done what he 'd been told.

Digby was speechless. It was only when the matter had blown over afterwards that he pointed out to me the difficult nature of his position. How could he have told, he asked, what experience lay or did not lie behind the man who offered the advice? From his appearance and his tone of voice he might well have been the ex-captain of the *Berengaria* himself. And how dreadful it would have been to say "Go away, Sir!" or use other strong language, to the ex-captain of the *Berengaria*. But, as I say, at the time he was silent; and Peake tightened up the warp and retired without another word to his work in the cabin. And I remember Digby telling me afterwards that he thought the roar of laughter that rose from the quay following the incident served Peake right for his childish display of petulance; and indeed, to show how foolish it was to reject the advice of these good fellows, one had only to look at the event that directly followed this incident of the ex-captain of the *Berengaria*. Let us do so.

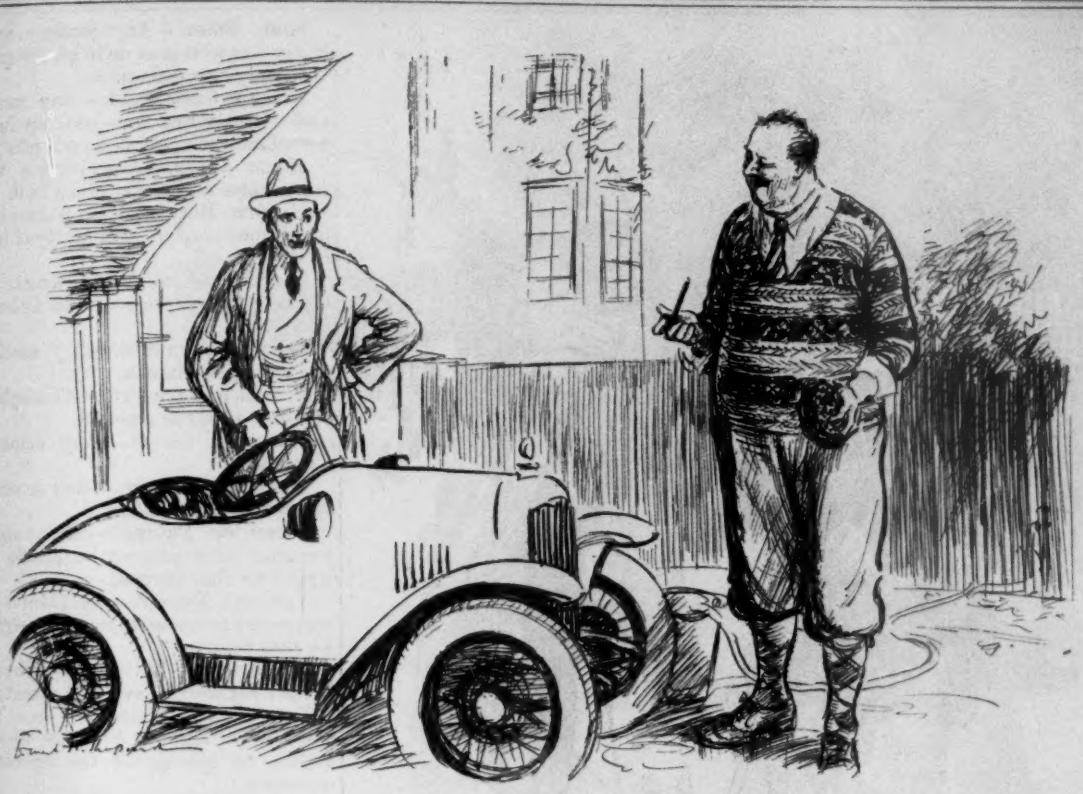
Digby was in the act of re-lighting his pipe and devoting himself again to his duties when another assistant called out, "Get yer fender ready there! She's going to crash."

Digby, in whose trusting nature the seed of scepticism had been sown by recent events, turned and looked long and critically at the speaker. He evidently decided that his appearance was to be likened rather to those that go down to the office in trams than to their brethren of the sea, for, after answering, "No, Sir; I think she 's all right, leave her to me," he calmly proceeded to apply another match to his pipe.

Reader, you are right. That pipe was never re-lit, for the next instant its owner was unseated by the violent contact of the ship's side with the quay.



Cockney (doing Paris). "Bloomin' 'igh tower, ain't it? Reminds me o' Sarthend Pier on end."



Friend (admiring small car). "VERY NICE; BUT HOW DO YOU—ER—MANAGE TO GET INTO IT?"
Large Owner. "I DON'T. I JUST SLIP IT ON."

Peake's subsequent behaviour really did him no credit at all. His vexation may have been partly due to the long time the process of de-parching the harbour-master's throat had taken, was indeed at the time of the crash still taking. I don't know. But I do know that when we eventually got away he offered no word of thanks to the man who had given the warning, though informed more than once by the man himself of the services he had rendered. The band of helpers might not have existed for all the notice he took of them. Nor for that matter might his own crew, for he proceeded to work the ship himself and ignored us.

Digby too was silent. In vain I pointed out to him that the ringing cheers that rose from the quay as we moved off were in my opinion undoubtedly intended for him. In vain, to show I was in earnest, I waved his yachting-cap, which I had retrieved from below, in acknowledgment of those cheers. It was useless. He was inconsolable.

For myself, I may say I was the only one of the three to keep his spirits up throughout the misadventure. I did my best to raise those of the other two, but it was not to be done; and I was forced to realise the fact that there are at times, disguise it as you will, undeniable lapses in that silent understanding that exists among Men of the Sea.

PLUNDER ON THE LEFT.

[At the Birmingham Labour Conference Mr. WHEATLEY said: "I want an Act of Parliament in the first session entitling the Labour Government to take possession of all the wealth of the nation." Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN, on the other hand, ridiculed Mr. WHEATLEY'S *Socialism in no Time*, and, while he favoured nationalising the Bank of England, maintained that it must be kept free from political influences.]

OH, stop your niggling, PHIL!
You really make me ill
With your peevish and acidulated phrases;
There can be no finality
In endless graduality
When we've got to blow all Capital to blazes.

Now here's this blighted Bank,
Like a thorn in Labour's flank,
Which you want to grant perpetual immunity
From politics, instead
Of knocking on the head
Its monstrous and maleficent impunity.

Where'er the "fat man's" crest
Is reared above the rest,
We must be prompt to batter it and clout it;
And then share out his loot,
Though it only brings one boot
(As BAGEHOT said) to each of those without it.

In the region of finance
The flat WEBB-footed stance
May have at times its use, although I doubt it;
But with these bulging vaults
Simply asking for assaults
Why don't you take the lot when you're about it?

Though Caution whispers low,
"Go slow, my friends, go slow;"
The slogan that we need and mean to shout it
In accents bold and frank
Is: "Bust old England's Bank
And take the blooming lot while we're about it."

Another Impending Apology.

"Giving men of poor education unlimited authority and a low salary is not a very sensible proposition. That is why judges are paid well in this country, especially the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals."—*Literary Paper.*



Vicar's Daughter. "NICE WEATHER!"
Old John. "EH?"
Vicar's Daughter. "LOVELY DAY!"
Old John. "THAT BAIN'T WHAT YOU SAID FUST TIME."

SOME PRESS DEFINITIONS

(With instructions as to their correct employment for those who are contemplating a journalistic career).

AMAZING.—The Press capacity for astonishment being unlimited, this adjective may be applied to nearly everything that can possibly happen in the world, in time for the afternoon editions. These happenings should be particularised under the headings of DISCLOSURES, REVELATIONS, SCENES.

DISCLOSURES.—Anything not yet published in a newspaper.

REVELATIONS.—Anything not yet published on the front page of a newspaper.

SCENES.—Anything.

RECLUSE.—Refers to (*a*) any old man who lives in the country more than two minutes' walk from the nearest neighbour; (*b*) any old lady who lives by herself in a house in a London square.

RICH RECLUSE.—As above, but with anything over fifty pounds in cash on the premises.

YOUNG BRIDE.—This term covers any married woman under forty years of age. If under thirty-five, the designation "GIRL BRIDE" should be used. If under twenty-five, "CHILD WIFE."

PRETTY BOBBED-HAIRED GIRL.—Any woman under thirty-five who (*a*) wins a newspaper competition; (*b*) is missing from home since Friday.

GIRL FLIER.—Any woman under thirty-five who goes up in an aeroplane with only two male pilots.

PLUCKY GIRL FLIER.—Any woman under thirty-five who goes up in an aeroplane with only one male pilot.

RIVER GIRLS.—Any picture with fresh water and plenty of leg in it.

BATHING BELLES.—Any picture with or without sea, but with plenty of body in it.

CALCUTTA GIRL.—Any female recipient of any prize in the Calcutta Sweep.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Any accident of a negligible nature.

READER'S CLAIM PAID.—Triumphant result of a serious accident.

MARRIAGE DRAMA.—Any domestic differences.

MARRIAGE TRAGEDY.—Any domestic differences made public.

STORM OF PROTEST.—The natural response to a provocative article designed for that purpose.

VIGOROUS DENIAL.—The natural response to a provocative rumour designed for that purpose.

BOMBSHELL.—Anything that anyone doesn't happen to have been expecting.

EYE-WITNESS.—Anyone near the scene of an accident or a fire who is willing to answer all the reporter's questions.

LITTLE OLD-WORLD VILLAGE.—Any village more than ten miles from London which has distinguished itself by (*a*) having a row about its rates; (*b*) mislaying its Vicar. A. A.

AT THE FEET OF THE GODDESS.

I WAS in the gallery devoted to Greek sculpture when he entered. Slack-mouthed, pop-eyed, he was not the kind of young man whom one usually finds studying the masterpieces of Hellas. His was the type which classes together the "Venus of Melos" and the latest Chelsea angularity as "statues, you know." Yet, though he had so obviously entered in error, I could see that the spell of the ancient masters' living marble was enslaving him. His footstep faltered; he came to rest opposite the most perfect of all—the serene draped figure of a woman, gracious and lovely.

For some while he gazed; then his eyes lit up under the magic of the dead artist's message. Stepping forward he bowed his head for a minute over the dainty carven foot that showed beneath the lifelike folds. One might almost say he kissed the hem of her robe.

When he had gone I too went up. On the white instep was inscribed in indelible pencil:—

"J. Smith, Clapham, 1928."



IN THE MOVEMENT.

Mr. Lloyd George (*to Mr. MacDonald*). "I SEE WINSTON HAS JOINED THE BRICKLAYERS' UNION. HOW WOULD IT BE RECEIVED BY THE LABOUR PARTY IF I WERE TO JOIN THE SEE-SAWYERS?"





ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

Quaint survival of an ancient custom in an old-world village near Cheddar—"Welshing the Rabbit."

THE OLDEST THING IN LONDON.

A thousand landmarks perish,
A hundred streets grow strange;
With all the dreams they cherish
They go the ways of change;
But, whatso towers may tumble,
And whatso bridges fall,
And whatso statues crumble
Of folk both great and small,
The Oldest Thing in London he changes not at all.

The shoutings of the foeman,
The groaning of the slain,
The galley of the Roman,
The longship of the Dane,
The warring of the nations,
The judgments of the Lord
On heedless generations
In plague and fire and sword,
The Oldest Thing in London has known them, and endured.

When London Wall was builded
And London Stone was new,
When first Paul's spire rose gilded
And gleaming in the blue,
Ere Holbein yet was christened,
When no one dreamed of Wren,
And clear the Ty-bourne glistened
And the Fleet was seen of men—
The Oldest Thing in London was not much younger then.

New Londons rise like bubbles,
Like bubbles break and pass,
Or some dark dream that troubles
A wizard's magic glass;
A little while they hustle
And glitter in the sun,
And feast and fret and bustle
And chaffer, and have done—
The Oldest Thing in London he sees them every one.

No stones so strong to weather
Sun's heat or winter's blast
But time and man together
May tear them down at last;
The toughest rafters moulder,
The stoutest beams decay,
But he seems little older
From day to changing day—
The Oldest Thing in London that passes not away.

Each day to her, his daughter,
On each returning tide
He brings as first he brought her
Her dower of wealth and pride;
Twice daily, now as ever,
At London's feet is laid
By London's ancient river
The burthen of her trade,
By London's ancient river—
Way-hay, you London river!—
The Oldest Thing in London, whereby was London made!

C. F. S.

Filial Impiety.

"Gentleman, bachelor, 33, desires post as Companion-helper or new boarding kennel or poul-types; sire Brazen Bobby Dazzler, dam Live Wire."—*Advt. in Dog Paper.*

If we had called our father that, there would have been trouble.

PARTNERS IN "AGONY."

[What might have happened if the advertisers in the Personal Column of a London Daily on a certain recent date had got into touch with one another.]

Once upon a time an Ambitious Young Public School and Varsity Man, a Member of an Honourable Profession But Without Scope, wished to branch out on what he called "his own." Among his assets, which included French, he counted a "willingness to learn and to make something of life." He differed from most young men in that he publicly announced that he would like advice from other young men similarly situated, and even suggested that a partnership might possibly be arranged.

A Public School Bachelor with an Expert Knowledge of Poultry and Owning Pedigree Birds, also desiring partnership, or perhaps the development of a gentleman's farm or estate, communicated with him.

They arranged to meet at a New Social Club for Men and Women Interested in Occultism, and decided to advertise for Two Thousand Pounds for Sound Business Investment, repayable at 20% in 4 years by half-yearly instalments. Both Principal and Interest were Guaranteed by their Friends.

On receipt of the loan they immediately took a Flat (s.c.) in a Gentleman's Private Georgian Mansion adjoining a

Nobleman's Park, and there considered their prospects.

They had not quite decided against continuing the poultry-farming, of which the Public School Bachelor had "expert knowledge," so they did not get rid of the "pedigree birds." But Orange-Growing in South Africa offered Handsome Returns and was tempting.

While they hesitated they learned from a Free Booklet How to Write Articles and Stories. They also employed a Demonstrator to show them a New and Sure Method of Winning at Roulette. The Public School and Varsity Man even had Private Lessons in Speaking in Public (Parliament, Bar, Pulpit, Banquet). He found that a Good Speaking Voice was his Chief Charm, and would be a Great Asset in his Social, Business and Public Life. EFFECTIVE SELF-EXPRESSION, he came to understand, was Essential to Efficiency and Success.

In the meantime the Public School Bachelor had been taking Piano Tuition on The Something Different and Out Of The Rut System, and had incidentally heard of a 30 h.p. Saloon, with Three New Tyres, going for £150. He was enthusiastic; and both men decided to sell their Unrequired Effects for Exceptionally High Prices—not feeling justified in spending their borrowed capital on a Saloon Car—and By Return Received a Bank Note for their Dental Plates (not vulcanite).

They then decided that a Gentleman Always Looks Well-Dressed in Good Clothes, and went out and purchased some Genuine Savile-Row Misfits (Lounge, Golf, and Dress Suits) at Half Original Cost, declining, however, to have their Overcoats Turned Just Like New for 35/-.

But they could no longer let the question of their original ambitions take care of itself, and they answered an advertisement for a Profitable and Interesting Occupation for Country Residents with Small Capital. But their capital was too small.

They forthwith interviewed an Old-Established Firm with Experience in Speculative Operations which was opening a department undertaking Large Operations in an Active Market for Wealthy Clients; but they were not wealthy enough.

It was then that the Public School Bachelor With An Expert Knowledge of Poultry announced that he, a Gentleman Farmer—a Worker—was prepared to Take a Gentleman's Son, aged 17-24, as a Working Pupil at a Small Premium.

The arrangement proved a great success, and the three joined a tennis-club with special Green Hard Courts On Which No One Ever Slips, and they became acquainted with a Peeress who was Chaperoning a Suitable Young Lady for a Year, an Adaptable Young Gentlewoman of Good Social Standing and Lively Disposition, and a Good Bridge Player, whose home was a charming house "with Park-like Grass-land."



Householder. "PLANT MANAGER, WERE YOU? AND WHAT SORT OF PLANT DID YOU MANAGE?"

Mendicant. "A LADY GIVE ME THE JOB OF WATERIN' 'ER ASPIDISTERER ONE DAY LAST SUMMER."

But the Adaptable Young Gentlewoman soon decided on a Definite Career and a Definite Income (£150-£300 p.a.) as a Professional Dispenser—Not Shops, A Career For Gentlewomen. So they lost her.

Now the Gentleman's Son who paid a Small Premium as a Working Pupil to the Public School Bachelor became so despondent at this loss that in despair he carefully wrote out an advertisement for insertion in a reputable morning paper, viz.: "Lady Required by Gentleman for Afternoon Dancing—Occasionally Evening"; and the Ambitious Young Public School and Varsity Man, having acquired a taste for High Society, sought out a Peer's Daughter who owned a Small Car and Desired Hire Contracts at Sixpence a Mile.

A little later both young men sheepishly confessed to the Public School Bachelor that they had become engaged and felt they must really settle down to regular work in order that they might get married.

So the Ambitious Young Public School and Varsity Man joined a Small Yacht Cruise to the South Seas as Navigator, while the Gentleman's Son became an Agency Detective (for private inquiries).

The thought that they were leaving their good friend the Public School Bachelor in the lurch distressed them, and they cheered heartily when he confessed to them that he also was thinking of entering matrimony, having become enamoured of a Lady Sculptor (Young) who "Desired the Use of a Studio—Preferably with Another Pupil." He had seen a delightful studio for sale that morning, and believed that with a little finessing he would carry his suit successfully.

"And what about our beastly £2,000 loan," inquired the Ambitious Young Public School and 'Varsity Man, "Repayable at 20% in 4 Years? We can't call on our Friends who Guaranteed Us."

"Um, no," replied the Public School Bachelor. "But we've only just had it one year; we've still three years to work it off in. Let us appeal to the Wealthy and Public-Spirited, pay back our old debt and start working to pay off the new one."

To this they all agreed, and went off together for a last uproarious week-end to Brittany, to a Villa they had rented with a Garage, Indoor Sanitation, Educational Facilities and No Children or Dogs.

[*The author of this article is requested to communicate his address to the Editor.*]

Greater Europe.

"I have known him in a brief trip through Europe to visit every capital, including Jerusalem."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Fail, fail! In the lexicon of youth, there is no such word as 'fail'!—RICHELIEU."
Motto on Calendar.

And it's no good looking for it in the Pantexicon of age.

"The two decoy ducks placed on Keston Ponds were reported to have been stolen. They are to be replaced by a local gentleman, whose name was not mentioned."—*Local Paper.*

He seems to be a bit of a buoy.



Young Bride (a new-comer to the village). "OH, DEAR MISS BIGHPASS, YOU 'RE UP IN ALL THESE THINGS; I 'VE PROMISED TO ENTERTAIN THE BISHOP, AND DOES ONE HAVE THE COCKTAILS *BEFORE* OR *AFTER* GRACE?"

A MONT BLANC DEVELOPMENT SCHEME.

MONT BLANC, we read, is worth two millions to France, according to the Vice-president of the Touring Club de France, who bases his calculations on fares and other charges paid by tourists.

We should have thought that the income derived from these disbursements represented a somewhat larger capital value. Be that as it may, France could surely do better than this with her portion of the famous mountain.

Even at lowest summer prices, certain kinds of stone fetch between two and three pounds per ton; and one has only to look at Mont Blanc to realise that the French piece alone must be very heavy.

It may be true that the rage for crazy-pavements is abating among amateur gardeners; but given an opportunity to lay down slices of Mont Blanc between the gate and the porch, who could resist it? Also boulders from Mont Blanc scattered over the rockery would have weight with a vast number of people. And surely on the other side of the Atlantic there would be not a few who would be tickled to death by the notion of a house built of Mont Blanc. And there are stone bird-baths, paperweights, mantelpieces and a hundred other articles in demand which Mont Blanc could supply.

But rock is not the only possible source of profit. In pulling down a mountain the size of Mont Blanc, or even only a fair portion of it, one never knows that one will not come across tin; and the price of tin to-day is over £200 per ton. Gold itself may be discovered, or even radium.

The mountaineers might be angry at first if France removed her share of Mont Blanc; but when they climbed up what was left and came upon the new and awe-inspiring precipices created by the alterations they would feel that out of evil some good had come. And to prevent the tourist revenue from depreciating too much it might be worth while, in cutting, to excavate a depression three feet deep at the shallow end and six feet deep at the deep end, which could be flooded for development as an inland Lido, set amid nature's, and France's, most amazing handiwork.

This pretends to be nothing more than a rough idea; a skilled writer of prospectuses could work the thing up very attractively; and if ever a Mont Blanc Development Corporation can be successfully floated now is the time. If France cares to accept the suggestion, one thing should be borne in mind, that even more popular among the public than crazy-pavements and bird-baths and so forth are one-shilling deferred shares.

"ST. ——'S CHURCH.

11 A.M. 'Now we see through a Glass Darkly.'
7.15 P.M. 'The Prohibition Question.'

Church Notice in Australian Paper.

A timely antidote to correct the morning discourse.

"Several new 'straight eight' cars have recently been announced. The advantages of the eight-in-line unit are obvious. Acceleration and hill-climbing ability are both improved."

Liverpool Paper.

We ask for no improvement in the latter.

THE HAPPY FOX.

We have all known for a long time that the fox delights in fox-hunting; but I only learned to-day just how much he enjoys it, and why.

The little bird who told me the tale has been making a long, patient, scientific investigation, and, as I told her, she should have read a paper to the British Association, for her conclusions are not only thrilling and charming, but revolutionary, in the exact sense of the word. That is, they twist us round and show us the familiar thing from a different angle and in a new light never imagined before. They explain everything, and they throw such a radiance upon known and perplexing facts as that which proceeds from the brilliant theories of Newton and Einstein.

The fact is, she tells me, that foxes really regard themselves as the principal performers in a fox-hunt.

And the other fact is that they really believe that the whole thing is arranged for their benefit.

My little bird has been listening to conversations. And the first thing that struck her was the snobbery of the foxes—that is of the *hunting*-foxes, for it appears that *all* the creatures are not equally keen on the chase. There is a well-defined sporting set who make quite a business of the thing. They are a rich-feeding lot and do themselves generously all summer in some well-poultried part of the country. But autumn finds them trekking off to Leicestershire or Rutlandshire or whatever the favourite country may be. There is fierce competition for fashionable coverts. You will hear some old dog-fox saying that he has "taken" Mortimer's Copse again, and you will hear another complaining bitterly that some upstart from another county has sneaked into Hell Furze, which he has hunted for seven seasons.

For they are very exclusive and conservative of habit. A Pytchley fox has very little to say for the Cowdray country. And the whole hunting set is united in its contempt for the unsporting foxes who spend the winter nobody quite knows how, but, it is believed, in a rather unwholesome and ignoble fashion, lurking in earths and getting very little fresh air. Occasionally one of these is involved in a hunt by accident; and then his behaviour causes derision and pain among the professionals. You have all read about "bad" foxes who "hung about" or bolted into wood-piles, instead of running straightforwardly across country. Well, they would be stray members of the namby-pamby set, or possibly amateurs learning the game. A clumsy new-comer is very often as much disliked as if he were an anti-, for they both give the breed a bad name. In the opinion of the hunting set there is nothing "foxy" (in a derogatory sense) about themselves.

Week-end copse-parties are a jolly feature of the season. Snug in the blackthorn of some popular covert, healthily weary after Saturday's outing, the well-bred creatures will lie all Sunday and tell great tales of famous runs and gallant escapes. There is a good deal of boasting. And this is difficult to check, for naturally there is seldom an eye-witness in a position to discredit a tall story. And when some old veteran begins gassing about "Kills I have known" it is not easy to contradict him. Also, I am sorry to say, a certain amount of scandal is talked. Foxes who go to ground in other people's earths on the plea of necessity must expect to hear hard things said of them. And foxes who take refuge in the country of another hunt generally feel their ears burning in a day or two. On the other hand, there are generous and well-attested tales of heroic conduct—as, for example, that chivalrous (or, as they would say, foxy) rescue of an exhausted vixen by an old dog who deliberately invited her into his home and took over the hunt himself. Such a deed earns the title of a "red" fox, as we speak sometimes of a "white" man.

And of course there is more serious talk. It must not be supposed that the fox goes hunting only for his own personal pleasure. The important thing, it is recognised, is to maintain the breed—the breed of the hound. Hounds are carefully watched for any trace of deterioration, and at the first sign of a fall below standard the orthodox fox will stop hunting for the season or move to another county, for the expert naturally does not care to pit his powers against a slow-footed or unintelligent pack. All this question of breed is anxiously debated, especially in connection with cub-hunting; for I hate to have to say it, but there is quite a movement against cub-hunting. It



"If small cars get any smaller, will somebody then invent an attachable car?"



Stout Fella (who hears burglars and hates to take a mean advantage). "I-I-I WARN YOU—I-I-I 'M COMING; Y-Y-YOU 'VE J-JUST TIME TO C-C-CLEAR!"

is said to be unsporting, and the cubs are strongly against it. The older generation of course see here a sign of decadence in the young. *They* had cub-hunting every October in their youth, and what was good enough for them. . . . Besides, how otherwise are the young hounds to be trained, how are the cubs to learn the tricks of the trade? True, cub-hunting takes place a little early in the morning, and Ma Fox has a rare job sometimes to get her family up and send them out to duty in creditable time; but, as Papa says when they return, a brisk run round the spinney before breakfast never did a youngster any harm; "Makes a fox of you, my boy. . . ."

There was one extraordinary thing in my little bird's account; and that was the attitude of hunting-foxes to Man.

They have no attitude to Man!

Man is never mentioned; Man is ignored; Man might not exist. They recognize, it seems, that horses have some obscure interest in the ancient rivalry between fox and hound, and it is assumed that the strange figures, dimly seen, which the horses take about with them, are either in some way ministers to their pleasure or else some kind of parasite, such as foxes themselves carry on their backs, only larger. But the idea that these figures have any important part in the hunt has never entered their heads. My little bird tried to explain it, but the foxes only shouted with laughter. For, as they said very reasonably, what possible pleasure could these horse-parasites *find* in a fox-hunt? They don't *eat* foxes, and they have none of the excitement of not being eaten, no thrill of pursuit or triumph of escape. They have—so the foxes say—no danger, no wood-craft, nothing; they simply cling to the horse and are carried about, looking rather ridiculous, making parasitical noises and perspiring heavily.

All this, as I said to my little bird, is a little humiliating for Man. And it is a question whether Man's dignity should permit him to go on with a sport in which he is regarded as no more impressive than a flea. Yet it is quite intelligible when you come to think it out. For of course no fox is present at the meet, where Man is in his glory, and no fox comes back to give evidence of a kill, where Man has his triumph. And between the two they do not see enough of him to realise how important he is.

And—really, I can't help laughing—this will show you to what a pitch the conceit of the animal has come. My little bird described a "meet" for me as it was described to her—a meet as the foxes see it. It reminded me of those photographs in the illustrated papers, the same coming and going and putting on of airs, the same salutings and cuttings, the same gossip and scandal and happy expectancy. But no man in the picture at all—not one. Just a number of foxes assembled in a glade and merrily deciding the programme for the day, who is to stay at home and who to go hunting. And all saying, "Let me go!"

A. P. H.

"The Young People's Circle will commence their winter session on Monday evening. All young people are cordially invited to hes eenisgte.mfiffffwLYu w'w2 fiffl fiflfiffl these meetings."—*Norfolk Paper.*

This kind of treatment is enough to put a Young People's Circle out of shape.

AT THE PLAY.

"Topsy and Eva" (Gaiety).

"Jack Buchanan," we were told in the programme, "presents the Duncan Sisters in the Musical Comedy, 'Topsy and Eva.'" If by this he meant to imply that the other attractions were negligible, I am with him. As for the "featured" ladies, their attempt to carry off a three-hours' entertainment with a performance which at best was worth a couple of turns in a variety show demanded a high courage, as it also called for considerable resolution on my part to sit through it.

Let me hasten to admit that Miss Rosetta Duncan, as the sable *Topsy* in a sketchy setting of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, showed a very nimble sense of music-hall humour, great resource of gesture and expression (a lot can be done with your eyes and mouth when the rest of your face is blacked) and an undefeatable vitality; but these gifts were meant for better things than mere nigger-clowning. A scene of burlesque—a glimmer of the "sacred lamp" that used to shine on the Gaiety of the old days—proved her capable of something more ambitious. In this scene the other sister, Miss Vivian, gave a faint hint of independent humour; but elsewhere she was largely content to anticipate or supplement our appreciation of her *Topsy's* activities with loyal giggles.

The play itself was exceptionally banal even for this *genre*. The scenes purported to be laid in the Southern States of the 'fifties; but the period, sufficiently reflected, no doubt, in the costumes, was generously extended to accommodate bobbed hair, the Volga Boat Song, and a reference to Mrs. Aimée McPherson. There were rare glimpses of beauty in some sedate dances by the chorus of grown-up whites which gave a chance for the display of picturesque full-skirted dresses; but the costumes of the nigger chorus of children were frankly hideous and their feats of uniformity (though very creditable to themselves and those who drilled them) were just the ordinary stuff of revue.

There were one or two singing voices—notably Miss Myrtle Ferguson's—a little above the average in this kind of entertainment. But the rest—for we may neglect the perfunctory plot which dealt with the temporary ruin of the owner of a plantation, the sale of his slaves and his and their ultimate restoration, terribly jubilant, to the old Kentucky home—was little more than a blend of noisy negro jazz and treacly negro sentiment.

There was one episode which seems to have brought down on *Topsy's* woolly head a charge of profanity. *Eva*, a spoilt child with a habit of swooning when she couldn't get her own way, had apparently overdone it, and expired. *Topsy*, kneeling beside the prostrate form of her mistress, offers up a serio-comic prayer for her immediate resurrection.

In a pleasantly ingenuous speech, delivered at the end of the performance (I don't know if this is a nightly institution, but I heard it at the sixth performance), Miss Rosetta Duncan defended her act of alleged blasphemy as being an innocent and faithful reproduction of the methods of perfectly good negroes, and invited fifty clergymen to come and assist at its future repetition.



THE BLACK LAMB OF THE FLOCK.
Eva . . . . . Miss Vivian Duncan.
Topsy . . . . . Miss Rosetta Duncan.

I readily accept her account of the curious mentality of our black brothers—indeed I can well believe that a race which invented jazz is *capable de tout*; but it appears to have escaped her that *Topsy's* methods up to this point had not been those of a typically devout nigger, but that she had spent the evening in a protracted exhibition of buffoonery, some of it not very obtrusively refined.

It would be a hard nature that failed to be touched by Miss Rosetta's joyous acknowledgment of the reception that had been given to her and Miss Vivian by their London audiences, whose verdict, so she said, would mean so much to them when they returned to the States. And my soft heart is glad in the gladness of these brave sisters; but my conscience too is sensitive and, to my great regret, forbids me to add a louder note to what I gather from their gratitude to have been a veritable paean in their praise. O. S.

"Deadlock" (Comedy).

Deadlock is certainly an oddity among plays, in structure and treatment and in the queer outline of two at least of its principal characters. It is not redeemed from fundamental absurdity by the earnestness of the author, May Edginton, about the evergreen subject of oppressive divorce laws: and yet there were stretches of dialogue which rather surprisingly held the attention.

Sir William Norrice, famous newspaper proprietor, has now for eleven years been intimately associated with *Mrs. Ramsey*, famous miniature-painter—there was no significance in this lady's profession, we found. The position cannot be regularised because *Lady Norrice*, on principle as she asserts, but in fact for hate's sake—a confession which her sympathetic and, to say truth, dull lawyer neighbour extracts from her in cross-examination—refuses to divorce her husband. The son, a bright young lad, is all hers and must be shielded from knowledge of the world, and protected from his no doubt hereditary disposition to his father's "abominable desires." There are no subleties about *Lady Norrice*. As it happens, young *Bill Norrice* goes to see his father, is hesitatingly approved by him, but is simply eaten up by the miniature-painter (a quite unnecessarily peroxidish person as Miss Marie Hemingway made her, terribly arch and googly), who overwhelms him with her frustrated maternal instincts and invites him to accompany her and the embarrassed newspaper proprietor forthwith to Mürren.

Naturally, *Bill*, whose greatest pending excitement for the holidays was to dine with the Vicar, leaps at this, and he sends a wire to his outraged mother announcing the expedition. Whereupon she, resolute to spoil sport at any cost, takes the night express and a suite at the Savoy, where in the presence of the newspaper magnate (obviously hating the whole business like anything) and the mistress (strangely silent—but even she found this situation too much for her) and the lawyer (pretending not to look an ass) and the boy's young girl-friend, *Peggy*, the great question was debated over the poor youth's head as to whether a mother's love and a mother's tears and a mother's complete and unutterable imbecility should prevail against a new-found father, who seemed rather a good (if embarrassed) sport, and the prospect of a job on one of his magnificent papers,

with escape from the uncongenial provincial bank, and an immediate chance of the best time he'd ever had in his narrow young life. The tears win, and in return for this obviously temporary victory the harassed lady magnanimously (or seeing therein the best revenge) hands over the golden-haired miniature-painter to her husband and promises to take the "necessary steps."

If either *Lady Norrice* or *Mrs. Ramsey* had been in the least degree interesting—Miss DOROTHY Dix did her clever best for *Lady Norrice* and certainly made the narrow stupid woman come to life—we should have been more concerned with the issue. The boy's part was well invented and well observed and remarkably well played by Mr. LEWIS SHAW. The rough outline of *Sir William Norrice*, interestingly filled out by Mr. DAVID HAWTHORNE, won our interest in the man, but we went hungry of further information about him. His principal job was to turn his back and scowl, wondering what *gaffe* his ineffable blonde would next commit. Yes, certainly a very odd play. T.

"THE TRUTH GAME" (GLOBE).

This light comedy (with heavy patches) shows sound promise, for the author, Mr. "H. E. S. DAVIDSON," has a sense of fantastic character and a fair hand for lively dialogue—promise, I think, rather than quite satisfactory achievement. He ought, I consider, to jettison his over-sentimental cargo. At one awful moment, which struck me with the effect of a sandbag, the heroine, who had manifestly fallen deep in love with her impetuous and eccentric lover and had heard a most patently sincere and moving declaration of his love, conveyed, rather surprisingly, in the course of a new parlour game—"The Truth Game," in fact—had moreover exchanged kisses of the most ecstatic, suddenly goes gaga and bleats about being wooed for her money and not for her lovely self alone. As if people who've come to years of discretion can't be sure about little things like this! At any rate, even if they aren't sure, they really can't go on like that about it.

Of course the poor darling had a faint excuse. It would appear, as they say, that young *Max Clement* (Mr. IVOR NOVELLO) began his wooing of *Mrs. Rosine Browne* (Miss LILY ELSIE) with no more serious purpose than to secure "the use of" the lady's money, for he, if she re-married, was to inherit the wealth of his late cousin, *Browne*. And then of course he really and truly did



THE LIMPET LOVER.

Max Clement . . . . . MR. IVOR NOVELLO.
Rosine Browne . . . . MISS LILY ELSIE.

lose his heart—as who wouldn't with Miss LILY ELSIE, and in those quite adorable frocks? It was only in his desire to be candid—and what more natural or creditable?—that he confessed to his first cynical fortune-hunting design—with the deplorable and preposterous result afore-mentioned.



A PROVOCATIVE AGENT.

TEN PER CENT COMMISSION ON A GOOD ROUND FIGURE.

Sir Joshua Grimshaw . MR. FREDERICK VOLPE.
Evelyn Brandon . . . MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

Miss LILY ELSIE suggested just that kind of charm which might be supposed completely to turn the head of a romantic lover and make his rhapsodies appear not at all absurd to us—a very attractive performance. Mr. IVOR NOVELLO had—naturally!—a part ready cut to his pattern, an engaging eccentric, a lover ingenious in plan, remorseless in execution. He was adequate if not exactly exciting. Two other parts, however, somewhat overshadowed these of principal gentleman and lady. Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, as the resourceful *Evelyn Brandon*, making her four thousand or so a year in commissions out of her friends on everything from marriage settlements to Venetian cocktail-glasses, a person of unbridled effrontery, amiably accepted and excused by her victims on the grounds, no doubt, that absolutely anything may be done for money—as certain current advertisement-columns go to prove—played a well-invented part with great spirit and a fine tact for modifying its more manifest crudities. And there was Miss VIOLA TREE as the Duke's daughter, who had been out sixteen years, an immense warm-hearted hoyden whose embraces were as blows and whose ill-chosen, heavily-spotted dresses reminded her friends of a giraffe. An admirably-studied piece of eccentric characterisation. T.

ACADEMIC TYRANNY.

[According to *The Westminster Gazette and Daily News*, jazz-music and the use of saxophones, ukuleles, banjoes and drums in College have been prohibited by the Cambridge authorities.]

THE die is cast, and Don and Dean
Are waging war on Din;
Resolved to banish from the scene
The saxophonic sin.

To shield the studious and highbrowed
From squeals and bangs and booms,
"Band practices are not allowed
In any private rooms."

O Cambridge, hushed and dull and drab,
Punch weeps to think of you,
Home of the once melodious "Tab,"
Beneath this dread Taboo!

Our Lofty House-Agents.

"The most superb and haughty position in Surrey. Unrivalled panoramic view. Absolute privacy."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

WORD GOLF.

My friends, and many of my enemies, wonder how it is that, though I am a poor golfer, I nevertheless manage to win so many of my matches. The secret is so simple that when I disclose it here I shall probably not be believed. Like many another great discovery, this, which gives me the satisfaction of humbling in turn all the tigers of our club, was made quite by chance.

I was five down at the fifth—a not unfamiliar situation for me in those days—when I mentioned to my opponent (a much stronger player) what some consider to be an anomaly in our local rules. The effect was almost magical. I had hit by pure chance upon a subject about which my opponent held the most violent views. By the time he had put them all before me with a passion which was responsible for more divots in one round than I had ever before been privileged to see I was three up and two to go. The match and the secret of successful golf were mine.

Scarcely crediting my good fortune I took the earliest opportunity of putting the talisman to the test. In the first round of the club singles I was drawn against a player who by every token of the game should have eaten me up. But my plans were too well laid. Discreet inquiries had acquainted me with his pet subject. On the second tee I casually mentioned that day's suggestion for brightening cricket. There was a splendid reaction to my brilliant experiment. My opponent's anger knew no bounds, nor did his tee shots. He lifted his head so often to emphasise some fresh point that at times he missed the ball altogether. In flattening the brighteners of cricket he quite forgot to flatten his swing, and, to everyone's surprise, I passed triumphantly into the second round. Since then I have had abundant proof that my method is at once the simplest and the most satisfactory yet evolved in the history of golf.

Taking as the basis of my theory the belief that there is at least one subject guaranteed to throw into a frenzy every player who ever hit a ball, I have never looked back. I have won matches on Pasteurization, EDGAR WALLACE, the Theory of Evolution, the Mechanised Army, the ribbed club, and even the inclusion of Irish stew in the Navy's menu. The question whether there was life on Mars got me through the final of the Captain's Prize; and the President's Bowl came to me, if I remember rightly, by way of Prohibition, Easier Divorce, the Talking Film and the Eight-ball Over. A little study beforehand, a little observation, a few tentative remarks, a question or two, and the thing is done.

The secret I give freely to those who may care to make the most of it, for despite my success I am giving up golf. My reason is that there is one opponent whom I have never beaten and should never be able to beat.

My method in fact has failed with Colonel Bogey, who never turns the smallest hair for anything I say to him.

FOR TRAFALGAR DAY.

THE conversation of very keen motorists who drive their own cars can be so technical as to come under the heading of anti-social and cause the uninitiated to flee. But here and there even a Brooklands expert has human moments, and such a one the other day I met; not a mere gross man but one (out of her leather coat, goggles and earflaps) of the fair and gentler sex.

"I had gone to Paris," she told me, "to do some reliability trials, taking a mechanic from Coventry to assist, and when they were over, having half-a-day to spare, I thought it would be nice for me and interesting for him to see something of the city. Although anything but an impressionable man—in fact he seemed to take everything as a matter of course and obviously was spoiling to get back to Coventry—he expressed himself as delighted, and we began our tour. Up to that moment he knew of Paris only his lodgings, where there was no decent breakfast to be had (nothing but a roll and coffee, no blooming eggs and bacon), his garage, his restaurant, where he ate on the pavement (blimy! eating on the pavement), and the Eiffel Tower, which appealed to him less by reason of its size than because of its function in connection with wireless.

"Well, I took him all over the place. I took him along the Grands Boulevards. I took him to Nôtre Dame and Ste. Chapelle. I took him to the Louvre and hastily came out again.

"And finally, worn out not only by the fatigue of the expedition but by his complete unresponsiveness, I took him to the Church of the Invalides to see NAPOLEON'S tomb.

"There was, I thought, something about that solitary mass of marble, containing the remains of the conqueror of Europe, which would touch his imagination.

"And I began to think I was right, for as we stood leaning on the edge of the gallery looking down on the sarcophagus he was silent but intent.

"Then at last he spoke. 'Fancy them burying NELSON here!' he said."

E. V. L.

THE FLIGHT FROM FAME.

["By avoiding the fifty Italian Press photographers who besieged his hotel on his wedding-day, GENE TUNNEY, the ex-boxing champion, made himself so unpopular with the crowd in Rome that he had to be protected by the police."—*Newspaper Report.*]

PUBLICITY, peculiar thing
That most of those who fight (and sing)
Endure with lesser trials!
There is a fate
That calls the great
To advertise their dials;
Not theirs to scoot
On bashful boot
From whole or half-
Length photograph;
Hence with these coy denials.

The papers of the Seven Hills
Who do the Conscript Fathers' wills,
By the Nine Gods they swore
That TUNNEY'S grin
Should get put in
Though Rome should run with gore;
His blushing bride
They sought beside
That Latian girls
Might count her pearls,
Said to be nineteen score.

In his cool bath, with haggard eyes
At daybreak, having been put wise,
The Western boxer lay;
They warned him when
The camera-men
Rolled down the Appian Way.
"Now Heaven," he said,
"Protect my head!
They shall not take
My smiles to make
Their Roman holiday."

In vain about the bridal suite,
Supposing him to be their meat,
The famished eagles sat.
The priest arrived,
The man was wived
Whilst they were on the mat.
Then—final stab—
He hailed a cab,
Hoping to flee
With Mrs. T.,
Masked by her travelling-hat.

Little he knew, that warrior rude,
The fury of the she-wolf's brood
When one from o'er the foam
By scheming stints
Ausonia's prints
Of pictures for the home.
"Lie low, fell snob!"
Screamed out the mob.
With sticks and eggs
And camera legs
They hunted him from Rome.

EVOE.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"She attributed her insolvency to having lived beyond her income."—*Daily Paper.*

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

IT IS PERHAPS JUST AS WELL—



THAT THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY GIRL—



AFTER HAVING BOBBED HER HAIR—



THEN SHINGLED IT—



THEN ADOPTED THE ETON CROP—



NEVER QUITE REACHED THE DARTMOOR SHAVE—



AND IS NOW STARTING TO GROW IT (AND HER DRESS) AGAIN.



Amiable Victim. "IT 'S PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT, THANK YOU. I 'M NOT A BIT HURT."
Motorist. "I SAY, YOU 'RE BEHAVING JOLLY WELL ABOUT IT. IT 'S A REAL PLEASURE TO KNOCK DOWN A THOROUGH SPORTSMAN LIKE YOU."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. PHILIP GUEDALLA'S *Bonnet and Shawl* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) holds at least two surprises for a bonnetless and shawlless generation. It not only proves that the life of the womanly woman can be extremely diverting to write about, but also (what is more to the point if we are ever to recapture its waning arts) that it was extremely diverting to live. There are six historic portraits in the book: those of Mrs. CARLYLE, Mrs. GLADSTONE, Mrs. ARNOLD, Mrs. DISRAELI, Lady TENNYSON and Lady PALMERSTON. All (occasionally with reservations, as in the case of Mrs. CARLYLE) took on marriage as a sufficient career; and marriage rewarded them, in so far as they stuck to their bargains, by fulfilling its promise. The sprightliness and beauty of their faces in old age are more than a match for the parallel sagacity of their partners; and you can put Mrs. GLADSTONE beside GLADSTONE and Lady TENNYSON beside TENNYSON without the slightest fear of dwarfing the woman. Their womanliness indeed brought them effectively into the sphere of their husbands' work. It was Mrs. ARNOLD'S drawing-room rather than the Doctor's study that made Rugby "a patch of homely decency upon the rather raffish face of Melbourne's England." Mr. GUEDALLA recounts the ministrations of his six angels with an affectionate and effective mixture of raillery and respect. He is not, I feel, quite so happy in the close of his book, which attributes three imaginary brides to three (no, four) men of letters. HENRY JAMES is married to the eldest daughter of an earl; SWINBURNE lures a Putney barmaid to the registry-office; and the DE GONCOURTS collaborate in matrimony with a female "document" called *Julie*. It is all very merry and ingenious, but perhaps the charm of Mr. GUEDALLA'S facts has spoilt me for his fiction.

MR. JOHN BUCHAN, the serious historian, has clearly taken counsel of Mr. JOHN BUCHAN, the originator of dashing *Dick Hannay*, in choosing for his latest study—the expansion of an earlier work on the same subject—the greatest of Royalist soldiers, *Montrose* (NELSON), for a more heroically chivalrous figure is not to be found in the history of Scotland. To be sure it is necessary to set the stage in about a hundred-and-seventy pages of careful analysis before the hero can be fairly sent forward, if not on the unravelling of desperate Teutonic conspiracies, yet on the no less hazardous task of winning Scotland for KING CHARLES with a company of "two followers and four sorry horses." But thenceforward ambushes, surprises, escapes and victories come thick and fast, delighting the writer hardly less by the military genius they call forth than by the sounding roll of the Highlands place-names and the mustering of the clans they entail. The trouble about these victories was that, although it was never impossible to assemble something of an army, since the Scots were always "ready to fight for their king, unless they happened to be fighting against him," yet once the first battle was bravely over the victorious leader's forces simply melted away home to hide their plunder in the mountains, and the work was all to begin again. In the circumstances, and clearly to the author's regret, *Montrose* was

never able to move south and try conclusions with almost the only other man of the period—CROMWELL himself—for whom, on Mr. BUCHAN'S showing, it is possible to feel much respect. In an age of cruelty, among a squalid crowd of double-dealing Royalists and self-righteous bigots, *Montrose* moves with a fearless honesty and, as here portrayed, with a certain clearness of vision and majesty of carriage that make him almost more saint than soldier, more prophet than politician.

In nine short narratives *Solway Tides*
Has nine good tales to tell;
In each a breath of the North abides,
A chime of the red heath-bell;
And in pleasant pathos they 're written down
By the cheerful pen of Miss BALFOUR-BROWNE.

Here 's dogs and dialect, missing wills,
Love, tragedy here and there,
To a tatter of cloud on the Border hills
And the bite of the Border air;
And best of the nine of 'em, be it said,
I like "The Gilt and the Gingerbread."

Yes, here is a pleasant book and, see,
'Tis of capital pocket size;
And the pictures are drawn by "V. R. B-B.,"
And they 're capital ones likewise,
Though thumbnail, save for the frontis-piece.
It is published by ROBERT DINWIDDIE, Dumfries.

In his latest series of short stories Mr. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER has almost achieved the completely entrancing and indubitably memorable book that I feel it is in him to write. If *Quiet Cities* (KNOPF) just falls short of perfection in its own line, it is not so much through any flaw in workmanship but because Mr. HERGESHEIMER has not determined with the precision that governs his detail what his own line is. He is still influenced by D'ANNUNZIO'S *novelle*, and this would be all very well if he were influenced by the best of them. But he occasionally favours the ground-plan of the worst—studies of exotic atmosphere into which some violent human catastrophe intrudes with gratuitous suddenness. Like D'ANNUNZIO he prefers a primitive civilisation to write about and a decadent one to live in—idiosyncrasies philosophically explained in a preface of striking beauty. This preface is followed by stories of nine American cities in their youth: of an old pioneering hand in Pittsburgh "paved and pastoral," of a Dutch-American beauty who loved an ensign of Lord HOWE among the tulips of Albany, of a converted gambler of Natchez, a Quaker slave-runner of New Orleans, and the leaders at Valley Forge and Philadelphia on the turn of the American tide. Lexington shows an embryo statesman ruined by a wealthy marriage, Washington a bureaucrat renouncing a bride for a career, Charleston an orgy of negro dominance, and Boston the rescue of a rich man's heir from the sandalled simplicities of Brook Farm. Where the persons of the drama manage to keep their heads above the local colour, where they retain a higher status than that of figures complementary to an archaic background, you have undoubtedly a masterpiece. Personally I enjoyed the book from cover to cover.



"NO, I CAN'T GIVE YOU NO MONEY; BUT YOU CAN 'AVE A LOOK AT JUPITER FOR NOTHING."

When I had finished reading *Eilean More* (LONGMANS) I said to myself, "What a pity STEVENSON did not write it!" And that is not so poor a compliment to its actual author, Mr. A. A. DAVIDSON, as it sounds. For it means that he has discovered a subject worthy of a master, which is not a thing that novelists do every day of the week. Briefly, his theme is the deterioration, under the blows of fate, of a character potentially fine. The trouble began when *Mrs. Urquhart* of Eilean More, which is one of the more barren of the remote Hebrides, dropped her baby *Evan*, to the permanent damage of his spine. The boy grew up a disconsolate cripple, deserted by his mother and despised by his father, a gallant soldier, as the *Urquharts* had always been, but a very irascible elderly gentleman. An enthusiastic pedant, however, who was his tutor, inspired him with

the ambition to win in the forum the fame from which he was debarred in the field. So he went to Marischal College in Aberdeen with high hopes, which were to be shattered by an unfortunate episode with his landlady's daughter. Returning to Eilean More, of which he was now lord, an embittered and stigmatised young man, he deliberately gave himself to evil ways. His estate was heavily encumbered and to save it he ruthlessly evicted the tenants and put the land to grass. He engaged in fierce warfare with his chief creditor, one "*Creely*" *Mackenzie*, whose grand-daughter he married and treated abominably. He made himself a terror to all with whom he had dealings, and in the end, rather than let Castle Urquhart fall into "*Creely's*" hands, fired the home of his fathers and perished in the flames. Now in all this there is the makings of very good drama and that is why I should like to have seen it treated by the hand that wrote *The Master of Ballantrae*, for I cannot but feel that the Celtic diffuseness of Mr. DAVIDSON's style obscures the outlines of his admirable structure.

Should your taste incline towards Biblical stories retold by modern authors, you will be gratified by *The Promised Land*, in which the publishers (CASSELL) claim with reason that "David, King of Israel, appears as no semi-mythical character, but as a real man of flesh and blood, swayed by human passions and divine impulses." To retell a story that has already been most nobly told is a task bristling with difficulties, and that Sir GILBERT PARKER has overcome most of them is due to the dignity of outlook that he has steadfastly maintained. Occasionally, however, his choice of words seems to me a little unfortunate. "Natural coquette as she was she had played Uriah from A to Z" may be true of BATHSHEBA, but I think that the range of her coquetry might have been more happily defined.



Guest (being entertained by a musical treat on antique gramophone). "THAT 'S MOST INTERESTING. IT 'S THE FIRST I 'VE HEARD OF THOSE NEW RECORDS OF STREET NOISES."

I cannot feel, somehow, that Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY has chosen quite the right title for her book, *Puff Paste* (COLLINS), a collection of short stories mainly, as her readers will expect, staged in her favourite Sussex. Some of them, notably such studies in married infelicity as "Small Change" and "In the Arcade," are distinctly lacking in that quality of airy lightness usually looked for in the delicacy indicated; and yet others, such as "The Cachet," which tells how a murderer by intention is saved by a lucky chance from becoming one in actual fact, have a subacid, not to say a bitter flavour decidedly incongruous from the puff-paste point of view. But whatever may be said of this incongruity, the quality of several of Mrs. DUDENEY's stories is excellent. Chief among them I place "Little Totease" and "Simplicity," both touching upon a favourite theme with this writer, namely, the contact between urban artificiality and the realities of rustic life.

An invitation to attend the "unmasking" of *Grey Mask* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is conspicuous upon its wrapper, and thrill-searchers will be wise to accept it. For my own part, the only dull moments I spent while reading Miss PATRICIA WENTWORTH's sensational story were when the young girl, whose millions were coveted by bold bad men, was too insistently prattling. I am sure that she might with advantage have been less loquacious and more discreet. But this is my only complaint against a story that is deftly contrived and offers to its readers a very reasonable chance to solve the mystery for themselves. Temptations to take a premature peep at the concluding pages will be many, but if you will resist them Miss WENTWORTH can be trusted to keep you on tenter-hooks to the very end.

Troubles invade *The Garden of Peace* (HUTCHINSON), and most of them were caused by *Eleanor Middleton* marrying a quinquagenarian widower in haste. This man was palpably "too old at fifty," and when that insidious disease, measles, removed him from this world *Eleanor's* powers of endurance were almost exhausted. She, however, administered solace to him on his death-bed; and she was also kind to another man who had treated her none too well. Then, having provided consolation to them, she consoled herself by marrying a bishop, a very wise bishop. It is a simple story, but Miss MARY FORESTER has imbued it with a fragrance good to breathe, and readers who do not fight shy of a little sentimentality will admit its attraction.

Although I suspect that the plough creaked a little in the making of *Tilled Soil* (SAMPSON LOW AND MARSTON), it is of its kind quite a good story. V. C. MIDDLETON (I sometimes wish that authors were obliged to state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss—or Sir or the Rev.) has chosen for her (I think) scene the not very inspiring depths of English country life. *Leonora*, reputed to have a past, returns as wealthy widow to the home which is shared by a vague mother and two curiously cold-blooded sisters. Her return raises a storm in the tea-cup of county society, and so many nice questions of etiquette arise that one feels a deep sympathy with any young lady with an alleged past who may have the temerity to go back to her native village. I am not quite sure if *Lady Brackett*, who holds an almost feudal sway over the neighbourhood, still exists; I do hope not. And I can't help wondering whether a girl of twenty-one would not have found out for herself why her elder sister left home in a hurry; any modern girl of my acquaintance would have done so immediately. But these are small matters. It is a readable book, and I hope that if any *Bracketts* remain with us they will recognise themselves in it.

We welcome *Oh, Helicon!* (BLACKWOOD), a new volume of light verse by "DUM-DUM," of which the greater part has appeared in the pages of Mr. Punch; and *Warriors Still at Ease* (METHUEN), by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG, a collection of military articles which have also appeared in our columns.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is understood that the LORD MAYOR'S Show will not be allowed to clash with Lord BIRKENHEAD'S formal entry into the City.

* * *

Toe-exercises are advocated for the indoor worker during the winter. Try them on the piano.

* * *

Burglars who broke into a jeweller's shop in Manchester took away one-hundred-and-eighty watches and seventy-twoclocks. In police circles it is thought that they wanted to know the time.

* * *

A gossip-writer says he does not know who first brought out Mr. J. H. THOMAS. We fancy that the ex-Colonial Secretary was his own idea.

* * *

A man who had one hundred-and-twenty convictions against him was asked by the magistrate how he explained such a long list. The defendant ascribes it to the fact that he has been caught that number of times.

* * *

Signor MUSSOLINI has been photographed reaping the corn with which he won a cash prize at a local agricultural show. This never happened to CINCINNATUS.

* * *

A young authoress declares that the notion of writing a novel occurred to her quite suddenly as she was crossing Holland Park Avenue. The possibility that this might happen to anyone adds greatly to the perils of the streets.

* * *

With reference to the suggestion of Sir FRANK DYSON, the Astronomer-Royal, that the day is slowly lengthening, an old lady writes to express surprise that a man in his position has not noticed how very rapidly the days are drawing in just now.

* * *

The Free State Government announces a new "push" for the compulsory propagation of Gaelic. The intention is, of course, that every Irishman shall learn to speak his own language like a native.

* * *

Two Rhodesian lion-hounds, the first seen in this country, were exhibited recently. They should be invaluable to hostesses for bringing celebrities to bay.

Scotland, we are told, cannot have too much of its own comedians. This relieves us of some anxiety.

* * *

A *Times'* correspondent tried in vain to use two of the public telephone-boxes in the Zoological Gardens, and one of them did not return his twopence. It is much more amusing to give buns to the elephants in the hope of getting a trunk call.

* * *

The poll organised by the Hearst Press gives Mr. HOOVER a big majority over Governor AL. SMITH. Arrangements for the Presidential election, however, are being continued.

* * *

A plumber has been shot and slightly injured in mistake for a burglar. When there is a doubt, it is wiser to wait and see if the suspected burglar goes to fetch his mate.

* * *

An income-tax official complains of the evasions of American boxers who make large sums in this country. In pugilistic circles, on the other hand, it is felt that income-tax officials are too much given to clinching.

* * *

A well-known painter is described as talking like a philosopher and looking like a successful stockbroker. Still, he paints rather like a painter.

* * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S rebuke to Socialists who rudely refuse invitations which were never extended to them would seem to indicate that the Liberal Party is not troubled by gate-crashers.

* * *

A rose-fancier who purchased a sample dozen of imported rose-trees declares that five of them which bore different names were all of the same variety. The exporters may have taken the view that by any other name they would smell as sweet.

* * *

Till the other day a Devonshire countryman had never heard of Mr. BALDWIN or Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. We can only hope that they were very carefully explained to him.

* * *

French tax-collectors are instructed to smile happily and to perform their duties in a spirit of good-nature. Taxpayers of course need no such injunction.

* * *

According to a medical writer we should whistle to keep up our courage. But where do we get the courage to whistle?

* * *

A woman diner-out observes that of all professional and business men architects have the best-looking wives. They are of course selected after careful consideration of plan and elevation.

* * *

In spite of the fact that the judge said he would be lenient with a man who had committed bigamy the poor fellow was allowed to go free.

* * *

"Before very long," says a well-known horticulturist, "fruit will be grown in the heart of London." We doubt if we shall live to see apple-trees flourishing in Harley Street.

* * *

A suggestion has been made that motor-car chassis should be brought nearer the ground. This is the first evidence that pedestrians are getting thinner.

* * *

A new idea for a charity bazaar was recently asked for. Why not a stall where for a small fee you can park your money in safety until you come out?

* * *

According to a daily paper there will be no influenza epidemic this year. Doctors are said to be searching for the next best thing.



THE ABOVE GENTLEMAN HAS PUT HIS OWN INTERPRETATION ON THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT: "DON'T BE CONTENT WITH A CAR LIKE EVERY TOM, DICK OR HARRY'S. HAVE A CAR WITH CHARACTER."

"A fine pair of mouse horns have been sent to his brother by Mr. John F. ——, of Alberta. The horns, which are over six feet wide, were too big to be brought over as personal luggage."
Kent Paper.

On hearing this, a Persian friend of ours has cancelled her passage to Canada.

TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE

ON HIS FALL FROM GRACE.

It scars the soul with horrid doubt
To see its idol—deemed of bronze throughout—
Develop feet of clay;
It cuts the marrow like a knife
To find the lily of a blameless life
Starting to wilt away.

For sixty solid years or more
You had refrained, I gather, to explore,
The haunts where horses run;
Now to the blasted Heath you 've been,
And we with shocked surprise and shame have seen
The primrose route begun.

From such resorts of vicious men
Ever your virgin heart recoiled—and then,
Stung by a sudden itch,
To any wind with either hand
Lightly you tossed your moral scruples and
Saw the Cesarewitch!

Now launched upon an evil course,
Stifling the murmured bleatings of remorse,
Down stream you 'll swiftly float;
Amid the bookies' hideous hum
You 'll take the odds and, later on, become
Addicted to the Tote.

From Cader's ridges there will rise
The wail of Druids to the weeping skies;
When Criccieth gets the news
A sound of garments being rent
Will signalise the local discontent
In Nonconformist pews.

And what about the Sacred Cause?
Will not the scandal give Carnarvon pause
When you invite her votes?
May she not turn a little cold
When you, the leading sheep of all the fold,
Are found among the goats?

O. S.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

For many years Jones has edited a theatre-gossip feature. Every week he goes through the bright little puffs supplied by the theatrical publicity experts and strings together the most readable examples to the extent of his space. The result is very much as below, except that here it has been possible to show (in parentheses) the cynical thoughts that flutter across Jones's mind:—

Mr. Samuel Fillett has acquired Reuben Jarge's new play, *The Ratcatcher's Aunt*. It is in the author's irresistible bucolic manner, and Mr. Fillett considers that it is far and away the finest play that Jarge has ever written. (*I think Fillett will find that he is mistaken. Mark's Productions have always backed Jarge's plays hitherto, and it doesn't seem very likely that they would let Fillett get hold of this one unless there was something wrong with it. Fillett, we may be sure, has acquired* The Ratcatcher's Aunt *because it has all the characteristics of a stumer.*)

* * * * * * *

Owing to the Thespian theatre suddenly becoming available, Mr. Pincott is anxious to put on *The Thirteenth in Command* at once, instead of in two months' time. Unfortunately, Miss Flossie Battens, the leading lady, is missing; she is away on a walking-tour in remote Andalusia. Mr. Pincott is appealing to the Spanish Government to help in his frantic efforts to find her, as rehearsals cannot begin without her, and there is no other actress who could quite fill her part. (*What I like about Pincott is that his yarns always have a touch of freshness which compensates for the flaws: (1) Flossie is curing her hay-fever at Littlehampton; (2) There are a hundred-and-seven actresses in London who could do justice to any part Flossie might attempt; (3) Flossie holds Pincott to a disastrous contract; he would bear her disappearance with equanimity.*)

* * * * * * *

The enthusiasm aroused by *The Primrose Bath* during its trial run in the provinces is a happy augury of its success when it comes to London next month. (*It was coldly tolerated by Huddersfield, Burslem and Wigan; on Liverpool audiences its effect was to create a depression akin only to that experienced by Liverpudlians on Sundays. Nevertheless the Management is still hoping that London theatre-goers, with their greater endurance, will support this farce for a profitable run.*)

* * * * * * *

Regarding the unpleasant scenes at the first night of *A Touch of Gladness*, Mr. Stanley Stallybrass writes: "We are all very upset as everybody had worked very hard to make a success of this play. We are satisfied, however, that the best parts of the house approved of our efforts. In fact we have discovered that the booing and cat-calls were merely part of a preconceived plan of a little mob of conspirators who for some reason did not wish us well." (*Excuse, traditional, Mark 1, receptions, bad, for the explanation of.*)

* * * * * * *

Frailty is shaping well in rehearsal. Said Miss Sheila ffolliott to our representative yesterday: "Rehearsals here are like a jolly party. I simply adore my part and find it wonderful to be playing opposite Cyril Keene. Humphry Humphrey is a wonderful producer." (*This doesn't quite accord with my impression. When I looked in yesterday Sheila was having a holy row with the author because he couldn't prevent Keene (with whom Sheila didn't seem to be on speaking terms) from appropriating yet another of the apophthegms in Sheila's part. Humphrey's idea of producing seemed to be to play a scene or two all by himself and then to disappear indefinitely with the lighting merchant.*)

* * * * * * *

Mr. Alfred Dundonald, homeward bound in the *Gigantic*, sends the following wireless message: "My visit has been a revelation. The New York stage for sheer artistry has the rest of the world beaten to a frazzle. There is a coterie of American dramatists whose work in comedy and tragedy is unequalled since Aristophanes and Euripides. I have bought for London *And How!* from Cyrus P. Schmutz, Inc." (*Dundonald's object in going to New York was to sell plays, not to buy them. However, he has bumped into Schmutz, a spellbinder and a merciless business man. Schmutz must have found in Dundonald a pitiful victim, especially as Dundonald is not hard-bitten enough to stand the wines of a teetotal country. I can picture Dundonald now, after sending out his wireless ballyhoo, reflecting dully in his state-room that, besides making a ruinous bargain over* And How!, *it has cost him about a thousand quid in expenses to go to New York to get done brown. Perhaps at last he realises how much it would help him in his business as an impresario if he were competent enough to spot the winners amongst the manuscript plays which pour into his office in London.*)



A PREMATURE EXHIBITION.

John Bull (*passing*). "WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE DOING? THE SHOW DOESN'T START FOR AGES."

The Performers. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT; WE'RE ONLY DOING THIS TO AMUSE ONE ANOTHER. MUST DO SOMETHING."



SOME KICK.

Hostess. "YOU 'LL EXCUSE JAMES AND ME, WON'T YOU? NEITHER OF US TAKES COCKTAILS. AND DO BE CAREFUL NOT TO SPILL ANY; WE FIND IT MAKES SUCH HOLES IN THE CARPET."

PERCIVAL'S NEW CAR.

Percival has bought a new car. He didn't exactly mean to, but he got into a press of peop'e in Knightsbridge going to the Motor-show and found himself in Olympia before he could force his way to the outskirts. Here apparently the impressionable mutt encountered suave and persuasive young men who in rapid succession practically sold him a Crashleigh, a Rattler Six, a Smeltz and a Lightningcrack, besides presenting him with a park-full of miscellaneous paper on the subject of automobiles. They were in the act of further making him the possessor of a new Forrad, complete with two jokes, when a faint suspicion entered their minds. After a heated argument between the various salesmen as to who saw him first it was eventually proved that the Crashleigh stand had prior rights, and under a battery of pitying smiles he was allowed to depart with a Crashleigh and a caution.

Percival was very pleased with his purchase when it arrived. He at once took it round to his pet garage to have a few extra gadgets put on it, for Perrival is a dashboard driver, if you know what I mean. He doesn't really mind—like most men—whether the engine is a super-six with overhead valves and emergency exits to all cylinders; nor does he care—like most women—whether the body is nude or woad in colour. All Percival asks for is a good dashboard full of switches and levers and dials, something like the more private portions of a submarine; and week by week he scans the minor advertisement columns of the motoring Press for fresh gadgets as long as he has a spare square inch of dashboard to fill. The result of course is terrifying to any friend who is in the front seat with him, and induces an inferiority complex almost immediately.

By the time Percival had finished with his new Crashleigh the dashboard part of it looked something like a cross between the driver's cabin of the *Flying Scotsman* and an instrument-maker's shop-window. There were switches for every conceivable light, from dashboard light to spot head-light, as well as for the dynamo and the engine; there were gauges to tell you whether you were going up-hill and if so how up, and (needless to say) how much oil there was or which was magnetic north; there was a lever to shroud the carburettor, and a more familiar lever to tickle the carburettor; there was a thing to light your cigarette at, and a thing—though I am not quite sure about this because I was never allowed to try—which gave you a glass of bitter when you pressed the button.

That evening Percival took me out "for a spin, old man." A drive with Percival is always exhausting because when Percival is busy driving it falls to you to read dials and gauges and turn switches. Nothing much, however, happened till the great breakdown. We went out into the country, using every gadget in turn, till we suddenly realised we should be late for dinner if we didn't whizz back at once.

At the top of a hill, however, still some way out of London, a policeman shouted to us.

"What 's he want?" asked Percival. "What speed are we doing?"

"Two-and-a-half," I replied briskly, peering down at the array of instruments, now hardly visible in the dusk, and reading in error the hill-gauge or the beer-dial or something.

"Perhaps I had better pull up and ask what he——" Percival was beginning doubtfully when I had a brain-wave.

"After lighting-up time," I explained and grinned broadly. Of all his battery of switches Percival had omitted to use the only one which the law insisted he should.

"Good Lord! Switch on the side-lights quick," cried Percival as he ran over the crest out of sight of the gesticulating Robert.

I reached forward and fumbled wildly. A beam like a search-light leapt from our starboard bow illuminating the road a mile or so into the next county and frightening a meditative road-side cat up to the top of an elm in one-and-a-half seconds.

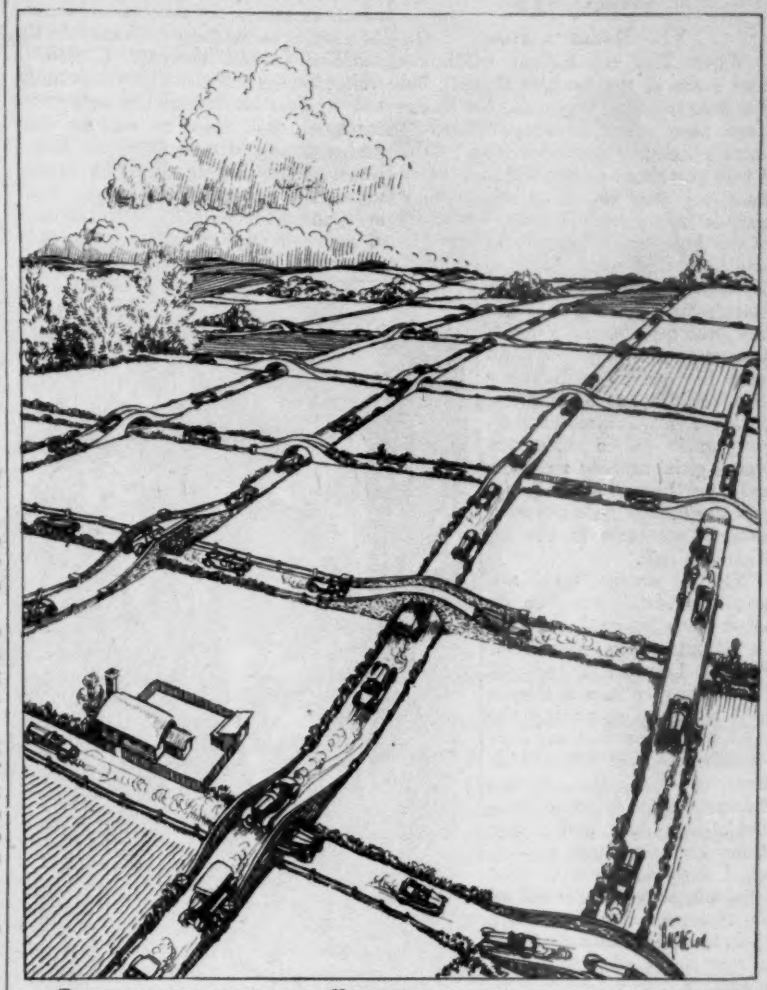
"*Side*-lights, not *spot*-light, you fool!" roared Percival as we ran on down the hill. "Or put on the dashboard light if you can't see," he added as, still fumbling in the gloaming, I shrouded the carburettor, set the trip-speedometer back to 0 and nearly started up the cigarette-lighter.

I put on the head-lights, switched the spot off, roved round a bit more and at last got the sidelights on. Then I sank back into my seat. Driving with Percival, as I said, is exhausting.

It was to be even more exhausting, for at the bottom of the hill we had our breakdown. Percival swore and got out, saying we had run out of juice; but we still had, we found, several gallons. So he lifted the bonnet in an efficient manner and peered inside very knowingly.

I sat as still as possible, staring at the winking points of light on the dashboard and hoping to be overlooked. I drew a blank. After two minutes I had to get out and make suggestions for Percival to turn down. Even this did not please; nothing but manual labour on my part would satisfy him. So together for three-quarters of an hour by the beams of Percival's searchlight we dismantled the carburettor, took out and cleaned all four plugs, traced the petrol to its source and tested it to see that it was not water by mistake, inspected the oil and the magneto, and in fact did everything that a skilled mechanic with a *Watson* assistant could possibly have done. Throughout the proceedings the engine (swung repeatedly by me after Percival had used up his self-starter) refused even a single backfire.

At last we pushed the vehicle with the aid of two men at two bob per man to a garage, and while the fellow was dealing with it we used up our last ounce of strength in tottering over to the nearest for a quick.



THE CROSS-ROAD PROBLEM IN HOMESHIRE HAS AT LAST BEEN SOLVED BY THE ADOPTION OF THE WARP AND WOOF SYSTEM.

When we came back the car was going sweetly. The mechanic accepted five bob (I could see I was the only helper who was not being paid for my exertions) and told us he couldn't exactly say what had been the fault, but that he had overhauled everything, and under his charm of manner it had just started up nicely. For this modest confession he got an extra sixpence.

"Now I wonder," began Percival, half-an-hour later for the seventeenth time as we neared home, "what *was* the matter? I noticed that she began to feel funny just after I switched on the side-lights half-way down the hill."

"What?" I cried. "Just after *you* switched on the side-lights?"

"Yes. You were fumbling about so with the switches that I did it myself. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," I said, and was silent.

I am still silent. And now that I have inspected the dashboard again in daylight I am going to keep silent for ever. For, although I thought *I* had turned the side-lights on, it was Percival who had really done it. But certainly at that same instant I had also turned a switch; and there is near the sidelight switch another one, very similar to the touch, which switches the engine on. Or off.

But don't tell Percival, will you, you chaps? A. A.

An Unwincing Sacrifice.

"Widow wishes to dispose of her two famous Scotch wincey nightdresses. Never worn. Unsurpassed."—*Advt. in Weekly Paper.*

"British Columbia's fruit crop yield phones."
Canadian Paper.

Grown chiefly, we understand, on the electric current bushes.

TOPSY, M.P.

VI.—Makes a Film.

Well Trix my hidden wildflower *here* I am at the health-hell still, but my dear *since* I wrote to you things have been *rather* tending towards a certain mobility and *stress*, well I *think* I told you about Councillor *Mule* being here, my dear the *King* of the vino-phobes in *my* constituency, President of the Anti-Smile Society and *death* to anything that *might* bring a spark of joy into the *dogmatic* gloom of Burbleton life on the Sabbath-day, well my dear he 's taking the prune-treatment to diminish his *specific* gravity, my dear *too* right, because my dear *quite* annually he does the *foulest* yap in public about the young girls' *bathing* uniforms and everything, *little* realising, poor drain, that he 's the *most* indecent spectacle in the industrial *North*.

Well of course *blood* my dear is *definitely* going to fly between us before *I* cease to be Member for Burbleton (South), however I thought I 'd better give him a chance so I *began* by disarming the stoat with sweetness, my dear *too* abortive, my dear I 've *never* exerted the wistful charms before without *some* sort of a reaction, and it was *rather* humbling and salubrious I suppose, however that being a flop I swiftly mobilised the reserves, and of course I *ought* to explain that the effect of *two* weeks of *nothing* but prunes is *too* different from *one*, well after the *first* week as I told you a girl feels *rarefied* but by about half through the *second* one 's *merely* anæmic and we sort of *hover* about like semiflated *airships*, well what I mean is that one 's *mainly* sluglike but at the *faintest* puff you go *quite* up in the air, *rather* intricate darling I 'm afraid but I can't stop to explain, well *tempers* and everything, you do see *don't* you?

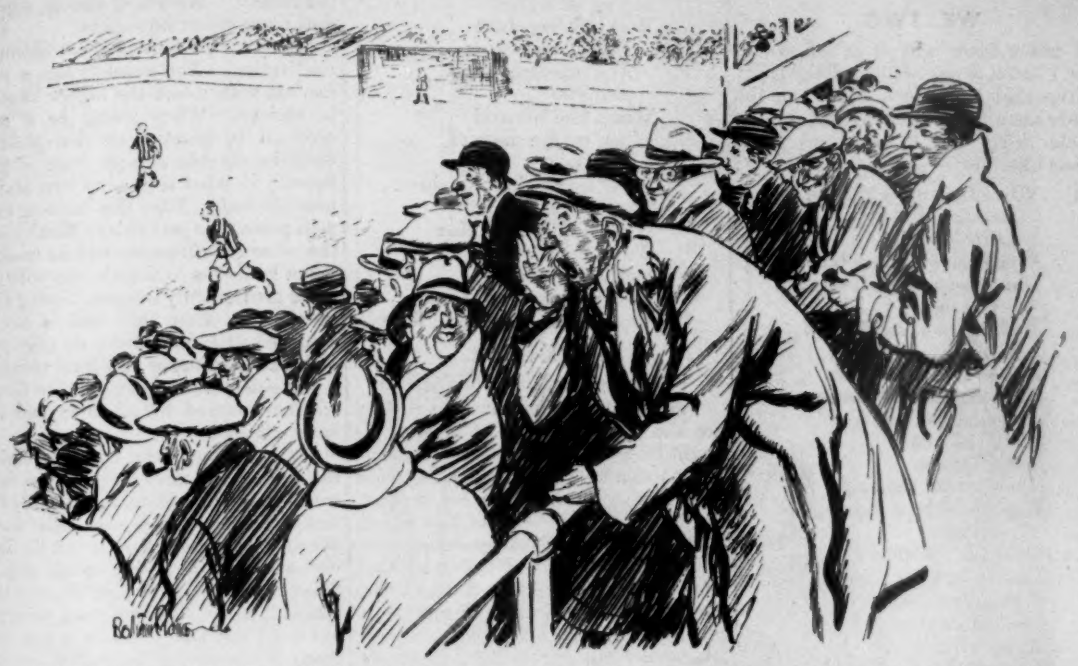
Well my dear the *sole* blood-sport played at the Prunery is the *dyspeptic* game of *croquet*, and while I was still hoping to sirenise the Mule thing we put in a good many totters round the course together, *rather* a martyrdom darling because I had to keep the *tightest* rein on the little self, because my dear croquet as *you* know utterly *draws* out the *vilest* passions of the human system, especially played with the antique rules and of course like most of these pruderymongers the Councillor *cheats* at games, my dear *too crude*, and he used to *too* brutally *bash* me into the *snailiest* bushes, however I used to *frolic* after my ball with a *Christian* smile, but my dear on *Sunday* the agony was *too* much, well there he was my dear sort of *floating* round the lawn like a *captive* jelly, my dear like an *extinct* monster in *aspic*, my dear like a—however, and of course what with ten days of prunes I was feeling *rather* giddy about the knees and a little *inflammable* in the head, *you* know my dear when you feel that the *next* minute you *must* short-circuit, my dear *too* right, because at *last* I 'd managed to *quite* hit the municipal ball, and my dear *as* I stood there with the little foot poised ready to do that *uncivilised croquet* proceeding a fuse did burst in the little brain darling and I saw *bright* scarlet, well I said, *Well* Councillor we 're having *rather* a hilarious Sunday afternoon aren't we, and I *do* hope you 're *adoring* the game, but *what* about all those *hereditary* blotting-pads who have to fester in Burbleton all day, and *can't* play tennis because of *you* Councillor, and can't go to the pictures because of *you* Councillor, and can't listen to a band because of you Councillor, while *here* you are Councillor gadding it at croquet with a *married* girl, well if you ask *me* Councillor you 're a periphrastic *Pharisee* or something of that sort, and *then* my dear, *rather* hysterical I know, I *raised* the mallet with *both* hands and merely *mutilated* my own pathetic *foot* with it, my dear I 'm *lame* for life, however the blood of the Trouts and everything, so I bit the little lip and took aim again, and *this* time my dear I utterly *lashed* the Mule ball *through* the shrubbery and down the *longest* bank into the *ornamental* water where my dear it *floated*, and next to *puncturing* the man himself with a *pointed* spear *quite nothing* could have been such *anodyne*, my dear there *is* that to be said for croquet isn't there?



"Have you seen a small blue car about?"
"Why, have you dropped one, Sir?"

Well my darling you *may* blame me but *if* you do it *simply* means that you *don't* understand *psycology*, because my dear the effect of Councillors on a *prune* stomach, well anyhow for the rest of the game I *merely* behaved like a *rogue* elephant my dear *never* trying to penetrate a hoop myself but always *wickedly* torpedoing the Mule out of position, well he was *mute* and suffering and of course he won the game in the end, *too* like a man, and afterwards I *rather* apologized, my dear *too* girlish, however the next day I had one of my *inspired* flashes, because my dear Haddock's *just* given me one of those *bijou* cinema-machines and *in* the bath darling the little brain said suddenly why not do a *film* of the Mule horror, because my dear the truth as somebody said *is* indefatigable, and the *more* people realise that the *more* people are like Councillor Mule the more people *look* like Councillor Mule the *less* I mean the *more* people will utterly *strain* the nerves not to *be* like Councillor Mule if you see what I mean darling.

Well my dear I began the *very* next day when the *Mule* thing was taking the afternoon prune with a few of the more *globular* inmates on the verandah, of course they were all *too* hungering to be in it, so the Mule *couldn't* take umbrage, and besides I was being rather *bright* and boracic again, anyhow after a few mass-effects like that I began doing *solo*-studies of the Councillor, but always utterly by *re-*



Enthusiastic Supporter of Home Side (repeating his well-worn note of encouragement). "NAH, THEN! COME ON, MY SONS!"
Cynic (who favours the Visiting Side). "HAVE YOU ANY RESERVES AT HOME?"

quest my dear and *too* complimentary, my dear I got him reading *White* Lives which is the absolute *organ* of the Anti-macassar Vote and writing an anti-article to *The Burbleton Post* and chewing a lonely prune my dear in *cyclist's* knickerbockers and a gentleman's *boater*, my dear I took him *walking*, from above, and *cheating* at croquet, and of course *quite* numberless close-ups, my dear a close-up of the Councillor is just like looking into an Aquarium and *suddenly* seeing something which is not quite *nice*, my dear he *is* the human octopus, my dear his *eyes* are the sort of thing that makes *divers* ignore the specie and *rush* to the surface.

However of course I kept telling him that he had *Nature's* film-face and how *throbbed* his friends would be to see the *new* DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, but after a bit my dear he became *rather* terse and reluctant about sitting, so I said I was *too* contrite and would *never* molest him again, if I might perhaps sneak an *occasional* picture when he wasn't *looking*.

Well *then* began the absolute *cream* of the campaign, because my dear *wherever* the yam went I followed afar off and movied him from astern, and of course whenever he turned round suddenly and saw me I produced one of my *winning* little smiles and said he was to *quite* ignore me, and of course it *is* rather a compliment if a *magnetic* girl keeps *on* taking your photograph, so no umbrage was *definitely* taken, however he began to shun me somewhat and took to roaming secret in the woods and spinneys and my dear peeping *too* nervously over the shoulder every ten yards, and my dear I was nearly *always* there, and of course some of the photography in this film is *quite* German because my dear he 's lost *tons* of flesh here and his *ghastly* clothes are perfectly *festooned* about the body like an *empty* balloon, and my dear if you can imagine the *obscene* object disappearing down the leafy vistas with *guilty* backward looks, as if the *Flying* Squad were after him, *reel* after *reel* darling, my dear I don't know *what* the *Pure* Vote of Burbleton will think!

Well at last he began to wear rather a *hunted* look and on Thursday he *madly* packed and shambled away to Burbleton, so *last* night I *released* the little film to the assembled inmates and my dear it *bit* them, they *merely* howled, of course I've put in the *most* professional captions and things, my dear *Councillor* Mule Seeks Truth In The Forest and Councillor Mule *Fretting* about the Sins of Burbleton, my dear *too* crude, however I *rather* think that when the Mule and I meet at our own little Waterloo the Mule Animal Picture is going to be *rather* a weapon, however no more now darling, your little crusader TOPSY.

A. P. H.

MARY OF SCOTS AND HELEN OF TROY.

MARY, MARY, quite contrary
  Views are held of your eyes;
Hazel or blue, which was their hue,
  Accurate proof defies.

HOMER, who knew a thing or two—
  As BENNETT is fain to declare—
Gives no hint of the actual tint
  Of HELEN's eyes or hair;

Yet nothing is missed by the lack of a list
  In the old men's talk on the wall
Of the godlike grace that shone in her face
  And made men suffer and fall:
Three short lines and no catalogue.*
HOMER indeed was a wise old dog.

* HOMER, *Iliad*, III., ll. 156-158.

Things Which Might Have Been Put More Tactfully.

"I see that among the distinguished guests who listened to Mr. MacDonald in the Reichstag was Professor Einstein. He has, I understand, been forbidden any brain-work."
Manchester Paper.

"M. —— is a man of dominating personality and bears a striking resemblance to Tolstoy. His thin intellectual face is almost covered by a thick brown board."—*Maltese Paper.*

Possibly part of the scaffolding put up by a face-lifter.

WE TWO.

I don't know why it is, but whenever I listen to one of those delightfully sentimental duets in a revue, all the words seem to get muddled up, and the whole thing runs in my head afterwards like this:—

He. When the sun is shining
(Little girl!
Little pearl!),
When the heaven 's blue,
Hand-in-hand we 'll wander,
Ponder
Things we ought to do
With oo.
Buttercups and daisies
Growing like the blazes
Round us two,
Me and you!
We 'll view
Honeysuckle twining.
When the sun is shining,
Lining
All the world anew.
That 's what we 'll do
The while we woo,
Just me and you;
We 'll write revue
With plenty of oo-oo-oo.

She. When the sky is raining
(Little boy,
Don't be coy!)
When the earth is glue,
We 'll make a shack
Under a stack,
And let all the rain come through!
We two.
Sitting in the damp
With a pocket-lamp
Cows shall moo
Round our igloo.
We 'll do
No end of entertaining,
When the sky is raining,
Gaining
Happiness all anew;
That 's what we 'll do
When we have flu,
Atchoo! Atchoo!
We 'll write revue
With plenty of oo-oo-oo!

They. And when we are married
(Little lad!
Little lass!
Don't be sad!
Silly ass!)
Diddums doo:
Every kind of trouble
Like a soapy bubble
We 'll pooh-pooh,
Cock-a-doodle-do.
And how will you be looking
After cooking
Irish stew?
That 's true!
Sitting on a chair
With nobody there
Except us two
And one tame gnu,
And you
Won't find life arid
When we are married,
Harried
By so many chocs to chew.
That 's what we 'll do
When things look blue
We 'll shake a shoe
And write revue
With plenty of oo-oo-oo.

Evoo.

FORK-LORE.

(*An Informative Article.*)

The first forks mentioned in history are the Caudine Forks, 687 B.C. It might be interesting to follow this up, but my secretary, after preparing some notes, has gone home to her mother, and Volume BFI—COD of *The Encyc. Britt.* is supporting the game leg of my table, so perhaps I had better let that reference lie. Very likely it does. The second note says simply "Forks, Guy, 1691." Well, since I chose my secretary less for her literary ability than for her sterling character I cannot blame the poor girl for a trifling error. Meanwhile I must push on as best I can without her assistance.

Forks are the forerunners of civilisation; for, so long as a man is content to eat from the point of a knife, he can scarcely be said to have entered the circle of elegance.

The first fork used in England was that of Eleanor of Castile, fifteen hundred and something; that Queen may thus be termed the first real lady. Before that date the first steps in alimentation were to seize the family joint in one hand and hack off pieces with the dagger you had just drawn from its soiled leather case at your side. Since by this time you were splashed all over with meat-juice, it was better to make a good job of it, finish the meal with your fingers and send your clothes to the wash. Orthodox Brahmins of to-day, forbidden the use of defiling forks, undress before they eat and bathe afterwards. Europeans who consume, rather than eat, mangoes take all the leaves out of the Brahmin's book by getting into a bath and staying there during the whole process. But then nobody has yet succeeded in eating a mango with a fork.

Long before the celebrated date given above, forks were used for manipulating burning logs in fireplaces, for teasing the ground when you were annoyed with it and for shifting manure. Yet nobody thought of using a small edition of any of these for conveying food to the mouth. We are, of course, a great deal more clever nowadays.

So now the fork is the emblem of civilisation. The more things a man can eat with a fork the higher he soars in society. When young he is constrained to practise on rice-pudding until he reaches a high stage of proficiency in what seemed at first an impossible feat. After this training even peas present no particular difficulty, and the acme of refinement will be reached when he learns to absorb soup with the same gentlemanly weapon. Seeing that in the Far East that feat is hourly achieved with chopsticks we may predict with confidence this final advance. I anticipate that spoons in the future will be reserved for children and the lower classes.

We have now seen that the higher the society the more frequent the forkwork. Besides feeding us gracefully the fork definitely raises our social tone. We must therefore never forget the debt we owe to the fork. We should always speak tenderly and respectfully of it and treat it kindly; that is to say, we must not take out the table-forks and use them for spudding dandelions on the lawn.

In other ways too the fork maintains its supremacy. A *déjeuner à la fourchette* is a meal which, if difficult to eat with a fork, is certainly impossible to eat without one. Also the presentation of a dish without a knife often hypnotises us into the belief that no severe measures need be taken to break it into morsels and thus makes a food appear more tender than it otherwise would. Even false teeth are subject to Christian Science.

Now there is an implement called a salad-server whose warning we dare not ignore. This creature evidently started life as a fork but degenerated amid the close companionship of spoons until it has definitely assumed spoonish characteristics, retaining only vestigial traces of its forkhood in three minute nicks at the working end. This object should be a warning to us that the price of civilisation is eternal watchfulness. If your local shop deals in this kind of thing, leave it and patronise a real forkmonger.

For, unless we guard our heritage closely, the jungle will overwhelm us. Only yesterday I saw another and more sinister sign of degradation when, being served with a dozen natives on the flat shell, I was also presented with another type of demoralised fork, one of those cretinous, web-footed abortions with which flappers devour sweet cakes between dances!

The oysters seemed to have very little flavour.

E. P. W.



LONDON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

STUDY OF A KING LIZARD RUNNING THROUGH HIS REPERTOIRE OF EXPRESSIONS BEFORE ENTERING THE BALL-ROOM.

THE CREAM OF THE JOKE.

IT was with an agreeable glow of anticipation that I came in to tea. I hoped that the cream I had ordered from my favourite Devonshire farm as a present for Elaine would have arrived. I found Elaine and her mother had already begun.

"Charles," said Elaine, "look!" She held up a jug. "Cream, thick, Devonshire, two pounds of it, came to-day. Who *do* you think could have sent it?"

"I did," I said modestly. Then I bowed my head and became the place beneath upon which the gentle rain of gratitude was to drop.

"Don't babble," said Elaine sweetly. "Sit down and pass the jam, please."

"As a mark of esteem," I went on, "and in recognition of your many acts of kindness and—er—all that. Had time allowed I should have had it suitably inscribed with your initials——"

"Taken as read," said my sister-in-law. "No, Charles, I'm afraid we can't quite see you in that *rôle*. Now, it must be one of three people, Bill, Colonel Woolley or Judith Okehurst. The only way is to write and thank them all."

"Shouldn't do that if I were you," I said somewhat thickly, cream and emotion combining to cast a veil over my voice-production.

"Don't eat so fast," said Elaine. "Why not?"

"Well, if you do manage to hit the bull's-eye, which is unlikely, you'll have two others——"

"Bull's-eyes?" said Elaine brightly.

"No," I said, "friends made uncomfortable, revolted at their want of thought, aggrieved at being forced to compose a letter in reply."

"I can't help that," said Elaine. "Anyway they'll only think how sweet it was of me to single them out as generous donors. Myself," she added dreamily, "I think it was darling Bill."

"Why not I as much as Bill?" I asked.

"Are you in Devonshire?" said Elaine. "And if you were would you ever think of sending me cream?"

And this to me! To me who had planned to play the large-hearted bestower of happiness. I bethought myself darkly of serpents' teeth.

"'Darling Bill'!" I said bitterly. "Where is he now?" Bill was on a walking tour in Devon and Cornwall.

"Don't know, but I'm to address letters to the Chagford Post Office and he'll pick them up now and then. Anyway I'm writing to thank him, and also to Judith and Colonel Woolley."

"I tell you, girl," I said sternly, "for the last time, *I* sent that cream. If you must drench anyone with fulsome thanks, drench me."

Elaine's only reply was a close-up of her charming features.

"Very well," I said, "I see I am not enrolled in your list of benefactors, though it includes all sorts of other persons. I say no more. But I should like you to know," I added haughtily, "how passionately I prefer *not* to be included."

Replies came back in a day or two. Elaine read us extracts. Colonel Woolley, overcome by his remissness, could only confess to his immense regret that he was not the sender of the cream; but he had long been intending to give himself that pleasure and was posting some at once. Miss Okehurst said she was mortified to the core that Elaine should have picked on her when she had not thought of Elaine, and felt she had no words to express how she felt, etc., etc., and she was sending cream on Thursday.

"Seems to me a jolly fine scheme for getting hold of the good things of others," I remarked grimly from the high dudgeon in which I sat entrenched.

Elaine was pained.

"Well," I said, "you in town lack, say, strawberries, grouse, asparagus, flowers



Proud Parent of small Motorist. "LOOK AT THAT! THERE'S DRIVING! COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF."

—any commodity that the country produces so plentifully and the city parts with only for good round sums. All you have to do is to write and thank someone for them and behold your friends, ashamed and contrite, heap upon you the bounty of the countryside." Bill too I had no doubt would come up to scratch in the way suggested to him. . . .

"Here's Bill's," said Elaine at breakfast next morning. "Only a post-card. Ah, just listen to this. 'So glad you liked the cream. No trouble at all. Weather splendid. Bill.' I *knew* it was Bill. He is always *so* thoughtful."

She gazed devotedly upon his penny-farthing post-card.

"And I shall see that he goes on thinking," I said firmly, rising from the table. "Darling Bill" I resolved should not get away with it. Whichever side of his mouth was the wrong one, that side I swore he should laugh on.

Taking the bill for the cream which I had duly received from the Devonshire farm, I enclosed it in a note addressed to the Post Office, Chagford.

"Dear Bill," I wrote—"I enclose an account which by some mistake was forwarded to me. I think it must be yours. We enjoyed the cream so much.

"Yours, Charles."

THE SPEECH.

"A rush of glad delighted
Emotion in me rises
At being thus invited
To give your school its prizes;
For often in this hall here
I've sat on *that* and *that* form,
And listened, like you all here,
To speakers from this platform.

"Because my memory reaches
So clearly to the number
Of Speech-days, when the speeches
Came dimly through my slumber,
I'll make my own conciser
(My watch is open near me),
And that will be much nicer
For you who have to hear me.

"But first, before beginning,
One little word of suasion
To those who, by their winning,
Have shone on this occasion:
Let each one make his duty
The pleasant one of finding
That in his prize the beauty
Goes deeper than the binding.

"For he who cares not whether
The book he's been awarded
Is bound in gilt and leather
Or paper-backed or boarded,
But reads because he's glad to,
Will find on retrospection
That——" (Here we've really had to
Omit a lengthy section.)



"Mummy, look—the leaves have all falled off the trees."
"Not 'falled,' darling."
"Well, who pushed them off, then?"

"And now, you second fiddles,
By whom I mean you masses
Of boys who fill the middles
And bottoms of your classes,
I'd like, before I touch on
My subject and its phases,
To say a bit, not much, on
Some aspects of your cases.

"Bethink, if you've no pleasure
In Greek or mathematics,
How houses full of treasure
Have often empty attics;
And, though a brainy man's as
A rule more fully-fitted
For——" (Here again some stanzas
Have had to be omitted.)

"Now, when I got the letter
That brought my invitation,
I thought, "I can't do better
Than speak on 'Education,'
And so——" (But our reporter
Found "Education" boring
And, though he didn't oughter,
At this point started snoring.)

THE STREET OF PEACE.

II.—THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

NOT long ago the owner of the vacant plot next to us began to build a house on it. A house in Cheru is, as it were, homœopathic—it is built of the ground on which it stands. You first dig a hole in what you hope will be your garden. Then you pour water into the hole. Then you hire labourers to splash about in the hole making mud pies. All the mud pies are made approximately the same size, and each pie is put away in the sun as soon as it has been finished and while it is still all sloppy and pattable. At the end of the day it is a brick. Thus the childlike Indian has been kept happy all day long and has earned enough to buy several drinks of *chicha* and beat his family, and the raw material for your house is ready. The bricks are placed one on top of another, with a little more mud for mortar, and when the walls are finished mud is cast roughly at them in handfuls till they are covered all over with it.

This is known, as you might expect, as rough-cast. The complete form of construction is called *adobe*, which used always to be associated in my mind with mustangs and prickly pears. Now I associate it with mosquitoes and the Indian village. For mosquitoes are always given time to breed in the pit which once contained the house, and not until the infant mosquitoes are feeling their stings do mysterious processions of earth-laden donkeys arrive to fill in the holes.

As to the Indian village you shall hear.

When our neighbour had raised his adobe wall some seven feet he contracted financial stringency, stopped construction, and told off an Indian to live upon the property, presumably to see that no one took the walls down and put them back in the hole from which they came. The Indian brought no luggage but a *poncho*, and after his first night as guardian Pedro took pity on him and gave him some sacks and sticks, with which he made a sort of lean-to against the farther side of our garden wall.

After that he imported a wife and baby, and Pedro sent them an old brazier, for the child had cried in the night. The following day the family was joined by two dogs, a black one with an ordinary whine and a small white one with a tenor yelp which he could easily take into alto and retain there. These kept us so interested that we scarcely noticed the arrival of two white rabbits and a cat, whose *rôle* was to keep the dogs up to the mark during the evening performance. The whole force continued to live in the sort of tent of sacking which Pedro had provided, and they must have been very matey indeed. The Street of Peace had now lost its tranquillity, and it used to take Pedro all his time to shout for silence loud enough to be heard through the Indian village orchestra.

Nevertheless we gradually established an ascendency and had begun to feel fairly peaceable again when we were subjected to an unexpected and almost overwhelming counter-attack with four divisions. These were a gramophone, a politically-minded male friend, a Ford truck and a donkey. The donkey was the easiest, as he only brayed in the intervals when the silence got on his nerves, which was not very often. The evening programme became more or less as follows:—

9 P.M. Arrival of the politically-minded friend. Massed welcome by Papa, Mama, the baby and both dogs, in which the donkey joined if he felt sociable.

9.15—9.45 P.M. General conversation, in which the three grown-ups took it in turn to address an imaginary meeting, evidently some ten thousand strong, the baby and the two dogs heckling.

9.45. Bed-time for baby. By way of lullaby, jazz music on the gramophone or an immensely dismal song accompanied (apparently) on the remains of a guitar by Papa.

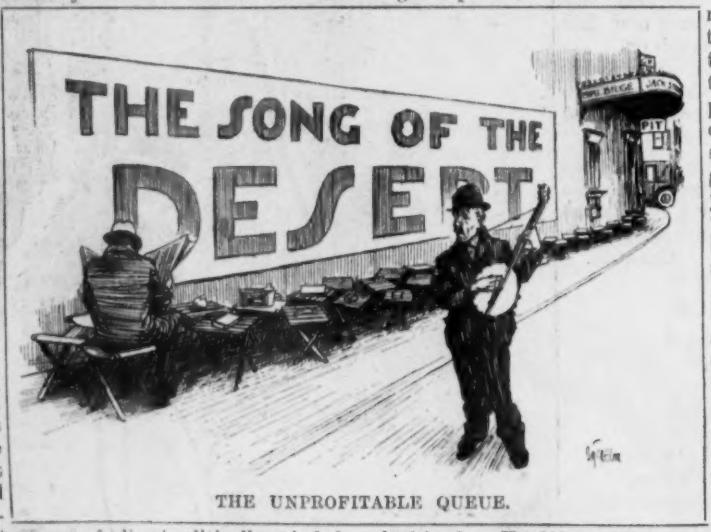
10—10.30. Political argument between the two men, who both shouted at once. Sometimes the woman would interrupt and be shouted down. She would then play the gramophone. This was the favourite part of the programme with the tenor dog, who yelped continually and always ended by drawing a protest from the cat. Intermittent squeals by the baby.

10.30 P.M. Language by Pedro from an upper window. This produces a trio from the grown-ups on the rights of man, especially the right of the proletariat to enjoy itself while the idle rich slumber and sleep. It is accompanied by a full chorus of dogs, cat, baby and donkey. Pedro finally prevails, and there are sounds of the cat being kicked, the dogs strangled, the baby smothered and the parting guest speeded.

As for the Ford truck it simply appeared on the plot one day looking tired, rusty and bedraggled, and has never been seen to move under its own motive power. Pedro thinks that it belongs to our village, but that the gramophone is the property of the politically-minded friend. He says the nightly programmes are probably just negotiations in which the village is trying to trade the truck against the gramophone. Anyhow, the Ford is wound up at dawn, and acts as a reveille for our household. It goes "Clank—rumble-rumble-BANG," and then sighs. The head of the household exercises it in this way for an hour-and-a-half every morning, apparently in the hope that a mysterious Providence will permit it to move one day.

Curiously enough his hopes were justified, for our neighbour decided that a caretaker was an unnecessary expense, and gave the Indian village notice. I am told that, when the household goods had been placed on the truck, Papa worked the handle spasmodically for two hours, after which he went and found a friend with an active lorry, which pulled it and the family and its orchestra bodily away backwards.

And the street is the Street of Peace once more.



THE UNPROFITABLE QUEUE.

"The executive also wished it to be understood that the resolution passed at the Llandudno conference cannot be interpreted to imply the dismembering of individual members of the federation."—*Daily Paper.*

So Mr. COOK need have no fear of being hung, drawn and quartered by his executive committee just yet.



Superior Charlady (*a recent acquisition*). "I NEVER CLEAN STOVES, MA'AM—IT RUINS ME HANDS FOR WHIST-DRIVES."

THE WITCH.

I'd been fast, fast asleep, but I'm positive I'd woken,
And it really wasn't only just a dream;
There was something in the room, and I daren't have spoken
And I didn't even try to scream;
For sitting by the fender was a strange small figure
With a coal-black cat on her knee;
She was rather like a dwarf, not a wee bit bigger,
And she pointed at the bed and me.

She'd a long grey cloak and a hat like a steeple,
And a buckle was shining on her shoe;
And she wasn't dressed at all like ordinary people,
So I think it was a witch—don't you?

A faint light glimmered through the window-curtain
On her face, that was old and thin,
With a hook-beaked nose, and I wouldn't quite be certain
But she seemed to have a beard on her chin;

And there by the fireplace (with no fire in it)
The person sat on and on,
Till I just shut my eyes for a teeny-tiny minute,
Then I opened them, and she was gone.
She must have flown away, for she went so nimbly
On a broom-stick (as I know they do);
And Nurse says "they generally vanish up the chimbley,"
So I'm sure it was a witch—aren't you?



Governess (examining essay). "COME, BOBBY, YOU COULD HAVE WRITTEN A LOT MORE THAN THIS IN HALF-AN-HOUR."
Bobby. "OF COURSE I COULD, BUT I HATE SWANK."

NOT CRICKET.

THIS affair concerns my nephew, Ronald Mannering, hereinafter known as Ronny, of the one part, and Mr. Clam, hereinafter still known as Mr. Clam (what else could one call him?) of the other. Just at the end I come in too, but my part is only a trifling one.

Mr. Clam and Ronny were both staying with me towards the end of the summer. Mr. Clam was on a visit to this country from the U.S.A. I like him. I like Ronny, for that matter. But Mr. Clam has the gentler nature. Loving-kindness shines through his horn-rims. Ronny is good-hearted too, but he is insular; also rather jealous. A remark of Mr. Clam's about football incensed him.

"Yes, they play football in the States. It 's like your rugger, only more strenuous, of course," said Mr. Clam in his gentle voice. "We had seven deaths from it last year," he added, beaming upon us.

Immediately all that was most insular rose within Ronny; and it galled him inexpressibly that he could not claim for us twelve deaths and twenty maimings for life.

"We haven't any of what you call sosser," Mr. Clam went on genially.

Ronny winced at being told that he called soccer sosser, and his face hardened.

"And you don't play cricket over there, do you?" he asked.

"No, not to speak of. I 've heard they do play some in Philadelphia, and BABE RUTH 's coming over here to have a hit at it next year, I 'm told. But it doesn't go with us generally. We have a game with the children, trying to say 'Crooked cricket critic' quickly. But mostly that 's the only cricket that 's played our side. By the way, tell me, who 's this L.B.W. that 's on all the headlines?"

"L.B.W.——" I began, when Ronny, under cover of the table, kicked me smartly on the shin.

I was about to say, "Do you think you 're playing sosser?" but his eye quelled me.

"L.B.W. 's our crack player," he said firmly. "LARWOOD B. WOOLLEY 's his name."

My breath was so taken away that I failed to intervene, as I should have done.

"Gee!" said Mr. Clam, "they write some about him. BABE RUTH 's a fill-in compared. I suppose this LARWOOD B. gathers the home runs?"

"Oh, yes. A century every time: that 's a hundred runs. And quite often a—a millinery; that 's a thousand runs."

Again I should have intervened; but I was becoming interested myself.

This last revelation seemed to tickle Mr. Clam.

"A millinery—that 's great," he kept chuckling. "But, say, how does it ever end? Why isn't LARWOOD B. WOOLLEY there still when the winter snows begin to fall?"

"Well, he has a weakness—cream-buns. You know, the sort they sit on in the films. He can't resist them. That 's why there 's a tea interval at cricket now. In WILLIAM G. GRACE 's time they never had a tea interval; but LARWOOD B. WOOLLEY simply wouldn't play without."

"But how does that get him pushed off?"

"Why, he overdoes the cream-buns. He can do twenty all right, but anything over that and he plays late and gets out."

"Now, isn't that the most interesting thing? You make me just crazy to see this cricket. What 's 'plays late'?"

(Continued on page 465.)



THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Signor Mussolini. "YOU SEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, *I* DON'T MUZZLE HIM. THE SAGACIOUS ANIMAL PUTS ON HIS OWN MUZZLE HIMSELF. THE FREEEST DOG IN THE WORLD!"

[The Italian journalist, according to Signor Mussolini in his address to the Editors of the Fascist Press (there is no other Press in Italy), "does not wait to take his orders daily because he already has them in his consciousness."]



OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

Inter-county clod-hopping meeting at Puddlebury. The Chairman of the Rural District Council hops the first clod.

"Well, you see. . . ."

What surprising thing Mr. Clam saw next I cannot say, for at this point I was called away to the telephone.

Later in the afternoon Ronny came into my study.

"I hope it didn't matter pulling Mr. Clam's leg?" he said airily. "I couldn't resist it."

I looked at him through half-closed eyes. He seemed so cock-sure. Really he was fair game. I decided to try a little leg-pulling on my own account. After all, there is nothing like making the punishment fit the crime. I threw back my head and laughed.

"It never occurred to you for a moment, I suppose, my dear Ronny, that Mr. Clam was not quite so innocent about cricket as he made himself out to be?" I asked.

"What do you mean?"

"I thought I'd let you run on, because I could see that Mr. Clam was enjoying himself; but I knew all the time he was only drawing you. It so happens that his father was English and a cricket blue at Oxford, and that he himself used to play for the Philadelphia team."

"My hat!" said Ronny, looking more insular than ever. And again, "My hat!"

He asked me several times what he should do about it, but I just kept on laughing. Finally—for I thought it would be good for Ronny to continue to brood over this blow to his insularity—I advised him to leave things where they were. Mr. Clam, I suggested, would not like to be convicted of leg-pulling. Nor indeed should I.

A. W. B.

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

Jixotic.

[The Home Secretary has announced that he may soon have to deal with Books, as he has dealt with the Parks. And the standard of censorship, it appears, is to be the fitness of a book for "the little ones."]

The noise of London fills the ear,
But high above the din we hear
The daily thud of dropping bricks—
Will no one muzzle Auntie Jix?

Fresh from a conquest in the Parks
Our Jixote tilts at rude remarks
And breaks a lance with Limericks—
Will no one silence Auntie Jix?

What matter murderers and crooks?
The danger to the Home is books
Unsuited to a child of six—
Will no one censor Auntie Jix?

Now shall no naughty epigram
Affront the tots of Twickenham;
Shelley is mute beside the Styx,
But none can silence Auntie Jix.

Now, Brownings, to the bassinette
Address yourselves, and I should get
Your proofs corrected by the chicks—
Can no one silence Auntie Jix?

Must Holy Writ be writ again?
Will much of Shakespeare's work remain?
O Poetry! O Politics!
Will no one *muzzle Auntie Jix?*

A. P. H.

Age Cannot Wither Them.

"Delicious Dorset chickens, 3 for 10s., prepared, postage paid anywhere; 23rd year."
Advt. in Scots Paper.

Ultra-virile Candour.

"South Africans have always prided themselves upon their directness in all their doings. Virulent members of a virulent country." . . . .
South African Paper.

Such directness is almost embarrassing.

Beer-Stalking.

"We discussed the pros and cons over two or three glasses of beer, and although I had not reached the staggering stag I cannot clearly remember getting into the car."
Manchester Paper.

"Helpful Hints.

Stains on cookery may be removed quickly and easily by rubbing with fine ashes moistened with vinegar."—*Californian Paper.*

We suspect that some London restaurants know this tip already.

OUR RELIABILITY TRIAL.

THERE is something unreal in the usual reliability trials. The competitors may climb Porlock Hill and Blue John's Mine, but they do not meet the hazards the suburban owner-driver meets every week-end of his life. To begin with, the ordinary domesticated motorist usually carries a passenger, who is usually (I speak of a well-conducted suburb) his wife.

He may pine for the wind-swept uplands or the great open spaces, but Saturday afternoon finds him pottering along before the plate-glass of the nearest shopping centre.

I am not minimising the difficulty of Porlock, where the bus may conk out and be hauled up ignominiously by ropes; but in our trials a driver can be hauled up outside a hat-shop for obstructing the traffic. This costs him money, and he has to pay for the hat too.

We decided in the club that something must be done about this Saturday afternoon business. Out of our discontent was born our Weekly Reliability Trial. We each paid five shillings into the prize pool, and at 2.30 on Saturday afternoon the trial began. The course ran from our block of lock-up garages to our homes, where we picked up our wives, then to town *viâ* Commercial Road, High Street, Market Square, and back *viâ* the London Road. In other words the course through the town began with Lingerie, continued *viâ* Ladies' Hairdressing, Manicure, and Beauty Culture, then by Floral Decorations, Fruit and Sweetmeats, to reach its climax with Robes, Manteaux and Hats.

The driver who first returned to the garage scooped the pool. Should no driver return within four hours, the pool was carried forward to the following week. The important point to remember is that our wives were not informed of this competition.

When Fifine displayed her autumn stock of Paris millinery, none of us finished the course. After Fifine, Stella, and, after Stella, Hortense. By the fourth week the pool had grown to nine pounds. This was a lot of money. We each decided to make a special effort.

At 2.15 precisely we drew lots for priority of departure from the garage yard. At 2.30 we revved up, dashed recklessly into the main road and accelerated with such abandon that small boys gave us a cheer. Optimistically we tootled our horns before we pulled up at "Chez Nous" or "Mon Repos," hoping and praying that our passengers would be ready and waiting. They were not.

Simpkins came undone right at the starting-post. His wife was putting the final touches to her school-girl complexion, and, as you know, art is long and time is fleeting. Quite a lot of it had fled, and Simpkins had run his battery down, playing tunes on his electric horn, before the patter of girlish feet informed him that his wife was almost ready.

"Am I all right?" she inquired pleasantly. "Which hat suits me? This or the green? I'll run and get the green, and you can tell me which I'm to wear."

Simpkins lost heart after that. He drove with his hand-brake half on, parked his car at the first opportunity and took to drink. He had counted on that nine pounds.

Johnson was regarded as an outsider. His tactics were certainly rather dubious. Mrs. Johnson saw plate-glass windows crammed with bargains streaming past her.

"Stop!" she commanded.

"Pardon?" he shouted. "Speak up."

"Stop!" she screamed.

"Where?" he asked, without taking his foot off the accelerator.

"Here!" she insisted.

"C-can't," he stammered. "Something 's gone wrong."

Mrs. Johnson screamed again and leaped out of the car while it was in motion. A sympathetic crowd gathered and she was carried into the nearest shop. Her recovery when she saw a customer fingering a frock she had dreamed about for weeks was miraculous.

Such tactics don't really pay.

Phillips crashed at Lingerie, Smithson conked out at Perfumery, and Jones had his number taken for obstruction outside Manteaux.

Anderson claimed the pool, his time for the round journey being thirty-five minutes, which was an easy record for the course. The next at the winning-post returned a card of three hours forty-five minutes. No other driver finished under four hours. And Mrs. Anderson appeared on Sunday wearing one of the new bonnet-shapes which our wives assured us could not possibly have been chosen in thirty-five minutes.

"How *did* you do it?" we asked Anderson.

"Well, you see," he explained, "my wife wanted a new hat, but she forgot her purse."

"Wives always do," we agreed.

"Curiously," he added, "I had no money on me either. So there was really no sense in pottering round the shops. We just finished the course."

"But the hat?" we persisted. "Some of our wives are certain they tried that particular hat on *after* you had finished the course."

"Why didn't one of them buy it?" he demanded.

"My dear sir! The price——"

"A bit steep," he admitted, "but when I found I was first in and had scooped the pool I felt I could afford my wife a good hat. Nothing wrong in going round the course again, I hope?"

Perhaps not. But we have arranged no more reliability trials. We cannot afford to buy hats for Mrs. Anderson. We have had to buy hats for our own wives—exclusive models—a shade more exclusive than Mrs. Anderson's.

W. E. R.



"NANNY, NEED I CLEAN THE TOOF I 'M GOING TO HAVE OUT THIS AFTERNOON?"



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

Ship's Officer. "NOW, YOU FELLOWS, WHAT 'S THE HURRY ABOUT SWABBING THE DECK AND POLISHING THE BRASS? YOU 'VE GOT THE WHOLE VOYAGE BEFORE YOU. JUST DO NOTHING FOR A BIT."

THE NEW FOOTBALL.

THERE seems just now to be an uneasiness in the League Football world over this little matter of the transfer of players. Perhaps it is the competitors for the twenty-thousand-pound prizes who are making the stir. It is obviously an annoyance when you have predicted that Hudderston will beat Everfield to find that Everfield have meantime bought Hudderston's best player. Anyhow, there is a stir; the popular Press has voiced it.

But the most remarkable contribution to the subject is in a recent letter to *The Times*. "Remarkable," did I say? "Terrific" is perhaps a better word. For the writer, an eminent divine, actually suggests that there should be some territorial qualification for League football players, as there is for County cricketers—that a player should have been born, or lived, say, for three years, in a district before he could become eligible to play for the local League Association Football Club.

Well, it is the part of divines to teach us to be sober, and this is a sobering thought. Or is it an intoxicating one? It depends, I suppose, upon the temperament of the thinker. It is certainly one or the other.

For where is this to lead us? In a few years' time this or another eminent divine, or even some reformer neither eminent nor a divine, will suggest that to make a job of the thing the qualification should be birth or ten years' residence. And then, to make a more thorough job of it still, twenty years' residence. And then where are we?

I think I can foresee where we shall be. The only chance of transferring a likely player from a rival's territory will be to get him as soon after birth as may be. The manager of Tottencastle Coldfeet will be seen strolling through the back streets of Swanborough North End.

"That 's a fine baby of yours," he will say to Mrs. Moggs, indicating a toddler of some eighteen months.

"Ay," says Mrs. Moggs, a woman of few words (there are some).

"Active and strong on its legs."

"Ay."

"Would you and your husband, and the baby, of course, like to make a move? Tottencastle, now, is a fine healthy spot. I know of a house there that would just suit you. And I could guarantee your husband a job."

"We might consider it."

"Consider it! I should think you would. Because the baby could be earning there too."

"*What?*"

"Ten bob a week."

"Lawks!"

"Ten bob a week, I say, just for signing him on to Tottencastle Coldfeet."

"Oh, we couldn't do that."

"Why ever not? Ten bob a week, I say."

"We couldn't do it."

"Come now . . ."

"We couldn't do it. *Her 's a girl.*"

This wouldn't happen twice to the same manager, of course. And anyhow it is a side issue. The possibility only occurred to me half through the conversation. "That 's a fine boy of yours—it is a boy?" would become



Our Member. "IT IS THE HOPE OF OUR PARTY THAT WE MAY, AS THE POET HAS SO WELL SAID, 'RISE ON STEPPING-STONES OF OUR DEAD SELVES TO HIGHER THINGS.'"

Member of Committee (aside, to friend). "SURELY HE'S NOT LEAVING POLITICS FOR THE CITY?"

the stock opening. And if it is a boy a surreptitious removal will take place.

Experts have to judge from a new wine, I believe, what it will be like when it matures. The big guns of the football world will in future be those who can judge from his form at six months old what a footballer will be like at twenty. They will become marvellously expert, no doubt.

And what an opportunity for the advertisers of baby foods! "Give the baby boy Broxoline. League managers will fight for him. Of fifty babies moved last year, forty-five were Broxoline babies. When you've moved and signed on you can give him what you like."

Meanwhile there will be twenty lean years. When we shout "Play up, Middlespool!" we shall mean natives of Middlespool, not a mix-up of bought players. A solemn thought. In fact, the whole affair is solemn. Whether we are sobered or intoxicated at the first blush, it is solemn underneath. I commend it to the solemn consideration of all football fans. A. W. B.

Rubber Dubbed Dubber.

"Dubber.—Steady, with moderate dealings."
Market Report in Evening Paper.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BRASS PAPERWEIGHT" (APOLLO).

I REMEMBER that when I first became a "fan" of DOSTOIEVSKY—it seems a long time ago now—I not only regarded



AWKWARD MOMENT IN THE CAREER OF ELDERLY DANDY.

Simon Romanov . . . MR. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE.

him as the World's Greatest Novelist, but as a New Revelation about Life. But neither then nor subsequently have I ever thought of him as the likely author of a good snappy modern murder play. Characters who are in the habit of talking several pages at a time about religion, justice and the theory of morality in the intervals of kissing each other, running in and out of each others' houses, getting drunk and having epileptic fits, present an obvious difficulty to the dramatist from the point of view of mechanism alone.

However, here was *The Brothers Karamazov* turned into *The Brass Paperweight*, as it might have been *The Onyx Bracelet* or *The Rajah's Pearls*.

In deference to modern enthusiasms, I went to the play, in imagination, with Mr. EDGAR WALLACE. None other. He was not wholly satisfied with the piece.

"I doubt," he said, "if this man DOSTOIEVSKY understands how to set about writing a straightforward detective yarn."

Equally was he wroth with KOMISARJEVSKY. There were too many and too lengthy waits between the scenes. Nor was there anything like enough hustle and movement on the stage.

"I could have murdered half-a-dozen beautiful women," pointed out the ghost of Mr. Wallace, "while that old man, *Romanov*, was making his first speech."

(Why in thunder, by the way, should *Fyodor Pavlovitch* be called *Romanov*?)

I replied hotly that the actual story contains many of the best elements of the best fiction of the day. There is, for instance, your blunt instrument, so dear to Scotland Yard. What could be blunter than a paper-weight? There is your uncertainty as to who really killed the unpleasant and elderly debauchee, an uncertainty carefully fostered in the book by means of phrases such as "this fact will assume added importance in the light of events I am going to narrate subsequently," but obtained on the stage by the means of a Mysterious Hand, emerging stealthily from a curtain and doing the Dreadful Deed. There are finally, both in the novel and the play, the peculiar police methods of the mid-Victorian Tsarist *régime* as practised in a small provincial town.

Mr. Edgar Wallace was still (methought) unsatisfied.

"The old man," he said, "is on the stage too long. He chatters. The function of the corpse is not to make you interested in his conversation but to get to work quickly and die. Another thing. Is this young girl, *Groushenka*, stated to be the daughter of the parish priest, a good girl or not? I can't make out."

And later, whilst admitting handsomely that for some time he didn't know who had killed old *Romanov*, he was frankly contemptuous when *Paul*, the cook, committed the inconceivable folly of admitting his guilt to the audience before the final big scene. As a final criticism he added, "What the public likes on the stage is less burble and more bangs."

I grant him all these things; and yet, even so, I confess that *The Brass Paperweight* kept me excited and gave me a peculiar thrill. If it wasn't quite a *Karamazov* thrill, nor exactly a crook play thrill, it was something between the two. The characters, if implicitly rather than explicitly Dostoievsky, were at any rate queer. They were, in fact, very queer. I don't suppose anybody but Komisarjevsky would have achieved the feat of making quite so many queer characters explain themselves even inadequately in so short a time. Imagine



RUSSIAN BALLET: A SELECT AUDIENCE.

Dmitry . . . . . Mr. Maurice Browne.
Groushenka . . . . . Miss Lydia Sherwood.
Triffon . . . . . Mr. Vivian Beynon.

the stage for a moment, without considering Mr. Wallace's point of view. The opening scene. A Victorian dining-room. Dessert is spread. The sideboard is laden with innumerable liqueurs. A maudlin old reprobate harps on his



HELPING HIM TO KEEP HIS HEAD.

Dmitry . . . . . Mr. Maurice Browne.
Groushenka . . . . Miss Lydia Sherwood.

vices, on religion, on philosophy, is humorous and horrible by turns, harangues his two sons with threats, with wheedling, with tears. One of those sons obviously a man of the world, but worried and pale; the other a young priest in his cassock, who sits immovable with folded hands. There are three servants. A comic butler, not unlike the comic butlers of all time; an elderly woman, not in servant's attire, and *Paul*, the epileptic soup-maker (whom I knew as *Smerdyakov*)—all these join freely in the conversation, are bullied, are cajoled just like the family by the unspeakable *Simon Romanov*.

Enter then wildly, in uniform, the young hero, the third son. And what a curious young man! Where, when the drama opens, do we find him? He has borrowed three thousand roubles from the lady to whom he is engaged, spent them all (so it appears) in a wild revel at a tavern with the girl he loves, and now comes post-haste to his father's house demanding money to repay his *fiancée*, maddened with anxiety to marry the other girl, and insanely jealous because he believes this girl is about to transfer her favours (for cash) to the horrid old man. He threatens to kill papa and actually throws him on the floor. *Boris*, the eldest son, hates his father just as much, but is obviously secretive and restrained. *Paul*, the soup-maker, scowls and leers and makes rude and surprising remarks. *Alyosha*, the priest, is loved by everybody, and tries to pacify them, but seems neither surprised nor shocked by their behaviour. How mild are the eccentricities, say, of the *Sanger ménage* in *The Constant Nymph* compared with people like this!

And remember that not one-half nor one-quarter of their eccentricities, as they appear in Dostoievsky's novel, can really be shown in the play. We are obliged to see the hero, *Dmitry*, as something faintly resembling a virtuous young man. We are obliged to see *Groushenka*, his new love, as more or less morally equivalent to the old-fashioned heroine. So we wonder a little how it can ever be supposed for a moment that she will visit the dreadful old *Simon* in his room for the sake of three thousand roubles, the three thousand roubles on which the whole queer story hangs. And, indeed, by the time he comes to the end I should not wonder if the ordinary playgoer, seeing *Dmitry* kneeling in tears with his head on *Groushenka's* lap, instead of understand-

ing that they have come to a new realisation of life and God and Justice (in the Dostoievsky manner) owing to their experiences and their balance of good impulses and their love, strongly suspects them of having both been sinless all their lives, in the manner of English fiction and drama from 1850 to 1914.

Mr. Michael Sherbrooke was very good as *Simon Romanov*, the garrulous and wicked old gentleman, especially when he preened himself in his red cap before the looking-glass in expectation of *Groushenka* and in supreme unconsciousness of coming doom. I find it very hard to estimate Mr. Maurice Browne's performance as *Dmitry*, for he seemed to hover between the ardent and impulsive young lover of workaday drama and the real *Dmitry*, abnormal even for a Russian young man. Miss Lydia Sherwood was *Groushenka*, and acted very charmingly a very much "straightened" and adapted part. She had a difficult scene of passionate avowal at the village inn of Mokroye, which she played sincerely and well. It does not seem to have been the producer's idea that she should attempt to simulate the sudden caprices and abandonments of the original *Groushenka*; and this, perhaps, was all for the best. Not many people would have been able to understand them. Mr. Robert Speaight as the real murderer was very effective on the stage, but less convincing, I thought, when he went and hanged himself just behind the corridor wall of the prison hospital. I feel certain that the job takes longer and makes more noise than that. All the settings were good. It seems sad to me that Komisarjevsky should have had nothing to say in response to the applause which drew him eventually on to the stage after the end of the first night's performance. An earnest disciple of Dostoievsky may have an excuse for anything else in the world; but for want of loquacity, no. Evoe.

AT THE PICTURES.

Rod La Rocque.

Rod La Rocque is already a favourite among the ladies who throng the films, and there is every reason why he should increase the power of his spell, for he has a certain graceful gracelessness that is always very attractive to the fair. He is tall and slender and *soigné*, and, if not handsome, good-looking enough; and at the beginning of *Love Over Night*, at the Capitol, his insolence is shot through with just such gaiety and his light-hearted nonsense is marked by just such effrontery as the best Lotharios have always—as I am sure Rod would say—put across. And, by the way, where do these movie-stars get their wonderful names? Rod La Rocque—is that a natural inheritance or did midnight oil go to its assemblage? Rod—is that short for Roderick or, more probably, Rodman? La Rocque is magnificent, anyway. Even more puzzling to me is Mr. Chaney's Lon, which so many compositors would make Lou. Could he have been christened Lancelot?



THINGS WE LIKE TO GET CLOSE UP TO.

Good Time Charley . . Mr. Warner Oland.

Love Over Night is not a good film, and on account, one suspects, of careless cuts some of its flats are very badly joined or not joined at all: as, within the first few minutes, when we pass from noon to night without any intimation of the lapse of the hours such as the waning of light would give us, and thus are left to do that very annoying thing in a cinema—use our own brains. We are also asked to believe far too many impossibilities, often so patently foolish as to make the hero's hard work a deplorable waste of time; for the drama has an excellent start, with a Claude Melnotte *motif*, that all too soon is forgotten. In fact it might almost be said that the incompetent detective is never seen but to the film's detriment, and as he, with his unforgivably silly blunders, is rarely absent the result is irritation. But the gallant Rod, whatever he may be feeling in his heart of hearts about all this rubbish, never flags, is always resourceful, always attractive, and the best of scamps; and by inventing the device by which, beneath a screen and above it, in the cause of circumstantial evidence, legs are seen in acrobatic and questionable positions, he proves himself to have true comic fertility. As a dissolute old grandmother, usually in her nightdress, Mary Carr also works commendably hard.

Another new "exclusive," also at the Capitol, called *Good Time Charley*, "features" Warner Oland in a maudlin presentation of stage-life where the *motif* comes from Grimaldi. To those who invent and produce films it would seem that the idea of the comedian overwhelmed by private grief but bravely keeping up his antics in public is irresistible; and to actors such as Warner Oland, with a gift of exuding in large quantities real and authentic tears (a close-up for this every time, so that the streaming face seems to fill the theatre), it must be alluring too. So copiously does this gentleman weep that we come to think of him as Oland and water.

Here again, judging by the disparity between the printed synopsis of the story and the story on the screen, there must have been many cuts; and far too



BEFORE AND BEHIND THE SCREEN.

Detective . . . . . Mr. Tom Kennedy.
Richard Hill . . . . . Mr. Rod La Rocque.



THE SIZE OF THE OWNER IS NO INDICATION OF—



THE SIZE OF HIS CAR.

much—the European life of the old actor's daughter, for example, and her return in a dress covered with diamonds—is unexplained. A very slipshod production. F. F.

BREAKING IT TO KITTY.

"And what do you think the children will say to a new mother?" asked Monica, after we had settled things to my satisfaction.

"Oh, they'll be a little surprised perhaps at first," I said confidently, "but they'll soon get accustomed to the change and be as glad and as happy about it as we are. Children need a mother."

"Martin, of course," she said, "will be all right"—Martin is eleven and away at school—"but Kitty may be a little difficult."

"But, darling, Kitty is only seven—just a baby. She'll be tremendously surprised and excited just at first, but she will accept it as she accepts the sun and rain—as the natural order of things. Marrying and giving in marriage," I ended sententiously, "are not part of her conscious mental make-up just yet."

"Shall I tell her or will you?"

"We'll both tell her."

We made our way up to the play-room and found Kitty lying on the rug eating caramels, cuddling a doll and stickily turning over the pages of an annual.

She received the news wide-eyed but very graciously. "Oh!" she exclaimed, and, coming over to Monica, held up her face to be kissed. Presently she said, "Daddy, may I have a stamp? I want to write to Martin."

We both laughed. "To tell him the news?" I said.

We left Kitty lying prone in the perilous adventure of literary composition with a stamped and addressed envelope by her side.

She gave me the letter to post before she went to bed.

I confess it with shame; it was entirely my own crime, Monica having no part whatsoever in the violation. I opened the letter and read:—

"dea martin hes puled it of and you ow me a box of chox dont forget i licke hard ones lots of lov from kitty."

Dramatic Incident At Dundee.

"A Dundee Body Worrs."
Motoring Paper.

Puir body!

A BROCHURE ON BROLLIES.

["The umbrella is the most fugitive of belongings."—*The Times.*]

UMBRELLA, parasol and gamp,
Protectors against sun and damp,
It were a futile task to sing
Of all the memories that cling
To names already whelmed in Lethe's waters
And flouted by our devastating daughters.

My aged grand-aunt Arabella
Still bravely talks of her umbrella,
A word regarded with disdain
By Judith, Jenifer and Jane,
My nieces, who affect the short and stumpy
Invention called the "chubby" or the "dumpy."

Although the admirable WEEKLEY*
Confesses modestly and meekly
He cannot find a cogent clue
Phonetically sound and true
To justify the homely form of "brolly,"
He welcomes it along with "gosh" and "golly."

But, whether stout or sleek and slim,
Bulgy of build or neat and trim,
What makes them, heedless of our curses,
More fugitive than cooks or nurses?
Why does a brolly in most modern crania
Implant the deadly germs of kleptomania?

Men of the most unblemished fame
Seem to think brollies are fair game,
And help themselves to others' gamps
Like matches, cigarettes and stamps,
And, otherwise of honesty unflinching,
Have not escaped the charge of brolly-pinching.

It might improve the souls of men
If brollies vanished from our ken,
And ceased to sap our clubmen's morals
By sowing seeds of painful quarrels
Arising from the constant repetition
Of acts of illegitimate acquisition.

But till the day when science yields
The boon of better rain-proof shields,
I will not furl my trusty brolly—
For that would be insensate folly
In England's green but very humid land—
But keep it safely chained up in its stand.

* In his *Etymological Dictionary of Modern English.*

COLLECTING EVIDENCE.

I WAS gazing into one of the plate-glass windows of Madame Julie's dress-making establishment when a slim feminine hand struck me a shrewd blow and I turned to face Audrie.

"Hello, what are you doing outside *this* kind of shop?" she began sternly.

"Well," I replied, "I 'm writing a story and find myself in rather a difficulty about my heroine—what she 's going to wear, you know. In fact I don't know how to dress the girl, so I came here to see if I could, as it were, collect some evidence. But I can't. I don't know one of these frocks from another, and organdie is just a name to me and nothing more."

"M'm," murmured Audrie in a far-away voice, her eyes on a creation in the window.

"My heroine," I continued, "is a tall girl of a commanding disposition, and she 's got red hair, so I thought green would be safe. Is that all right, Audrie? Some sort of green frock?"

Audrie emerged from her reverie with a start.

"Are you going anywhere?" she wondered.

"Anywhere," I said gallantly, "with you."

"I 'm supposed to be meeting Joyce and Diana outside Mélanie Sœurs."

We walked along and I did my best to secure the benefit of Audrie's expert advice on the subject of my heroine's clothes. But not one helpful word could I get out of her. Perversely she spent the whole of the walk sighing at hats and languishing at lay-figures, while I, like a hungry sheep, looked up and was not fed. This was the thread of our dialogue:—

"I should like to tell you about my heroine," I began.

"Yes, rather. Ooh, only eighteen-and-eleven. I *say*!" (*Rapture.*)

"She is a tall girl of a commanding disposition."

"I wish these people wouldn't stand right in front of the window I want to look at."

"She is a tall girl," I repeated sadly, "of a commanding disposition."

"I wish *I* were a tall girl of a commanding disposition; I 'd command some of these women. My dear, did you ever see such a hat in all your life? No, not that one; it 's gone now. What were you saying?"

"She has red hair," I resumed.

"Hello, there 's Joyce!" (*Greetings all round.*)

"My dear," babbled Joyce excitedly, "I 'm most frightfully jealous. Diana 's just got the most adorable . . . sweet . . . perfectly lovely . . . and ever so *cheap*. I tell you, Audrie. . . ."

A rush of technicalities, among which I distinctly caught the word "panne-velvet," and that was all.

"I 'm rather at a loss to know," I put in quickly when there was a momentary lull in their chatter, "exactly what, or perhaps I should say exactly how——"

Enter Diana from Mélanie Sœurs before I could say exactly anything. We were introduced, whereupon she gave me a perfunctory hand and addressed herself joyously to Audrie and Joyce.

"I say, I 've got the most *marvellous* frock," she announced. "I wish you 'd come in and see it, Audrie."

One look at Diana decided me. I saw that with her height, slenderness and red-gold hair she was a replica of my heroine, and I saw too that now or never was my chance of ascertaining my heroine's taste in clothes. With a sudden desperate courage I took the plunge.

"Let *me* come in and see it," I said boldly.

There was an astonished silence for a moment, then, "What do *you* know about such things?" inquired Diana.

"Er—nothing," I admitted.

"Is he married?" said Diana.

"No, I 'm not," I replied.

"You wait till you are and you get the bills for your wife's frocks," counselled Diana. "Look here—I 'm late. I must simply dash."

"What about the frock?" said Audrie anxiously.

"She *must* see it," contributed Joyce.

Diana dealt with the situation. She turned to me. "I wonder if you could get me a taxi and ask it to wait, could you?" she said. "Thanks so much. Too sweet of you. Come on, girls. Hurry!"

And in the words of the old song they all walked into the shop. I went disconsolately to fetch a taxi, reflecting that if my acquaintance with modes and robes was no further advanced I had, at any rate, collected some first-hand evidence of a tall girl with red hair and a commanding disposition.



Sir HAROLD SNAGGE.

His sails are set to catch the Eastward wind
That calls his argosies to Isles of Ind;
And in between, instead of idly furling 'em,
He governs Eton and presides at Hurlingham.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXX.



Lady (interviewing Maid). "WERE YOU WITH A GOOD FAMILY BEFORE?"
Girl. "QUITE. I'M STRAIGHT FROM HOME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE found myself so often and so keenly interested in the work of Mrs. VIRGINIA WOOLF that it is painful to have to confess that her historical phantasmagoria, *Orlando* (HOGARTH PRESS), strikes me as a piece of irrelevant dexterity. A mad tea-party, in which you are *Alice*, with all the sanities apparently on your side but none of them of the slightest use to you, is obviously difficult to appraise; and this entertainment of Mrs. WOOLF'S was far more lavishly strewn with pitfalls for the uninitiated than the *Hatter's*. Its chronology, for one thing, was more varied. Instead of enjoying an eternal six o'clock you skipped from century to century; and you were never quite sure where you had been allowed to get to until some unmistakably "dated" piece of detail gave you a glimpse of your latitude. *Orlando* starts life as an Elizabethan gallant, falls into a trance after an unhappy love-affair, and wakes up under CHARLES II. After serving as ambassador to the Turks he again lapses into unconsciousness, and emerges, this time a woman, in QUEEN ANNE'S reign. And so the game goes on, without, however, a reversion to the hero's original sex, until *Orlando* is given a Victorian husband and in this gentleman's dubiously masculine society sights the present era. Unreal himself—for no amount of functioning flesh and imputed wit will make an animated being—*Orlando* is an excellent magnet for impressions. His impressions and circumstances, glittering little *tesseræ* of historical research, sorted and rearranged by the hand of a connoisseur, are the mainstay of the book. Mrs. WOOLF'S account of the thawing of the Jacobean Thames will remain in my mind long after I have forgotten that *débâcle's* solvent effect on the fortunes of her hero.

It is hardly the fault of Mrs. HADEN GUEST that I found *The Yellow Pigeon* (HARRAP) rather disappointing. My expectation was no doubt excessive, and the blame for that must rest with my vivid recollection of Mrs. GUEST'S earlier novel, *Children of the Fog*, and my innate respect for Mr. H. G. WELLS, who has read *The Yellow Pigeon* in manuscript and has found it better than *Children of the Fog*, "good as that was." (In gratitude for which Mrs. GUEST has dedicated the book to him. Or was the praise in gratitude for the dedication? I am sure I don't know.) *The Yellow Pigeon* is a war-time story of life behind the Belgian lines, and it describes the activities of a group of Englishwomen who were engaged in nursing the wounded or in relief work among the Belgian women and children. Their spare-time occupation, which the "yellow pigeon" symbolises, was pursuing or being pursued by officers and doctors of the French and Belgian armies. Comic relief is provided in the persons of *Lady Nicholas Robinson* and *Mrs. Parker-Parker*, who came out from England as delegates of a Relief Committee and returned hurriedly at the first hint of danger. A preposterous pair, but I should not be surprised to hear that Mrs. GUEST had actually met them, there being almost nothing of which a certain type of middle-aged Englishwoman was not capable in war-time. Towards the end of the book is an account of a Belgian girl's tragedy as told by herself, which reminded me so much of those interpolated chapters so dear to FIELDING and SMOLLETT

("in which Miss Wilkins continues her story"). An interesting and amusing story, with too many loose ends for a really good novel. But then the War had a good many loose ends too. Perhaps Mr. WELLS was thinking of that.

Although *The Broken Marriage* turns
Upon a chain of situations
In which the carping eye discerns
Improbable concatenations,
And though coincidence steps in
More often than is strictly proper,
I'm bound to say that in its way
The story (MURRAY) is a topper.

It may be that the wedded pair
Who part are in themselves disarming
(The girl with lovely golden hair
To say the least of it is charming);
Perhaps Sahara's lucky star,
According to its rule in fiction,
Lets Mr. SINCLAIR MURRAY win
Handsdown, whatever the restriction;

Perhaps the Carthaginian gold
That 's sought and leads to copious killing,
Though only Bedouins bite the mould,
Is more than usually thrilling;
Perhaps the sun creates for one
Mirages which 'twere sin to shatter—
I cannot say, and anyway
I like the book, so does it matter?

One of the privileges (and they are many) of a lack of high seriousness in writing is the condition of static youth with which you are able to endow your characters. King PANDION he is dead, dust hath closed HELEN'S eyes, but *Pickwick*, *Tartarin* and *Winnie-the-Pooh* go on for ever. If only Mr. A. A. MILNE had made *Christopher Robin* a less integral part of the *Pooh* epic, we could have had *Pooh*, *Eeyore*, *Rabbit*, *Kanga*, *Roo* and the rest of them here for an eternity of Christmases. But *Christopher Robin*, "bearing," as ST. AUGUSTINE would say, "his mortality about with him," was always the Achilles' heel of the confederacy, and, when midway through *The House at Pooh Corner* (METHUEN), *Christopher Robin* began having lessons in the morning, we all of us—*Pooh*, *Eeyore*, *Rabbit*, *Kanga*, *Roo* and myself—knew it was the beginning of the end. Of course it is a very captivating end. *Pooh*, still addicted to a little smackerel of something at eleven, is the same astute and helpful bear; *Rabbit* is even more captainish; *Eeyore*, the rarest to my mind of Mr. MILNE'S creations, has better lines than ever; and a new denizen of the forest, the strange and bouncey *Tigger*, brings an element of modern unrest into the lives of the older established. If I cannot vow with my hand on my heart that the last book is better than the first, I can at least swear it is as good; and that—I have the whole nursery behind me—is good enough for anybody. As for Mr. SHEPARD'S pictures, they recapture all our old friends, with the wind and water, trees and bracken, snug little homes and frosty little expeditions that belong to them, as only Mr. SHEPARD'S pictures can.



THE WALTZ REVIVAL.

DARBY AND JOAN COME INTO THEIR OWN.

Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER, though genuinely convinced that he is justified in enlarging to the stature of a hero the subject of his latest historical biography—*Charles James Fox* (BENN)—is uneasily conscious that there was far too much human nature about the "first great English Liberal" for the process to be altogether feasible. He has no difficulty in showing that Fox on very many occasions maintained eloquently and alone ideals which to-day find universal acceptance, and is on strong ground in claiming that the resolute opposition of a minority to the policy which lost the American colonies was more honourable to this country than the attempt to retain them by force of arms; yet he is driven to suspicious lengths in justifying the later unfortunate coalition between Fox and his old enemy, Lord NORTH, and above all clearly finds disreputable habits too gross to be explained away, a most vexatious stumbling-block for a partisan biographer. He is happiest when he can laugh at his champion for blowing to pieces the keeper's hat thrown into a bush to flush a woodcock, or can show him, in idyllic

later years, turning to his Horace or Ariosto as boon-companions, responding more readily to the appeal of the nightingale than to the lure of the gaming-table. Mr. Drinkwater could hardly write a book lacking the salt flavour of the opportune pungent phrase, and this study is no exception; yet it is perhaps less fortunate in its main topic than in some of its subsidiary portraits, and of these the best is that of Fox's antithesis, King George III. himself, as he raps over the head with a hymn-book a gentleman who fidgets in church, or drops in at any cottage round Windsor that takes his fancy, or works "incessantly, bravely and without a gleam of understanding" to maintain that degree of royal authority which could never have been tolerated for a moment but for the national appreciation of his personal character.

Dr. R. W. Mackenna has, in *O Rowan Tree* (Murray), made a quite admirable effort to achieve the almost impossible. In fact he has written a book of Scottish stories—Lowland Scottish stories in the Lowland Scottish language—and he has *almost* got away with it. But not quite, for the old butterscotch difficulty has done for him, as it does sooner or later for all who profess too close an adherence to rule of *Thrums*. In short the sentiment sickens. Why is it that so few who employ their pens in this noble old idiom can resist the molasses jar? The entirely unlifelike molasses jar too. Stevenson denied himself naturally and easily, but always as one who avoids a danger. The author of *The House with Green Shutters* abstained too, but with a shout of bravado, like a small boy stoning a train. The genius of Sir James Barrie (founder) saved his soul alive therein, but by a hair's-breadth only, while the lyric gift of Violet Jacob is for her the plank on a quicksand. But imitators succumb. And yet I've found myself enjoying, in spite of myself, Dr. Mackenna's studies of life and character in the village of Dalbean, a village such as never was even a generation ago. And others too will, I venture to hope, find a simple and harmless pleasure in them, especially readers from the highly practical land they treat of, where of a surety there breathes many a man who would think shame to take brown sugar with his literal porridge and yet will not thole his literary oatmeal, anyhow as it pertains to his own, his native land, without it. Wae 's (in most cases) me.

The history of *The Gypsy* (Gollancz) is not a little curious. Mr. W. B. Trites himself, I am informed, published it at Nice two or three years ago, when only a few copies reached the reviewers. Recently the book "has been discovered in America, . . . and is being read from coast to coast." By this latter statement I am not in the least surprised. With a wonderful economy of words, but in language of real beauty, Mr. Trites has told a story whose tragedy is as moving as it is inevitable. Its scene is laid in Spain, where *Arthur Mallock*—a painter who fancied himself a failure and sought consolation from alcohol—and his wife, who was truly a *grande dame*, were living. To them came a young and lovely gypsy, and, encouraged by his wife, *Mallock* employed her as a model. For a time all went well; *Mallock* worked with success and abstained from drinking, *Mrs. Mallock* was happy in having brought his ambitions to life again. But she must, I feel, have been conscious of danger in the air, though she could not have realised how intense and insidious the danger was.

The author of *The Flying Kestrel* (Heinemann), whose name appears on its title-page simply as "Captain" Dingle, seems to be possessed of a certain amount of sea-knowledge, and he has a definite gift for dramatic narrative. But he has also a distressing habit of over-emphasis; and if his claim to the style of "Captain" is based upon his possession of a master mariner's certificate then surely he ought to have known better than to assist in perpetuating the prevalent modern misconception regarding the days of sail, namely, that insane carrying of canvas was ever regarded as a sign of good seamanship. His hero, *Valentine Orson*, is depicted as a man of stern and repellent character, who yet commands respect by reason of his superb mastery of his calling and his affection for the old clipper of which he is owner and master. Truth to tell, he is a sorry blackguard of the type usually suggested by the term "he-man," who demonstrates his "sheer manhood" by abducting girls and starving and bullying his crew; while his handling of the *Flying Kestrel* in a whole gale off the Horn is not calculated to convince the instructed reader of the genuineness either of his seamanship or of his regard for his vessel.



Wife. "It was expensive getting it stuffed and put in a case like that, but it was worth while if it 's going to give you happiness during the long winter evenings."

In *The Havering Plot* (Constable) I greatly admire the complete control that Mr. Richard Keverne keeps over the many and various characters engaged. Once or twice while reading this ingenious story I felt that I was being unfairly bamboozled; and I was wrong. The main bamboozle is perfectly fair, and until the end was approaching I was entirely victimised by it. Mr. Keverne tells how a wonderful "hush-hush aeroplane" was being built on the east coast, and how good reason existed for suspecting that people with no love for England were taking an excessive interest in it. In fact dirty work was going on, and men who had been engaged in thwarting hostile spies during the War again found themselves fighting a battle of wits against a most powerful and clever organisation. A pleasant love-story adds to the entertainment of a well-told yarn.

CHARIVARIA.

THE publication of a photograph of Governor AL SMITH in a floral headdress would seem to indicate that he finds it difficult to "say it with flowers" through an ordinary hat.

* * *

Twenty-one counties are holding egg-laying trials during the coming season. Many a hen is a good club layer, but hardly up to county form.

* * *

Relief is felt that the strike of bricklayers at Southend was settled before it spread to Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

* * *

Mr. GORDON SELFRIDGE, Junior, confesses in a Sunday paper that he has never been to the National Gallery. It had been noticed that something seemed to be worrying the Trustees.

* * *

A woman at Shoreditch Police Court complained that her lodger had insulted her every day for five years. Once every other day is considered enough in the best lodging-house circles.

* * *

A doctor and an undertaker are candidates for a vacancy on a town council. We understand that the undertaker has hopes that he will be first this time.

* * *

Speaking at Birmingham Mr. A. E. COWPER said that for buttons to come off one's shirt the first day was a disgrace. Quite so. What are laundries for?

* * *

Men on Wall Street are having their hair permanently waved. The practice is alleged to have originated among bulls on the Assyrian market.

* * *

The controversy which has been raging in *The Times* would seem to have established the probability that, if the eyes of MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS were not blue, grey, green, hazel or brown, they were some other colour.

* * *

The Duchess of ATHOLL deplores the aimless lives spent by modern girls in waiting for the right man to turn up. Still it might be worse; they might go and look for him.

* * *

Experts in acoustics now hope to have solved the problem of the new Examination Hall at Cambridge, which was built for the purpose of lectures, and has proved a complete failure. A common defect of such buildings is that the lecturer's voice goes in at one ear and out at the other.

* * *

The winner of a prize offered by an Italian journal for an unpublished comedy was found to be in prison. On the other hand many authors of published comedies are still at large.

* * *

Islington Borough Council is purchasing a hundred tons of salt for the purpose of melting snow. Locally this is believed to presage a mild winter.

* * *

Wigan schoolchildren have been forbidden to read books of a militaristic nature without the approval of the local education authority. Publishers take the view that Wigan has administered a check to the craze for War memoirs.

* * *

A wolf of a species new to the Zoo is described as exactly resembling an Alsatian. It should therefore be treated with caution.

* * *

A Golders Green correspondent, writing to *The Daily Express*, says that one of his laburnums which sulked all through the spring is now in blossom. Persons with sulky laburnums now know what newspaper to take in.

* * *

A gossip-writer states that as far as he knows Mr. G. B. SHAW has never been foreman of a Grand Jury. The theory is that he is waiting until Very Grand Juries are established, when he might consider the matter.

* * *

We understand that a woman motorist the other day put out her hand to indicate that she was going to turn to the right and did. The chauffeur of the next car is reported to have fainted.

* * *

A football referee says his method is to ignore the crowd altogether. It is feared that one of these days he will be thrown to the spectators.

* * *

Three trucks of coal caught fire in Yorkshire and burned for four hours. We should like a ton of that coal.

* * *

The recently-exhibited automatic-man is said to be capable of walking and talking but cannot think. It should make an ideal Candidate in the next General Election.

* * *

Football is full of risks. A forward who scored the winning goal in a match at Birmingham was kissed by three women-spectators as he left the field.

* * *

Much indignation is felt in motoring circles at the behaviour of a pedestrian who callously knocked over a two-seater and did not stop to inquire if anyone was hurt.

* * *

A news item says that an efficient fireman can turn out fully dressed in twenty-five seconds. So that's why there are no firewomen.

* * *

An umbrella with teeth that grip the owner's sleeve has been invented. But will it snap at anybody who tries to steal it in a restaurant?

* * *

Sergeant-majors are in future to greet recruits with a smile of welcome. This should weed-out the weaklings straight away and save trouble.

* * *

A headmaster of our acquaintance is asking parents to let their children help with the children's homework occasionally during these long winter evenings.

* * *

A new fox-trot, in which the dancers take two steps forward and six back, is the latest craze in America. But plumbers have done this figure for years.



Employer. "ISN'T IT RATHER STRANGE THAT YOUR GRANDFATHER SHOULD BE SERIOUSLY ILL EVERY TIME THERE'S A BIG FOOTBALL MATCH ON?"
Office Boy. "YESSIR. I SOMETIMES WONDER IF HE'S SHAMMIN.'"

THE EPIGRAM DEPARTMENT:

OR, A PEEP BEHIND THE SCREAMS.

"*She is the sort of woman who wears hats that have been turned on a lathe,*" said the bald gentleman in checks.

The greybeard mused. "*Darling,*" he amazingly responded, "*don't tell me how plain I 'm looking. In the first place I shan't believe you; in the second I know it 's true.*"

"Oh, splendid, Burrowes! Put it down, Stokes. Now then, Seymour," beamed Mr. Rosenfeld, the bald gentleman.

Mr. Seymour pondered and dashed a section of ash on to the carpet.

"*When a man——*" he began.

"Good boy! Go on."

Mr. Seymour smiled sickily and corrected his remark. "No. *The man who——*." Here he stopped.

"Go on, dearie. Tell us all about the man who."

"*When a man once——*"

"Aha! Now we 're getting somewhere. You disturb us strangely, Seymour."

"*When a m——* Oh, I can't."

"Rosenfeld, your shout."

"*She 's so busy trying to look like a lady off the stage that she 's quite incapable of trying not to look like one on it,*" pronounced Mr. Rosenfeld promptly, concluding *sotto voce* that his cuffs could now go to the laundry.

"That 's a wow. Say it again, and slowly. Got it, Stokes?"

"Hah!" said Stokes, scribbling, and added, "*he 's the sort of man who, when he 's in the Tropics, puts on a dinner-jacket for one cobra and a cactus.*"

"Honk!" appreciated the others, chuckling.

Mr. Burrowes beat the air. "*Her popularity has fallen below the Plimsoll line,*" and he sank back and beamed.

Rosenfeld paced the room. "Ah, but d' you think anybody knows enough about the Plimsoll line? Audience might stall at technical—— Anyway, query it, Stokes."

"*Face-ache is the prized perquisite of the lower classes,*" answered Burrowes defensively.

Rosenfeld's face purpled. "Cut it out. I 've got it myself at this moment. Er—*I never begin to believe anything until it has first been denied in the papers.*"

Stokes pressed the electric bell. "That needs celebrating," he announced.

Followed an interval for refreshment.

"*The woman——*" piped Seymour suddenly.

"God bless 'em!" confirmed Rosenfeld.

"No, no! *The woman——*"

"Oh, I get you. Go to it, boy."

"*The woman who——*"

"DID," shouted the others.

"No, no, NO! *The woman who——* You fellows have made me forget the rest. But OSCAR WILDE had some epigrams that began something on those lines."

"No. Usually he began 'My dear Duchess.' Where 's the skeleton cast list? Can't *we* have a Duchess?"

"We have."

"Good! *My dear Duchess, there 's nothing that makes me feel older than to be told I look ten years younger.*"

"Stout fella," the others approved.

"*This house has a reputation. What! For ghosts,*" contributed Burrowes, adding, "That 's dialogue, of course."

"Oh, quite."

"*And,*" he continued triumphantly, "*being mistaken for Catherine Parr at midnight saved me from the Divorce Courts once.*"

"That can go in the country-house scene," decided Rosenfeld; "old Lappeter will give it out fine. That trick of hers of opening a door and letting off her line and then slamming the door—ah, fine actress——"

"*Be yourself, it 's all you 've got to be,*" said Burrowes, draining his glass.

"No good, boy. That 's Whimsical Wilcox stuff. We want sparkling comedy with a kick in it. Where shall we put the bedroom scene? Where 's the scene-plot?"

"*The—the woman——*"

"Gee, he 's off again! Feeling a little easier now, Seymour lad?"

"You don't give me scope," retorted Seymour angrily.

"Go on. We all want to know about the woman when and who."

"Oh, shut up!"

"*Leave me some illusions,*" offered Burrowes brightly. "*Certainly, Evelyn, you can have all mine;*" and he tore up the last of his notes.

"Who says that?" demanded Stokes, licking his pencil.

"Oh—either Vamp to Heavy or Ingénue to Lead."

"If it 's the Vamp you can't call her Evelyn. Evelyns are dramatically pure. Same with Marys, Esthers and Ediths. Fallen names are Sonia, Paula——"

"Never mind, never *mind*. Settle all that later when I sketch out the plot. And now what about a title, boys?"

"*When once a woman*—er—*Duchess admits*—— No, as you were. *My dear Duchess, when a woman once admits——*"

Mr. Rosenfeld brought his foot down with a crash. "You 've got it, boy! And now what about a biter lunch? We 've broken the back of the thing."

He left the office, returning only to announce anxiously, "But we 'll cut out the 'once.' 'WHEN A WOMAN ADMITS' will look great on the buses. And with 'once' out we can get it set up bigger. And we 'll have a chin to-morrow about knocking out the 'when.'"

TRAGIC CRICKET.

["Send help to England's Captain," "Relief Party should be rushed to Australia," are the headlines of an article in *The Daily Sketch* by Mr. L. V. MANNING, who remarks, "It is too tragic to contemplate what would happen if either of our opening pair of batsmen, Hobbs and Sutcliffe, sh uld break down.... If golden minutes are not squandered in argument there is yet time to get a rescue party out to Chapman before serious damage is done."]

I REALLY cannot sleep o' night
For thinking of the tragic plight
Of our intrepid test-men,
On whom the sacred trust is laid
To keep the ashes from the raid
Of huge Australia's best men.

How should we guard our hallowed stumps
Were CHAPMAN smitten by the mumps,
WHITE bitten by wild weasels?
Were the incomparable HOBBS
Floored by the malady of the blobs,
Should MEAD develop measles?

For, mark you, England's chosen team,
Our finest best athletic cream,
Are faced with deadly dangers
From fearsome beasts and birds as well,
Emus and dingos fierce and fell—
And possibly bush-rangers!

HENDREN, the lion-hearted PAT,
For all his prowess with the bat
Would find the strength that hurtles
The leather to the boundary vain
When matched against the hurricane
Advance of "leathery turtles."

DUCKWORTH I saw in dreams half-killed
By a great platypus (duck-billed),
And AMES in deadly combat
With several thousand bandicoots,
And STAPLES, coat and cap and boots,
Wolfed by a furious wombat.

O Mother England, for the sake
Of your devoted champions wake—
Wake from your callous slumbers!
Rush out reserves of hefty chaps
To fill up the potential gaps
In their too meagre numbers.

Send several magnums of quinine
To binge up the distressed seventeen—
This is no time for parley—
Send seventeen doctors by sea-plane,
The very best you can obtain
In the long street of Harley.

So shall we journalists at home,
Unscared by news across the foam,
By fears that shock and shatter,
Regain our sadly shaken poise
And flood the welkin with a noise
Of cheerful cricket chatter.



TOM TIDDLER CALLING.

Lord Birkenhead. "IF THE CITY CAN SPARE ME, I WONDER IF MY GENIUS WOULDN'T FIND MORE SCOPE IN SOUTH AFRICA. GOLD IS GOOD, BUT DIAMONDS ARE BETTER."



Theophilus. "But, Father, if that is really the effigy of the conspirator, Guido Faux, surely the bowler hat is an anachronism?"

A FINAL EXAMINATION-PAPER ON THE LIFE AND WORK OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.*

(1) "My professional charges are upon a fixed scale," said *Holmes* coldly; "I do not vary them, save when I remit them altogether." Quote instances to show that this statement was untrue.

(2) What was *Holmes'* number in Baker Street, and where did he have rooms when he first came to London?

(3) For what Rugby football-team had *Dr. Watson* at one time played?

(4) Who, in his opinion, was the finest three-quarter that Richmond ever had? Mention some incidents in this man's domestic career.

(5) To what London clubs did *Colonel Moran* belong?

(6) What were the principal rules of the Diogenes Club? Mention one of its founders. What else did he do?

(7) Contrast the characters of *Stanley Hopkins, Greyson* and *Lestrade*. Which of them had bull-dog eyes?

(8) What do you know of: The Franco-Midland Hardware Company, Huxtable's *Sidelights on Horace*, the Polyphonic Motets of Lassus, The Royal Mallows Regiment, *Harding Bros.* of Kensington, *Radix pedis diaboli, Mr. Aloysius Doran*, Yoxley Old Place, the *Sea Unicorn* and the Wessex Plate?

(9) What reason have we for supposing that *Sherlock Holmes* would have disapproved of the Anglo-French Naval Pact? What was his usual attitude towards international affairs?

(10) Who were *Sherlock Holmes'* bankers?

(11) By what chain of inferences were the following facts deduced—

(*a*) From *Dr. Watson's* boots that he had just recovered from a cold?

(*b*) From *Mr. Henry Baker's* hat that his wife had ceased to love him?

(*c*) From *Mr. Grant Munro's* pipe that he was muscular, careless in his habits and above the need to practise economy?

What deduction was made from the condition of the bell-rope at the Abbey grange?

(12) Give the context of the following passages—

(*a*) "'My first movement, Watson,' said he as he bustled into his frock-coat, 'must be in the direction of Blackheath.'"

(*b*) "When you see a man with whiskers of that cut and *The Pink 'Un* protruding out of his pocket you can always draw him by a bet."

(*c*) "The boots which she was wearing were not unlike each other, but they were really odd ones, the one having a slightly decorated toe-cap and the other a plain one. . . . Now when you see that a young lady, otherwise neatly dressed, has come away from home with odd boots, it is no great deduction to say that she came away in a hurry."

(*d*) "'Saddle a horse, my lad,' said he. 'I shall want you to take a note to Eldridge's farm.'"

(*e*) "Lord Holdhurst was still in his chambers in Downing Street. . . . Standing on the rug between us, with his slight tall figure, his sharp-featured thoughtful face and his curling hair prematurely tinged with grey, he seemed to resemble that not too common type, a nobleman who is in truth noble."

(*f*) "Last year I came up to Lon-

* The whole of the short stories in this cycle have now been collected (presumably by *John H. Watson, M.D.*, late of the Indian Army) into a single posthumous volume, and published by John Murray.

don for the Jubilee, and I stopped at a boarding-house in Russell Square because Parker, the Vicar of our parish, was staying in it."

(*g*) "There is, as you may have observed, a bicycle-shop next to our inn. Into this I rushed, engaged a bicycle, and was able to start before the carriage was quite out of sight. I rapidly overtook it, and then, keeping at a distance of a hundred yards or so, I followed its lights until we were clear of the town."

(*h*) "'Here you are, Peterson. Run down to the advertising agency and have this put in the evening papers.'

"'In which, Sir?'

"'Oh, *The Globe, Star, Pall Mall, St. James's Gazette, Evening News, Standard, Echo,* and any others that occur to you.'"

(*i*) "One night last week—on Thursday night to be exact—I found that I could not sleep, having foolishly taken a cup of strong *café noir* after my dinner."

(*j*) "I have no doubt that she loved you, but there are women in whom the love of a lover extinguishes all other loves, and I think she must have been one."

(*k*) "You will remember, Watson, how the dreadful business of the Abernetty family was first brought to my notice by the depth which the parsley had sunk into the butter upon a hot day."

(13) Discuss the Baker Street cuisine, giving particulars of any meals you remember provided by *Mrs. Hudson.* Examine in the light of subsequent history the statement "eight shillings for a bed and eightpence for a glass of sherry pointed to one of the most expensive hotels."

"There were a couple of brace of cold woodcock, a pheasant, a *pâté de foie gras* pie, with a group of ancient and cobwebby bottles." Who were invited to this supper? Who accepted, and who refused?

(14) Was *Sherlock Holmes* ever engaged to be married, and to whom?

(15) "It was nearly ten o'clock before Holmes entered, looking pale and worn. He walked up to the sideboard and, tearing a piece from the loaf, he devoured it voraciously, washing it down with a long draught of water.

"'You are hungry,' I remarked."

Quote any other brilliant deductions made by *Dr. Watson* without the assistance of his friend.

(16) "The example of patient suffering is in itself the most precious of all lessons to an impatient world." (*The Veiled Lodger.*)

"Our highest assurance of the goodness of Providence seems to me to rest in the flowers." (*The Naval Treaty.*)

How far do the above quotations justify us in regarding *Sherlock Holmes*

(*a*) As a great philosopher?

(*b*) As an expert in botany?

(17) Who was the maternal great-uncle of *Sherlock Holmes*? Evoe.



The Stylist. "One moment! Shall the hero be loose-limbed or clean-limbed?"

WHY I HATE GUY FAUX.

Although of course inclined to doubt
The seemliness of Faux's notion
That he could "move the House" without
Due notice of the coming motion,
Till now I cannot say that I
Have ever really hated Guy.

In point of fact I 've always shown
A lack of ardour in decrying
(Not being in the danger zone)
His simple system of supplying
To those who did not share his views
An uplift with a length of fuse.

It left my indignation cold
To read about his fell endeavour;
The story, after all, is old,
And but for Guido we might never
Have had those pyrotechnic thrills
That mitigate November's ills.

But now at last in him I see
A viler wretch than any other,
Since first they broke the news to me
That this year, on a hint from mother,
The ancient suit I love the most
Will deck the guy my offspring roast.

TOPSY, M.P.

VII.—Is All for Al.

Trix my angel *all* my thanks for your *cherubic* letter but I can't answer *any* of your questions now because I'm *too* worked up about my darling AL, and of course the *fiendish* thing is that I suppose you've *no* idea who my darling AL *is*, my dear I do wish you'd take a *sporadic* glance at the morning papers, because my dear I *quite* admit that most of the Press is *rather* sea-weed, on the other hand there are one or two things happening on this over-rated planet which are almost worthy of a clean girl's attention, well anyhow AL SMITH darling wants to be absolute *President* of the United States, and so does a perfect *paper-weight* of a man called HERBERT HOOVER, my dear you can say what you like about the decline of England but I do *not* think that in this decrepit country a man would dare to put up for the President of the *Fire Brigade* if he had a name like HOOVER, with HERB in the prow, my dear *too* facetious, don't you agree, darling?

Only my dear *don't* think I don't utterly *adore* Americans because I merely *do*, and of course Haddock knows some perfectly *blossomy* ones, but that's the staggering thing about them, my dear you *meet* them in London and they seem *quite* lambs and then they go home to America and behave like *bats*, well anyhow this AL SMITH's a Democrat, my dear it's *rather* sweet he used to be a *paper-boy*, and HERB HOOVER's a *Republican*, or else it's the other way round, because my dear I *never* can remember and *nobody* knows the difference, my dear it's like saying that one man's a *herring* and the other's a *bloater*, only there's *rather* more in it *this* time, because my dear *HERB*'s a Protestant and a *Prohibitionist*, which Haddock says is a contradiction in terms or something, because he says the *whole* idea of Protestantism was against unnecessary *bossing* and *erroneous* doctrines, however AL's a Catholic and a *moderate* Wet, and my dear *that* will show you the utterly *degrading* effect of having these *feeble-minded* laws, because my dear you probably don't know that the population of the States is a *mere* hundred million, and my dear *when* you think of *all* those people *electing* a President, which with the *exception* perhaps of a *Boxing* champion is *about* the most important thing a man can *be*, and instead of the candidates being called ALBERT the *Just* or HERBERT the *Peacemaker* or anything they're labelled Moderate *Wet* and Bone *Dry*, my dear like peas or something in a grocer's shop, well as Haddock said it's utterly *debasing* the currency of *politics* or something, because my dear it seems they're both the *world's* flawless fellows and have done *quite* miracles but the *sole* thing that seems to matter is this *nursery* question of *diet*.

Because my dear it isn't as if AL wanted to *flood* the Continent with *gin*, my dear *all* he says is that he wouldn't be a bit surprised if there were *one* or two Americans who might be *safely* trusted to have a little *white* wine and *lager* beer with their food, if it was *sold* by the State in *sanitary* bottles *one* bottle at a time, in which case of course there'd be far less whisky imported than there is now, anyhow my dear this is *definitely* the *Lager Beer* Election because *nobody* cares what the *pathetic* men think about Peace or War or anything, the *one* thing is *Is* Lager Beer safe for the *democracy*, and my dear *don't* accuse me of *superfluous* interference with the affairs of a friendly nation, because my dear this is a matter of *common humanity*, my dear like *slavery* or the mutilation of *bishops*, it's a crime against *nature*, my dear a man in Michigan has just got imprisonment for life for *merely* possessing a *pint* of gin, and of course the *moment* the Eighteenth Amendment oozed into existence the *whole* civilised world ought to have utterly *broken* off relations, my dear like *Russia*, sort of cutlawing the Government but *too* sympathetic with the martyred populace, instead of all this *saponaceous* yap about *moral experiments*, my dear what *is* there *moral* in *not* having what you can't *get*, my dear what's *moral* is when you utterly *wallow* in temptation and emerge *too* spotless, and *that* my dear as Haddock said is what *moulds* the character, because of course it's *quite* theoretical that *wine* like women was *merely* created to sort of *test* the human engine, and if you take away *all* the temptations you *simply* don't know *where* you are, and of course where *is* it to *stop*, because my dear *speaking* of women, well there's *no* doubt that *Love* leads to *more* unpleasantness than anything else my dear it's responsible for *all* the divorces and *nearly* all the murders, *three-quarters* of the stealing and *all* the over-population, and *that* of course means unemployment and *slums* and misery and Bolshevism, so that you *might* say that Love was the absolute *root* of all evil and of course it *nearly* always begins with *kissing*, so my dear I shouldn't be a *bit* surprised if the Twenty-first Amendment was against *kissing*, and then of course there'll be a Kissing Election, and one of the candidates will be a *Petting* Democrat and the other will be a *Platonic* Republican, *unless* of course my darling AL gets in this time because I do think *he* might be able to strike a *note* of sanity perhaps, my dear *don't* be *aloof* about this because it's *too* cardinal for *us* because the foul breath of the joyphobes is *already* wafting over the ocean towards us, you can smell it EVERYWHERE, my dear *do* you know that there are *261* societies in England and Wales *all* beavering away for Prohibition and kindred horrors *just* like America, of course I know you think I've got a bee in the little bonnet about this, but as Haddock said I'd rather have a bee in the bonnet than absolute *fungus* on the brain well don't you agree darling?

However my dear I'm *rather* apprehensive for AL because of the POPE, you see there's *quite* nothing people *won't*



A HITCH IN THE MOVIETONE.

The Man. "WHAT IS IT THAT PRESSES ON MY BRAIN?"



Squire's New Wife (on appearance of Farmer fresh from the cow-byre). "HOW *too* SWEET! HE POSITIVELY *reeks* OF THE FARM."

say in politics, and it seems they 're *all* saying that AL is going to *put* the POPE in charge of the American Navy, my dear *too* unsuitable, but it *simply* isn't *true*, because I 'm perfectly convinced that AL would *never* do it, anyhow there 's this *irrelevant* religious chat, and they have absolute *pamphlets* to say that my *poor* AL stands for the Vatican and the vine, my dear, *POPE* in one pocket and *port* in the other, isn't it *too* cruel, you know my dear I *do* adore religion but I do think that religious people are *too* un-Christian sometimes, and my dear I do believe if you had absolute *statistics* of all the *unnecessary* unpleasantness there 's *ever* been you 'd find that these sort of woolly-headed well-meaners had been responsible for *more* unnecessary unpleasantness than anything else, except Love perhaps, because my dear they can't even have *private* conferences without calling each other the *most* venomous names, my dear *Erastians* and *Apollinarians* and *Monophysists* or something, *too* alarming, *and* my dear *not* content with making the *mouldiest* muddle of their own affairs they *must* keep *crashing* into politics and everything with gratuitous suggestions, and as for these *Jeremiacal* bishops, you *can't* keep them out of the papers these days, my dear the *moment* they see somebody dormatose during a sermon they think civilisation 's cracking and nobody 's pure, and the nation 's pagan and literature 's foul, and Bolshevism 's looming and the Modern Girl 's a degenerate wasp, however if you ask *my* opinion *nearly* everybody 's much more Christian than they used to be, except some of the Bishops perhaps, and *nearly* everything 's much better than it used to be, except sermons perhaps, and anyhow what HAS the POPE got to do with my *poor* AL being President of America, my dear I 'm going out now to send him a *tender* telegram, so farewell now darling your noble-hearted TOPSY.

A. P. H.

Mormonism in Hampstead.

From an electioneering pamphlet:—

"HAMPSTEAD BOROUGH COUNCIL ELECTION.

. . . This qualification entitles you to the local Government Vote at 21, and the wife of any local Government Elector at 30."

"The two tribes fetched Saul, who had already relieved Jabesh Gilead from the Amenities."—*North-country Paper.*

Public sentiment in Jabesh Gilead seems to have been against the movies.

THE ALTAR FIRES.

SINCE basketed the fruit is
And granaried the corn,
Let loose the dappled beauties
To chime before the horn,
That faith be not forsworn
Nor any Shade affronted
Of all the brave who hunted
In days ere we were born.

The frost in silver lies on
The green grass and the gold;
On every blue horizon
The dripping mists are rolled;
But the Shades shall not sleep cold
So long as men remember
To light with each November
The altar fires of old.

The woods still tell their story,
The open fields still spread
The lists that called to glory
Our bold and keen-heart Dead;
May we, the sons they bred,
Their gage and colour wearing,
Still dare where they went daring,
Still follow where they led!

W. H. O.

Our Cross-Grained Furniture.

"Antique oak refractory table."
Auctioneer's List.

THE PERSISTENT PHOTOGRAPHER.

WHY he should continually write and ask to take a photograph of me I cannot conceive. He has not so far as I know ever seen me in his life (though several friends have rather rudely pointed that out as an explanation). He does not require me to pay for it, nor even to recommend him. It is obviously my portrait alone that he desires; and again I wonder why. Perhaps he wants to stand me on the mantelpiece to brighten the gap between the clock and the daguerreotype of Great-Aunt Amy; perhaps he wishes to put a touch of comic relief into a dull portrait-album; or perhaps he merely wants to frame me, very much enlarged, for exhibition in his shop-window. I can just imagine the enormous crowd that would collect if he did that; but the question that worries me is, which of us would the police summon for causing the obstruction—him for putting my photo there, or me for having such an arresting face? And can one legally be arrested for being arresting? Or perhaps, I have just thought, he has some kind of intricate card-game played with photographs and is making up a suit of people with uncommon features.

Anyhow, whatever the reason, he is most persistent. He writes and asks me on an average once every six months to come to his shop—I beg pardon, I should say "studio"—where he proposes to take a photo—pardon again, I should say, make "a camera portrait"—to add to his little collection. Scarcely an event of importance comes to pass in my life but he writes telling me he is anxious to give me a sitting, as though I were about to start up a chicken-farm and wanted something to begin with.

Of course I have never been. I feel he might stop asking me if I did; and his letters do lend such a zest to my life. They help to swell my mail and my head; they make me think I am in the public eye, that I am noticed.

"Ha!" I said, on the first occasion on which I heard from him (it was during the War)—"ha! I see he wants to include me in his 'Photographic Record of Distinguished Officers.' He must have heard of that fine bit of work of mine in the last advance; how I brought the whisky from St. Jean to Acq—where our new Mess was." I was terribly thrilled and had almost determined to go when I discovered he had issued a similar invitation to two young friends of mine who, with the down still fluffy on their upper lips, had just passed out of Sandhurst.

And a little later on, when I thought he must inevitably have learnt of the masterly way in which I "won" a mule and "borrowed" some harness for a "scrounged" waggon for "unauthorised" kit, it turned out that in his eyes my true claim to inclusion in his new "Photographic Record of Distinguished *Army* Officers" was merely the arrival of a second star on my sleeve.

He must have a fine variety of invitation forms. Like salmon-flies, I suppose he hopes that one will catch the fish where another has failed, for some months later he was trying me again, on promotion to captain this time, with his "Record of Distinguished *Military* Officers."

And after the War, no sooner did I have a book published than he heard of it (though apparently few other people did), for he wanted to include me in his "Photographic Record of Distinguished Authors." I very nearly went, but just didn't; and since then he has never missed any volume of mine hot from the press, though I gather that he didn't really like the last one because on that occasion he only wanted me for his "Photographic Record of Authors"—a subtle difference.

And he has hosts of other "Photographic Records." I qualified recently for his "Photographic Record of Distinguished Bridegrooms," though we were both of us prepared for this because a short while previously I had been demanded for his "Photographic Record of Distinguished Best Men." I am not certain I didn't nearly become a Distinguished Inveterate Wedding-Guest; and I suggest now that he tries me for his Collection of Distinguished Mediocrities; while as a Distinguished Man-in-the-Street I'm sure I should look well. If he is as thorough in other walks of life, he must be invaluable to Scotland Yard with his "Photographic Record of Distinguished Embezzlers," and so on.

Never mind; I love him and his cheery little letters—all of which, I say, I have omitted to answer for fear he should stop sending them. It makes me feel very full of myself, and I walk about trying to live up to my enforced air of distinction—till I discover all my friends have had similar invitations. There are more of us distinguished people than I thought.

One day, however, I shall go to his studio, and shall beg him as a favour to let *me* take a Camera Portrait of *him* with my own "No. 0 Pixie" (the one with the bust shutter that I scooped in a Church bazaar raffle). I shall tell him I wish to add it to my "Photographic Record of Distinguished Photographers." That ought to brighten his day for him.

A. A.

LADY-GOLFERS.

[MR. POPE, in an epistle to a friend, lets himself go on the congenial subject of some contemporary members of the Twickenham Ladies' Golf Club.]

NOTHING so true as what I've heard you say—
"Most women should not be allowed to play."
Like men, as golfers some are good, some bad;
But every woman's card-and-pencil mad:
"A lower handicap" their only prayer,
Though all unworthy of the one they bear:
For this they strive, this end alone they seek,
And take out "extra day cards"* thrice a week.
For golf's true spirit they have little use,
Moved by a single passion—to "reduce."
Yet even "extra day cards" cannot baulk
The feminine propensity to talk;
Of Lesbia's lovers or Corinna's hat
Chatting they crawl and crawling still they chat;
And when the final putt has trickled in
Chatting they mark their cards beside the pin.
Would honest BUFFON, had he known the game,
Have said, "*Le style c'est la femme même*"?
If to the links the maxim we apply
What strange disclosures meet the amazed eye!
One ties herself in knots so intricate
That you would think she never can get straight;
See where about to drive another stands;
First as in prayer to heaven she lifts her hands;
Next, crouched immobile as the lurking pard,
Waits till her hapless ball is off its guard,
Then sudden smites it ninety devious feet
And saunters off the process to repeat.
Hard by, a third her toilsome brassy plies—
Observe the club-head's slow laborious rise;
So strives a crane some beam's vast weight to raise—
My onomatopœia note and praise.
Scarce easier or more rapid its descent,
Her wrists unyielding and her arms unbent.
Meanwhile her partner ploughs through briar and brake
Wielding her club like one that kills a snake.

* A system by which, having signed a book, taken an oath of allegiance to the L.G.U. and deposited her valuables with the club steward, a woman attempts to return a nett score lower than the standard scratch score of the course. If successful she automatically reduces her handicap by the amount of the difference.



He. "I WISH TO GOODNESS THOSE BUSES WOULDN'T MAKE SUCH A FILTHY ROW. I PARTICULARLY WANTED TO HEAR ONE OF THE RECORDS OF STREET NOISES."

Would you know all the tortures of delay,
Attempt a round when Delia leads the way.
Each hole she plays more slowly than the last,
While slugs outstrip her and while snails whizz past.
Thus for two hours she holds up all the course,
Till at the twelfth Fate puts her in the gorse.
Her ball is lost! Her stricken followers view
At length a heaven-sent chance of getting through.
Hope springs afresh as, five long minutes gone,
Reluctant Delia turns and waves them on.
Vain hope! Approaching, they with horror see
Delia about to leave the thirteenth tee,
And, more to show her scorn of etiquette,
Ere strolling on she lights a cigarette.
How many other horrid sights inflame
The poet's heart and put him off his game!
Yet were it well to ponder Orpheus' fate
And learn discretion ere it prove too late,
Lest hordes of lady-golfers, seeing red,
With mashie, cleek and niblick lay him dead,
Regardless of the Secretary's spleen
Strew his "disjected members" o'er the green
And send his head, vociferating "Fore!"
Down the wide Thames from Twickenham to the Nore.

"That very high old bird. You get him once in a while—that very high old cock that comes sailing over down wind."—*Cartridge Advt.*

When we get one like that we send for the head-waiter.



Small Snapshotter. "Mummy, I 'se can't see you."

CARS.

In a recent memorable article I diffused quite a lot of information about those parts of a car known as the gears and the clutch. It now becomes my duty, much as I dislike work, to tell you all about driving, and help you on towards becoming a good car-master.

I have only one correction to make in my previous article, and I call that jolly good. I said that a driver wanted three hands and three feet. That is an under-statement. Three feet is all right—one for the clutch, and two right feet for brake and accelerator. But I was wrong about the hands; he certainly requires four, and he ought to have five. It takes two to steer. A third should be occupied with the gears, a fourth with the hand-brake, and a fifth with the important task of waving. After this frank and manly avowal we can get on.

I suppose I ought to tell you something about the engine and all that, but I shan't. For one thing, lots of people drive cars who know nothing about their insides, and, for another, I don't know anything about them myself. I was told all right, but I 've forgotten.

We will suppose you to be seated at the wheel ready to begin. Lean slightly back in an easy and elegant position. Don't grab the wheel tightly with both fists as if you were trying to tear the whole thing out by the roots; keep the elbows down and close to the sides, as if you were playing a mashie-shot. You now want to start. Nothing easier; you merely turn a little button arrangement on the dashboard. But you may find that that doesn't act. This may be due to several causes. Perhaps you 've forgotten the petrol; the remedy is to remember it. If the petrol is there you may have forgotten to turn it on, an operation also performed on the dashboard; as before, the remedy is to do it. If still the engine refuses to chug, descend from your throne, open one side of the bonnet and look in. This is a matter more of etiquette than of necessity, but it is always done in the best circles. Now close the bonnet, advance to the front of the car, seize the grinding-handle, and—wait a minute. If you 're not careful the car will start and take an unfair advantage of you. Go back and see that your gear-lever is in neutral; that will fix it. Now return and grind the handle as if you were working a street-organ. If, after all this, the car still won't start, well, dash it, it 's due to sheer pig-headedness, and I don't know what you ought to do.

I remember another man's car being taken that way once at Roehampton. After every possibility had been tried we rolled it out down the slope, hoping to stir it up by sending it downhill; the only result was that it lay up against the kerb as if it were moored to it. Sympathisers came, took a turn at the handle, shook their heads and passed. Ultimately its owner rang up its home-garage and asked for help. One of the grooms, who knew it, came out (which all meant money), looked at it, gave the handle a slight flick, and I 'm blessed if it didn't run like butter. On another occasion an actor friend of ours, who never drives at less than sixty miles an hour, did the double Jehu act for a couple of miles or so to a garage with us tied behind him by a rope, and the engine woke to life just as we stopped at the garage.

Still, difficulties pass, and we will assume you to be fairly off. It is at this first moment of movement that the bitter passionate human cry rises in the breast to know how to stop. It isn't hard. Almost anything will do bar jamming your foot on the accelerator, which as a fact you will probably do in mistake

for the brake. That is the maddest thing about a car. For lack of a third foot they actually put brake and accelerator, two opposites, cheek by jowl, so to speak, so that the same foot can operate either of them. It 's a mug's game. A friend of mine was sitting one day at the head of a block with gear in neutral, hand-brake on and everything sweet, when another car coming at a moderate pace in the other direction suddenly and without provocation leapt forward, charged him head on, and tore a great chunk out of his car's forehead. The driver explained the incident by saying that he 'd aimed at the brake and clapped his great foot on the accelerator instead; and my friend, a just man, couldn't deny that the fellow had reason on his side.

There is the hand-brake, too. I have told you how it mixes itself up with the gear lever. But it does worse than that. There is a law that whenever you stop you must jam it on. The trouble is that you forget to take it off at the start (when there are heaps of other things to think about), and a man I know went for about ten miles at an indignant crawl hunting for a garage for help, only to be told by a sneering mechanic that he 'd got the brake on all the time. His wife was there too.

This hand-brake is concerned with the accelerator when you are stopped on a hill. There is a car close in front and a car close behind, and you keep yours in its place with the hand-brake. When the time comes to move on, you have to squeeze the accelerator. If you take off the brake a moment too soon you 'll roll back on to the car behind; if you shove on the accelerator a shade early you 'll boost up against the car in front; and if you 're not very careful you 'll stop your engine and make an ass of yourself.

There are many other difficulties with which I cannot deal. Things that get in the way: policemen, pedestrians and that pig I ran over. The fact that in turning a corner the stern doesn't follow the bow, but cuts the corner off and runs into the pillar-box. A rum thing, that. Then there 's the natural tendency of the human mind to wander, as on that occasion when I was thinking of modern orchestration, and.... Above all, there 's turning in a confined space.

Cars are queer in their emotions. They will suddenly stop their engines and come to a standstill in the middle of the traffic like great mokes. They take sudden dislikes. They have been known to mount a pavement and kill an entire stranger, I suppose because they didn't like his hat. I was eye-witness once to a terrific fracas on Chelsea Embankment between a harmless motor-bus and an immense lorry. I can't tell you about it even now, but if you had seen the lorry savage its victim and tear out of it three of its quivering insides.... But my most vivid experience of a car's eccentricity happened when I was trying to turn one round in a narrow road. You know how it 's done. You go forward a little, then back a little, and work it round by degrees. My car, which had been docile enough up to then, suddenly went off its head. It tried to knock a wall down; it scattered boys like chaff; it repeatedly tried to climb trees. My instructor, instead of instructing it, sat by my side dissolved in ribald glee. Luckily I have strong sense and some knowledge of animals. I got into neutral, thereby rendering it harmless. While its engine throbbed, for it was thoroughly upset, I sat quietly and made much of it, speaking soothingly, and after a few minutes it had recovered sufficiently to be taken home.

I 've told you nothing about the fifth hand and its waving. There 's a whole code of signals, but just now it 's rather a sore subject with me. There was a man behind me the other day who called me—curse him! DUM-DUM.



"WHAT A NUISANCE THESE LATE ARRIVALS ARE!"
"THEY AREN'T LATE ARRIVALS, MY DEAR—THEY 'RE EARLY DEPARTURES."

In Memoriam.

We record with true sorrow the death of EVERARD HOPKINS, who for many years was a constant contributor of social drawings to these pages. To his wife and son we ask leave to offer our most sincere sympathy.

THE LEAVES.

OF enchanted trees and talking trees there is no end ever since the black dove of the old Greek story settled on the holy oak. And as for leaves, all the world knows that they rustle and dance and whisper. And Mary, who so nearly went with the leaves to Turnedoverland (where all leaves go sooner or later), loves trees and stories of trees; and the slim pale ladies who stand in woods and turn into slim pale young trees when you get closer to them, these she loves too. But the leaves laugh at you.

Mary—she is only a little girl—thinks that she knows all there is to know about woods. For instance she knows, when woods turn brown and golden, and everybody says, "Look, the wood is dying," that really this is the most *alive* time, the most magic. But that it is *then* that woods are most prankish she does not know even now. For it is in autumn that the leaves, who are nothing more or less than frivolous imps, cut adrift from the steadying influence of the parent tree, and then it is that the more impish among them become capable of any sort of elfish evil ere they scamper off to the land of Turnedover to dance in the whirling twilights until they have danced themselves into nothing at all. The exceptions are, of course, oak-leaves and strawberry-leaves, who are steady fellows and accustomed to good society.

Now those who advocate imps say that there is no particular harm in them. Personally I do not pretend to any opinion. I only know that what follows is gossip I pieced together out of the rustles and flutters and whispers that I, idly eavesdropping, listened to up in Four Winds Wood the other afternoon. I will not attempt to reproduce the scuffles and little squeaks, the silences and tiny pinchy outbursts that should artistically accompany the telling, for I am a simple person and would tell my story in a straightforward way.

I gather then that Mary had run into the wood to hear the bluebells ring upon a May morning, and, because that is how one hears them best, she was all by herself. I do not know if she heard the bells or no, but she enjoyed herself very much, and she walked on to where the vanguard of the wood bends steeply downhill and westaway to Wantage. And there she saw Tom Smith, the Squire's under-keeper, who was on his way to the pheasant-field, but who tarried, like *Orlando* or most any young lover in May, to consider whether he should carve the word "Milly" upon the old oak that KING ALFRED is supposed to have stood under. At the contemplated outrage the oak, so I heard, was fairly on his timber-toes with indignation; but when Tom saw Mary he touched his hat and said, "Good-morning, Miss," and went off about his business. And the wise old oak bowed his wise old head very woodenly and he creaked (only Mary didn't hear), "I am much obliged to you, Miss Mary; your coming was indeed opportune." And as he straightened himself again he added with a groan, "Yours to command, Miss Mary—damme! an oak hasn't bent like this since He of the First Acorn heard Orpheus. *Milly*, indeed!"

And so the summer passed, and a



The Dud. "P'RAPS YOU 'D BETTER GO ON AHEAD."
The Boy. "YESSIR. WHAT DIRECTION?"

very jolly one it was, and Mary, one day when the leaves fell and the wood was most magic, went walking once more. And, because that is how it is best sometimes to walk, she was all by herself. It was the most magicky sort of day too and the most magicky hour of it, which is, of course, 4 P.M. The day was a dark grey one and mild, and sometimes fine silvers of rain drifted through it like lost dryads. The Wind was thinking—*only* thinking, mind—of getting up, and the wood was full of zephyrs running busily about, little servants who got it ready for him.

Now zephyrs are imps if you like; ask any deer-stalker. You never *know* with zephyrs; they dodge about all over the place, first one way, then another. And the escaped leaves, all elfin, all alive, ran with the zephyrs about the wood and danced up into little sudden spirals and whirligigs. And Mary began to run with them, dancing her little feet among them to make them the more kickuppety, the more sea-surgey. And the leaves danced the magic leaf-dance round Mary and sang "*Mary, Mary,*" like the rustling of ripples. And they began to hustle her up the path with them (only Mary thought she was running of her own accord) to where the vanguard of the wood looks steeply downhill and west-away, westaway. And there the leaves changed from "*Mary, Mary*" to their magic marching-song, "*Vallombrosa,*" which begins—

"With a hey and up she goes-a."

And in another moment they might (for Mary is "as light as a leaf"—I heard her father say so only the other day) have caught her in a whirligig and whisked her off her pretty feet into grey air and away with her to Turnedover-land, flying like 'cock through the bare branches and squeaking like bats at the merry mischief of it. *But*——

"No, you don't," said the old oak; "Miss Mary 'll be wanted in the wood come May along;" and he beckoned to the West Wind, who was crouching on Cow Down t'other side the valley, and across he leapt like a lion.

Now I've told you that oak-leaves are good steady fellows. For one thing they stay at home longer than the other leaves, and of course their parents are the wisest of all trees that are. But as the West came with a roar, the old oak shook off a clear golden-brown hundred of his skirmishers upon the mane of the big Wind and said to them with a shout, "See the young lady home, lads! Miss Mary, were I five hundred years younger——" And the oak-leaves said, "Of course we will, Sir;" and they and the Wind rushed upon the imp-leaves—"yellow and black and pale and hectic red" they were, just as young Mr. Shelley said of 'em—and for a moment there was a whirl of fighting leaves and wind about Mary, which she rather loved, I think, and then the zephyrs went packing and the imp-leaves, who are infirm of purpose anyhow, flying like 'cock—but with never a Mary.

And she—and she, the wind in her petticoats and a flutter of clear goldy-brown leaves galloping about her red shoes, ran out of the wood and home to tea; and I gather that she never guessed what *might* have happened since she ran up the steps and into the house without bidding her escort "Good-night."

P. R. C.



Uncle. "Now in my young days we should have rattled home in a smart hansom."

Niece. "Handsome what, Uncle?"

Old King Coal was . . . .

"Customers may be supplied either 'a la carte' or 'cul de sac.'"—*Coal Merchant's Advt.*

"Shipbuilding Boom Ends."
Daily Paper.

The endless boom has never been very popular amongst sailors.

"The Earl of Plymouth said If they could get rid of the numerous red herrings which were swimming about the political sea, they would find the issue was a simple one indeed."
West-Country Paper.

What can't be cured must be endured.



LE DERNIER CRI: HOW TO ATTRACT CUSTOM.

"GENTLEMEN, 'THE SPECTATOR'!"

If it is not presumption in a mere stripling of only eighty-seven to offer congratulations to a centenarian, Mr. Punch has great pleasure in felicitating *The Spectator* on reaching its hundredth birthday and at the same time maintaining so much vigour and alertness. It is a cheering thought to the young man that a hundred years of life as a London weekly review can leave so few signs of wear and tear, and he now looks forward with renewed confidence to July 17th, 1941, when he will be a centenarian himself. Meanwhile he ponders with satisfaction upon the seven-and-eighty years during which he and *The Spectator* have been appearing side by side, not infrequently upholding the same sound ideals and fighting in the same good causes.

Mr. Punch is always proud of having had as a fellow-babe in 1841 no less a personage than King Edward VII. If 1828 was not quite the same vintage year it saw the birth of such distinguished men as George Meredith, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Jules Verne.

Whether the controllers of *The Spectator* are as accustomed as Mr. Punch is to hearing that their paper is not so good as it was, he does not know; but as he turns its pages to-day he confesses to a twinge of disappointment in finding no longer the attention that used to be paid there to our friend the cat. There was a time when *The Spectator* was the organ of the feline race, and its readers strove with one another to fill its pages with stories of the intelligence, whimsicality and even deep religious character of these creatures. Dogs of real moral worth now and then also got a look in, but it was the cat that dominated the correspondence columns. Alas, poor pussy, she is now a rare visitant. Week after week passes by and there isn't a purr. The old order has changed giving no place to the mew.

Although *The Spectator* has looked at life and affairs with a sobriety which Mr. Punch prefers to keep in the background, he has now and then had cause to be envious of its columns, and never so much as when the author of *Erewhon* chose them as the depository of his famous attack on the prudery of Montreal. He would also gladly have offered a home to *The Hawarden Horace* had its accomplished author given him the chance. It is possible that at the time when those satirical veins were being encouraged by his contemporary Mr. Punch was a little sore; but he can entertain such a feeling no longer, because one of the great differences between the journalism of to-day and of the past is that the contents of our modern papers, both daily and weekly, are more variegated than they were. Boundaries having been broken down, their fields are often communal. Mr. Punch, it is true, adheres to tradition and only when occasion compels becomes solemn; but most of his contemporaries that are normally dedicated to seriousness permit themselves now and then to smile, and where once there was only one political cartoon a week for the public to make merry with there are now a score every day. *The Spectator*, however, has not yet so lost its head as to encourage a draughtsman.

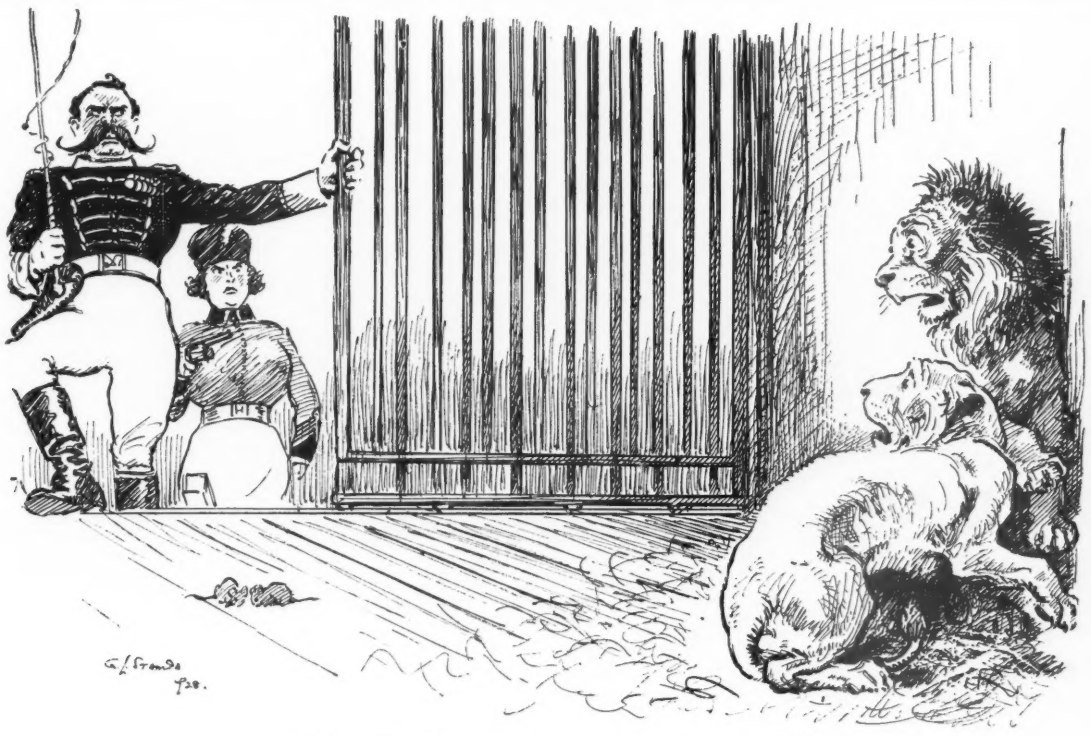
Meanwhile, charge your glasses. The toast is "*The Spectator* on its hundredth birthday," and may it have the only returns that a newspaper cares about—happy ones! PUNCH.



P.C. BYNG COMES ON HIS BEAT.

Mrs. Britannia. "HE'S ALL RIGHT. I LIKED HIM IN KHAKI AND I LIKE HIM IN BLUE."

[Lord Byng of Vimy is about to take up his duties as Chief Commissioner of Police.]



The Lion. "HELP! HERE COME THE WILD ANIMALS AGAIN!"

SHALL SIKHS SHINGLE?

THERE is woe and lamentation by the Rivers that are Five,
Where the Brotherhood of Lions long has kept the faith alive;
There the vampire of the Modern at the Sikh has flapped its wing
And aroused a plaintive protest from Professor PRITAM SINGH;
For the hair that was the glory of the Khalsa's gallant blades
May be basely bobbed by barbers, like the locks of Western maids,
And, as SAMSON, blind and bound in the Philistine Fashion's chains,
The Punjab's lions shortly will be seen without their manes.

Shall Sikhs shingle,
Shall Sikhs shave,
And with moderns mingle,
Shorn like any slave?
Would not GOVIND tingle,
Turning in his grave,
Should Sikhs shingle,
Should Sikhs shave?

When the lion-locks are scissored and the razor (safety first)
On the warlike beard and whiskers does its wicked Western worst,
Then the blue and stately turban will inevitably fall
From a head that bears the likeness of a swollen billiard-ball;
And the quoit of steel that glittered high above the warrior's brow
Will not deck the baleful bowler the apostate favours now;
With a vulgar Western Woodbine through the East the Sikh will stray,
Like the most banal Bengali who has ever "failed B.A."

Shall Sikhs shingle,
Shall Sikhs smoke,
Take to jazz and jingle,
Jig and jump and joke?
We should lose the single
Stalwart soldier-folk
Should Sikhs shingle,
Should Sikhs smoke.

THE TRANSFER SYSTEM.

OUR village prides itself on keeping abreast of the times, and, after reading in the Press lately of the transfer system in vogue among professional football clubs, we called a public meeting in the village hall to consider the matter with the view of improving our local resources.

The Vicar announced that the roof of the church was in a deplorable state of repair, and that an estimate of five hundred pounds had been obtained for its restoration. The funds available for this purpose being nil and the hope of raising the sum being about the same, he proposed placing the Senior Curate, who has a head of curly hair and a Greek profile, on the transfer list. He hoped to obtain at least seven-hundred-and-fifty pounds for him, and to purchase a successor with fewer physical attractions at a sum that would leave a handsome balance for the purpose of the church repairs.

The captain of our football club, who is our chief authority on all sporting matters, pointed out that a footballer who had been as long with his club as the present Curate has been with St. Jude's would be entitled to a benefit before his transfer. This was thought to be only fair, and after some discussion it was decided to allocate to this object the proceeds of the next rummage-sale.

ENGINES.

ENGINES must be trying creatures to live with—railway engines, I mean. Endearing they undoubtedly are, and very human; we feel this from our earliest infancy, as I realised one summer day, watching, in company with a four-year-old, an engine standing snortily before us, and being asked, "Does the engine mind the flies on it?" But all the same they are tiresome creatures at times, fussy and opinionated, and once they get hold of an idea or a phrase how they do keep on at it!

I travelled the other day behind an engine who for most of the journey was in a truculent mood. "My word! you 'll see!" he threatened us, and told us so over and over again with maddening persistency, though we never did see finally. After a stop at a station where several harmless people got out, he observed snappily as we started again, "I 've got 'em off; I 've got 'em off," and kept on with that for at least ten minutes.

Even when engines are pleased they are exasperating. We all know the classic example who growled laboriously "I think I can, I think I can," and then announced proudly, "I thought a could! I thought a could!"; but even a pleased little engine, who chants happily, "I can do it!" becomes a bore after fifty repetitions.

Quite a lot of engines are very musical and have a stock of tunes they 've picked up and sing over by the hour, which one may or may not enjoy. Many of them make up poetry—at least, no doubt they call it that. I had a long journey lately with a painfully poetic engine, and really I should never have believed that the fine, strong, middle-aged specimen he was could have turned out such drivel and gloried in it had I not been fated to hear him for miles—

"My dearest love,
Will you be true?
As skies above
Your eyes are blue.
Your eyes are blue
As skies above;
Will you be true,
My dearest love?"

I did hope we 'd done with those particular rhymes for ever, but not a bit of it; he went on in that strain for an hour and evidently thought he was original. You 'll very likely hear that selfsame sing-song with the piffling words yourself the very next time you go anywhere with an engine, for my friend has probably taught all his mates his new song by now, and you know how these things spread. Later on, thank goodness, he changed his metre. We were coming down-hill into the pasture-lands dotted with small villages, all very trim and pretty, and it inspired him further.

"*What* a pretty day!
I have never seen
Gardens look so gay,
Meadows look so green,"

he burbled, and went on and on impressing his delight on us until I could have wished we were back in the rain-misted moorlands.

But I take off my hat to one engine I remember. It was in a remote part of New South Wales of all places, and I was wakened out of a sound sleep by his singing over and over, loud and clear, a gavotte which I have seen PAVLOVA dance. Evidently he had too, and it is a little touching to think how, on his lonely journey through the Bush, he would solace himself with recalling that delightful moment. He had even fitted words to the tune, to help his memory:—

"This way and that way, softly, sweetly,
This way and that way, fairly, featly,
This way and that, enchanting creature,
How very pleased I am to meet yer!
This way and that way, dancing, sliding,
This way and that way, glancing, gliding—
Then when the music calls a halt
You never are at fault."

If you can pardon the banality of the words and the usual irritating repetition, I can assure you that by recalling them you will ever after be able instantly to recall the music they sprang from and the entrancing picture they conjure up.

A fine profession, an engine's, and one feels that a noble character must go with so noble an appearance and calling. But if only they wouldn't all worry a phrase to death!



THE AUSPICES.

STANLIUS BALDWINIUS, CHIEF AUGUR, KEEPS HIS EYE ON THE FLIGHT OF CERTAIN BIRDS WITH THE VIEW OF FORETELLING FUTURE EVENTS.

THE FLIGHT TO MARS.

IT should cause a sense of something like shame to reflect that, while we were acclaiming Channel-swimmers, Atlantic-fliers and breakers of world's speed records, the etheric body of a London solicitor, untrumpeted by the Press, was flying to Mars with the velocity of light.

In the matter-of-fact way characteristic of the men who do the big things, Dr. MANSFIELD ROBINSON, the hero of this epoch-making exploit, has told us something of the Martians, their physical peculiarities, their language and their mode of life; and the fact that a perhaps precipitate attempt by the General Post Office, acting on information supplied by him, to open up wireless communication with the sister planet has resulted in an initial failure—a thing not unprecedented in the annals of Post-Office experiments—should not be allowed to induce a spirit of scepticism.

Nevertheless Dr. MANSFIELD ROBINSON seems unaccountably to have neglected an essential accessory to his achievement. There will be no general disposition to doubt the word of a London solicitor, and one, moreover, who has held high civic office in the metropolis; but in his professional capacity Dr. MANSFIELD ROBINSON cannot fail to be aware of the importance attached to affidavits and witnesses in connection with such performances as his.

It is to be hoped therefore that he will take steps to fulfil the requirements—no doubt the testimony of disinterested Martians of repute would be accepted—necessary to official recognition of his great feat.

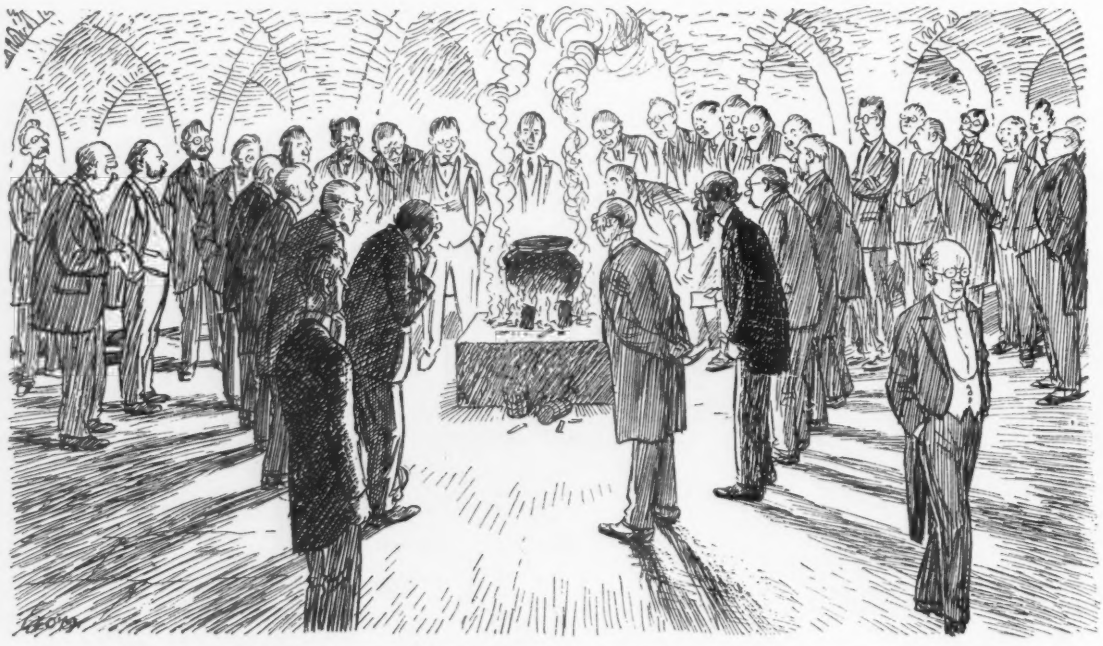
This formality complied with, it is safe to predict that, even though travel by etheric body should become a commonplace of the solar system, the name of MANSFIELD ROBINSON will ever be held in inter-planetary honour as that of a pioneer.

"The Merry Monarch fell in love with pretty Moll when she was acting in Sheridan's play, 'The Rivals,' at Covent Garden Opera House."
Evening Paper.

This of course occurred at the time of the Merry Monarch's posthumous restoration.



Visitor. "EXCUSE ME, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT LANGUAGE THESE PREHISTORIC MEN TALKED?"
Eminent Anthropologist. "I'M VERY SORRY, MADAM, I'M AFRAID I COULDN'T."
Visitor. "OH, IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER. I'LL ASK ONE OF THE ATTENDANTS."



THE LEAGUE FOR INVESTIGATING THE TRUTH OF POPULAR SAYINGS WATCHES A POT TO SEE IF IT BOILS.

HALF-MOMENTS WITH THE BEST GENII.

Difference of opinion as to the credibility of Sir Oliver Lodge.

Sir Oliver Lodge
Writes what some men regard as stodge;
But, according to his own tale,
He has inside information about what is going on
Behind the Veil.

Philosophical detachment of Mr. Robert Lynd.

Mr. Robert Lynd
Had his hat blown off by the wind;
Pensively regarding the sky,
He said, "Ah! that will serve as the basis of an article
over the initials 'Y. Y.'"

Consolation for the literary activities of Mr. E. Wallace.

I suppose Mr. Edgar Wallace's
Only solace is
That the almost intolerably wearing strain
Of writing the first one-hundred-and-twenty thrillers
will never have to be gone through again.

Implacability of Mr. A. J. Cook.

"I will have no mercy
On Lord Eustace Percy
Or his brother the Dook,"
Said Mr. A. J. Cook.

Instructive comparison made by Mr. A. J. Munnings.

Mr. A. J. Munnings
Said, "I have painted the horse in its walkings and
runnings,
And it has brought me fame.
Believe me, a motor-car is not the same."

Unfair advantage taken of Mr. James Joyce by the officials of the British Broadcasting Company.

Mr. James Joyce
Was invited to broadcast when he had lost his voice;
"For," said they, "like this he 's
Not in a position to recite anything from *Ulysses*."

Contemptuous attitude of Dr. Robert Bridges towards those who demand that inspiration should be vocal.

"Men
Who keep pestering me to burst into print every now
and then
I treat like so many midges,"
Said Dr. Robert Bridges.

Plain statement of fact by Mr. Augustus John.

Mr. Augustus John
Said, "I do not go in much for painting people with
nothing on;
But the face alone—there is something to be said for that,
Under the right sort of hat."

Slight flaw discoverable in the compositions of Miss Gertrude Stein.

Miss Gertrude Stein
Writes line after line;
But none of it 's remarkably explicit,
Is it?

Interesting juvenile attitude towards supernatural phenomena observed by Sir J. Barrie.

Sir James Barrie
Said to a small boy named Harry,
"There are fairies in the barn;"
To which the small boy replied, "Garn!"

CRICKET A CRIME.

THE Rev. BERNARD EVERETT, Minor Canon, and president of the Windsor Victoria Cricket Club, has, according to *The Times*, made some most interesting discoveries in the KING'S library at Windsor concerning the origin and early history of cricket. The first mention of the game, he said, was in the reign of EDWARD I., in 1300, and the next in 1344, when fielders for the first time appeared. The players in this instance were monks, who seem to have been strong supporters of the game, and would naturally incline to the more ascetic and self-denying parts of it. The laity, presumably, did the batting and bowling, while the holy men hunted the leather in the "country." A pretty picture. "Third man," maybe, was originally "third monk," and the "over" was doubtless instituted one hot afternoon when some portly abbot had had enough of charging about in the long grass.

But the most exciting of the Canon's discoveries is surely this—that in the reign of EDWARD IV. *the game of cricket was declared illegal!*

The reason? Well, it distracted the people from archery, which was then the Englishman's chief weapon of defence.

The penalty? Two years' imprisonment, with a fine of ten pounds. The "implements" were burned and the owner of the cricket-field was liable to three years' imprisonment, with a fine of twenty pounds—in those days a fortune.

O Tempora! O Mores! as somebody has well said. Curious, is it not, that our beloved national game, cradle and symbol of the English character, was once considered a namby-pamby pastime, the sport of clergymen, seducing the citizens from the manly exercise of bows and arrows and dangerous to the State.

The Rev. EVERETT does not relate the detailed history of the prohibition. But we can imagine it. Some Justice of the Peace, confronted with an erring boy, shook his grey head and said, "It is high time the game of cricket was stamped out. Corrupting our youth; ruining the country." Then a Bishop preached a sermon against cricket; a Stop-Cricket movement sprang up in various parts of the country; there were "scenes" and demonstrations when leading citizens interrupted the unhealthy sport. Meanwhile the virtues of archery were everywhere dinned into the heads of the young men, and they were implored to be faithful to the recreation of their fathers, which would teach them fortitude and the military spirit. Then a wit about the Court observed that the Battle of Tewkesbury was *not* won on the playing-fields of Eton. The KING gave his famous and laconic command, "*Not* cricket"—so often misquoted since—and the thing was done.

And so, according to Mr. EVERETT, the great game almost disappeared until the reign of QUEEN ANNE, when it was decided that the game was not illegal or bad in itself, "but only in the ill-use of it by betting more than ten pounds on it, for that was bad and against the law." Therefore, if persons did not put more than ten pounds on the game, they had no trouble; and cricket had the character which horse-racing has to-day—a manly sport but immoral.

As late as 1695, I believe, a soft or deceitful act was condemned as "not archery."

Oh, what a lesson for us all is here! Who knows what tricks the wheel of time may play with our sport-values still? Maybe King Cricket may fall from his throne again, and darts or croquet, or bowls or archery, lawn-tennis or dog-racing, become the noble and the national game.

So let us all be very careful what we say about other people's pleasures. And our thanks to the Rev. EVERETT.

A. P. H.



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Our Pampered Mascots.

"A secretary is required for Officers' Cub, Aldershot."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CRITIC" and "TWO GENTLEMEN OF SOHO." (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

IN the hard brilliance of its studied and elaborate impromptus *The Critic* confesses its period; but it is astonishing how little it dates itself in its comments on the morals and methods of criticism and advertisement. And the boisterous fun of its "Tragedy Rehearsed" makes as direct an appeal to a modern audience as *A Pantomime Rehearsal*. This burlesque was no doubt its main attraction for Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR. Without tampering with the text he has contrived to introduce many typical touches of his own, as when the clock strikes a few hours too many, or the entrance of the *Earl of Leicester* is anticipated at the wrong side, or the *Under-Prompter* whistles a perfunctory accompaniment to illustrate *Tilburina's* catalogue of "the feather'd warblers of the grove," and inadvertently continues it after she has passed from bird-life to botany.

The part of *Puff*—though easy enough in the rehearsal scene, where, by the way, it is a convenience, as I once proved for myself, to have the book of words in one's hand to refer to (Mr. JAMES DALE scorned to take advantage of this adventitious aid)—presents grave difficulties to anyone who cares about consistency. For there are two distinct *Puffs*: (1) a man with a keen discriminating wit that holds up to ridicule the foibles of Stage and Press and Society; and (2) an incredibly dull critic of his own work, who never knows when he is making himself ridiculous. No actor can hope to reconcile these contradictory aspects of the same character. Mr. DALE, by adopting an air of ingenuous self-complacency, did his excellent best to effect a compromise.

The whole cast, true to the Hammersmith tradition, caught joyously and intelligently the spirit of burlesque; but special praise must be given to the accomplished acting of Mr. CLARKE-SMITH, who doubled the parts of *Sir Fretful Plagiary* and *Whiskerandos*; and to Miss MARIE NEY's *Tilburina*. But for mere heart-breaking fun I give the palm to the bovine inanity of Miss RUTH TAYLOR as *Tilburina's* shadow.

I feared that we should have no laughter left for Mr. ALAN HERBERT's Shakespearean burlesque. But he held his own with SHERIDAN, and something more. His idea was to counter the vogue of playing SHAKESPEARE in modern dress by giving an episode of present-day life in the language of the Bard.

The scene is laid in a Soho dancing-club, the kind of place made familiar to us by the posters that announce a Raid on a "West-End" Club, where a certain Duchess, to the horror of her young daughter, who blames herself for having led her "dam" into evil courses, is doing things that are no credit to her age or caste. Here too are the usual detectives, one official, one private, the former disguised as a "gentleman," with a flaming red handkerchief exposed in the opening of his ill-fitting white waistcoat. And there was a bottle of alleged port, served at illegal hours, that kept on tumbling noiselessly and without fracture on to the floor.



TILBURINA AND HER UNDERSTUDY.

Tilburina . . MISS MARIE NEY. *Confidante* . . MISS RUTH TAYLOR.
Puff . . . . . MR. JAMES DALE. *Dangle* . . . . MR. D. HAY PETRIE.
Sneer . . . . . MR. RONALD SIMPSON.

As an exercise in pure literary parody Mr. HERBERT's lines were a great achievement. Scrupulously avoiding the imitation of hackneyed passages, he confined himself largely to a burlesque of that florescent eloquence which the Master so often permits himself to place in the lips of the most improbable characters or to throw off in the most unseasonable conditions. As a foil to these flights he gave us now and then a delightful break-down into sheer bathos. The passage, beginning with "Pluck me ten berries from the juniper," in which *Lord Withers* orders a Martini and describes its ingredients, was masterly. So were the protracted effusions of the Metropolitan policeman, renewed time after time in the very article of death by suicide.

There was no particular reason why he or anyone else should have died, but A. P. H., not trusting, as he might well have done, to the unaided attraction of his refinements as a parodist, had resorted to the more elementary appeal of a Shakespearean shambles on the model of *Hamlet*. At the end nobody was left standing except the club pianist (Miss BRETT-DAVIES), who threaded her callous way through the piled corpses, closed the piano and withdrew.

In case the author should be charged with disrespect for SHAKESPEARE I quote a disarming line from his Prologue, a line that reflects the attitude of your right parodist—

"We laugh the most at those we love the best."



INFECTIOUS SUICIDE—AN ENCORE.

Plum . . . . . MR. SCOTT RUSSELL.

Knowing Mr. Herbert's passion for introducing propaganda into his work, you will not be surprised to learn that he took occasion to direct some devastating philippics at the scandal of D.O.R.A. and the nefarious methods of the *agent provocateur*.

From a company whose interpretation was uniformly good, I select for particular mention Mr. Hay Petrie as *Lord Withers* (though he showed a tendency to rush his lines, a bad defect in a play where so much depends upon a clear rendering of subtleties of word and phrase); Miss Yvonne Rorie, admirably stolid as the *Duchess's* daughter, and Mr. Scott Russell as *Plum*, of the Metropolitan Police, the First Gentleman of Soho.

Sir Nigel Playfair took no part in either play, but reserved himself for a sympathetic rendering of the Prologue of each. Here again, even when all allowance is made for the difference of period, Mr. Herbert more than held his own.

I bid you hasten to this feast of good things, for "Time!" is to be called three weeks from its start. But surely there must be, somewhere East of Hammersmith, some manager sufficiently epicure to revive it? O. S.

"Fortunato" and "The Lady from Alfaqueque" (Court).

It seems to be a rule either of Spanish comedy in general, or of Spanish comedies by the two Quinteros in particular, that all the excitement should come with a rush at the end. The opposite principle is usually observed in England, where, after the first or sometimes the second Act of three, one is absolutely certain that the sponge has been squeezed dry and that any further amusement can only be a mild repetition of what we have heard before.

The disadvantage in the Spanish procedure is that the crescendo on which the curtain falls—and it is a real crescendo—demands a very subdued note, sometimes rather a monotonous note, throughout the piece. The advantage is that we are really laughing as we rise to go home. I have seen last Acts in English comedies when only the brave heart and the stiff upper lip prevented me from watering my programme with tears.



TROUBLES OF A MARKSWOMAN'S ASSISTANT.

Amaranta . . . . . Miss Miriam Lewes.
Fortunato. . . . . Mr. O. B. Clarence.

The Lady from Alfaqueque at the Court Theatre was preceded by what may be called a long curtain-raiser, in which Mr. O. B. Clarence played with wonderful skill the part of a genuine down-and-out in that city of beggars, Madrid. He is turned away by a young architect who has just consented to give money to a rubicund and filibustering impostor. He then appears at a street corner, lamenting his misery, and receives a few hints in the rogue's breviary from a holier mendicant. Diffidence, want of real courage, is his failing. He spurs himself at last to take a few coins from the hat of a blind beggar, but is struck by remorse and a sense of his guilt and puts them back again, the blind beggar being overwhelmed by the princely munificence of the sudden gift. *Fortunato* himself, with a wife and five children at home, having passed from one casual job to another, is left in despair. Now, in the last scene of the piece, he makes his way to the suburbs, where a lady has offered employment. She is indeed a strange lady. She is a crack (stage) rifle-shot. Her father has died nobly crossing the Niagara Falls on a tight-rope. Her uncle has perished gloriously also in the height of his professional fame. He kept six black panthers. All she wants of *Fortunato*, who once had to throw up the job of a caretaker because he was so frightened of burglars, is that he should hold a lighted taper in his hand and let her shoot out the flame. He tries to turn the job down, remembers his wife and children, nerves himself to despairing courage, and is finally seen with his arms stretched against a green target in the manner of a crucifixion whilst the lady punctures a neat pattern all round his head and arms with bullet-holes.



A POET-IMPOSTOR.

Don Pascual . Mr. Eric Stanley. *Felipe Rivas* . Mr. John Gielgud.
Blanca . . . Miss Molly Rankin. *Fernandita* . . Miss Gillian Scaife.
Adoración . . . . . Miss Gracie Leigh.

Miss Miriam Lewes is very amusing as *The Inimitable Amaranta* in this scene, which is, of course, real tragi-comedy, or, if you like it, tragic farce. A good joke and a very Latin one.

Follows *The Lady from Alfaqueque*. Alfaqueque seems to be a kind of Wigan. Not that it has an alleged pier, but it has mountains and streams and beautiful flowers, and a special kind of honey-cake, and people come from it. They come to Madrid, and when the lady from Alfaqueque, who has married a business man of Madrid, finds out that

any chance caller has come from Alfaqueque, the visitor has a sure place in her heart. The humorous acceptance of the triumphant password of Alfaqueque on the part of *Don Pascual*, the husband, very ably played by Mr. ERIC STANLEY, was one of the pleasantest things in this piece, and Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE, though she made no pretence of being Spanish, was a delightfully sympathetic hostess in whose real kindness of heart and adorable loyalty to her native town one quite sentimentally believed.

This comedy, like the other, is very prodigal of parts. In order to establish the main point (humorous if not more than mildly humorous), quite a number of people who come from Alfaqueque have to be introduced, before we meet, to the young poet, who brings the whole affair to a really mirthful conclusion. He is a humbug, but a wheedling handsome humbug, who throws himself on the mercy of *Fernandita*, saying that he is pursued and must be hidden; but he cannot explain the precise nature of his troubles. He makes love to *Fernandita's protégée*, he makes love to a maid-servant, he makes love all round. He is firmly established, except for a few jealousies, in the hearts of the whole household (*Don Pascual* mildly protesting), when *Adoración*, the confidante of *Fernandita*, exposes him as the young man who has played precisely the same trick in her house a few years ago. Tears from *Fernandita*. Protestations to the Virgin of the Medals. Wrath against the viper that had been nursed. She will speak to the young man for his good. He must leave the house at once.

We now have a very delightful scene. The young poet explains himself. Yes, he is a deceiver; he has sinned. But he is a poet. His art is everything; he does not prostitute his talent. It is necessary for him sometimes to have a holiday. How can he do it except by insinuating himself into the good graces of a family who will board him free of charge? And when he finds a family, above all a hostess, so charming, so kind as *Fernandita* how can he bear to break her heart by exposing his own deceit, guilty though he may feel in having presumed on her hospitality? But more than that. He is in love; he is in love with *Blanca*. This is his only real love. The rest have been just flirtations. *Fernandita*, who has already found herself unable to destroy *Blanca's* romance by telling her the truth, is now herself unwillingly overwhelmed by this troubadour in the right picaresque school, and is finally conquered by the announcement that *Felipe* during his retirement in her household has been writing a poem . . . . a poem about what? A poem about Alfaqueque. Alfaqueque! Oh, joy! He will read it aloud. He does. The members of the household file in one by one; *Don Pascual* is in comic despair. The poem about Alfaqueque is still being declaimed aloud as the curtain falls.

Mr. JOHN GIELGUD as *Felipe* was excellent. A great deal of gay charm was necessary to carry off so credibly the final pose, when we Northerners were expecting the young scapegrace to be driven ignominiously from the home. Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND as *Nicolás*, the boorish *fiancé* of *Blanca*, was also amusing in a part that finally overthrew any lingering beliefs we may have had in chivalry as a natural possession of the modern Spanish young man. Miss ANN TREVOR'S *Rosita* proved ably that a vivacious manner with the gentlemen is more important than a care for crockery, even to a Spanish parlourmaid.

The Lady from Alfaqueque, which is translated by HELEN and HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER and sportingly presented to us by "ANMER HALL," should probably be played rather quicker, if only for the reason that no doubt we miss a few points that depend on local allusion and atmosphere. I liked *Fernandita's* sitting-room. There was an orange-tree, and, I fancy, a camellia in the window. EVOE.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

A BYSCHOOL TRAGEDY.

THIS really has nothing to do with Education, except of the most practical kind. "Byschool" is simply our local Nigerian rendering of the common or pedal bicycle.

Itpagu lies far in the bush, thirty miles from a post-office, and the fortnightly mail used to be brought up by a "runner," who did a steady two-and-a-half miles per hour. On alternate Saturday evenings the Assistant District Officer, sole white inhabitant of Itpagu, might generally be seen walking down the straight red road into the sunset, his eyes skinned for a toiling black figure with a mail-bag on his head.

Then a munificent Government presented Itpagu with the byschool.

Adum, the runner, became invested with a romance which the comic falls and petty abrasions sustained during his tuition did nothing to dispel. It was decided, on grounds of dignity, that a small waistcloth was an unsuitable garb for his high office, and generous subscriptions soon raised an old khaki shirt, which was followed later by a still older pair of khaki shorts. Thus accoutred, Adum wobbled magnificently round the station's open spaces, the admired cynosure of dozens of coal-black piccaninnies. He did wonders with his pedals, but was inclined to be shaky where brakes and bell were concerned.

At last the great day dawned when Adum was judged fit to make his maiden trip for the mail. A large gathering watched him as he stood in full dress by his machine and tied the outgoing mail on to the carrier. From the crowd came the voice of an expert—

"Look dem byschool for front. E no catch breeze for wheel."

"Ah!" said Adum, looking. "E so. Breeze no live. Where de pomp?"

Willing hands detached the pump and the front tyre was duly inflated. The unofficial expert spoke again:—

"Make you look um for road, Adum. Any time breeze no live, make you pomp de wheel good."

"I go do so," said Adum a little haughtily. "I can savvy dat one."

After one or two false starts Adum plunged down the road to a mixed chorus of "Make you go soffly-soffly-o!" and "Dis byschool e fine pass all!"

The rest of the tragic story was gleaned with difficulty from the defeated hero, who returned much sooner than had been expected.

For some miles he had pedalled happily up hill and down dale. He overtook but few people, most of whom heard the strident complaints of his machine as he put the brakes full on by way of warning. Presently he came to a long steep descent, down which with the unspoilt joy of the nerveless savage he careered at top speed. Fifty yards from the bottom he noticed that the wooden culvert had been washed away, leaving a yawning gap. "I must stop," thought Adum, and rang his bell hopefully. Nothing happened. He rang it again, loud and long; the perfidious byschool only flew the faster. Five yards from the abyss he tried the desperate expedient of ringing the bell and applying the brakes simultaneously—but it was too late. Crash! . . . .

Adum takes a lot of breaking up, but the byschool was more delicate; it never wheeled again. The wreck of it was brought back on its rider's head.

Now, on alternate Saturdays at Itpagu, you may see the A.D.O. strolling down the straight red road into the sunset, his eyes strained for a khaki-clad walker surmounted by a mail-bag. Governments do not repeat their gifts.

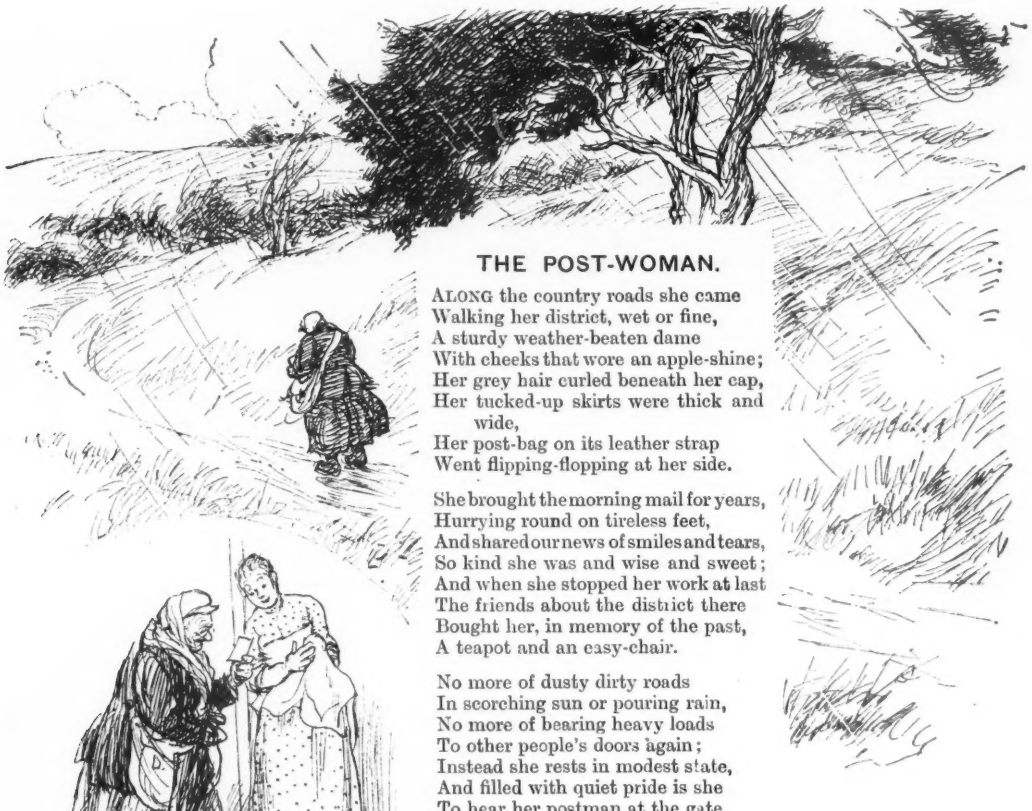
"MAYOR-ELECT FALLS INTO BATH.

Although totally submerged and fully dressed, he struggled to the side, and was assisted out of the bath. Dripping wet, and appreciating the humour of the situation, Mr. ? —— immediately proceeded to

SPINSTER LORD MAYOR."

Provincial Paper.

Such remarkable proceedings seem to us to justify capital letters.



THE POST-WOMAN.

ALONG the country roads she came
Walking her district, wet or fine,
A sturdy weather-beaten dame
With cheeks that wore an apple-shine;
Her grey hair curled beneath her cap,
Her tucked-up skirts were thick and wide,
Her post-bag on its leather strap
Went flipping-flopping at her side.

She brought the morning mail for years,
Hurrying round on tireless feet,
And shared our news of smiles and tears,
So kind she was and wise and sweet;
And when she stopped her work at last
The friends about the district there
Bought her, in memory of the past,
A teapot and an easy-chair.

No more of dusty dirty roads
In scorching sun or pouring rain,
No more of bearing heavy loads
To other people's doors again;
Instead she rests in modest state,
And filled with quiet pride is she
To hear her postman at the gate
While *she* is sitting sipping tea.







Stud-Groom (from neighbouring Hunt). "HOW 'D THAT LAD THAT 'S JUST LEFT YOU DO TO RIDE OUR MASTER'S SECOND HORSE?"
Hunt Second Horseman. "NO GOOD—AIN'T GOT NO EDUCATION. CALLS 'ORSES 'OSSES,' AN' DON'T EVEN 'ISS AT 'IS WORK."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IT has been suggested by many thinkers, the Abbé BRÉMOND in particular, that poetry and mysticism have much in common. Both have a way of unfitting their devotees for all-round citizenship, and the pursuit of religious perfection has been traditionally allowed to constitute a whole-time job. Save that a vague instinct in his fellows condones the poet's lapses from civic competence, he enjoys no such immunity; with the result that while great poets make a lifelong religion of their work, the lesser fry tend to cultivate poetic passion in youth and social conformity in middle-age. This is so common an occurrence that it would not be worth remarking had not a young critic, whose knowledge of life has been very naturally and pleasantly outstripped by his ardour for poetry, elected to see something sinister in it. Mr. HUGH KINGSMILL has written a book deprecating the "collapse" of *MATTHEW ARNOLD* (DUCKWORTH) as a poet, and throughout this book traits as old as ADAM feature as symptoms more Victorian than the Crystal Palace. ARNOLD'S use of his art to escape from the limitations of his life is set down to a particular revulsion from the spiritual tyranny of ARNOLD of Rugby; and the fact that MATT pronounced Oxford a place of petty pottering habits one day, and a home of lost causes the next, strikes his biographer as a typical instance of nineteenth-century duplicity. Mr. KINGSMILL fails to convince me, though he seems to have convinced himself, that his hero would have gone from poetic strength to strength had he turned his back on social obligations. But he has much that is illuminating to say about ARNOLD'S verse, and the task of appreciation has a distinctly gracious effect on his temper and style.

When the great Duke of WELLINGTON was asked to nominate three men from among whom there might be one selected for the office of Viceroy of India, he took a sheet of paper and wrote down one name three times. The incident well illustrates that unquestioning assumption of the inevitable correctness of his own judgment which his latest biographer, the Hon. OLIVER BRETT, suggests was the dominant feature in a character that has proved not a little baffling to a multitude of critics and admirers. The present writer, deliberately setting out—in *Wellington* (HEINEMANN)—to disregard the Duke's career and find the man himself, does indeed succeed in drawing him into converse apart from the crowd in which he lived, and if, in reply to certain of his inquiries, there is returned hardly more than the curt monosyllable with which the Duke was accustomed to discountenance unwelcome chatter—at least on the lips of a male inquirer—yet something is disclosed of the human individuality almost smothered beneath too great a burden of work and of glory. We are able in this volume to see the hero not only in the often-portrayed environment of the battle-field, the worshipping circle or the furious mob, but also at play with children on the ramparts of Walmer Castle, or ordering his steward to pay an extra three hundred pounds for land bought for him at a bargain price. We find him in tears when the strain of Waterloo has relaxed. We find him at prayer. If it cannot be said that Mr. BRETT has been completely successful in eliminating contradictions, for which, after all, he is not responsible; or fully proof, in spite of all good resolutions, against the distracting temptation to re-tell the story of stirring events, yet the attempt was well worth making, and the book gains rather than loses from the never-failing fascination of the events themselves.

LONGMANS have lately sent to the mart
These *Five Dogs and Two More*,
The book of Sir TIMOTHY EDEN, Bart.,
On the friends who 've sat at his door;
And here JOHN NICOLSON's art delights
With colour gravures or black-and-whites.

A bull-dog, a whippet, an Aberdeen,
Two terriers (fox), a Dane,
This is the company, comrades keen,
That live in these leaves again—
Live in these laurels lightly spread
On each far-wandering phantom head.

But Bonzo, Bonzo of all the lot,
Bonzo the nursery pet,
Bonzo (Airedale and devil-knows-what),
Bonzo is faithful yet;
And "Long may Bonzo abide a-by!"
So says his master and so say I.

Nine brief articles, nine, make up
This book of the dog's brief span—
This excellent book of the dog a pup,
And the dog a veteran;
And for dogs in the morn and for dogs in the dim o' the
Day of the dog, my thanks, Sir TIMOTHY.

Mr. HUGH WALPOLE's new short stories deal for the most part with losers in the race of life—apparent losers or real, for very often (as he sees it) the consolation prizes are more valuable than the firsts. The best of these fifteen tales are, I feel, the more prosaic legends of ordinary people in ordinary circumstances, who climb their own Tabors of Transfiguration and are not snatched up and set on them by Mr. WALPOLE. Though I am extremely partial to this writer's fantasy, when he endows it with a world of its own, I do not so much care for his adventures in that uneasy hinterland which is neither life nor an escape from life—adventures in which some character's rather arbitrary obsession is crowned with physical horror. "The Tarn" and "The Tiger," both ingenious essays in this vein, left me unstirred, save indeed by the admirable descriptions of New York in summer embedded in the latter. But "The Dove," which relates the misfortunes of a self-constituted peace-emissary on the Continent, was one of the most blood-curdling nightmares it has ever been my lot to awake from; and here nothing happened which might not befall any all-British *Simple Simon* entangled in his own simplicity and the complexities of the exchange. But, when all is said and done, Polchester society and similar social backwaters are the happiest reaches for Mr. WALPOLE's craft; and no lover of this in its own way inimitable *genre* can afford to overlook "A Silly Old Fool," "No Unkindness Intended," "The Enemy," and "The Little Donkeys with Crimson Saddles." There are other good things in *The Silver Thorn* (MACMILLAN), but these, I think, are the pick of the book.



Civilian. "NOW, I 'M WARNIN' YOU. I 'M ONE O' THEM BLOKES WHAT DON'T KNOW 'IS OWN STRENTH."

The completely civilised man, according to Mr. CLIVE BELL, is "unshockable." To those who wish to test their progress in civilisation I recommend Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY's new novel, *Point Counter Point* (CHATTO AND WINDUS); it will at least show them how much further they have to go. But of course there is more in the book than that. For sheer brilliance *Point Counter Point* will possibly have to be accounted the book of the year. Of its score of characters there is hardly one who cannot say the sort of thing that sounds well and is, as often as not, as good as it sounds. In fact Mr. HUXLEY bestows his gift of epigrams too freely; with him even the good are sometimes clever. *Mrs. Quarles*, for example, a dear old thing who professes Christianity, is on one occasion allowed to observe that "happiness is like coke—

something you get as a by-product in the process of making something else." It is a pity that a book so stimulating to the mind should be so depressing to the spirit. It would not be true to say that Mr. HUXLEY is a cynic. His eye is not jaundiced; rather it is too clear, it is microscopic, and it makes the people and things it observes as unpleasant as the Brobdingnagian ladies were to *Gulliver*. Thus even the music that Mr. HUXLEY loves is produced by "drawing rosined horse-hair across the stretched intestines of lambs." But, if he can find some gleam to follow enthusiastically and a little blindly, what a book he will write!

Three long thin figures, surpassingly melancholy in appearance, decorate the dust-cover of a novel with the singular title, *Lives and Deaths of Roland Greer* (COBDEN-SANDERSON), written by Mr. RICHARD PYKE. Indeed, a single death would have been hopelessly insufficient for *Roland*, who must needs, when it comes finally to the point, commit suicide twice over, once in imagination and again in reality, so that the reader at all events may have good value for his money. I cannot pretend to guess what may have been Mr. PYKE's motive in writing this book. A more melancholy and unpleasant family than these *Greers* surely never existed—even in a Jewish imagination—and a domestic story of Jewish life usually tends to lay stress on the harder side of things. Here, briefly, is young *Roland*, alternately bullied and caressed by a widowed mother, who seems to arouse in her offspring nothing but a steadily-glowing hatred. She dies of cancer, surrounded by the entire family, each member greedily calculating how much her decease will mean to him or her in wealth or freedom. But to *Roland*, an ineffectual from the start, it means nothing. He is caught up in the cog-wheels of his brother's affairs, and finds no escape possible except by cutting all his veins that he can reach with a safety-razor. A messy death! It is some tribute to Mr. PYKE, I suppose, that a certain sincerity of analysis should have compelled me to read his book to the end. But I cannot say truthfully that I enjoyed the task.

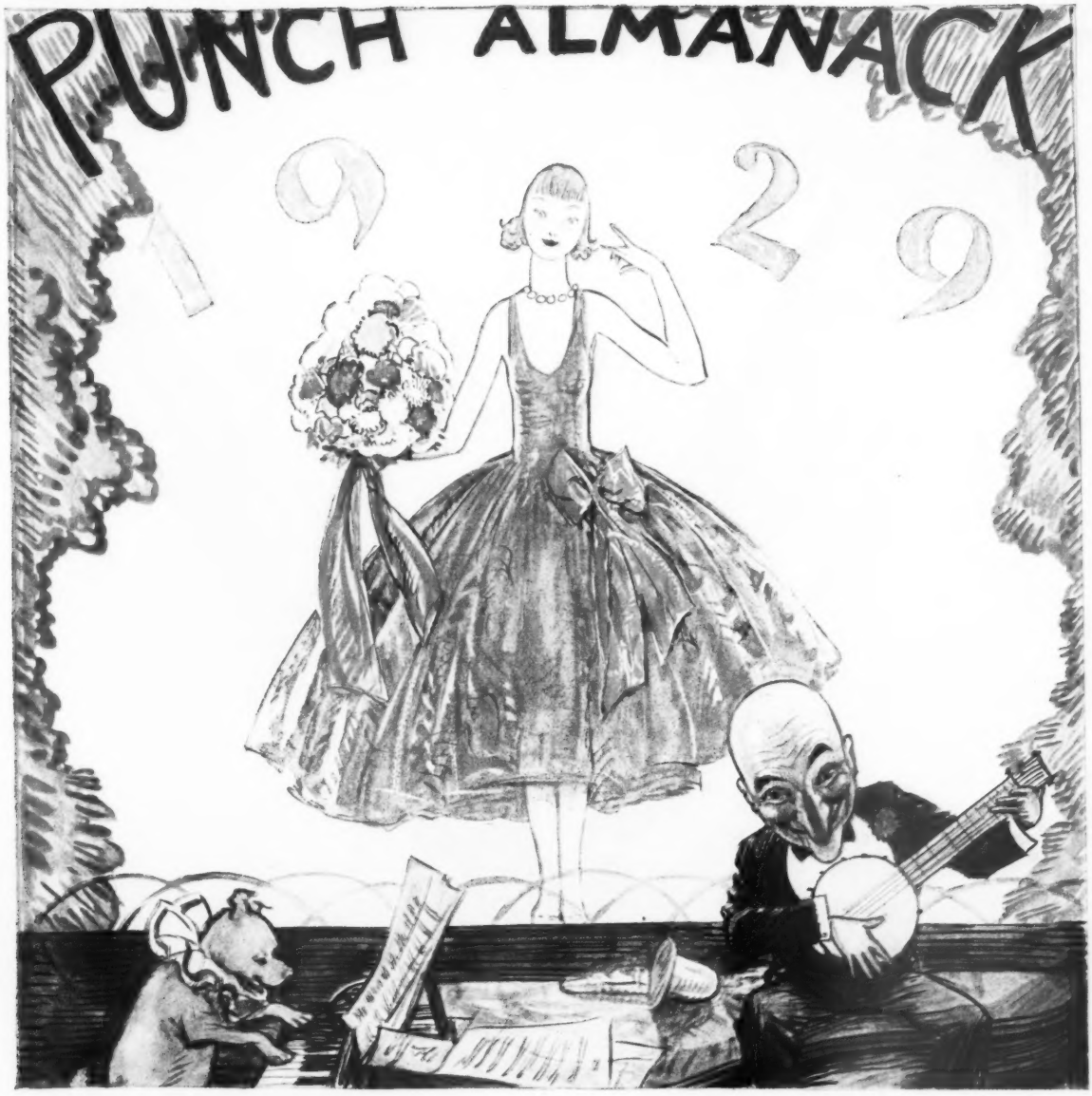


Customer (who has been shown about fifty designs). "YOU DON'T APPEAR TO BE SO ENTHUSIASTIC OVER THE LAST FEW PIECES, YOUNG MAN."

Larry Galloway, managing editor of an American "tabloid newspaper," was enjoying a well-earned holiday when two visitors brought him news of the greatest "story" in the world. To be brief, *Professor J. Hendricks Morgan*, so *Larry* was told, had restored to life a guinea-pig that had been dead for ten months, and was prepared to continue his experiments and make them more ambitious. At first *Larry* was sceptical, as well he might be, but such a chance of boosting his paper had at least to be investigated, and you will find the result of his investigations in *The Return of George Washington* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). For ingenuity Mr. LORING BRENT'S story is quite unbeatable, and he has told it with restraint and considerable humour. When one is asked to believe that GEORGE WASHINGTON is brought back to life at the age of twenty-three and that the whole of America has gone raving mad in adoration of him, it is obvious that one's powers of credulity are severely taxed. That the tale is more amusing than ridiculous is entirely due to the able way in which Mr. BRENT has handled it. Readers in search of sensation tempered by sound common sense may be recommended to read this unusual novel.

I can imagine no more effective antidote for that not uncommon complaint which manifests itself in the belief that the British race is decadent, degenerate and more or less going to pot all round than the perusal of *My Mystery Ships* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), by Rear-Admiral GORDON CAMPBELL, V.C., D.S.O. For here is an account of perhaps the most thrilling and dramatic chapter of the whole of the Great War from the sea side, told by one of those principally concerned with a sailor-like simplicity and directness worthy of the HAKLUYT tradition. In particular I might mention the passage which describes how the hidden gun-crews of the ex-tramp steamer *Dunraven*, with their ship sinking and in flames beneath them, lay grimly silent under shell-fire until the precise moment should arrive for them to open fire upon the attacking submarine. Surely the most determined of pessimists could not read that passage without recognising in these men—drawn mostly, be it remembered, from the mercantile marine or from ordinary shore-going folk—worthy successors to those who sailed and fought with DRAKE and GRENVILLE. The mystery ship's strong point was of course the element of surprise, and Rear-Admiral CAMPBELL puts forward the interesting theory that, had thirty instead of two or three been fitted out at the start, the submarine menace might well have been nipped in the bud. Whether any device of the kind will ever be used again is an open question; but few will dispute Rear-Admiral CAMPBELL'S confident prediction that "whatever mysteries may be thought of . . . the Empire will always produce the men required." An entrancing book.

The publishers (HERBERT JENKINS) inform me that *The Young Elizabeth* is "a rollicking, breezy story," but I find myself unable to agree with them, and I doubt whether many readers will be ready to endorse these epithets. It is true that *Elizabeth* in her days of freedom was so irresponsible that she might be said to have rollicked, but for a considerable part of this tale Miss WINIFRED BOGGS has shut her up in a house that resembled a prison and at one time had been an asylum. In this fastness *Elizabeth* acted as companion to an aged vampire of a woman, who tried to maintain her youth by feeding upon the vitality of her young dependant. The fact is that *Elizabeth* when at large belonged to a type so frequent in the fiction of to-day that it has become a little tiresome, but when she is interned and in trouble she becomes more interesting, and has afforded her creator an opportunity to show a fine sympathy with distress and to be anything but "breezy."



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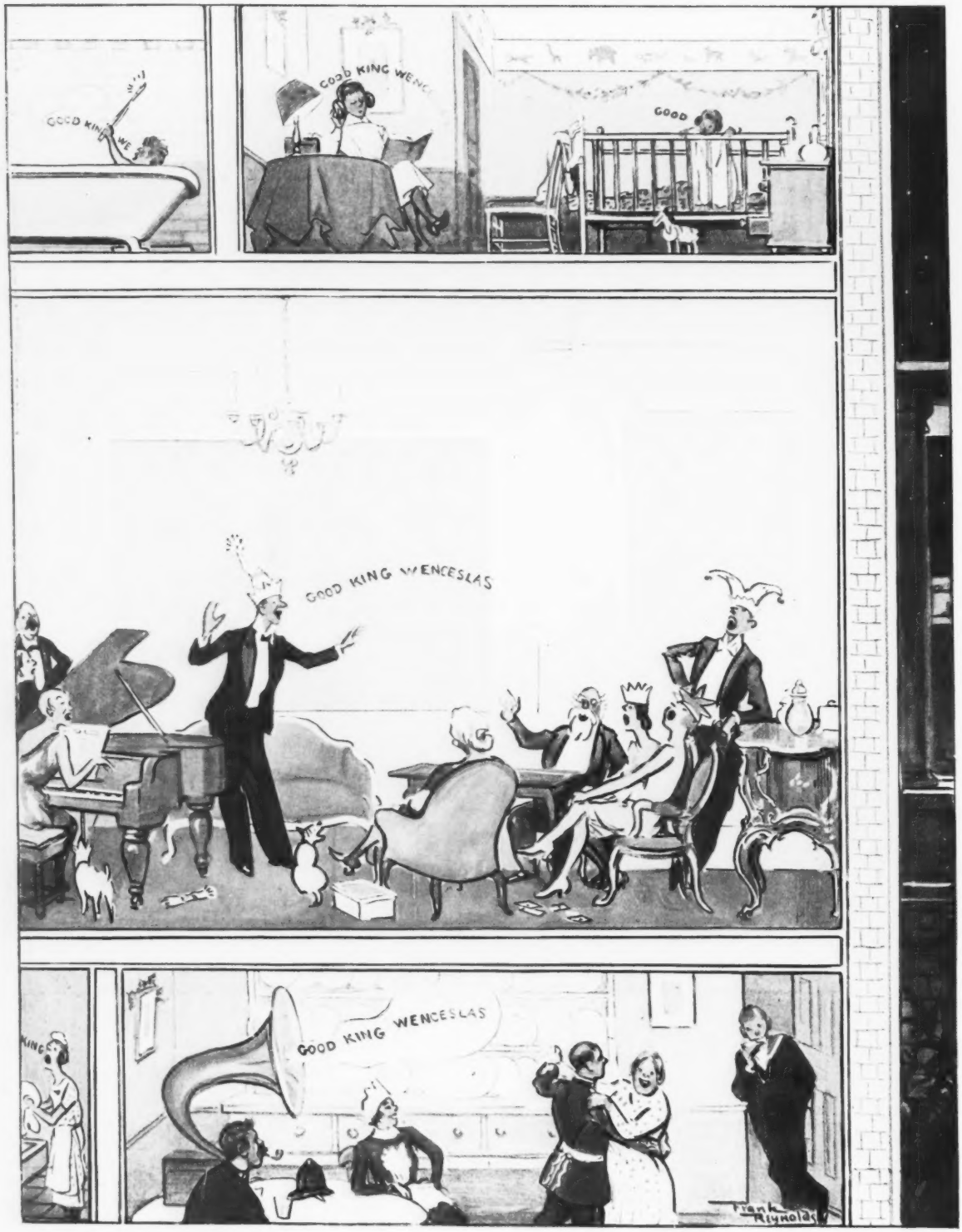
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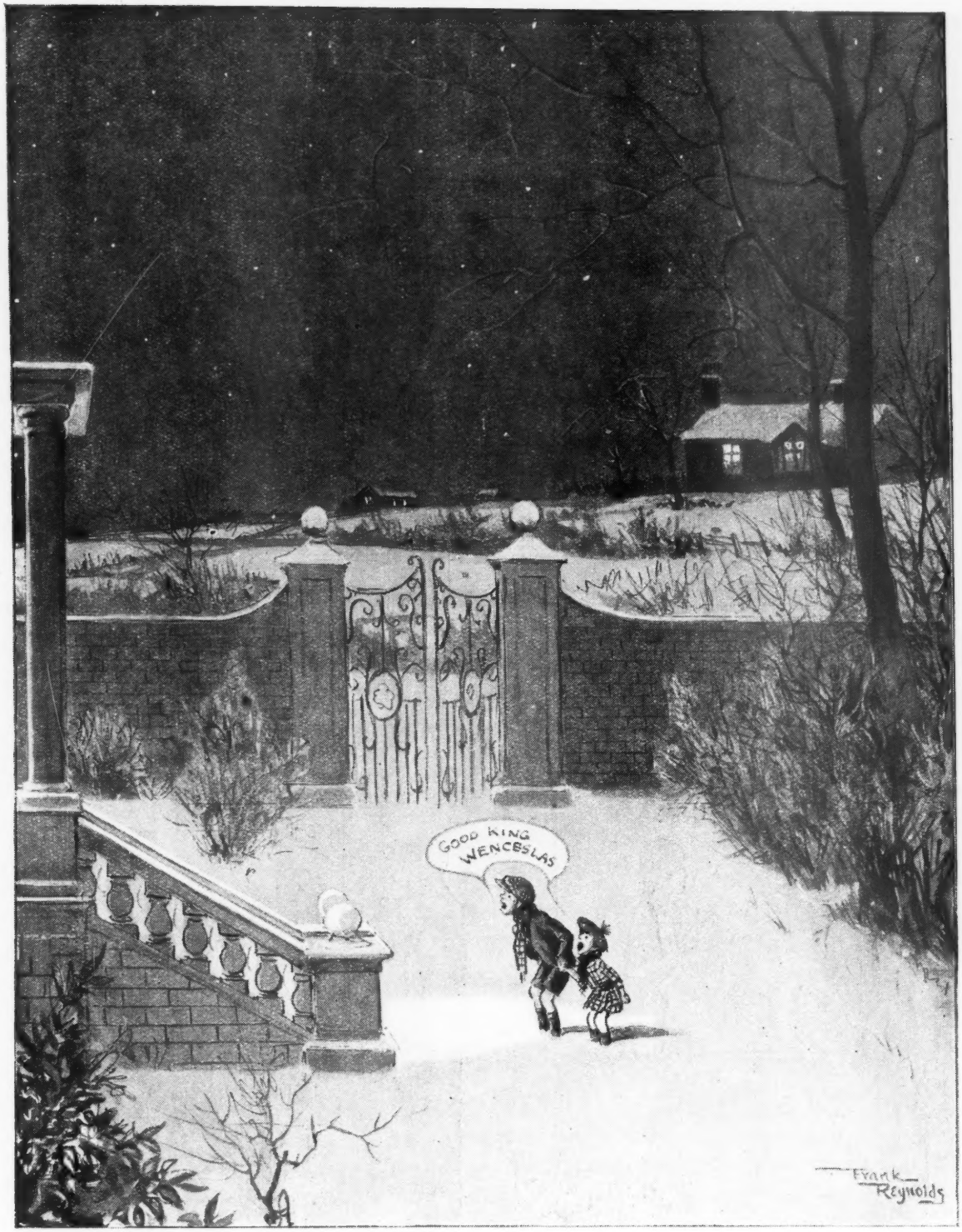
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WHAT OUR CAROL-SINGERS—



—HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

THE INVITATION TO THE DANCE.



IN THE DAYS OF THE MINUET—



THE QUADRILLE—



THE WALTZ—



AND THE FOX-TROT.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.



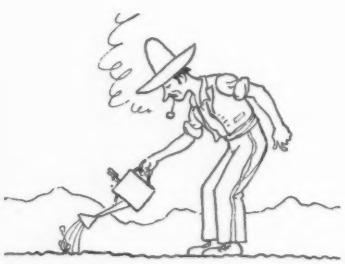
"HULLO, SMITH, DOING YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING RATHER LATE, AREN'T YOU?"
"NO, I'M NOT. THESE ARE FOR *NEXT* CHRISTMAS."



Butler. "THE POST, M' LADY."
Old Lady. "AH, CHRISTMAS-CARDS, I SUPPOSE, JENKINS. WELL, JUST EXAMINE THEM, WILL YOU? AND IF YOU CONSIDER ANY OF THEM ARE *TOO* FAMILIAR, JUST DESTROY THEM, JENKINS."

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

ABOUT THE BANANA.



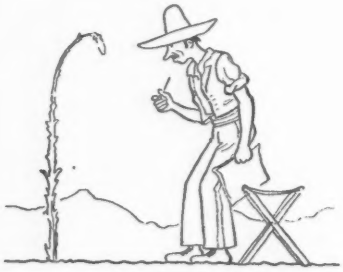
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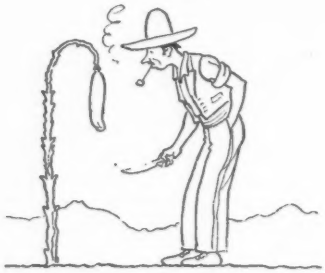
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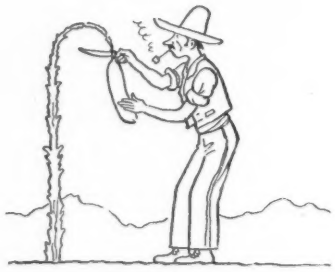
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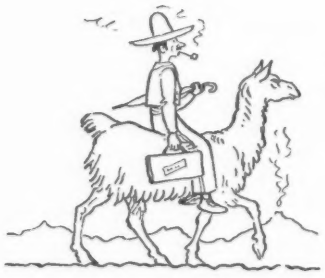
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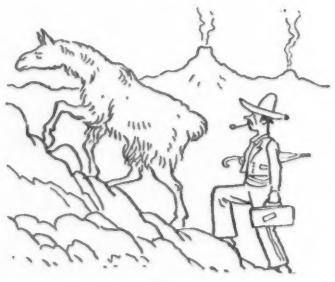
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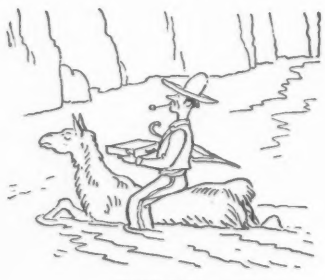
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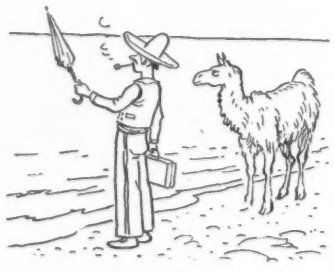
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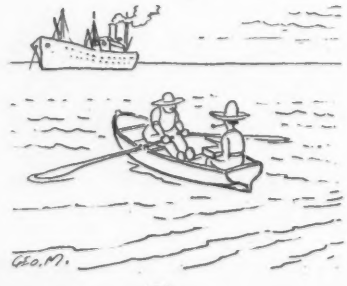
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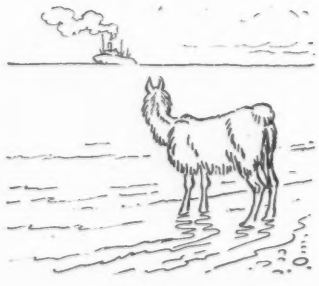
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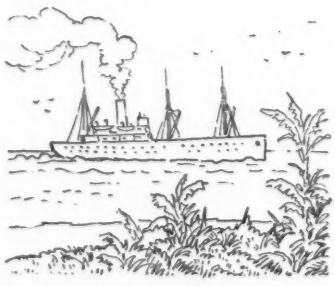
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TROUBLE

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ABOUT THE BANANA.



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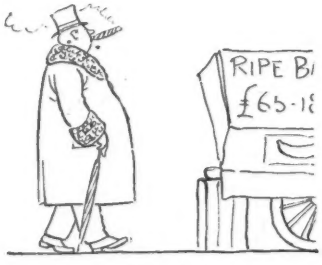
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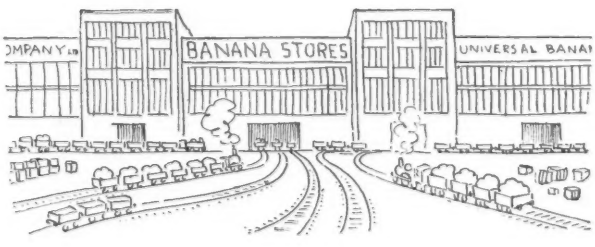
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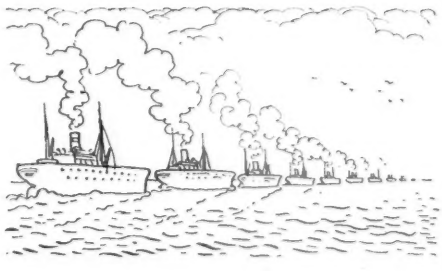
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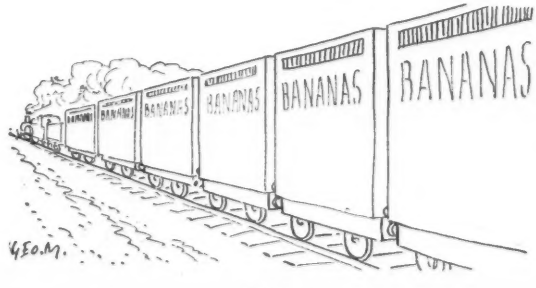
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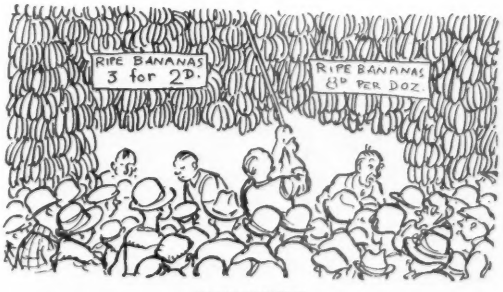
THESE THINGS



ARE



DONE



DIFFERENTLY.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.



BROKEN THRILLS.

WHAT OUR FILM-FAN HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.



Wife (helpfully). "JOHN, DEAR, HERE ARE THE BULLET THINGS YOU FORGOT TO PUT IN."

MINCE MEAT.

(*By our Charivariety Artistes.*)

OWING to the anti-noise campaign it is rumoured that this year's crackers are to be fitted with silencers.

* * *

In connection with this same movement there is some talk in Scotland of introducing a new type of saxpence that won't go bang.

* * *

The coming vogue with smart children is actually to play with the toys they get instead of allowing father to monopolise them.

* * *

It is useful to know that, if there is any difficulty about setting the plum-pudding alight with brandy, petrol is an effective substitute.

* * *

This is the time of year when pantomime jokes stir uneasily in their sleep.

* * *

Now that a girl has married her mother's fourth ex-husband we ought to get something fresh in the way of a mother-in-law joke.

* * *

If MUSTAPHA KEMAL decides to adopt the calendar of Western Europe for Turkey, it is anticipated that he will engage Scottish experts to assist in bringing in the first New Year.

The experiment of importing reindeer into Switzerland is said to have been a failure. They are now believed to be unable to stand the yodelling—a form of music which is also uncongenial to Santa Claus.

* * *

Historians agree that the legend of *Good King Wenceslas* is a myth. Carol-singers don't care.

* * *

The authorities say that the exhibition of policemen in the Harlequinade deters recruiting. But surely men who are old enough to join the police are also old enough to know that it isn't a real red-hot poker.

* * *

You can sell nearly anything in the shape of a Christmas-card excepting one that 's got the year printed on it.

* * *

When giving one of those small cars as a Christmas-present to a girl, it is just as well to remember that an artificial silk stocking will hardly hold it without "laddering."

* * *

Old customs are dying out, but in literary circles that of rolling the Yule log is still observed.

* * *

The age of a goose may be determined by the colour of its feet. These, however, are usually removed in the kitchen.

When it is night in England it is day in Australia. In our comfortable beds let us think of the Test Match spectators trying to sleep on hard seats.

* * *

In Georgia, U.S.A., there is a girl's Rugby club. So far, however, they have not been invited to send a team over here for the Christmas sales.

* * *

Very large fountain-pens are going to be popular as Christmas presents. Of course one can always use the overlapping grip.

* * *

Various ingenious contrivances for concealing the loud-speaker are advertised, but our experience is that somebody always finds it.

* * *

Just about fifty years ago, we are reminded, the first typewriter that would write faster than a pen was put on the market. The machine that writes faster than thought is of course a recent development.

* * *

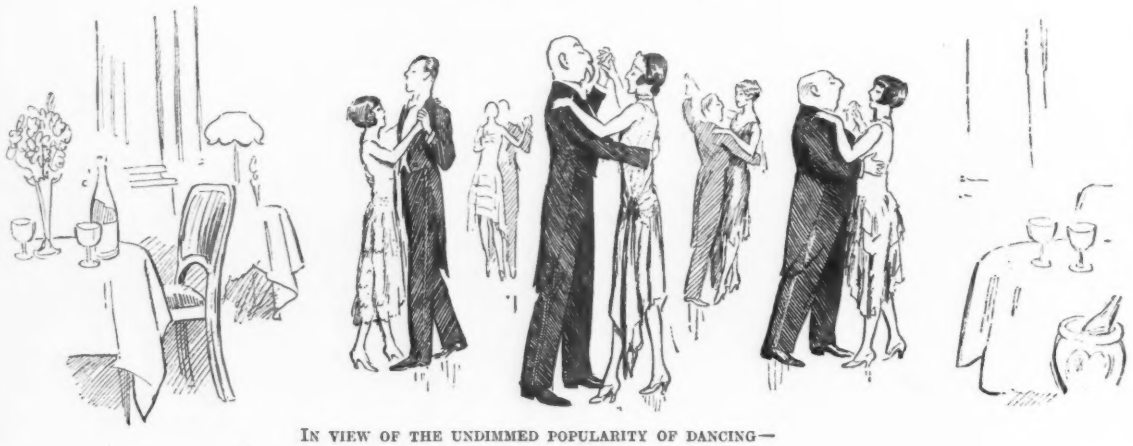
It is said that ghosts are so booked up this year that the only way to make sure of one is to fix an appointment through Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

* * *

A dog-breeder says that very few Alsatians are fond of music. Carol-singers, please note.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.



IN VIEW OF THE UNDIMMED POPULARITY OF DANCING—



THE EMPLOYMENT OF EXHIBITION DANCERS—



(WHOSE EXPERT DEMONSTRATIONS—



FULL OF RHYTHMIC NUANCES—



POISE—

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.



FLAMBOYANT FLOURISHES—



VIBRANT VITALITY—



AND DARE-DEVIL ABANDON—



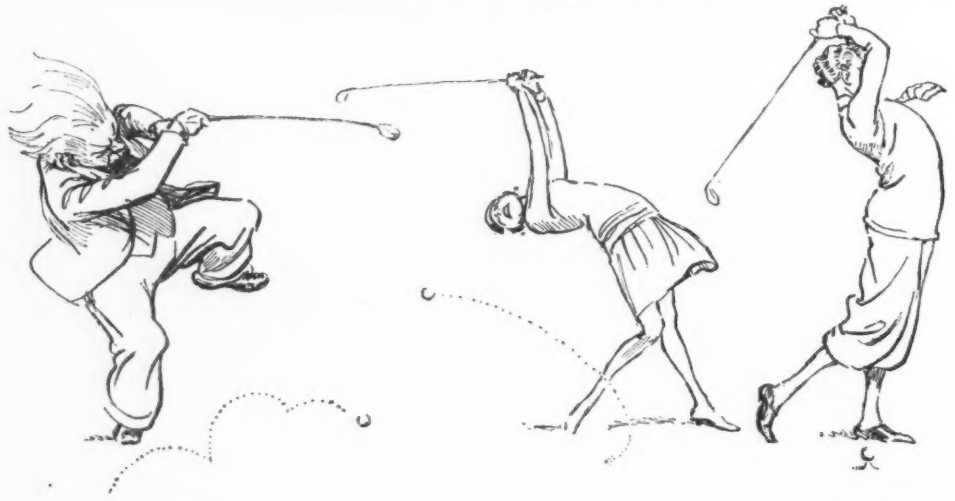
ARE SO ACCEPTABLE A FEATURE AT MOST DANCE-CLUBS)—



CANNOT FAIL TO RAISE APPRECIABLY THE GENERAL LEVEL OF AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

THE FINISHES OF THE FAMOUS.



A POLITICIAN. A NOVELIST. AN ACTOR.



A SCIENTIST. A WELFARE WORKER. A PAINTER.



A GENERAL. A FOOTBALLER. A FILM-STAR.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.



Small Boy (*in a whisper*). "LOOK, MUMMY, AT THAT FAT LADY."
Lady. "DON'T WHISPER, DARLING; IT'S RUDE."
Small Boy. "WELL, WHAT'S A WHISPER FOR?"

Punch's Almanack for 1929.



"C-COULD YOU CHAT WITH ME FOR A BIT, MISS? THEY 'VE P-PUT ME IN THE HAUNTED ROOM."



Very Rich Man. "I DON'T BELIEVE IN PARKIN' ON PRINCIPLE. I ALWAYS ABANDON THE CAR."

Punch's Almanack for 1929.



Extract from Aunt Jane's Diary: "CUTHBERT TOOK ME TO DINNER AT HIS NIGHT-CLUB BEFORE THE THEATRE; BUT, ALTHOUGH OF COURSE IT WAS A THRILLING EXPERIENCE, THE PLACE WAS NOT QUITE THE WHIRL OF GAIETY I EXPECTED."

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

THE SPLIT IN THE CABINET.

[Showing the course that will probably be taken by the political novel of the nineteen-thirties or thereabouts. How different, reader, from the days of BULWER LYTTON, or even Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD!]

CHAPTER I.

Cynthia Smith at twenty-seven. O incomparable girlhood! Hair that is golden and ripples like a field of corn. Deep-blue eyes, set rather far apart. The slim line. Her height was five foot ten inches and a-half. Dawn stood abashed at her presence and sub-titlers were in despair. The cynosure of cameras. Cynthia Smith.

At twenty-one she had twice floated the Channel. At twenty-three she had flipped the Atlantic thrice. At twenty-four she had won the whole of the flappers' vote in her constituency. At twenty-five she had taken silk and written two novels and a play. At twenty-six she was a director of Amalgamated Dentifrices. At twenty-seven she found herself Prime Minister of England, beating by three years the record of the younger PITT.

And. was there, natheless, a frown on the white girlish forehead as she stood gazing at a bowl of Parma violets in her oft-photographed Downing Street boudoir and stroked with one slim hand the head of the pedigree Seluki? There was.

"*The marriage arranged between Sir John Carruthers,*" so the curt announcement in the newspapers had run, "*and Miss Cynthia Smith will not take place.*"

There lay behind those bare words more than a mere romantic disillusionment. They told also of the severance of a political bond.

Sir John Carruthers was Home Secretary. Dark, burly, confident, self-made, with eyes that fascinated even policemen on point duty, his popularity was almost equal to that of the girl he had been about to wed. Magnetism radiated from him. An electric current ran through his veins. It was often said of him that he had sufficient power in his personality to drive a train.

And now?

The white-haired butler startled Cynthia Smith from her reverie.

"Mr. Butterby to see you, Madam."

"Show him in," she said.

The tall young detective, who had so often put to shame the clumsy efforts of Scotland Yard, came into the room.

"You sent for me?" he said, taking off his hat with an old-world courtesy which she could not fail to appreciate.

"I did, Mr. Butterby."

"Why?"

He had a brusque manner of speaking which served partially to conceal his kindliness of heart, and long full trousers which served almost entirely to conceal his shoes.

"You have heard of the Albanian trouble?"

"No more than is known to everyone."

"You know at least that the rumour of a secret treaty between ourselves and Albania has been rocking the Chancelleries of Europe and caused the wildest confusion at Geneva?"

"So much I had heard."

"Stones were being flung at the windows of the Albanian Embassy last night."

"I know," said James Butterby simply. "One of them hit me."

"Mr. Butterby," she cried, turning and clasping her hands, "I want you to help me! My Government, as you know, has repudiated any knowledge of a secret treaty; I scouted it in my photophone speech in the Bootle by-election last week. And yet there *was* a time, Mr. Butterby, when I toyed with the idea. It was discussed in the Cabinet. Letters have passed. There is one in particular that I sent to——"

"To?"

A blush mantled her features.

"To—Sir John Carruthers, the Home Secretary."

"He has it still?"

"He has. And he proposes to make use of it. You know that I am deeply divided from him in this matter of the Abolition of High Heels Bill. He has with him Lucinda Vane."

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"Yes. Oh, Mr. Butterby"—and as she spoke her official reserve dropped from her like a kimono—"oh, Mr. Butterby, that girl is a cat!"

There was a pause.

"And at the General Election?" queried James Butterby when she had recovered her calm.

"He means to take a line against me. And he will have this indiscreet letter, this terribly indiscreet letter, in his pocket. When we go to the country next year he can read it from platforms, he can publish it in the newspapers. And he will—I am sure that he will. He is wholly in the power of that woman."

"Have you a copy anywhere?" asked James Butterby.

She blushed again and handed him a type-written sheet.

"Heart o' mine!" he read, "cannot we do something for these poor Albanians? The Foreign Office tells me, in a rather stupid minute, that the rectification of the frontier line previously adopted in the discussions prior to the negotiations which led up to the Agreement of January last, and partially re-ratified by the Concordat of April, forms a basis of further conversations which does not admit of the reopening of the original subject of dispute. I think this means that the League of Nations refuses to stand by the poor old man who had his trousers torn by an Italian dog. After all, we have given Cyprus to M. already, and I met a very nice Albanian girl at my aunt's the other day who was most indignant about the whole affair. Ring me up at Chequers, ownest own, and let me know what you think.

CYNTHIA. × × ×"

The words swam before his eyes. What a weapon was here in the hands of an unscrupulous enemy! In the hard school of politics it would be no excuse that the writer showed all the warm generous sympathy of her girlish heart. Was this one mistake to mean the ruin of a career that had dazzled England?

Pictures floated up to his memory—pictures in the illustrated daily Press: "*The First Lady of the Treasury feeds her pet gazelle. A scene on the lawn at*



"ENGLAND'S GIRL-PREMIER ROMPS UPON FRINTON SANDS."

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

Chequers"; or again, "*England's Girl-Premier romps upon Frinton sands.*"

There were memories too of stormy debates in the House; of the day when her impressive rhetoric had steered the Compulsory Calisthenics Bill safely to port; of that other day when she had succeeded in placing the Registration of Babies (Weights) Act on the statute-book; of her forceful action against the Dutch bootleggers on the shores of Kent; of the prowess she displayed during the Non-Throat Tobacco Riots of 1931. Were all these things to be forgotten? Never! thought James Butterby; and, gazing earnestly into those deep blue eyes, "Madam," he said, "I will do all to help you that I can."

"Thank you," she answered, smiling at him; "my knight-errant, I feel sure that you will;" and with a swift impulse she placed a Parma violet in his button-hole.



"DISGUISED AS A WAITER, JAMES BUTTERBY HAD SEEN IT."

CHAPTER II.

Two weeks of closely shadowing the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Home Secretary at clubs and restaurants established one important fact. The Chancellor of the Exchequer held the incriminating document. It was in her vanity-bag. Disguised as a waiter, James Butterby had seen it, as she touched up the line of her lips after a lunch at the Megatherium. But Lucinda Vane was not the kind of woman to allow herself to be lightly robbed of her vanity-bag. Sinister, snake-like, darkly handsome, always with that mocking smile upon her lips, of a fabulous wealth whose origin none knew, the Mystery Woman of the Cabinet, accustomed to glide to her place on the Front Bench across the extended legs of her colleagues, and answer with an easy nonchalance the most intricate financial conundrums of the Opposition, she continued to baffle the investigator's skill.

Was there some secret in her past? James Butterby felt that there was. He could have betted on it. But what? How, again, did she balance her Budgets? None knew. They were a financial juggle which defeated the wisest heads. Time and again she had been able to save them from collapse by "the gift of an anonymous donor," as she stated in the House.

Who was this anonymous donor? James Butterby determined to find out. His thoughts turned also to John Carruthers, the Home Secretary. What was the bond between this sinister, snake-like, darkly handsome woman, always with a mocking smile upon her lips, and this magnetic darkly-burly man with the electric eyes? James Butterby resolved to find that out too. Was it merely by physical beauty that she had lured him from Cynthia Smith, and often now would sit holding one of his burly hands in her two snake-like ones during Question-time in the House?

Why, again, was John Carruthers so rich? He came of humble stock. He boasted of it. Until quite recently he had been too poor to fly to Westminster in his own machine. Now, as he negligently parachuted down into Parliament Square, portfolio in hand, he looked every inch a plutocrat.

A sudden quick suspicion stirred in James Butterby's mind. Strange things were sometimes known in the Nut and Fruit Night Club, in Old Compton Street, where two-thirds of the motley riff-raff of the half-world drank raspberry-vinegar together. He would disguise himself as a piece of motley riff-raff and go there that very night.

Half-past nine found him standing on the western edge of Piccadilly Circus waiting to cross the road. Less than three-quarters-of-an-hour afterwards he was in Soho.



"NEGLIGENTLY PARACHUTED INTO PARLIAMENT SQUARE."

CHAPTER III.

The deputation of protest against the Rear Lights for Rustic Labourers Regulation filed up the stairs of the Home Office as fast as age and rheumatism would permit, to discover, seated by Sir John Carruthers at the head of the long table, his now inseparable companion, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. On the eve of a General Election, rumours were already rife of a new romance in the Cabinet and a new split in Ministerial policy. But who, the British public were told by the Press to ask themselves, could shake the prestige of Cynthia Smith? How could that be done? No one had even cartooned her yet. He would have been lynched for it. Even her known approval of the long-standing Prohibition Act had failed to weaken the authority of one so dentally perfect, so noble and so fair.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

And yet a shadow seemed to loom before her path, of whose chill even these aged rustics were aware as they watched the sparks that flashed from John Carruthers' pupils and saw the mocking smile on the lips of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the narrowed greenish eyes, the jewelled cigarette-holder held lightly in the exquisitely manicured hand.

The deputation was received with scarcely-veiled insolence. With many a low cry of "Eh bor!" "Iss fey!" and "Sure-ly!" it began to clump slowly in its hob-nailed shoes out of the room.

The Home Secretary and the Chancellor of the Exchequer looked up from a short whispered confabulation to find that two yokels yet remained standing irresolutely near the door.

"That is all, my good men," murmured Lucinda Vane, lifting her pencilled eyebrows in contempt. Came then the sharp click of a key and the almost incredible query—

"Afore we goos, me an' my mate here, what we'd be tedious glad to know is: "*Who is the anonymous donor?*"

The Ministers leapt to their feet.

"Or in other words," said James Butterby, removing his white whiskers and beard, "I should be interested to learn whether a little bootlegging story which has recently come to my notice might not be very well exchanged for a certain private letter concealed in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's vanity-bag."

"What in thunder——?" cried John Carruthers with a menacing glare. The voltage of his eyes was magnificent in the December gloom.

"Stop, John!" It was the voice of Lucinda Vane. "Get out, you two fools, before I ring for the undertaker;" and the Chancellor of the Exchequer stooped to draw a tiny silver-plated revolver from her silk-gartered knee. "Put up your hands, both of you!" cried Butterby, who had not removed his right hand from the pocket of his velveteen coat. "I have had you covered for two minutes and a-half."

With muttered curses they complied.

"The newspapers, at any rate," went on James Butterby in calm authoritative tones, "if not you, Sir John Carruthers, will be interested to learn what makes Ann Patcham so wealthy that she can afford a service flat in Park Lane."

"Ann Patcham!" cried the Home Secretary. As he spoke something tinkled to the floor. Butterby picked up the little revolver and put it on the table.

"You can drop your hands now and sit down."

"*Ann Patcham!*" gasped the woman, sinking into a chair.

"Ann Patcham, bootleggers' decoy, commonly known to the British public as Lucinda Vane, Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"I don't know what you mean," she murmured. Even underneath their carmine her lips showed pale.

"This is monstrous!" shouted the Home Secretary.



"WITH MUTTERED CURSES THEY COMPLIED."

A figure advanced. It was that of the second rustic.

"Perhaps you will deign to recognise your erstwhile husband, Ann?"

"Luther!" she screamed and fell in a heap upon the floor.

James Butterby took the letter from the red vanity-bag, which she had had stamped in gold with the initials of the Crown, and placed it carefully in his coat-pocket, then, raising his left hand but still keeping a hold on the trigger of the automatic in his right, "Scotland Yard," he said, "is powerless to deal with this matter, but, thank Heaven, we still have a Press in England to mete out justice to the evil and the good! If the least step is taken against the Prime Minister the people of this country shall know whence came the private wealth of the so-called Lucinda Vane, from what source the unexpected gifts to the Treasury and why the police so seldom interfere with the nefarious liquor traffic in the night haunts of the West End. Ay, Sir John, profiter by police bribes, associate of smugglers and all but, had it not been for my action to-day, bridegroom of a bigamist! To a sorry pass in politics are we come if gin stalks unashamed in high places such as these!"

Then, lest the loudness of his voice should rouse from slumber one of the Assistant Secretaries, who were doubtless on the premises, he motioned Luther Patcham to unlock the door. A hollow groan resounded through the Home Office as their feet clattered down the stairs. The serpent had failed in its spring.

CHAPTER IV.

Christmas Eve. The pavement of Whitehall was crusted with a fine sprinkling of snow as James Butterby turned into Downing Street and walked lightly to the door of No. 10.

"Does the Premier sleep?" he asked the old grey-headed butler.

"Soundly," he replied. "And her stocking is hung at the foot of her bed, as it has been every year since she was a child."

"Put this into it," said Butterby, handing him the letter signed "Cynthia."

The outside passengers on the motor-buses were singing "Nowell! Nowell!" as he returned towards the Strand. He took from his note-case one crushed Parma violet and pressed it reverently to his lips.

EVOE.

"NEW FEATURES FOR WOMEN."
Morning Paper.

Far better than to keep on trying to improve the old ones with face-creams and other aids to beauty.

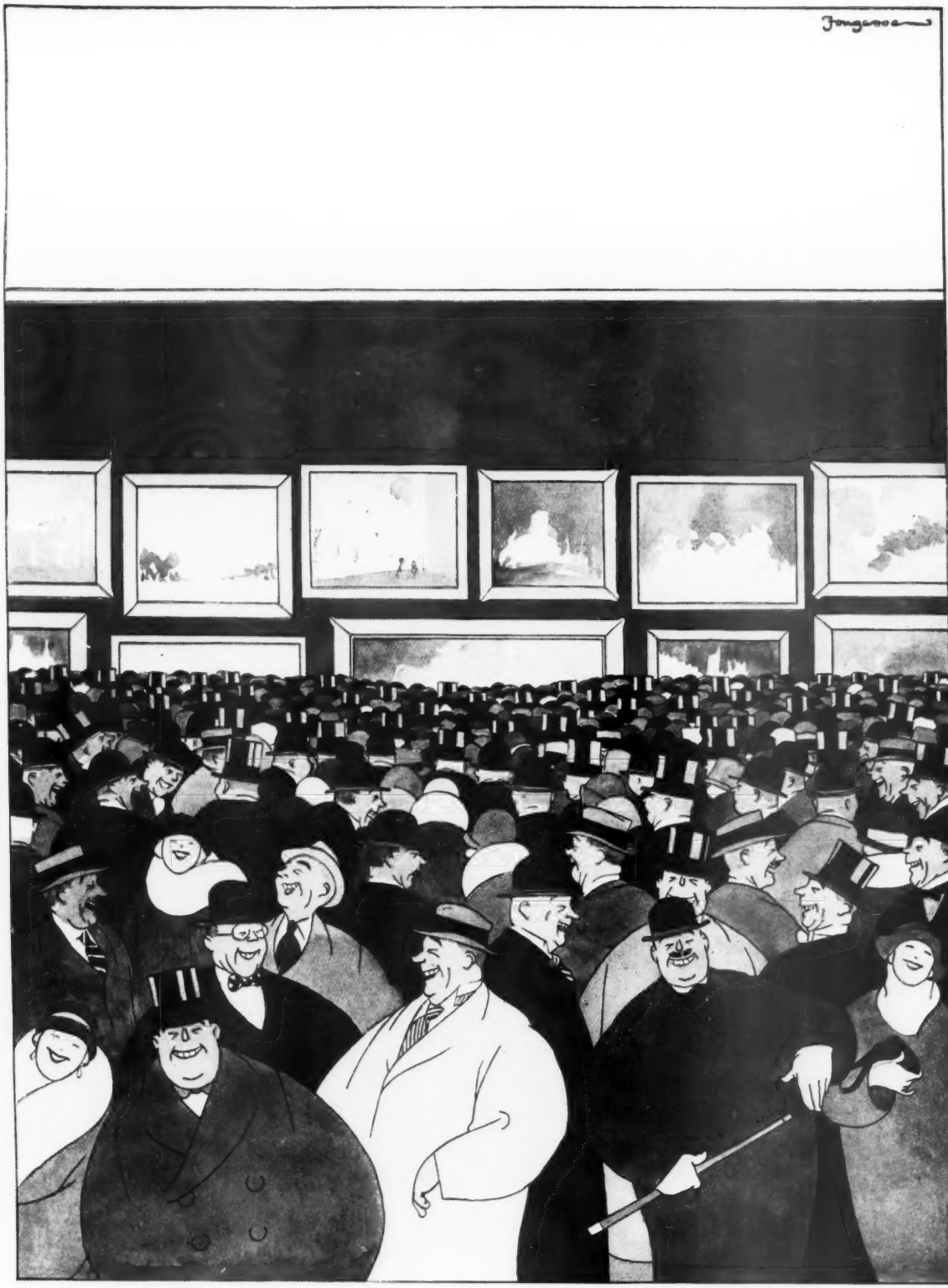
"Wearing gas-masks, firemen descended into the tunnel and tried to extinguish the fire with the aid of flash-lamps."—*Daily Paper.*

But most fires know better than that.

"Post hoc is not necessarily proper hoc."
American Magazine.

It is far more likely to be one of those deadly beverages concocted by bootleggers.

A student of culture at Tring
Supported his trousers with string.
"For Society's sake
This concession I make,"
Said he, "to the look of the thing."



SUCCESS AT LAST.

THE COMIC ARTIST PAINTS A SERIOUS PICTURE.

HISTORY IN MODERN CLOTHES.

(Subjects for the next Academy inspired by the recent movement in classic drama.)



NERO WATCHING THE BURNING OF ROME.



ALFRED AND THE CAKES.

HISTORY IN MODERN CLOTHES.

(Subjects for the next Academy inspired by the recent movement in classic drama.)



CANUTE ORDERING THE SEA TO RETREAT.

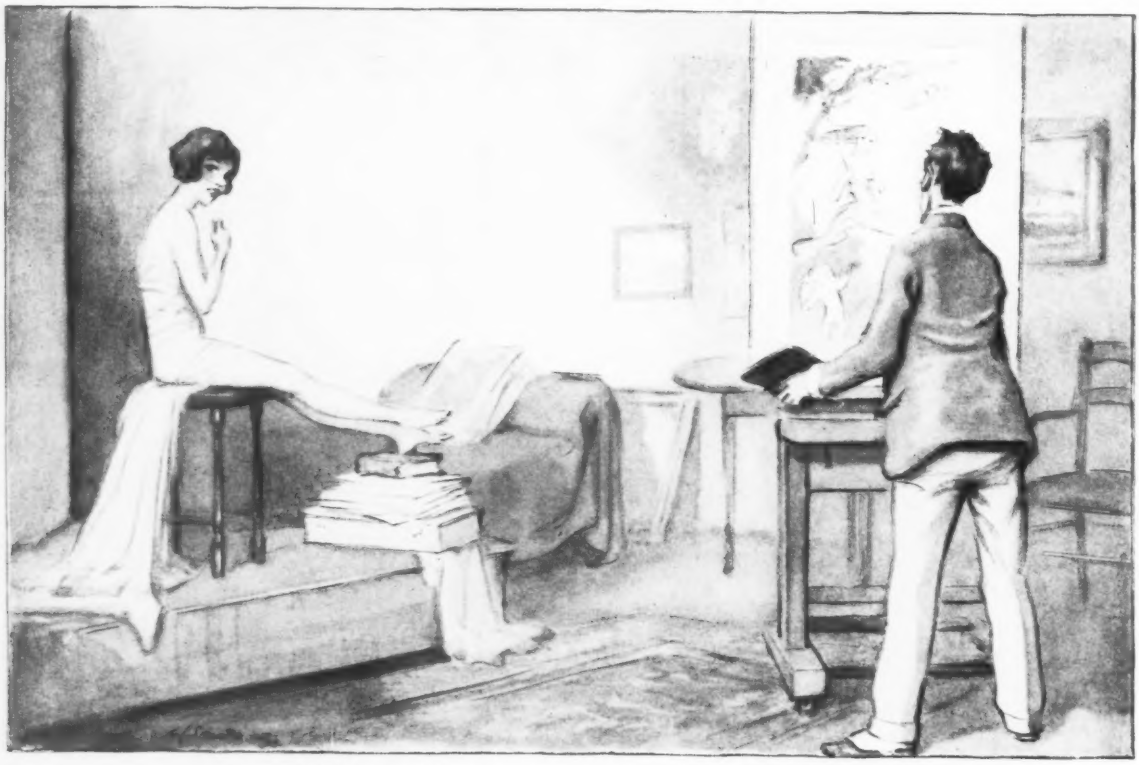


CHARLES II. AND NELL GWYN.

OUR SEASONABLE SPECIALS.



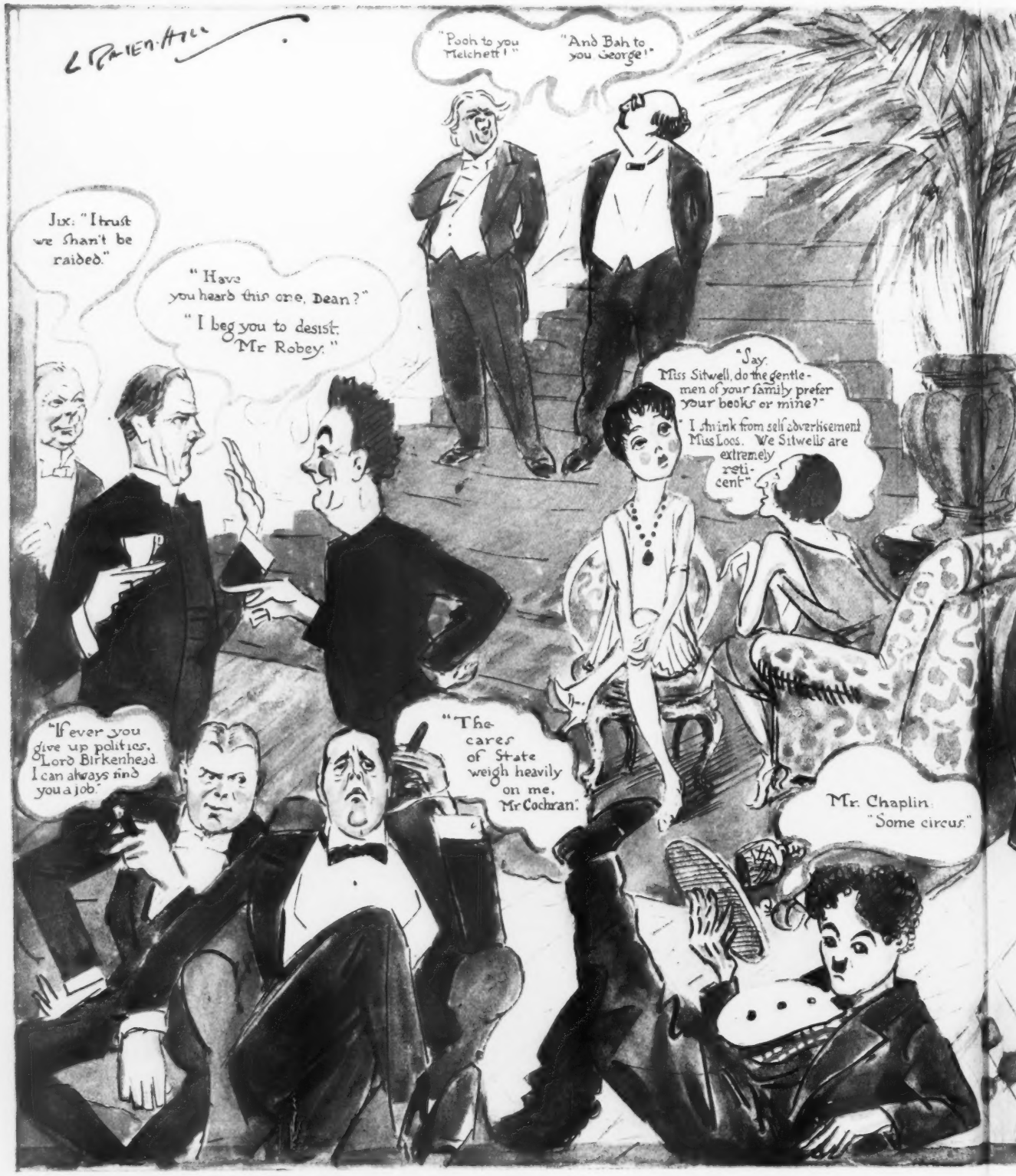
NATURALLY THE ARTIST HAS NO USE FOR THIS KIND OF MODEL JUST NOW—



AS HE IS BUSY PAINTING FOR THE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.



"THESE AUTUMN TINTS ARE *SO* CHARMING—AND SO FASHIONABLE. ONE FEELS THAT NATURE IS AT LEAST *TRYING* TO HARMONISE WITH ONE."



IN THE LOUNGE OF THE

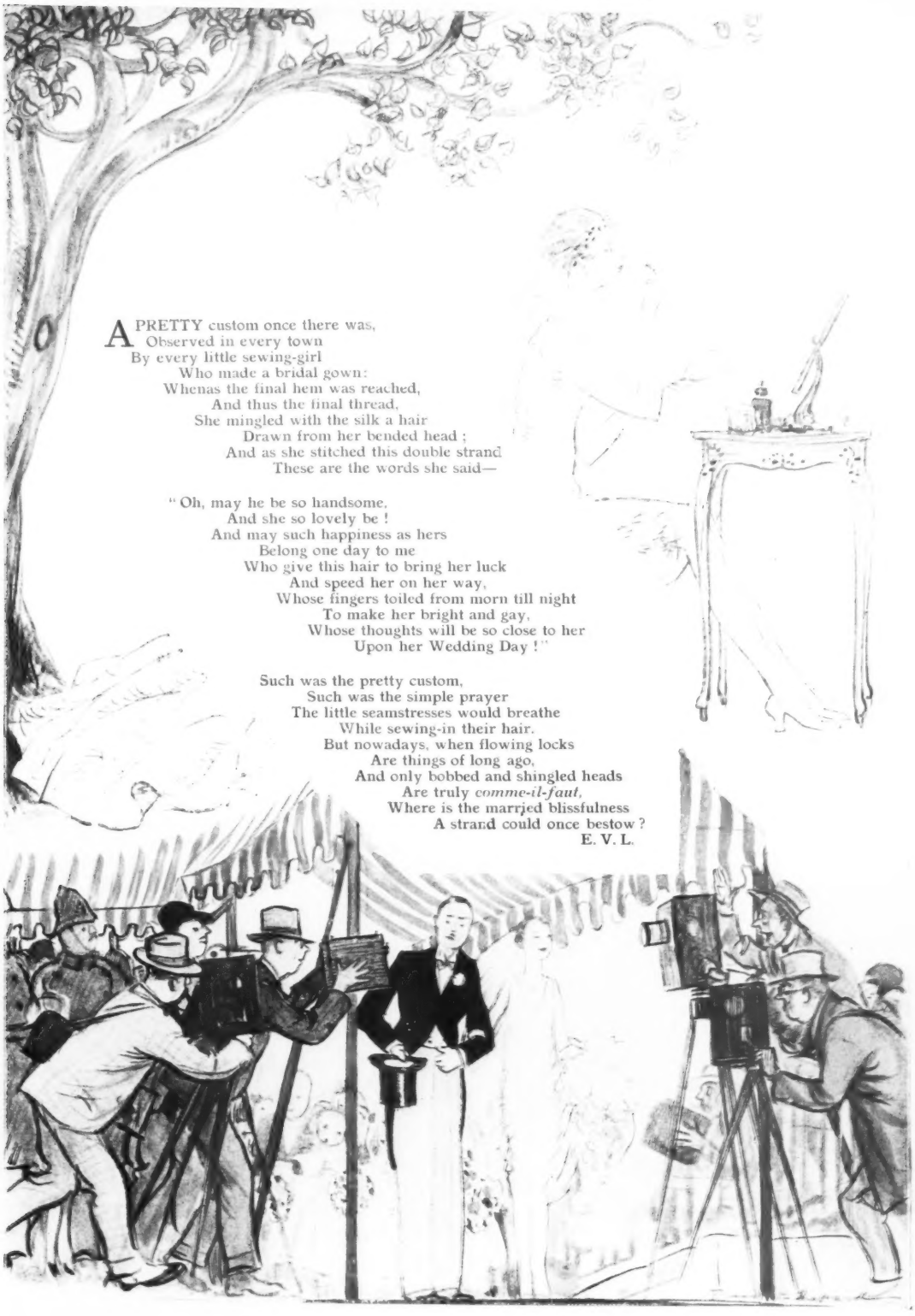


OF THE HOTEL INCROYABLE.

A SONG OF THE WEDDING-DRESS.



A SONG OF THE WEDDING-DRESS.



A PRETTY custom once there was,
Observed in every town
By every little sewing-girl
Who made a bridal gown:
Whenas the final hem was reached,
And thus the final thread,
She mingled with the silk a hair
Drawn from her bended head;
And as she stitched this double strand
These are the words she said—

"Oh, may he be so handsome,
And she so lovely be!
And may such happiness as hers
Belong one day to me
Who give this hair to bring her luck
And speed her on her way,
Whose fingers toiled from morn till night
To make her bright and gay,
Whose thoughts will be so close to her
Upon her Wedding Day!"

Such was the pretty custom,
Such was the simple prayer
The little seamstresses would breathe
While sewing-in their hair.
But nowadays, when flowing locks
Are things of long ago,
And only bobbed and shingled heads
Are truly *comme-il-faut*,
Where is the married blissfulness
A strand could once bestow?

E. V. L.



The Lady Isabel and Friend discussing the day's form at yesterday's Tourney at Knebsworth



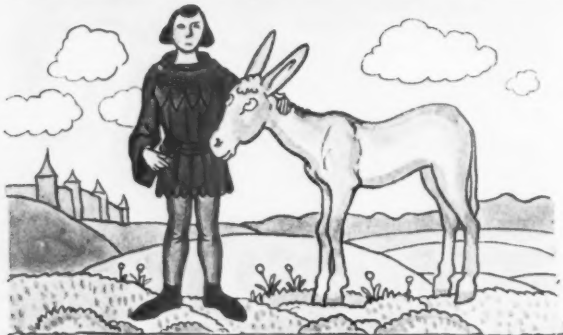
The Lord of Whalmsley who is spending the winter abroad, having a friendly joust with his brother-in-law the Baron Pummel-stein of Pummelstein Castle on the Rhine.



The guests staying at Tootynge Castle for Yule Tide are busily rehearsing a new mystery Play to raise funds for the local Lazar-house



Welsh Harpers are becoming popular at fashionable dinners. Some of them have beautifully trained voices.



Sir Sagramore of Shene with his brother John who recently won a law-suit against a famous magician. His Family have hopes that he may soon be restored to his normal shape



The Lady Marianne le Soken, one of the most talented and original of the Band of young Things, snapped at a House Party in her beautiful home near Banbury.

SOMETHING OUR ANCESTORS MISSED.

SOCIETY NOTES ILLUSTRATED.



Sir Agravaine de Galis and his raiding team leaving his delightful Castle on the Wye for a little week end foray.



Lady Godiva is one of the most popular hostesses in the Midlands. She is an intrepid horsewoman and is justifiably proud of her luxuriant tresses.



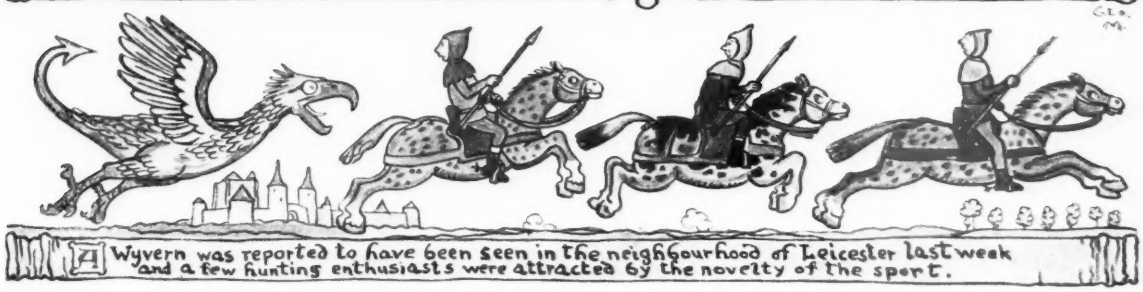
Last week's smart wedding at St. Gundrum's. Sir Percivale of Putney weds the beautiful Lady Isoud de Balham.





Sir Arthur de Mayfair and his talented sister the Lady Elaine are delighting their friends with some new dances which they discovered while on a holiday in Cornwall last Spring.

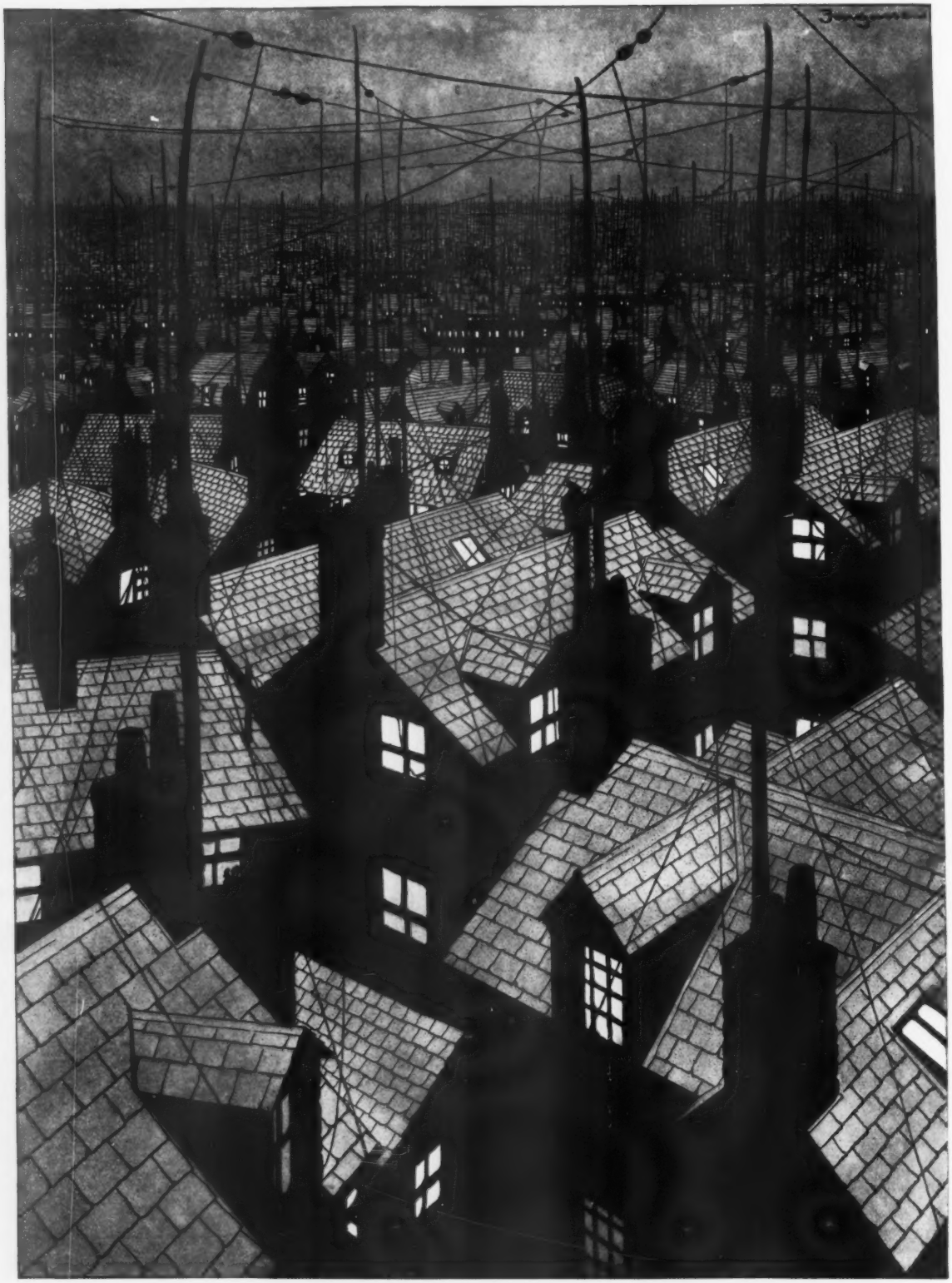
The Lord of Dabchick is having good sport on his estate this Autumn. Lady Dabchick always accompanies him. She is a remarkably good shot with the bow.



A Wyvern was reported to have been seen in the neighbourhood of Leicester last week and a few hunting enthusiasts were attracted by the novelty of the sport.

SOMETHING OUR ANCESTORS MISSED.

SOCIETY NOTES ILLUSTRATED.



NOW WHO SAYS THAT WE'RE NOT A MUSICAL NATION?

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

(A Moral Tale of 1938).

I.

THE Christmas Numbers were the real cause of it all. They had come out a day or two earlier every year for years, and in 1938 the principal ones appeared in the first week of September. Jolly tales about the snow; jokes about the waits, the mistletoe and the Christmas stocking. And with the jokes, of course, the usual sentiments belonging to the festive season—Peace, Goodwill, Family Affection, Generosity and so forth. So that by September 7th such matters as Christmas cards, the postman's tip and whether to have a tree or a conjurer were already being discussed in thousands of British households. Many people for a long time had been saying privately that the thing was becoming absurd, and suddenly it came to the notice of the daily Press. There were paragraphs everywhere.

The Editor of *The Sunday Flail* did not take the obvious line and say it was absurd. He said it was quite right. He had been seeing himself recently as a modern SAVONAROLA, a Sabbath scourge for the nation. He divided his valuable space about equally between protracted accounts of murders and exhortations to the religious life, and the fact that his murder-columns did more than anything to keep the people out of church did not spoil his sleep.

He jumped at this Early Christmas idea and made a splash of it. The absurd thing, he said, was not that the Christmas spirit should get abroad so soon, but that it should get abroad so late. Why, he said, in a vigorous leader, should we save up our loving-kindness for a few brief days at the end of the year? Was it to go forth that Britons could only be generous and genial in the mince-pie season? Did it need plum-pudding and turkey to put the nation in a state of goodwill to all men? Was "Peace on earth" to be no more than the catch-word of a week? No. *The Sunday Flail* proposed to give a lead to the nation in this matter. If the Christmas spirit was right in December it was right in November, it was right in June, it was right all the year round. And "*Christmas all the Year*" would henceforth be the slogan of *The Sunday Flail*. The editor relied on the nation to make every night of their lives a Christmas Eve and every morning a New Year's Day. A prize of One Thousand Pounds was offered for the best example of a Christmas action done in daily life before November 1st. The first hundred competitors would receive a free insurance against beri-beri, shark-bite and Malta fever. *The Sunday Flail*. . . . And so on.

II.

The vigorous and outspoken leader in *The Sunday Flail* had, as usual, a profound effect upon the mind of the nation. What was less usual, there was a little evidence that it was having an influence on their actions. Queer things happened in the City. A company promoter, the day before he invited subscriptions to the Mbopo Diamond Syndicate, announced in the Press that as a matter of fact there were no diamonds in the Mbopo Valley, nor were there likely to be. A theatrical manager offered an unknown author twice the rate of royalties suggested by his agent. Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN, in a speech at Runcorn, said that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was the greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer ever.



"A THEATRICAL MANAGER OFFERED AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR TWICE THE RATE OF ROYALTIES SUGGESTED BY HIS AGENT."

In his superb flat one night sat Jocelyn Thew, the heavy-weight champion boxer of the world, reading the Sunday papers; and, tier by tier on the side-board stood the silver cups and trophies of his numerous conquests. He took in *The Sunday Flail* but did not read it, for its vulgarities jarred upon him. Jocelyn had a refined nature and read *The Observer*. His dearest wish was to meet Mr. J. L. GARVIN. He loathed boxing, had always loathed it. Music was his passion. On Wednesday he was to fight Bert Bruiser, and if, as he intended, he reduced the challenger to a state of horizontality it would be the last fight of his life. He was going to settle down with the little woman and learn counterpoint and meet nice people. More than anything he wanted to meet Sir EDWARD ELGAR. As he thought of the future the champion's cultivated jaw stiffened and the will-to-win was written plain upon his sensitive face. He wanted to meet Dame ETHEL SMYTH. If he beat Bert Bruiser, he thought modestly, somebody might introduce him to Sir THOMAS BEECHAM.

Jocelyn finished an article by Mr. ERNEST NEWMAN on ballad opera and went to bed. Mrs. Thew was already asleep, dreaming of Bert Bruiser, whom she loved.

III.

A little later Mr. William Blake, by profession a burglar, entered the Thews' sitting-room and prepared to transfer the champion's trophies to a capacious sack. But before beginning work he helped himself to a brandy-and-soda, sat down for a short rest and picked up *The Sunday Flail*. He read through the article on "Christmas all the Year," made a slight sound expressive of wonder and proceeded to his labours.

When only half of the cups were in the sack Jocelyn Thew returned to the room, and with that left hand which had caused unconsciousness in so many quarters neatly shifted Mr. Blake from the perpendicular to the horizontal.

Before he rose the burglar took a cautious look at the boxer's sensitive face. He then climbed on to his feet and said meekly—

"I am glad you did that, brother; I deserved it. Nevertheless you wrong me."

"I may wrong you again," said Jocelyn, raising his fist.

"No, no," said the other hastily. "It is true that I did intend to commit a felony, but when you came in I had already experienced a change of heart. Something had happened."

"Then," said the boxer with that gentle irony which had made him famous, "I was mistaken in thinking

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

that I saw you putting my property in a sack?"

"You were. I was engaged in restoring your property to the side-board. Read that."

Jocelyn took the vulgar sheet with distaste, but read the article with avidity. At the end of it he burst into tears.

"Shake hands," he said softly.

The burglar did so, cautiously. "Great, isn't it?" he said. "And now, to show the sincerity of my goodwill, brother, I insist upon going to jail."

"Please, no," said the boxer with a look of pain; "I could not bear it."

"I beg of you——"

"No, no!"

"I would rather."

"I will not hear of it. Have another brandy."

"Thanks," said the burglar, and added shyly, "I noticed a box of crackers in the cupboard."

"Excellent," said Jocelyn; "we will have a little party."



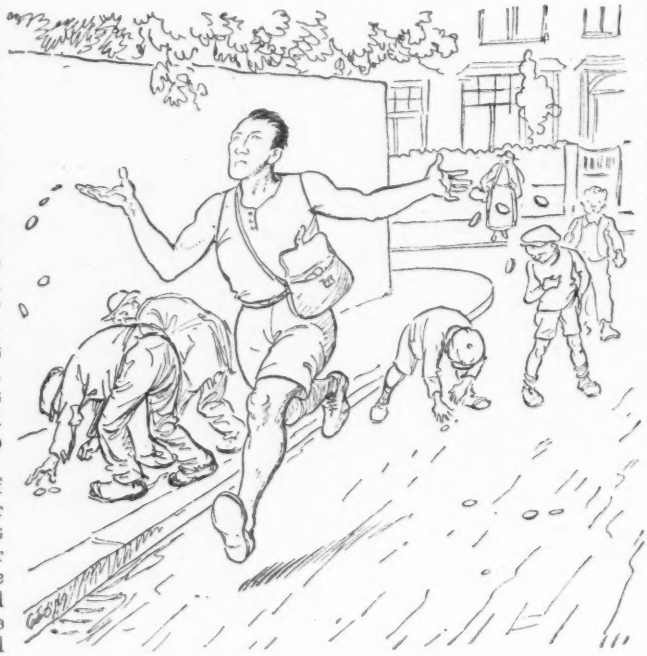
"THE BURGLAR TOOK A CAUTIOUS LOOK AT THE BOXER'S SENSITIVE FACE."

IV.

The following day there appeared in the Press Mr. Jocelyn Thew's manly and confident prediction of victory.

"I shall beat Bert," he said; "I shall bash Bert. Bert will hit the dirt. Bert is a tough boy, but, when I have done with Bert, Bert will have to lie up for a few months. I shall go for Bert's eyes. I shall close Bert's eyes. When I have bunged up Bert's eyes I shall knock Bert's teeth out. Then I shall go for Bert's kidneys. After that I shall bring up my punch, and Bert will be wishing he had gone in for croquet. I was never in better fettle. Bert cannot hurt me; I shall split Bert's liver. I shall win. When I have biffed Bert I shall settle down and learn music. I hope to meet Mr. FRANCIS TOYE."

Jocelyn had himself passed this document for publication, but he read it in the papers with a queer feeling of uneasiness. *The Sunday Flail's* article had moved his impressionable mind to the depths, and since his talk with the burglar he had felt a better man. He had an inward glow, a generous urge to do good actions. On his training-trot that morning he flung half-crowns to children and beggars, and at the first opportunity he had bought the little woman a diamond necklace.



"ON HIS TRAINING TROT HE FLUNG HALF-CROWNS TO CHILDREN AND BEGGARS."

And now this "Why I Shall Win" business—all this talk about Bert's eyes, Bert's teeth, Bert's kidneys—was it really in the Christmas spirit? Would a man who sincerely wished to make peace and goodwill the mainspring of all his days announce in public the detailed injuries which he proposed to do to the internal organs of a fellow-creature? Would such a man cheerfully say of another that after their meeting that other would be compelled to spend a long period of time in a hospital?

Ought one even to say that one would *win*? the champion mused. For that matter ought he to *wish* to win? He, Jocelyn, had been champion for two years; poor Bert had never been champion at all.

That night he confided these doubts to the little woman.

"Gosh!" said the little woman, and gave him a cooling medicine. "I knew this music would get you down. Give it up, you soft sponge."

Eileen Thew was a simple little thing and knew what she wanted. She wanted Bert Bruiser, who was her sort and scarlet-blooded. Jocelyn's musical tendencies disgusted her. He had kept them dark while he was courting. She had married him because he was champion; and champion he must remain.

Jocelyn looked at Eileen tenderly. "Well," he said, "for your sake, little woman, I will bash—I will retain the championship. But after that I shall get a violoncello, and you shall have lessons at the harp. Who knows?" he added warmly, "we might meet ADRIAN BOULT."

"Snakes and ladders!" said the little woman.

V.

Mr. William Blake was a man of intellect, as burglars have to be, and he paid a visit to Mr. Bert Bruiser's headquarters, where at that moment the first draft of Bert's "Why I Shall Win" message was being prepared.

William for a consideration laid certain information before Bert's advisers,

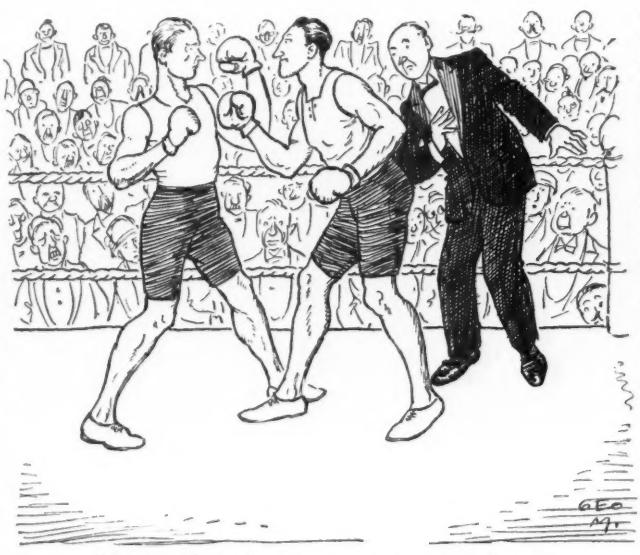
Punch's Almanack for 1929.

and next day the world was astonished to read the following:—

"WHY I SHALL LOSE.
BY BERT BRUISER.

I expect to go down on Wednesday. Jock is too good for me. Jock will hurt me quite a lot. Jock will go for my eyes, and this will be very painful, as I have a wound over the right eye which is not quite healed. My punch is a pretty good punch, but it is nothing to Jock's punch. Jock will bash me. I might last a couple of rounds, but not more. It is a bit hard, as I wanted to be champion, and Jock has had a good innings. But it can't be helped. I wish him luck. I shall take my bashing like a good sport. Good-bye, all."

For this message the Editor of *The Sunday Flail* awarded Bert Bruiser the one-thousand-pound prize mentioned above.



"JOCELYN (*RIGHT*) SEEMED AFRAID TO HURT BERT."

And as he read the modest benevolent words the heavy-weight champion blushed for very shame.

VI.

THE BIG FIGHT. . . .

Jocelyn Thew never looked like winning. Observers said that he seemed afraid to hurt Bert. He took great pains to avoid hitting Bert's right eye. His kidney-punches were more like the attentions of a masseur. And in the fourth round, with a generous gesture, he threw up his hands and was knocked out. . . .

That night the little woman told Jocelyn that she loved Bert Bruiser.

VII.

The next morning the little woman began putting weed-killer in Jocelyn's morning tea. She was through.

Jocelyn noticed her action and drank the first cup of tea meditatively, wondering what in these circumstances was the Christmassy thing to do. Poor little woman! she could not be expected to understand. She loved Bert, and who was he to stand selfishly in her way?

Once or twice he was on the point of saying, "Please do not put arsenic in my tea," but each time a nobler impulse checked him. The shock of discovery would hurt her feelings, wound her pride; almost certainly it would lead to a quarrel. He could not bear to do it. . . . Nevertheless he generally poured his tea on the aspidistra. . . .

Months passed; the boxer seemed to weaken slowly, but the aspidistra was dead. In many ways these last few months were happy ones. The invalid studied harmony and read the *Encyclopædia of Music*. Mr. FREDERIC AUSTIN visited him. He met ELGAR and GERSHWIN, IVOR NOVELLO and ERNEST NEWMAN; and far into the night the musical men would talk to the gentle suffering ex-boxer about BRAHMS and semi-breves, consecutive fifths and so forth.

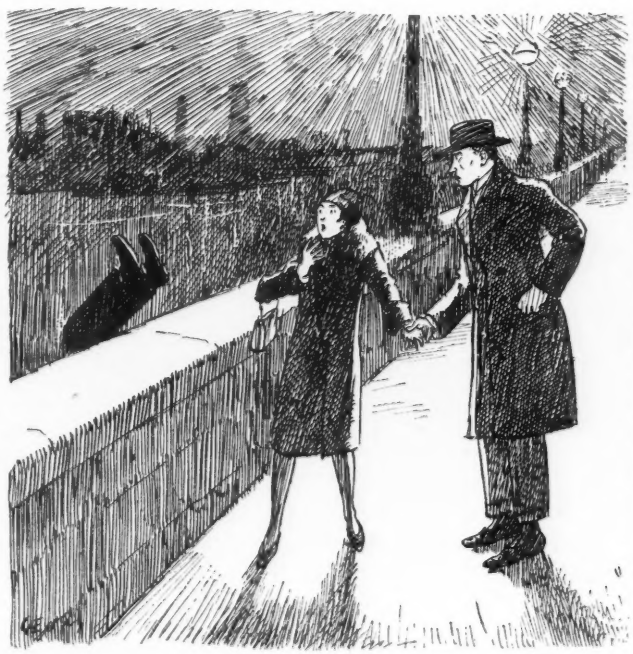
One day William Blake visited the sick man.

And one night Jocelyn met his wife walking with Bert on the Victoria Embankment.

"Take her," he said gently; "she will make you happy, though she sings a little flat."

He joined their hands and with a low cough fell backwards into the river.

Many days later the body was found at Wapping, cruelly battered. Clutched in the right hand was a cutting from *The Sunday Flail*.



"HE JOINED THEIR HANDS AND . . . FELL BACKWARDS INTO THE RIVER."

VIII.

The day after the funeral Eileen Thew gave herself up to the police for the murder of her husband. She felt it was the least she could do. Suspicion fell upon her at once. But, touched, as she had been, by the simple beauty of Jocelyn's behaviour, Bert Bruiser gave himself up too. Each swore that the other was innocent. The mystery was profound.

As the long preliminaries of the trial dragged on it became clear that a new spirit was abroad in the nation. Christmas was near, and none wished to be hard on the unfortunate prisoners. *The Sunday Flail* followed up its initial success by exhorting the people to take a more charitable view of murderers. Several papers hoped that the season of good-will would not be marred by a vindictive piece of capital punishment.

Meanwhile, in the prison,

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"I WANT A ROUND GAME. NOT A GAMBLING GAME, AND YET NOT TOO CHILDISH. SOMETHING BETWEEN ROULETTE AND LUDO."

the authorities did all they could to make things easier for the wretched pair. The warders decorated their cells with holly and mistletoe; and more than once they were invited to hang out their stockings—an ingenious device of the Governor's by which, unknown, he contrived to make them many a little present. Every day they had turkey and plum-pudding.

The trial at last began. The court was decorated with coloured paper streamers. The Attorney-General was a recent convert to *The Sunday Flail* creed. His opening speech for the prosecution was an earnest invitation to the jury to consider the charges in the Christmas spirit, with charity and loving-kindness. It might well be, he pointed out, that Jocelyn Thew, broken by his defeat, had committed suicide. What more likely than that each of the prisoners, both readers of that great organ, *The Sunday Flail*, had nobly accused themselves of murder in order to shield the dead man's name?

Eileen and Bert in the box each swore that she (or he) had personally pushed Mr. Thew into the Thames. In vain. The Judge in his summing-up, a cracker-cap on his head, said, "Who am I, members of the jury, and who are you, to sit in judgment on a fellow-creature? We are all miserable sinners, we have all done things of which we are ashamed, and, who knows, to-morrow we may all commit a murder for what appears to us to be the best of reasons. Be that as it may, this is not a time when we should wish to dwell harshly on the short-comings of others. We are approaching the season of love and forgiveness, of repentance for the past and resolution for the future. But that season, as a Sunday newspaper has so well observed, should have neither end nor beginning. Let us be thankful that we, unlike our unfortunate friends here, have completed the year that is past without being placed in the dock on a capital charge. Gentlemen, to-day is the third of December. But it might well be the twenty-fourth of December. Let that thought be before you as you consider your verdict. Ask yourselves whether on Christmas Eve you would care to send a man, or even a woman, to the scaffold. For what we should be ashamed to do on Christmas Eve we should be ashamed to do on any other day. Now do your duty."

The jury, without leaving the box, found the prisoners Not guilty, and recommended that they should receive some compensation for their trouble and expense.

IX.

Eileen walked out of the court a free woman, spurning Bert as she went.

But who is the tall pale figure confronting her in the corridor?

"Jocelyn!" she cried, surprised.

"Little woman!" He gathered her to his arms. "It was fine of you!"

"But, Jocelyn, the body?"

"Ah, that was William Blake. He was determined to do it. Said it was the least he could do. So I lent him a suit of clothes. Rather a fine gesture of his. Indeed I think everyone has behaved very well."

"Darling!" said the little woman.

A. P. H.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

THE MAGICIAN GETS TO THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE.



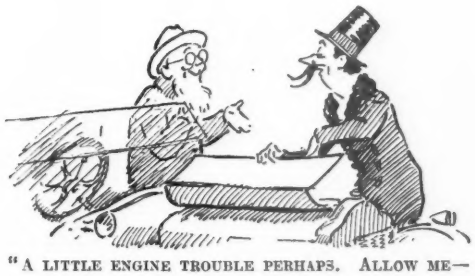
"AHA! AN OLD GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES—



I'LL GIVE HIM A HAND."



"I CAN'T THINK WHAT 'S STOPPING IT."



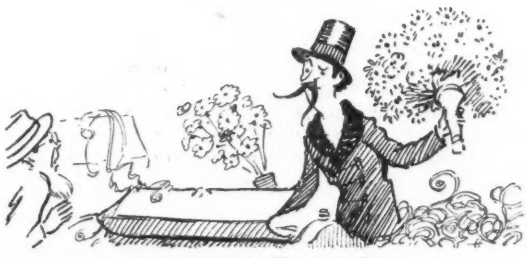
"A LITTLE ENGINE TROUBLE PERHAPS. ALLOW ME—



WHAT 'S THIS, SIR—RABBITS?—



AND TAPE—



AND FLOWERS! MY DEAR SIR!—



AND PACKS OF CARDS!—



SERPENTS TOO!—



BUT, BLESS ME, *NO PETROL*!"

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

WEEK-END TRAGEDIES.



MRS. DE MONTMORENCY ASKED US FOR A WEEK-END TO HER PLACE IN THE COUNTRY—"SHOOTIN' AND THAT."



MRS. CONE ASKED US TO HER LITTLE COTTAGE "IF WE DIDN'T MIND PIGGING IT."



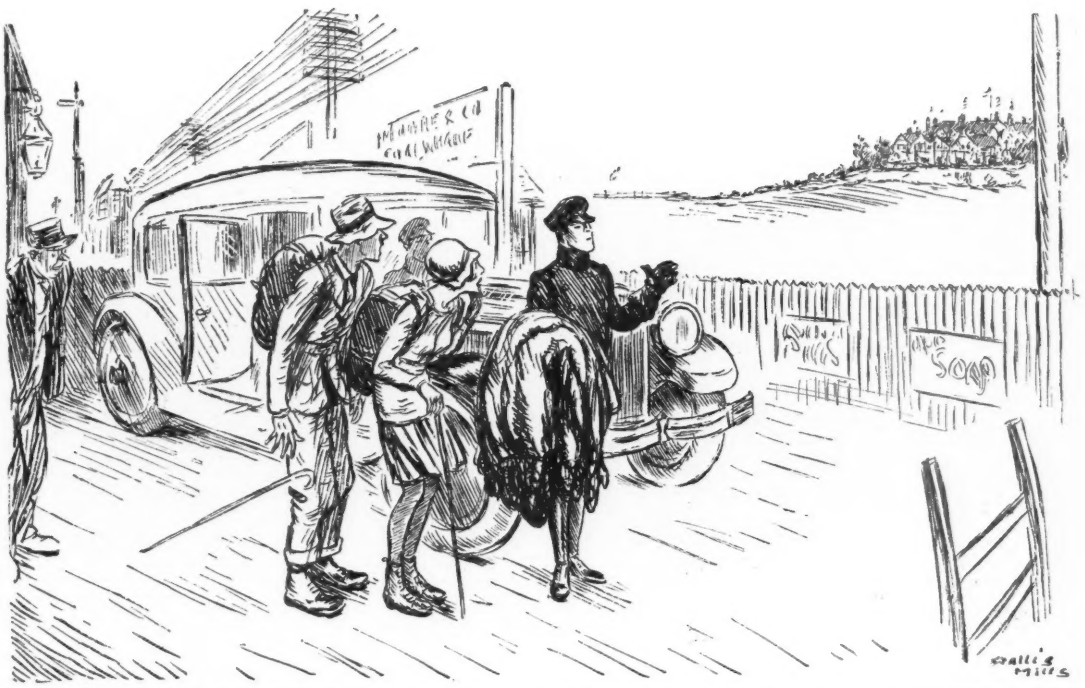
MRS. ROBINSON-BROWN ASKED US TO COME TO HER TINY "IVY COT." "CAN'T SWING A CAT, ME DEARS."



WE ARRIVED AT MRS. DE MONTMORENCY'S AFTER HAVING WALKED FIVE MILES, CARRYING SOME OF OUR LUGGAGE (THE CARRIER WASN'T RUNNING THAT DAY, SO WE HAD TO LEAVE THE REST OF IT AT THE STATION), TO FIND SHE LIVED ALONE IN A BROKEN-DOWN SHACK.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

WEEK-END TRAGEDIES.



WE ARRIVED AT MRS. CONE'S STATION TO FIND A GORGEOUS CAR WAITING FOR US, AND ON INQUIRY THE COTTAGE WAS POINTED OUT TO US BY THE FOOTMAN.



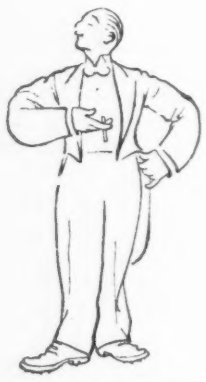
AFTER THIS EXPERIENCE WE WERE DETERMINED TO MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT OUR VISIT TO MRS. ROBINSON-BROWN.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

FREAKS OF HUMOUR.

OF COURSE WE ALL LAUGH HEARTILY AT THE IDEA OF WEARING—

Bougasse



BROWN BROGUES IN THE EVENING—



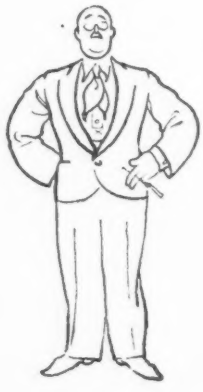
OR AN OPERA-HAT IN THE MORNING—



OR TAILS WITH FLANNELS—



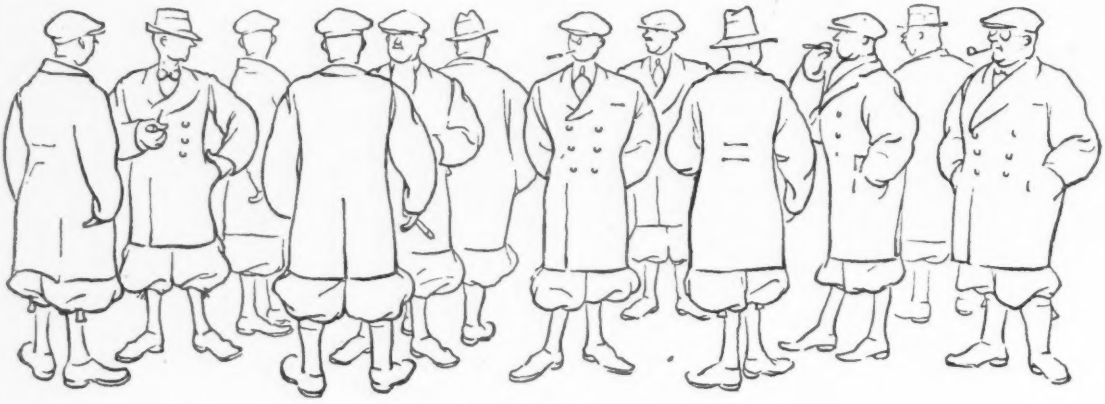
OR A HOMBURG-HAT WITH HUNTING-KIT—



OR A FLANNEL-SHIRT WITH A DINNER-JACKET—



OR A TALL HAT FOR GOLF—



AND YET WE SEE NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS.

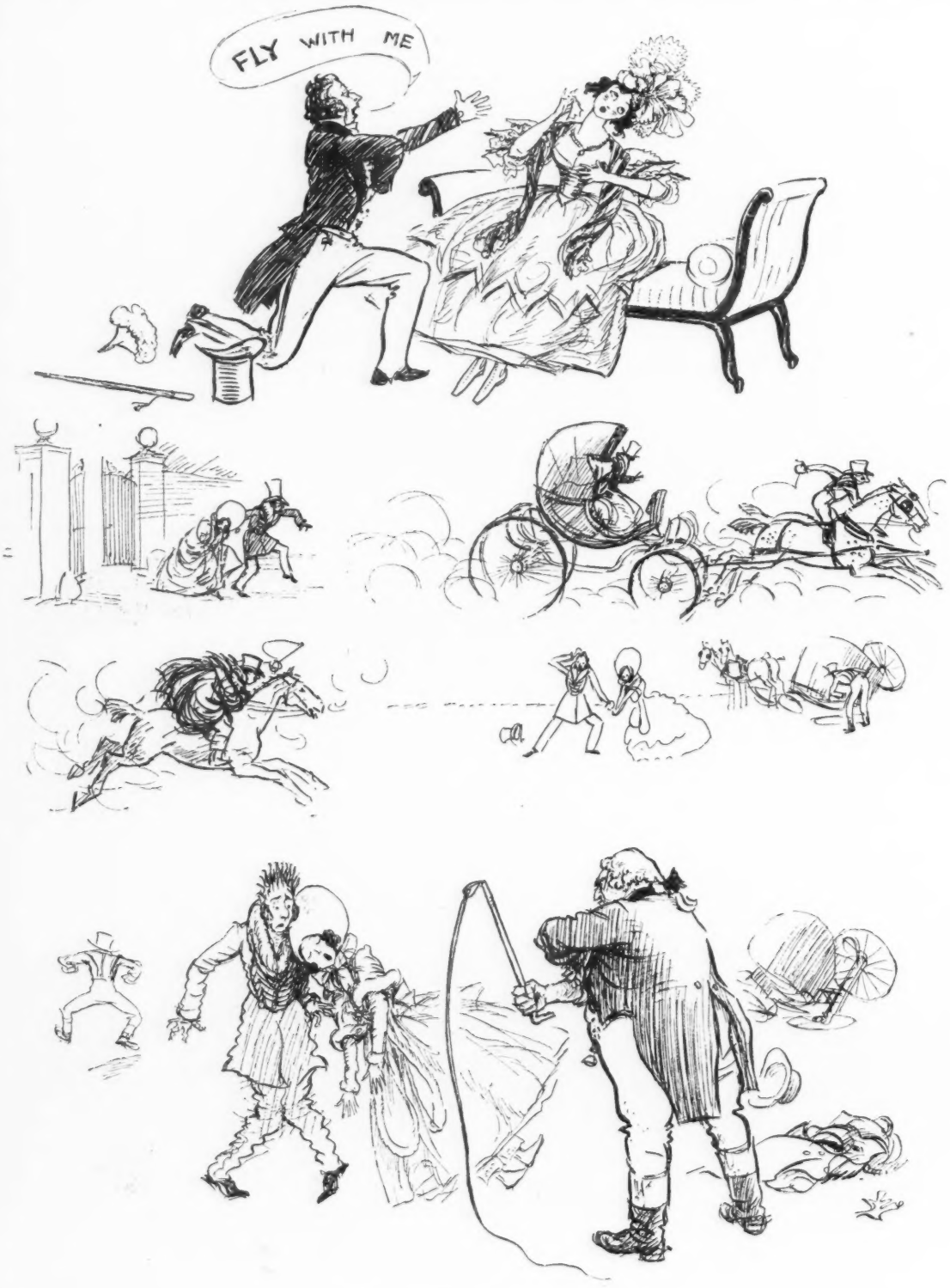
Punch's Almanack for 1929.



THE SPREAD OF DEMOCRATIC CULTURE.

Tourist Conductor (in gallery of large private house during a dance). "'ERE WE 'AVE A STATELY 'OME OF OLD ENGLAND AND THE ARISTOCRACY ENJOYING THEMSELVES. ON THE LEFT WE 'AVE THE DUKE OF DILLWATER DANCING WITH THE HONOURABLE POPPY BENDHAM," ETC., ETC.

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THE OLD ELOPEMENT.

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THE NEW ELOPEMENT.

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OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

UNDER LOCAL RULES.

THE golf-course was George's idea.

One sultry African afternoon Fate and the Colonial Office conspired to slide George awkwardly from a machila at the door of the grass hut we dignify by the name of "Mess," and I welcomed him with open arms. His coming lent a fresh zest to the task of maintaining the *Pax Britannica* with a half-company of native infantry in the heart of Central Africa, and the golf-course was the very first of the "snappy suggestions" (the term is his own) which he subsequently poured out in the attempt to make Nukuku a better place for heroes to live in.

I let him have his head, having been young myself once and equally anxious to buck old Africa up a bit; also I realised that his enthusiasm was likely to wither pretty quickly under the slow baking process we call a climate.

But I didn't know George.

He started in rightaway to lay out his golf-course and my peace departed. So did the discipline of the half-company. So did the leisure of every unattached native within a radius of ten miles. The whole District became embroiled in the thing. Respectable matrons with round-eyed babies on their backs were inspanned to cut the grass for the fairways. Dignified and bearded gentlemen grew hot and garrulous as they hewed down palm-trees that might have represented too severe a hazard, and, most wonderful of all, Sergeant Karoga, disdainful veteran of a dozen wars, became positively enthusiastic over the laying-out of the five greens which were all we could run to. I even grew interested myself.

When at last the time came for George to play himself in, the whole community had gathered to witness this latest manifestation of the white man's undoubted insanity. George was very proud. True the fairways were a bit rough. There were ant-bear holes six feet deep here and there and a general coating of knee-deep stubble, but George had made a local rule permitting a player to tee up for every shot. The greens were innocent of grass, but the combined tramping of the District's bare feet, plus all the water we could spare, had served to make them smooth and flat, if a trifle fiery.

George turned out in plus-fours for the opening ceremony. He said he felt it was due to the dignity of the game, but so far relaxed as to leave his coat behind. Personally I wore pyjamas, the temperature being a shade above one-hundred-and-ten degrees. George's clubs glittered in the sunshine, having been religiously burnished by his batman, who laboured under the illusion that they formed some mysterious portion of his service equipment and should accordingly be turned out on approved Army lines.

My part was that of spectator, as I felt that my game was scarcely up to the ordeal of playing before a large gallery. Even though they had never seen golf before I realised that they would instinctively recognise my game as, well, weak.

But George experienced no qualms. On the first tee he handed a gleaming new ball to his caddy and, turning to me, suggested that a few words would be appropriate to the occasion. "Just to make the thing a bit formal, y' know."



"THERE WAS DEAD SILENCE AS HE ADDRESSED THE BALL."

I made rather a neat speech. I said, "Go ahead."

George went. At least he didn't just then. Instead he stared open-mouthed at his caddy, one of our Mess-waiters in private life, who down on his hands and knees was lovingly erecting an enormous mound of earth almost a foot high. Patting it tenderly into a smooth cone he reverently deposited George's ball on top and looked up with a beaming smile for the meed of praise he felt was only his due.

George kicked the young pyramid flat and teed up the ball himself.

A faultless practice-swing drew an appreciative murmur from the assembled District, who knew a bit about knob-kerries themselves and evidently thought George had a pretty style. There was

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dead silence as he addressed the ball, swung back and sent it hurtling into space.

For a second, two hundred pairs of eyes watched it as it lifted straight down the middle. Then, while George still stood in a statuesque pose, demonstrating a perfect follow-through, the District gave vent to a concerted roar of delight and, like greyhounds off the leash, dashed away in hot pursuit. Their flying feet thundered as they flowed past the astonished George in two black waves, the crashing of their passage drowning his remonstrances. They felt that the game had really begun.

In vain we yelled. Far down the fairway we saw a wild upheaval of gleaming bodies, which fought and wriggled on the ground, till finally there emerged a hefty half-naked warrior who came sprinting back at speed to where we stood, bearing the ball in his outstretched hand. The rest of the District, disappointed but convinced that there were possibilities in the game, shouted happily at his heels.

It was then that George made the real speech of the day, and by the time he had finished the District had subsided on its haunches, regretfully conscious that it had in some way offended against the etiquette of golf.

The next effort was more successful, except that George's ball hit a tree stump, ricochetted violently into the air and disappeared for ever into the primeval jungle that constituted the rough.

But George was undismayed. He still had ten brand-new balls, and his third effort from the tee was found, after twenty minutes' combined search by ourselves, the caddy, all the half-company that were off duty, and the gallery, snugly ensconced in a deep hole.

He teed up for a brassy second and it fairly roared away. We went after it eagerly, the subdued District trotting docilely behind us, puzzled but optimistic and interested.

I found it after ten minutes' poking among the undergrowth of the fairway, and George put it plonk on the green with a raking iron shot. The District grunted approval, and we moved forward again.

We were still a hundred yards away when a marabout stork entered majestically and quite unexpectedly from the scrub on the O.P. side and stalked across the green.

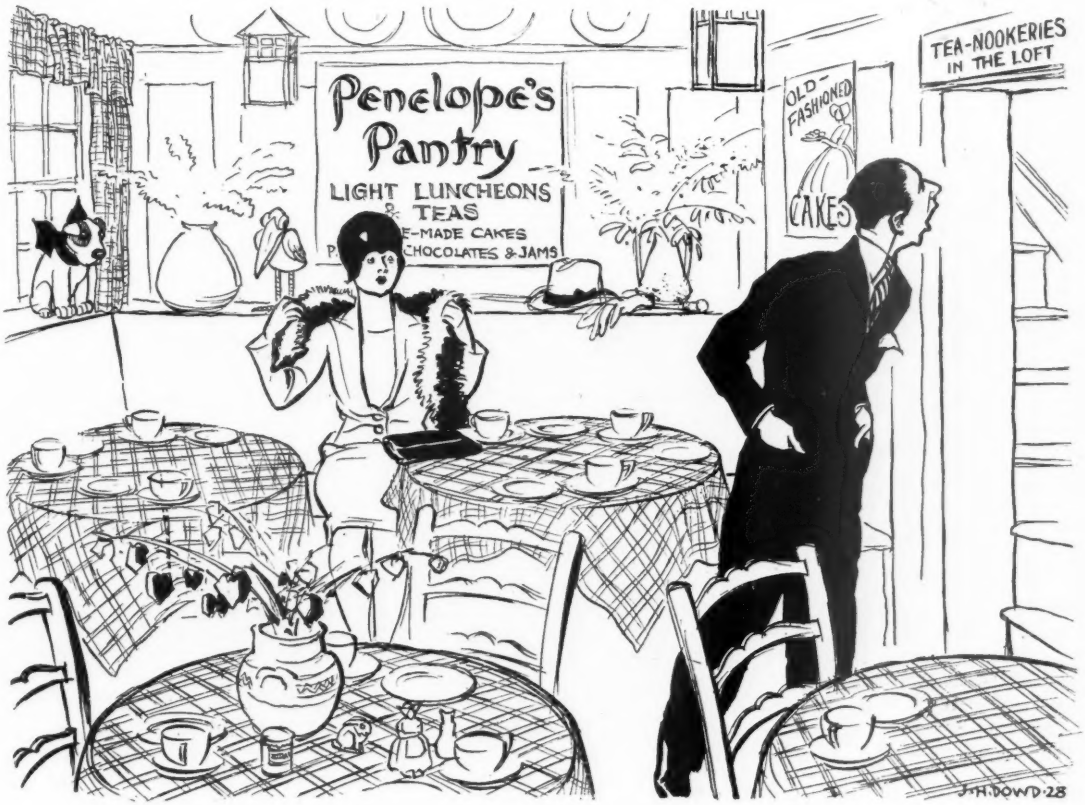
That gleaming white ball caught his eye. He hesitated, gave our approaching phalanx an appraising glance, measured the margin of safety, and with one stately movement swallowed the ball and made an unhurried exit into the wings.

George swore. The District hesitated to interfere, and the stork disappeared slowly into the bush.

* * * * *

The elephants have trampled on our greens and the enthusiasm of the District proved unequal to the sustained effort required to cope with the luxuriant growth of our local vegetation. George thinks that anyhow golf is too expensive in the tropics, and finds his chief amusement in watching the persevering attempts of a tame mongoose to break the residue of his golf-balls against a stone, under the firm belief that they are eggs.

But the first fairway makes an excellent rifle range.



THE INTIMACY OF OUR CAFÉ NOMENCLATURE.

Prospective Customer (finding nobody about). "PENELOPE!"

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IF YOU GO SHOPPING— THIS CHRISTMAS— WITH YOUR HUSBAND—



IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER THAT QUITE A LOT OF PEOPLE WILL BE DOING THE SAME THING.

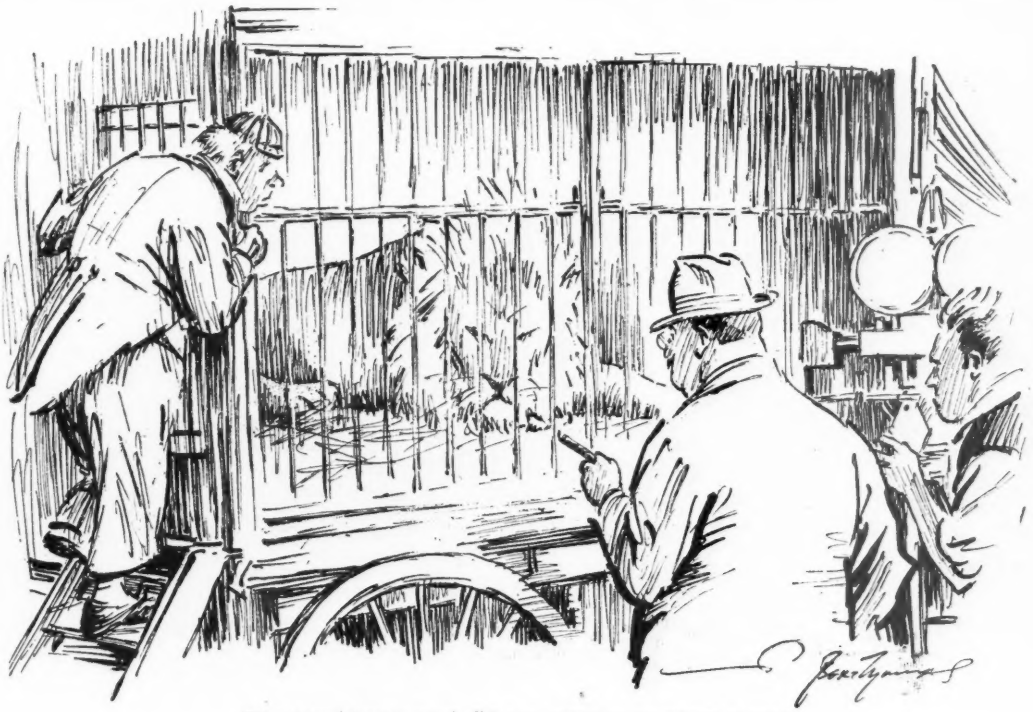


BECAUSE NOTHING— IS SO AWKWARD— AS TO GET—



ALL THE WAY HOME AND THEN DISCOVER YOU 'VE GOT HOLD OF THE WRONG HUSBAND!

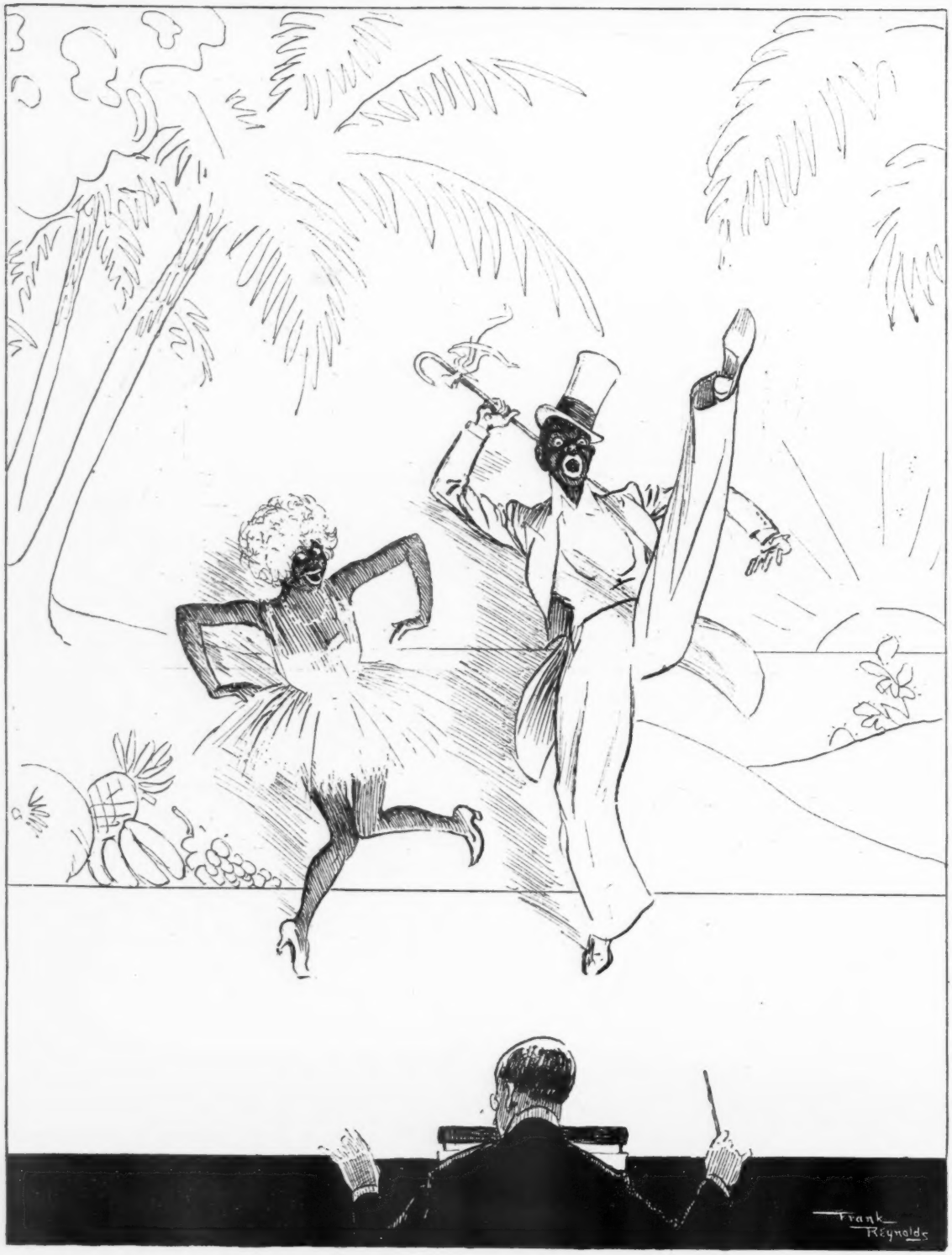
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Film-Actor (*about to enter*). "I SAY, WHAT IF HE TURNS NASTY?"
Producer. "OH, THAT 'S EASY. WE 'LL JUST ALTER THE STORY."



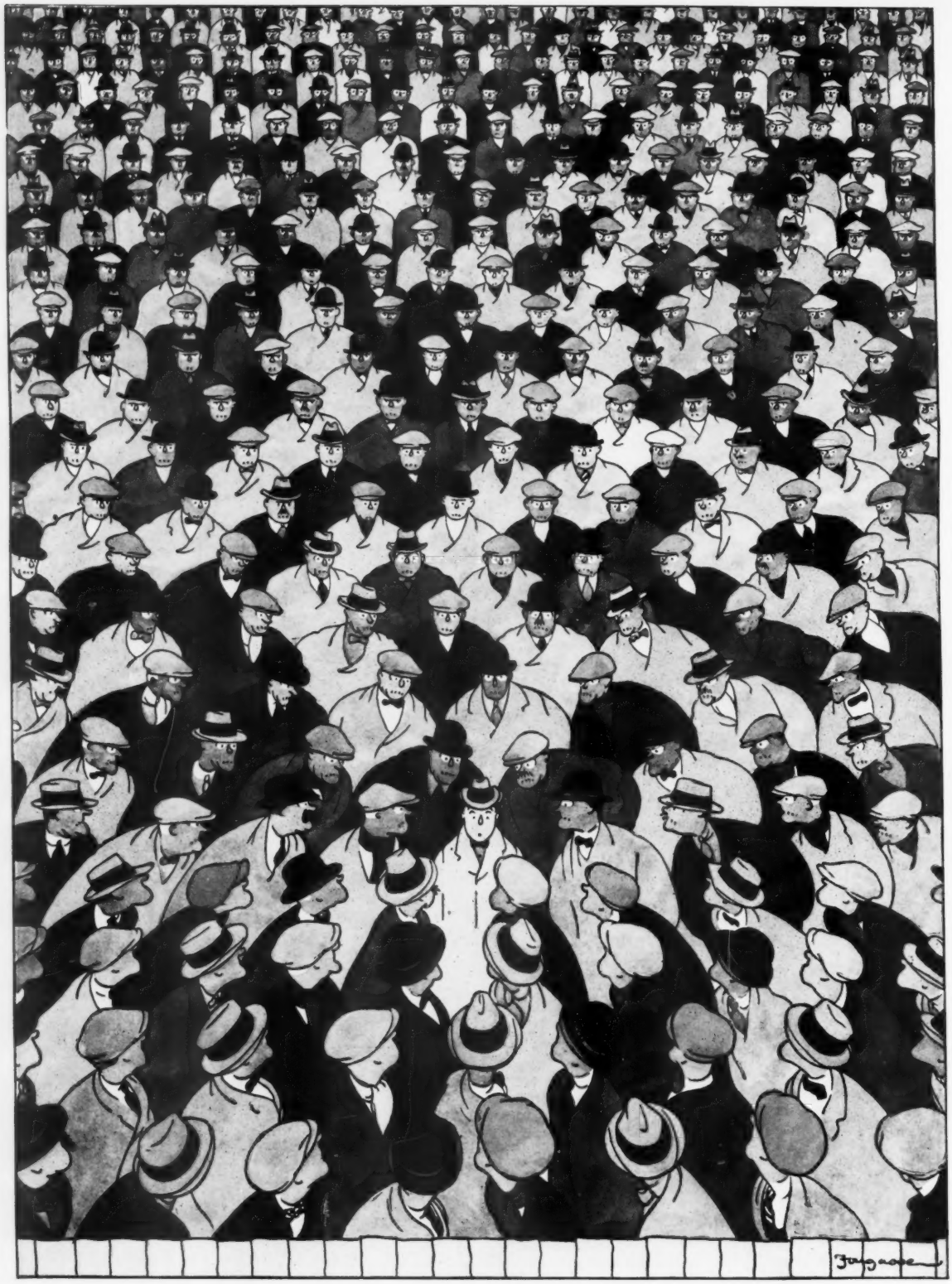
Grimy Orator. "ANYBODY GOT A QUESTION TO ASK?"
Member of Audience. "YUS. WHAT YER DONE WITH THE SOAP THAT WAS IN THAT BOX?"



ON THE STAGE THEY ARE KNOWN AS "THE TWO BLACK-AND-WHITES"—



—BUT THEIR HOME LIFE IS FULL OF COLOUR.



COMMUNITY SINGING.

THE MAN WHO SANG THE WORDS OF THE WRONG VERSE.

CHARIVARIA.

ONE of the problems confronting Scotland Yard is that of eliminating crime during the policeman's supper-hour. Difficulty is presented by the deplorably irregular meal-times of the criminal classes.

According to a scientist the next war will be fought by wireless. What we heard on our set the other evening made us think it had started.

The answer to the talking-film would seem to be in the undeveloped negative.

As Dr. BRIDGES has not yet resigned the office of Poet Laureate in compliance with the demand of the Editor of *The Sunday Express* a suspicion is gaining ground that the BEAVERBROOK Press is being deliberately flouted at Boar's Hill.

Lord CASTLEROSSE writes that to appreciate titles at their true worth one must go to the United States of America. But what's the matter with Fleet Street?

German pianos, we are told, have been hard hit. This has occurred in our own hearing.

At the Cheltenham egg-packing station, opened last week by the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, they have installed a fault-finding machine. If the apparatus is all it is claimed to be farmers will very soon be able to put their grumbling out to be done by machinery.

We gather from the reports in the American Press that if Messrs. HOOVER and SMITH are not very careful one of them is going to be elected President of the United States.

Two babies born in a New York hospital last week have been named HERBERT HOOVER DIAMONDSTEIN and ALFRED SMITH PRAEGER. It has been felt for some time that the Presidential election in that country would eventually lead to something serious.

Preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral, Canon ALEXANDER advocated the abolition of newspapers. It is hoped, however, that he may be induced to modify his views so far as to make a reservation in favour of Dean INGE's favourite evening sheet.

We read of a young barrister who has collected over eleven thousand railway-tickets as a hobby. Many more have of course been collected professionally.

One of the aims of the new Scottish Nationalist Party is to withstand the encroachments of neighbours. Concern is felt at the number of Englishmen still holding important positions in England.

We are told that every Civic Guard in the Free State either possesses a dress-suit or aspires to possess one. All that seems lacking for a wholesale series of raids on night-clubs in the Free State is a sufficiency of night-clubs.

We read of an American lady-novelist who has the habit of seeing all her friends as various kinds of animals. Lady-novelists generally have the habit of seeing themselves as nothing but lionesses.

Dr. MARIE STOPES has been ordered to keep her dog under control. Our publicists seem to have neglected the subject of dog-control.

A controversy is taking place on the question, Does sport shorten life? The answer is, "Yes, if you hit the bird in the head."

With reference to an eminent conductor's innovation of dispensing with a baton, it is stated that in Russia the experiment is being tried of dispensing with the conductor himself. There is something to be said too for the idea of dispensing with the orchestra.

An evening paper has published a warning from a psychist against attempts to communicate with the Martians, who, it seems, are very evil. We have always advocated some preliminary inquiry as to their antecedents.

A paragraphist relates, as an instance of the efficacy of dumb action, that when a man in a matinée audience stood up, made the sign of a "T" and raised two fingers an attendant passed him a tray of tea for two. One is astounded at the almost human intelligence of some theatre-attendants.

CLARENCE TERHUNE, the stowaway of the *Graf Zeppelin*, is considered to have achieved the distinction of being the first boy on record to run away to air.

According to an official of the College of Arms fewer persons now bother to trace their ancestry. This is probably due to the increasing difficulty of hushing it up afterwards.

Some telephone girls who organised a dance at Hammersmith had to go out and find the band, which had lost its way. We are sor-r-ry they were tr-r-roubled.

With reference to the owl which attacked a cyclist named LOUIS LINNETT, near Northampton, it is said that the bird, now thoroughly penitent, pleads that it mistook him for a sparrow.

"Watch Your Rates," says an evening paper headline. We always like to do what the Press tells us to, but this is a very difficult order. The truth is we hate the sight of them.

An essayist has noticed an increase in the number of young persons who continually say "Quaite." As Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE is still away in America it is difficult to know what can be done about it.

It is expected that by improved devices it will soon be possible to send perfect photographs from New York to London by wireless. Some of those we have seen in the experimental stage seem to have had a very bad crossing.



Burglar (preoccupied). "WHO PAINTED THIS MUCK?"

LUGGAGE ON THE RACK.

THOUGH letters to *The Times* complain
About the way that people stack
Their trousseaux, when they go by train,
In bulging piles upon the rack;

Yet I, for one, have sense enough
To see in this a better plan
Than hustling to collect the stuff
When it eventuates from the van.

Seldom with comfort one retrieves
One's luggage from the loud *mêlée*,
Competing with the station-thieves
Whom practice hardens day by day.

Yet for the rack's use I premise
This limit: let no man displace
With articles of monstrous size
My more refined attaché-case.

Prey to a fear that their collapse
Might leave me dazed (or even dead),
I hold that each should stow his traps
Above his own immediate head.

Suppose an alien bag should biff
My cranium and the thing should crack?—
This terror tortures me as if
I were myself upon the rack. O. S.

THE LEAF-CATCHER.

"AND how many leaves have *you* caught?" said a voice.

I gave a start, for I had imagined myself to be alone on the seat. The prams had all gone home to nursery-tea, and the Park was almost deserted on that afternoon of late October. But the little old woman who had just spoken must have sat down beside me unseen. She was so small that her buttoned boots couldn't reach the gravel, but dangled in mid-air like a child's. She was dressed in shapeless black, and her small twinkling blue eyes were set in a small rosy wrinkled face. On either side of the face was a bunch of grey corkscrew curls which reminded me of Cipolata sausages, and on top was perched a black bonnet with a nodding pink rose.

"I said how many leaves have *you* caught, young man?"

"I don't catch leaves," I answered, smiling. "Trains often, and colds occasionally, and fish once in a blue moon, but not leaves."

"Well, what 's that, then?"

Looking down, I saw that I was absent-mindedly twiddling the stalk of a plane-leaf between my fingers. I must have caught at it idly as it fell. I had been thinking about Mary and feeling too dejected to notice anything.

"There 's one happy day for you at all events," said the old woman.

I made a puzzled noise and she threw up her hands at my ignorance. I noticed then that in one of her hands was a little bunch of leaves.

"Don't you *know*?" she cried. "For every falling leaf that you catch between Michaelmas and Hallowe'en you will have one day's happiness in the coming year."

It sounded almost too simple, and I said so. But she shook her head, the pink rose trembling excitedly.

"It 's not so easy. Leaves are tricky things, especially on a windy day. Children can do it all right—they catch a plenty, bless their hearts! But when you get old it 's more difficult."

"Does anyone ever get three-hundred-and-sixty-five?" I asked.

She put one finger to her lips mysteriously. "No. That 's what 's so funny. Something always prevents you—a puff of air, or you trip over a stone. . . . Once I did, yes. Three-hundred-and-sixty-five, and a deal of trouble it took. But the very day after Hallowe'en I remembered that there was a Leap Year coming. . . . There 's always a catch in it somewhere.

"This year," she went on, "I 've only got seventy-five up to now. But I 'm not complaining. It doesn't do to be greedy at my age."

She slid down off the seat and straightened her bonnet.

"As for you, young man, you 'd better make the most of your time. It 's not long now to Hallowe'en. Good luck!"

A sudden breeze tossed the plane-trees and the little old woman set off down the path as fast as her black buttoned boots would carry her.

"Seventy-six! Seventy-seven!" Her triumphant counting grew fainter in the distance.

I began to walk home, wondering rather sadly whether or not there was any truth in her fancies. But now I shall never find out, because at the end of the path I met Mary, and we walked together for an hour. So I shan't need to go leaf-catching, after all.

Newmarket in the Nude.

"MR LLOYD GEORGE SEES THE CESAREWITCH. Puts nothing on."—*Daily Paper.*

Who says the Welsh are not a hardy race?

Things Better Left Unsaid.

"By the generosity of —— the Lady Chapel is being re-decorated. The effect of cleaning the widows alone has been quite remarkable." *Parish Magazine.*

Corrigenda.

"The other mistake was in the advertisement of Mr. ——, where the word 'villages' was spelt 'villages.'"—*Provincial Paper.*

It should of course have been spelt "villages."

FOR FRENCH SPORTSMEN.

I AM told that at last some enlightened person has written a book explaining cricket to French sportsmen. In support of this excellent movement I have compiled a collection of technical phrases and extended it to embrace the terminology of other sports. A Parisian acquaintance, who is a linguist of distinction, has translated them into his own tongue. Any French beginner who adds this phrase-book to his outfit should soon find himself able to chat about his games with facile fluency.

I append a few specimens of the French version:—

LE CRICKET.

(1) Alphonse et Guillaume ont fait quatre-vingts trottes pour le premier guichet.

(2) Georges est très bon dans le champs profond, mais Edouard est beaucoup mieux dans les glissades.

(3) C'est très important pour le bouleur d'avoir beaucoup de tourbillonnement.

(4) Est-ce que vous employez la position de deux yeux?

(5) Le capitaine est attrapé à jambe carrée.

(6) Pour moi, je crois que six balles dans la traversée sont bien assez.

(7) Anatole a eu de mauvaise chance, il a fait un couple de canards.

LE FOOTBALL.

(*Miscellaneous extracts from both codes.*)

(1) Augustin est un demi-derrière; moi je suis un extérieur à droite.

(2) Passez la pilule, Jean, mais pas en avant.

(3) Fusillez, fusillez comme l'enfer, vous garçons!

(4) Attendez! Monsieur l'arbitre a sifflé.

(5) De ma part, je serai très heureux de voir les citrons.

(6) (*Pour les journalistes du sport.*) Monsieur X a trouvé le filet dans son style inimitable.

LE GOLF.

(1) Je l'ai mis mort par l'épingle avec mon demi-fer.

(2) Il a une tranche incurable.

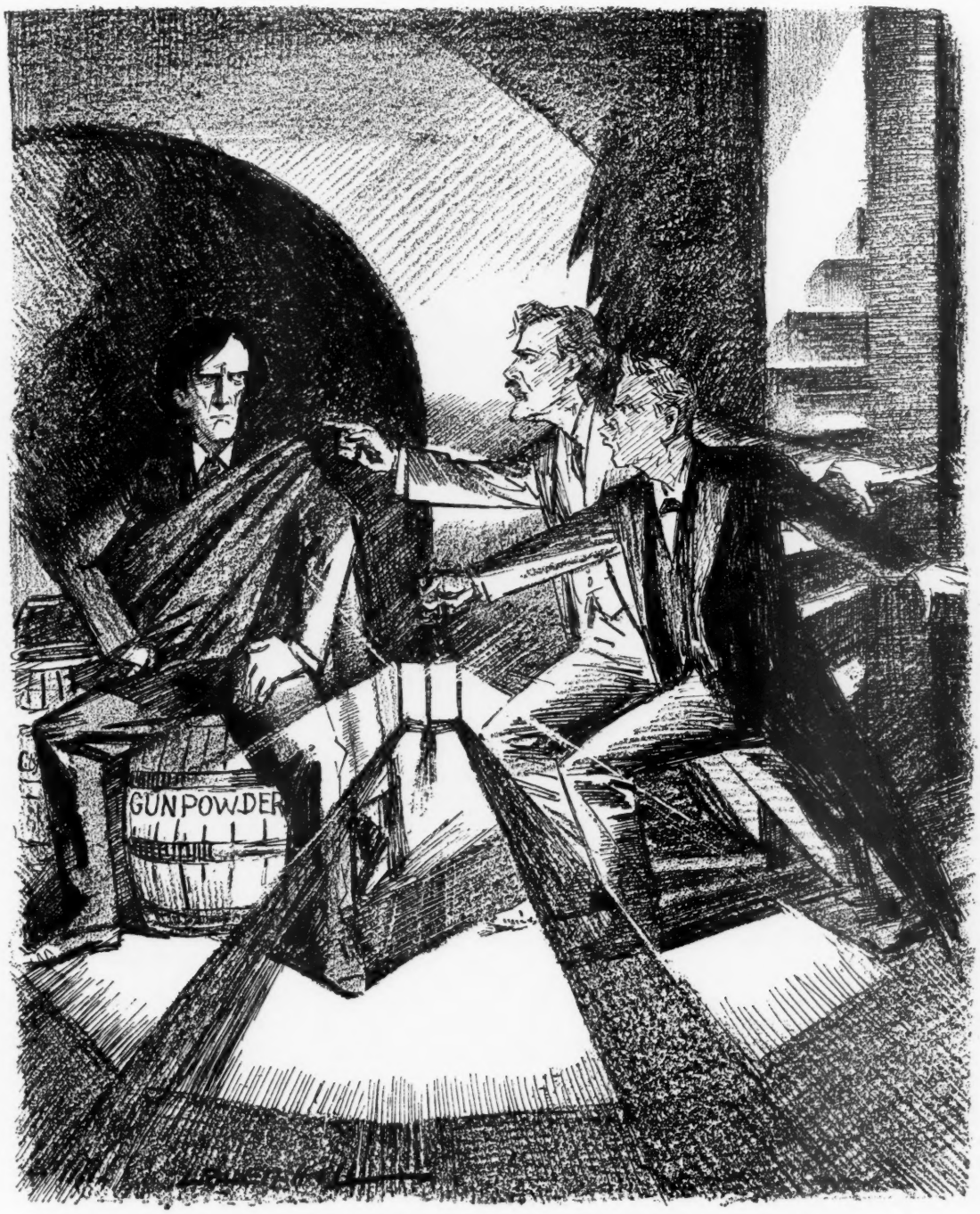
(3) Charles a frappé une pêche! Il a arrivé sur le vert avec un seul coup de son chauffeur!

(4) Si vous trouez dehors en un, ça veut dire un apéritif pour tout le monde.

(5) Il criait "D'avance!" mais c'était trop tard.

(6) Blanchette et Mélisande sont toutes carrées.

(7) (*Pour le dix-neuvième trou.*) Quel est le vôtre?



AN INDEPENDENT GUY.

Mr. MacDonald *(searching the vaults)*. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT GUNPOWDER?"
Mr. Maxton. "I WAS THINKING OF BLOWING PARLIAMENT UP."
Mr. Clynes. "BUT YOU'D BE WIPING OUT THE LABOUR PARTY!"
Mr. Maxton. "THAT WAS THE IDEA."



Great-aunt Tabitha. "WHEN I WAS YOUNG WE NEVER USED ROUGE OR LIPSTICK. WE GOT THE RED INTO OUR CHEEKS BY GOING TO BED EARLY AND TAKING PLENTY OF OUTDOOR EXERCISE."
Anne. "OH, YOU CONCEITED OLD DARLING, TO TAKE ALL THAT TROUBLE!"

TOPSY, M.P.

VIII.—TAKES HER SEAT.

WELL Trix darling you *mere* elector *here* I am at last *litterally* writing to you in the *House* of Commons, and my dear it's *rather* intimidous the *whole* place smells of Gothic and soap, I don't know if you've ever been in the building but one seems to be utterly *inhaling* disinfectant, however here I am in the *Does'* Dungeon where the hen-members have truck with their secretaries, I've just sent Taffeta Mole home to her Vestal pillow, my dear she's *fabulous*, of course she *venerates* the place, she *stalks* about it as if she was the Prime, she knows *quite* everything and has already draughted *seven* Questions for me to ask, only of course as she *will* try and translate the *Taffeta* thought into the *Topsy* prose, dear cow, I don't know *what* the Speaker will say, especially as I believe he *abhors* adjectives, which is going to be *rather* a handicap isn't it darling?

Well my dear *what* d'you think NANCY ASTOR is sitting at the *next* table dictating the *loudest* letter about farinaceous food, however I must say in spite of her *gruesome* views about the vine and everything she's *rather* a winner, I *quite* expected a slightly *sulphuric* reaction because of my vinophilous policy but she didn't seem to resent it a fraction and has been *too* matey, my dear I'm sitting next to her in the Chamber and she makes the *most* hilarious *rude* remarks about some of the *yams* and *loofahs* of the Party, my dear those are my names for *two* species of the redundant male, well for instance a *yam* would be a *spherical* heavy-weight like Councillor Mule and a *loofah* is one of those *stringy* wearinesses with a face like a long sponge, in fact a *loofah*, and my dear the *rather* macaber thing is that we came to the conclusion that seventy per cent of our *own* Party were *either* loofahs or *yams*.

However, my deár, I was *introduced* by two *utter* old doves, *both* knights darling Sir LESLIE SCOTT and Sir WILLIAM BULL, my dear *Nature's* godfathers, *too* courtly and staunch, because Haddock said I'd better *enter* the House by the Cadogan door if I *am* evacuated from a back-window in the end, well my dear I *do* believe I looked *rather* radiant, anyhow I did what Paris could do for me, because my dear I'd *quite* determined I would *not* dress up as the *first* feminine undertaker like most of the hen-members, my dear NANCY was rather *astringent* with me about the little outfit because of course she's *too* correct and wears a sort of *black* biretta, becoming but on the *mediæval* side, and as I said to her sweetly it's all very well at *your* age, but why not do the thing thoroughly and *festoon* the frame with *jet*, because my dear I said *either* a girl is a ray of sunshine or she is *not*, and *if* she is it's *too* unwomanly to come into a perfectly *miasmal* place like this disguised as a *dead tree*, because my dear with *seven hundred* male things all in the same *fuliginous* uniform well *what* an opportunity for a *small* splash of virginal *colour*, and I do *not* see why the *Mother* of Parliaments should dress like a *widow*, and if *that's* the mentality, O gosh Haddock says that's an erroneous word, well no wonder the debates are more like dirges, don't you agree darling?

Anyhow my dear it's the *most* mellifluous garment in *the* printed velvet which is utterly the worn thing these days only of course printed on the *wrong* side darling because that gives the *nebulous* effect, my dear *caramel*-beige, because say what you like my dear you

can *not* beat *beige*, and it *has* the *most* wistful little *flower* design in cinnamon and burgundy and *firmament*-blue, *rather* less of the little knee showing than latterly darling because of the surroundings and a *boyish* fit to show the girl means business, but I had a Miami morning and the hair was *dazzling*, my dear Haddock said I looked like a cameo corn-field from the Gallery, well anyhow *thus* arrayed I *twinkled* up the floor between my two darling old sheep-dogs, all bows and benevolence, my dear it felt *rather* like a wedding without any does, and my dear the SPEAKER was *too* pastoral and the Prime utterly *beamed* at me, and they *all* made the *most* odd noises in the throat, my dear *yer-yer-yer*-YER it sounded like, but I've *since* discovered it means Hear hear and this noise is *one* of the things that women can't do, however the *intention* it seems was absolutely congenial, and afterwards I met WINSTON and Sir ROBERT HORNE, both *rather* attracted I think darling and both *quite* charmers themselves in my opinion, well they were all *too* chivalrous, my dear I *even* caught the eye of Auntie JIX and I rather thought the eye became *human* only I've *since* heard she had three *pure* constituents from *Twickenham* in the Gallery so I must have erred, and of course I've *totally* surrendered to one of the younger ones I met in the Lobby a friend of Haddock's called *Captain* EDEN, my dear the *nation's* loveliest legislator, my dear six foot of *slender* elegance, *too* Etonian and the *most* Berkeley moustache, my dear I *ached* to sit on his *knee* only it seems he's a Parliamentary Private Sec. or something and parks just behind the Prime and the Foreign Footler so *that's* an idle dream, and of course I could see at once that the little charms were *rather* fruitless because he's utterly *embalmed* in his job and is one of those rather alibiquitous men, my dear *too* elsewhere when you talk to him and you *know* he's thinking of the *Polish* Corridor or some *boring* crisis among the Bulgs, so the only hope I can see is that WINSTON or the Prime may make me *their* P.P.S., because if we're legislating hand-in-hand as it were one *might* make more of an impression perhaps, only of course if I have the *smallest* discord with the Whips or anything I shall go *straight* off and sit on those cross-benches and be cross.

And of course I *quite* adore *WINSTON* who gave me an *imperial* twinkle and said something witful about the House having had just enough Haddock to sharpen its appetite for *Trout*, well I met some of the Labour men who were *rather* disarming, my dear like *tame* bears, and I dined with Haddock in the *Harcourt* Room, which is *rather* stimulating because my dear there's a sort of *tape-measure* in the wall to show who's yapping in the Chamber and it's *too* tickling to know that some *absolute* loofah is speaking and merely go on un-Christianly *absorbing* oysters, my dear when Auntie JIX's name went up I ordered the *hugest* rump-steak at *once* as a *gesture*, well then the *Division* bell tinkles and of course one pretends to your guests that it's a *pulverising* bore having to go and vote but of course in the secret bosom feeling *too* legislative and important, though I don't know how long that lasts, of course the food's *rather* poisonous but altogether it's like the *largest* country-house party, *you* know my dear where you don't know the names of *half* the people and *never* need speak to your host, well I feel quite the little House of Commons girl *already*, and watch the papers darling because it's quite feasible I may make my virgin speech on the Address or something, in *which* case I *rather* fear I shall have to be *rather* rude about the *Royal* oration so pray for me darling your little stateswoman TOPSY.

A. P. H.



Lady-Customer. "I REALLY MUST COMPLAIN ABOUT THE EGGS I'VE HAD FROM YOU, MR. BROWN. THEY'VE BEEN PERFECTLY DISGUSTING."

Grocer. "VERY SORRY, MADAM; I'LL COMPLAIN TO THE MAN WHO SUPPLIES THEM. MUSEUM 99202, PLEASE."

"Une vingtaine d'Hindous se sont révoltés et ont assailli le quatrième mécanicien Mac Fatzeau."—*Paris Paper.*

The unusual name MacFatzeau seems to point to an *Entente Franco-Ecossaise.*

CISSBURY RING.

ONE glance at that old Roman encampment which we know as Cissbury Ring brought it home to me that, however much weapons may change, the basic principles of war are immutable; for this site, that had commended itself to some war-hardened legion-commander—whom for convenience I will call Balbus Flavius Maximus—would have appealed irresistibly to that red-tabbed veteran whom we usually referred to as Old Body-Belt by reason of its bleakness, draughtiness, total lack of amenities and, above all, its qualification as offering an interminable route-march to the sea for the bathing-parades.

As I stood in the cleft in the earthworks that had been the main gate I seemed to see some of the Roman rank and file lurching hurriedly back from a half-day exeat at the last dripping of the water-clock. I suspected that they had been holding high wassail in some British estaminet put strictly out of bounds by Balbus; and, while many could just pull themselves together, others betrayed themselves to the main guard by fumbling their case-endings. Even as a native tongue Latin must have required a cool head.

Within, on the dreary expanse of the camp, I could picture to my right a battering-ram school of instruction in morning session, to my left a number of amphoræ, standing as the prototype of the "dead marines" outside a sergeants' mess. I thrilled strangely to the thought that on the very spot where I trod soldiers had been drilled in Latin—drilled perhaps by a hairy fellow whose regulation beard accorded exactly with Balbus's latest whimsy, as per his Legionary Routine Order. I pictured him as an old soldier with a large stock of parade-jokes in blunt Latin, on the lines of our "You broke your mother's heart, but you can't break mine"—an old soldier who had seen the cohort substituted for the maniple as the unit of the legion and, prophesying rightly from a false omen, had foretold the end of the Empire. An uncultured fellow he was, I suspect, whose syntax could be pulled to pieces by any fourth-form schoolboy to-day, but nevertheless he could bring out in a torrent of Latin the intricate detail of testudo-drill.

It was an easy guess that, failing other fatigues, the defaulters of the legion in Cissbury Ring would be put on to the task of earthwork improvement. Did the genius of the Romans run to composing special trumpet-music to summon them? Perhaps Cissbury encampment used to resound incessantly to a sort of defaulters' call—our "Angel's Whisper"—to which there may have been a semi-official tag corresponding to our lines:—

"You can be a defaulter as long as you like
As long as you answer the call."

Off duty, I felt sure, the staple topics of the legionaries would be the fallibility of the duty-roster, and the luck of the sister legion at Richborough with their occasional ration of Whitstable oysters, whereas Worthing yielded no perks but seaweed. There would be shrewd criticisms of some poisonous new centurion with nice undinted armour, who was out to smarten their parade without caring a continental about becoming unpopular with the homines. They would have the grievance that we used to have against the trench-mortar merchants, that the catapult team, by calling themselves specialists, dodged all guards.

When Balbus had at last done with them for the day, these indomitable legionaries could no doubt still raise a song; but, just as you would have been unable to induce Body-Belt's lot to sing a hymn of hate, so, I feel sure, Balbus's mob would have scorned an official anthem of the type, "Jove strafe Caledonia." Instead I could easily picture them on fine nights in Cissbury Ring, especially when there had been a mead-ration, singing fairly-new tavern ditties brought out by the last draft from Rome, and sending the choruses booming across the rolling countryside that once belonged to the Druids, and was destined to be the preserve of Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. On wet nights the songs would be of their own composing and, translated with understanding, would come out remarkably like, "O Death, where is thy sting, ting-a-ling?" or perhaps, "We are Fred Karno's Army."

What was the current humour of Cissbury Ring? Did the legionaries even have some jokes about those hallowed Eagles and eggs for breakfast? The initials S.P.Q.R. must have tempted them as initials always tempted us; we delighted in the pretence that A.S.C. stood for "Ally Sloper's Cavalry," and H.A.C. for "Home and Colonial." The Romans were too keen to have missed an easy opportunity of which we might have made "Sanitary Police in Quick Retreat," or "Sick Parade on Quarter Rations."

And from the fact that fashionable Roman officers used to carry about with them a portable patch of tesselated pavement from the ancestral home it is tolerably certain what was the legionary's jocular equivalent of "on the mat." The Roman N.C.O. in an encounter with the cohort idiot could hardly have avoided saying, "Satis verborum: to-morrow you will be on the mosaic."

It is sad that they and all they stood for have passed away. It is sadder still that already no spot where Body-Belt and his troops tarried is identifiable. For Body-Belt had ideas about tidiness which, if he had commanded the Roman evacuation, would have deprived the Worthing Corporation of what is now its most fascinating antiquity. Body-Belt would have ordered Cissbury Hill to be restored exactly to its natural shape, and a sweating rear-guard would have had to take down those earthworks and put every single clod back neatly into the fosse.



Mendicant (richer by a copper). "I 'M MUCH OBLIGED TO 'EE, MA'AM. YER KINDNESS IS LIKE WATER TO A DROWNIN' MAN."

"TINKER—TAYLOR."

Wedding Report in New York Paper.

The soldier was best man and the sailor ushed.

"PHOTOGRAPHY.

First-Class Finishers wanted; must be alive."

Southern Paper.

Silly. If they were dead, they 'd have already finished.

WHAT OUR INTERVIEWERS ARE ASKED TO BELIEVE.



Film Star. "YOU WANT ME TO TALK ABOUT MYSELF? HOW DULL! I HATE TALKING ABOUT MYSELF."



"YES—THIS IS MY NEW LITTLE BATHROOM. RATHER PRETTY, I SUPPOSE, BUT I SHOULD MUCH PREFER BATHING IN A POND IN THE COUNTRY."



"MY KITCHEN IS VERY UP-TO-DATE, I'M TOLD, BUT WHAT I LIKE IS AN EGG AND A GLASS OF MILK FRESH FROM THE COW."



"ABOUT A HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY HORSE-POWER, I BELIEVE. BUT GIVE ME AN OLD PUSH-BIKE IN A COUNTRY LANE."



"WHAT! YOU'VE BROUGHT A PHOTOGRAPHER? I LOATHE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED."



"AND YOU WON'T PUT ANY OF THIS IN THE PAPERS, WILL YOU? I'M SURE I CAN TRUST YOU NOT TO."

THE DOLLAR GIPSY.

["The temptation for the City is likely to grow greater as time goes on."—*Daily Paper.*]

Go, for they call you, Statesman, to the till;
In the two Houses nothing keeps the same;
There let thy brawling fellows rack their throats,
But much of the old fun has left the game;
Leave them to button up their mottled coats
And pass the tempestuous Bill.
But when the cry is sounded, "Who goes home?"
Less often shall the truly wise be seen
Cross and re-cross the strip of lamp-lit green;
They have exchanged the Abbey for the Dome.

And near me on the desk lies *Hansard's* book;
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again,
The story of that devastating peer
Of signal gifts and cool inventive brain,
Who, tired of office and his dashed career,
One winter's day forsook
His friends, and went to learn the City lore
And make from companies his livelihood
And drove, as most men deemed, a bargain good,
But drove to Cabinets, alas! no more.

Too swift despairer, why so soon away?
Thou hadst one aim, one object, one desire,
To leave this palsied life and leave it quick,
The heads o'ertaxed, the temples that perspire;
The generation of thy peers is sick
Because thou wouldst not stay,
But now in Lombard or in Fenchurch Street,
Where most the fragrant stocks are edged with gold
And mergers rise and shares are bought and sold,
Twirling thy cane, dost pass with wingéd feet.

But most, I know, thou lov'st retiréd ground;
Thee in the grill-room of some large hotel
Selected banqueters may chance to meet
Where Piccadilly murmurs to Pall Mall,
And brands of something bubbly yet not sweet
In the chopped ice go round;
And see thee fresh from gathering Orient gems
And fostering in thy lap a heap of notes
Plucked in shy fields of oil that Persia floats,
And thine eyes gazing at the distant Thames.

Alas! for Corydon, no rival now
To touch his beauty; yet we need not mope;
Though he has gone, his accents shall not fade;
Still using the imperishable trope,
Still uttering the petulant tirade,
He has fulfilled a vow;
But men shall listen to his fluting, yes,
And feel his guidance by the Temple gate,
Or where the Aldwych traffic rolls in spate,
Urge the no longer unpermitted Press.

Then fly our greetings, fly our ancient styles—
As some poor Thespian stroller in the Strand
O'erhears the people eulogise out loud
A darkish gentleman from Dixieland,
The idol of the tea-shop gazing crowd,
Amongst the traffic isles,
And sees the merry jazz-band dancers come
Freighted with saxophones and teeth that shine
And jokes still wet with the Atlantic brine,
And knows the invader of his ancient home,
The young light-hearted master of the halls,
And packs his luggage and puts out to sea
O'er the blue herring-pond, intent to find
The haven of distressed humanity,
The goal and beacon of the enduring mind,
The spark from heaven that falls,
And hikes to Hollywood, and hits the trail
There, where down cardboard cliffs in sheets of foam
They make the picture for the Vitadrome—
And on the screen unfolds his moving tale.

EVOE.

BETTY'S INCOME-TAX.

I MET Betty outside the shop where she sells the very latest in hats and robes, just like a member of the aristocracy.

"Betty," I said, "you look depressed."

"You would be depressed," she grumbled, "if you'd received a nasty letter from the Inspector of Taxes. To think that we actually pay such people to write us nasty letters!"

"Then have you really joined the income-tax-paying classes?"

"Not yet, but I expect to join them at any moment, unless you can help me. Have you ever paid income-tax?"

"I've owed it for years," I admitted.

"Tell me how I can do that," she commanded eagerly. "Won't you come in and read the nasty letter for yourself?"

"Well?" she asked, when I had skimmed through the correspondence.

"He wants to know," I said gravely, "the profits of your business."

"There aren't any," she declared stoutly.

"There never are," I agreed. "And yet people leave millions when they die. It is one of life's mysteries. In any case you arouse the suspicion of the Inland Revenue at once if you say there are no profits."

"Then where are they?"

"They may be locked up—concealed—"

"My dear idiot, if there were profits I shouldn't think of locking them up. I should squander them at once."

"Then you must prove you've made no profits by drawing up a balance-sheet. It's quite simple. Put down your gross takings and then deduct your expenses."

"I've done that, but it doesn't balance. There's a lot of money left over."

"That must be either a profit or a deficit," I decided. "Which side is it on?"

"The right-hand side," she explained; "but perhaps you'd like to see it?"

"I'm sorry," I said gravely after examining the figures; "it is undoubtedly a profit."

"It can't be," she persisted, "because where is it?"

"Perhaps you may have missed out some expenses," I suggested.

"Oh, I have," she exclaimed, "lunches and cocktails, and once a wee flutter on the 2.30. One picks up these business habits so quickly."

"Personal expenses," I argued; "I was thinking of business charges—wear and tear and so on."

"That's the worst of borrowing frocks out of stock. And I have to wear them—as an advertisement, you know."

"Then you may allow for depreciation."

"One gets such a lot of it," she sighed. "Women aren't fair, are they?"

"I didn't mean that," I explained. "I meant the kind of thing which makes a car worth fifty pounds less as soon as it's been driven out of the place you bought it in. Then there are sundry debtors. And of course sundry creditors."

"Hundreds of them!" she cried enthusiastically. "Where do they go?"



"HE DOESN'T LOOK VERY FIERCE, MUMMY. I S'POSE THAT 'S BECAUSE HE 'S HAD HIS BONES TAKEN OUT."

"On the opposite side of the balance-sheet to sundry debtors."

"I see," said Betty doubtfully. "But if I still have a balance—on paper at least?"

"You must claim allowances. You can deduct one-sixth if your income is earned. It *is* earned, I suppose?"

"My dear, selling the wrong hats to the right people is the hardest work in the world."

"Then there are dependent relatives," I suggested.

"Relatives always were dependent. When they know you keep a shop they live on the premises."

"I think they have to be incapacitated by old age and infirmity, so we'd better leave that out. Now I'll just run through the book of rules and see that we've claimed everything we can claim and that the income has been computed to the best of the taxpayer's knowledge and belief."

"Hear, hear!" intoned Betty.

"I was quoting from the form," I explained. "Um—um—yes. I wonder if this paragraph applies to your case: 'The income of a married woman living with her husband'—I suppose you do live with your husband?"

"I had breakfast with him only yesterday," admitted Betty. "Having a shop does tie one to home. Do go on."

"'Is deemed,'" I continued reading, "'to be his income for the purpose of the Income Tax Acts.'"

"Splendid!" she cried. "We'll dash round to Phil's office and serve this on him at once. Thank you so much for your help; I'm so grateful. I'll let you give me lunch."

W. E. R.

"A motor-car tyre repaired at a Nairn garage had been punctured by a human tooth."—*Daily Paper.*

Pedestrians will have to be muzzled if they persist in snapping at tyres when being run down.

THE GLORIOUS FIFTH.

FRANKLY the Firework Display in our Barracks at Havershot was not a success. We hate to have to admit it, but there it is. To the world of course we stand shoulder to shoulder and take the blame as a unit; in the Mess, however, we put it all on Captain Bayonet, who, poor fellow, was so conscious of guilt that it was not even necessary to fine him drinks. You still only have to look reproachfully at him and he offers you a gin straightaway.

It was the Colonel who towards the end of October first suggested to the Adjutant that the battalion might get up a Firework Display on the night of November 5th. He added airily that, if a bob a head were charged and the show went off well, a lot of money might be made for the Adjutant's pet benevolent fund. The Adjutant replied that in that case he would spare himself no trouble to make the thing a success, and promptly sent a chit to Captain Bayonet telling him to take it up, organise it, run it, and report to him when the thing *had* been a success.

For several days Captain Bayonet was very mysterious. He had long conferences with sundry officers and with the R.S.M., with the result that selected troops spent two afternoons practising subtle manœuvres to be done eventually with torches; while Lieutenant Holster was secretly despatched into the town to purchase several kit-bags-full of fireworks. In view of what our officers' ideas of humour are, these were at once locked up in the store—all, that is, except one oversized squib which reappeared two nights later in Lieutenant Swordfrog's fire. The squib went out by the door and Swordfrog by the window.

The night of the fifth came. The fireworks were to be let off from the flat roof of the regimental offices, a low building on one side of the parade-ground, and by 8.25 the spectators had lined up on the opposite side in deck-chairs, a great state of excitement and a north-east wind. They consisted of the Officers' Mess, with its wives, daughters and friends, who were given deck-chairs with tops; the Sergeants' Mess, with its wives, daughters and friends, who had deck chairs without tops; and the troops with their wives, daughters and friends, who had merely forms, barrack-room, six-foot, soldiers'.

At 8.30 a flourish of trumpets, OFF, announced the preliminary torchlight evolutions, and the selected storm-troops appeared in four columns at the corners of the square, each man carrying a flaming torch. The idea, we gathered later, was that these four columns should advance to the centre of the square and there perform intricate manœuvres, the lights from their torches providing a pleasant spectacle to the eye as they wound in and out of each other's ranks. All very lovely. They had, however, reckoned without the north-easter. As each man rounded the corner into the wind-swept square, the flame of his torch was wiped out with a perfectly-timed precision that conveyed the effect of some giant sponge wiping figures one by one from a slate. This little *contre-temps* had been entirely unforeseen, but the troops were not dismayed. With the traditional discipline of the British army they tramped stolidly forward and met, as per orders, in the centre.

Now one of the chief points about torchlight evolutions is that the light from your torch shows you where the next man is, so that you are enabled to avoid both him and, what is more important, his torch. If all torches have gone out it makes a different thing of it; in fact, unless you are fitted with proper sound-ranging apparatus the affair touches the unexpected at every point.

Nothing could be seen in the pitch blackness that filled the square, but plenty could be heard, even above the heavy marking of time. The general opinion was that Private Sling's comments were best, but a strong body favoured the pithy remarks on night-Rugby, general-post in coal-mines and torchless evolutions in general, believed to emanate from Private Rifle. Some snappy repartee (attributed next morning in the orderly-room to Private Barrel by Corporal Foresight as first witness) was also much admired. The language was just beginning to light up the scene more effectively than all the torches would have done, when the R.S.M.'s voice rose supreme, giving an "All Columns—*About turn.*" This cleared the square; though unfortunately Column A lost direction and appeared out of the night that covered it with alarming suddenness in the midst of the officers' deck-chairs *with* tops.

When order had been restored Captain Bayonet was heard from the roof opposite announcing through a megaphone that now that the torchlight manœuvres were over the fireworks would begin. The words were barely out of his mouth when some sort of a rocket went off very abruptly, and apparently just behind him, because we heard his megaphone clatter on the parade-ground ten feet beneath, followed by Private Pullthrough's "Beg pardon, Sir. I thought you was ready."

A burst of applause luckily drowned any reply Bayonet himself may have made.

There was then a pause, some subdued murmuring, a "Ready now" and a terrible fizzing, accompanied by a flood of brilliant white light, which silhouetted for two seconds Private Pullthrough in a panic-stricken flight from right to left across the roof. Nothing more occurred beyond the querulous statement by a voice unknown that "he 'd only meant to light his blinkin' pipe."

A further short pause ensued and then some decorous red things staggered up into the night and were greeted with a respectful "Aaah!" from the assembled audience. Another rocket next took place; then a second; then three simultaneously, followed immediately by five. At this the audience

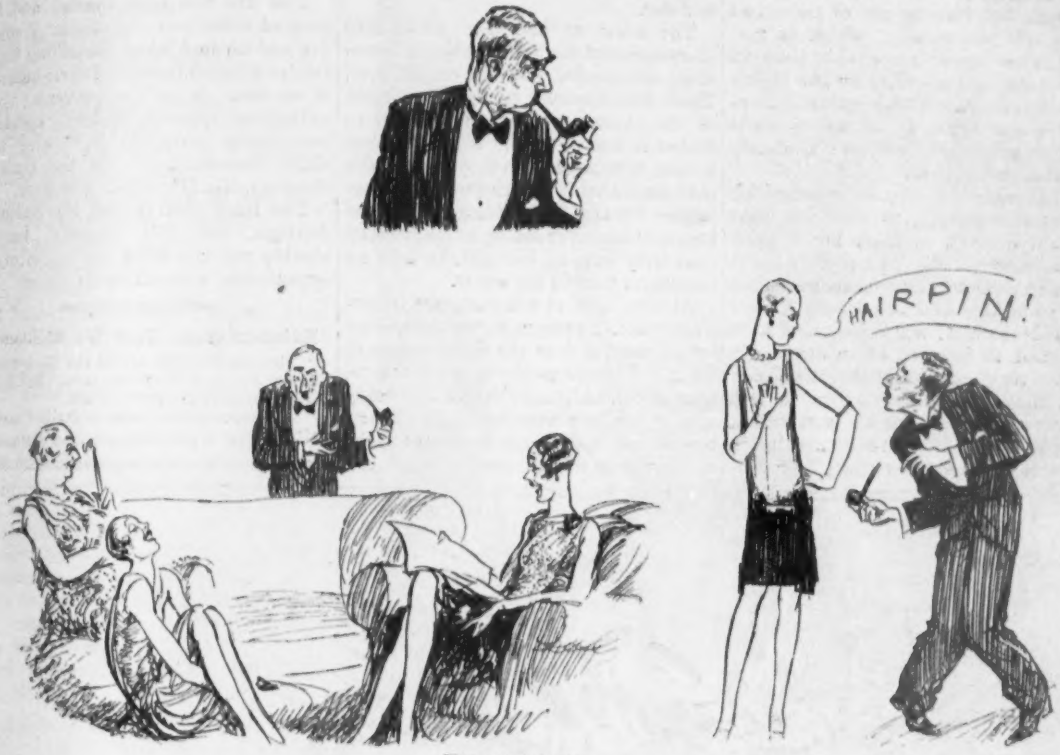
(*Continued on page 516.*)



Employer. "I LET YOU HAVE YESTERDAY AFTERNOON OFF BECAUSE YOU SAID YOU HAD AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT WITH YOUR DENTIST, AND NOW IT 'S COME TO MY KNOWLEDGE THAT YOU SPENT THE AFTERNOON ON THE GOLF-LINKS"

Junior. "QUITE RIGHT, SIR. I WAS PLAYING WITH HIM."

HAIRPINS FOR STOPPED PIPES.



YESTERDAY AND—



TO-DAY.

began to feel a trifle uneasy, not so much because five rockets had gone off simultaneously, which is fairly normal, but because one of them had gone off horizontally, which is not. And when seven more, this time all horizontal and attended by two highly mobile Catherine-wheels, suddenly leapt to life and began to bounce off walls and chimneys, the audience definitely became very restive.

That something had happened which was not according to plan was next instant evident. I don't know much about firework displays myself, but I have an idea that Roman candles should not go off by salvoes of dozens at two-second intervals; nor are coloured stars designed to ricochet off walls at six inches' range. And I am practically certain that His Majesty's face in two halves lying on its side and surrounded by a section of trench-raid nightmare and a regular cloudburst of golden-rain is hardly a patriotic set-piece. Finally, no good firework display, in my opinion, should be over in one-and-a-quarter minutes.

The noise at last died away into silence, except for the crackle of something unintended burning on the roof. There was, however, no applause, most of the audience being too shaken to realise it was over, and the others not having seen it because they were under their deck-chairs. Then the silence was broken by the Fire Alarm on massed bugles, the band evidently much relieved that they were at last able to take an important part in the show.

At this, half of the audience immediately left. The carnage was completed by the arrival into the dark square of the Fire Picquet at the double—whereupon the R.S.M. took charge. Not being able to see he concentrated on making himself heard, and from various remarks of his which reverberated through the night he was obviously under the impression that the half of the audience which had left was the feminine half.

The fire was soon quelled and the picquet dismissed. Evolution, display, fire and all had taken something under twelve minutes, instead of three-quarters of an hour, or, as the quavering voice of Bayonet opposite, evidently speaking from under cover, put it, "owing to a slight miscalculation in the time of showing, the Display is now over."

The band then played the National Anthem, but His Majesty, having already put in a short and fragmentary appearance, was not again visible.

A. A.

Reincarnations That We Welcome.

"Then on July 6th I sold the Withycombe Raleigh Cup and Cover, but, being Charles II., I was only able to obtain £1,000."

Connoisseur's Letter in Daily Paper.

Still, there were times when CHARLES would have been quite pleased with this.



WORLD NEWS.

THE CHINESE HAVE TAKEN UP BOXING.

TO A MOSQUITO

ENCOUNTERED A FEW DAYS AGO IN ESSEX.

To meet you here
Upon a chill October night!
Quite
The most outrageous, queer,
Uncomfortable thing
I've struck since on a day in spring
I disembarked in Essex
Some seven months ago, no less, ex
A P. and O. from far Bombay
But a few miles away
From here—in fact
(To be exact)
At Tilbury—what time I had in mind
I'd said good-bye to you and all your kind.

Of course
I'm quite prepared at once to say
I feel an admiration for the force
Of character you show,
The hardihood and courage you display
(And you so delicately made)
In being out
And flying all about
So unafraid,
Although
'Tis several weeks since summer-time
was stopped,
As well you know,
And temperatures have definitely
dropped.

But even so—
Forgive me if I 'm crude,
Or even rude,
Particularly if, as I suspect, you are
A lady—I would like to make it clear
That, frankly, I resent your being here;
You should be in a hut in Malabar,
In some *dak* bungalow
Or *caravanserai* in Oudh, Indore
Or Cooch Behar,
Or even in a drawing-room in Alipore,
You and your sting—
Not here, old thing.

And what is more,
If you imagine for a moment that
because
You chance to be in Essex all the laws
And regulations in the game
Will be the same
As in the East, you poor *anophelene*
In exile;
That, lest you bore
Or mischievously vex, I 'll
About my bed erect a screen
Of white mosquito net,
Or dine in Wellingtons
(Stiff, shiny, spurless ones),
Or set
Alight within my room a coil
Of sweetly-burning joss-stick, or with
oil
Of citron e'en anoint my socks,
Or possibly adopt some other way
Of keeping you at bay;



Host. "OUR BAGS ARE CERTAINLY BIGGER THAN THEY WERE LAST YEAR."

Then let me tell you straight
You 've got it wrong;
At any rate
You 're wrong by seven thousand miles
(approx.).
You 're now in England. See, within
my hand
I hold a fly-flap, flexible and strong,
Efficient, easy, and
It functions simply—pat,
Like that!

So die
Like an English fly,
Like a common and/or garden English
fly.

A TRAFALGAR SHIP FOR BOYS.

Mr. Punch very gratefully acknowledges a generous gift of two-hundred-and-fifty pounds that has reached him from Tahiti, Society Islands, in response to his appeal for the *Implacable* Fund. The scheme for using, for the holiday-training of boys, this famous two-decker which engaged the *Victory* at Trafalgar and is the only surviving ship of her type or period afloat, has already been partially achieved. During last summer a large number of boys spent a holiday on board, including a strong and smart contingent of Sea Cadets from Wimbledon, who were inspected by a member of Mr. Punch's staff. But a considerable sum of money is still needed for the completion of the *Implacable's* equipment and for the purpose of endowment, and Mr. Punch begs for further donations to bring the good work to full fruition and ensure its future maintenance. Gifts should be addressed to the Treasurer of the *Implacable* Fund, Midland Bank, Wesleyan Hall Branch, Westminster, S.W.1.



Wife. "I'VE BOUGHT SUCH A DUCK OF A SALOON-CAR TO-DAY, DEAR. THE SALESMAN SAID WE COULD PAY BY INSTALMENTS—ONLY TWELVE POUNDS A MONTH!"

Husband. "FOR HOW MANY MONTHS?"

Wife. "OH, I FORGOT TO ASK!"

THE SHORT CUT TO SUCCESS.

[CLARENCE TERHUNE, the American boy who travelled across the Atlantic in the "Graf Zeppelin" as a stowaway, has been deluged with offers of lucrative employment from film magnates, aircraft manufacturers and big industrial houses all over Germany.]

If you want to earn big money and soon,
To walk in silk and golden shoon,
On a salary larger than that of "June,"
And bask in fortune's plenilune,
Never to pinch and save or prune,
But to have and eat your macaroon,
Then lend your ears to the rhymes I croon.

Don't play the saxophone or bassoon,
Though the wages are high, in the afternoon
For well-fed dancers who slither and swoon,
Or compose a popular fox-trot tune,
Or a song that suggests a languishing coon,
Or the wail of an epileptic baboon
As he floats in his boat on the blue lagoon,
Or write a sensational lampoon
On "Jane" or the author of *Lorna Doone*.

Such ventures are doubtful, and the remuneration is often sadly jejune:
Far better follow young CLARENCE TERHUNE
And sail as a stowaway (not saloon)
In the first airship that shoots the moon.

THE DECLINE OF ABUSE.

THEY were far ahead of us four or five hundred years ago. I am ashamed of our inferiority when I find that the saintly CALVIN, writing to LUTHER, who differed from him on certain points of doctrine, said blandly: "Your whole school is nothing but a stinking sty of pigs. Dog! do you understand me? Do you understand me, madman? Do you understand me, you great beast?" Our religious leaders do not write to each other like that nowadays, at least in their published letters. And even in private I doubt if the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, through all these recent controversies, ever called the Bishop of —— well, any Bishop a stinking pig.

MILTON, our sublimest poet, when he defended the people of England against SALMASIUS of Leyden, told him frankly that his nose was like a hog, and that his mother was no better than she should be—or something to that effect; I have not the book at hand. But our present scholars and men of letters, how poor is their gift of abuse! "Dear X. Z., it will ever remain one of the greatest regrets of my life that I cannot accept as entirely as I could have wished the opinions regarding Relativity so ably set forth by you in the most interesting and valuable brochure which reached me this morning and has occupied my whole attention since it came. Your magnificent erudition, so far beyond anything which I . . ." etc., etc., through a mush of compliments and bows. Why not write: "Dear Sir, why do you send your wretched pamphlets to me? I have managed to read enough of this last one on Relativity to show me that it is the lowest drivel of senile imbecility. I expected no better. You are as bald as an egg, your false teeth don't fit, and you have a voice like an ungreased tram-wheel. You pay students to come to your so-called lectures instead of paying the miserable merchant who sells you your filthy ready-me-downs. I have put your pamphlet in the fire . . . .," and so on, like a free and fearless Briton?

I suppose G. B. S. is the best we have now. He is ladylike compared with CALVIN and MILTON, but he has his moments. He saves us from utter disgrace.

"ESCAPE OF A LONDON EXPRESS."
Headline in Evening Paper.

Householders are advised to keep their windows closed at night.

"Wanted, by capable girl, Housework . . . sleep preferred.—Write 'Capable.'"
Advt. in New Zealand Paper.

If we wrote, which we shan't, we should write "Candida."



AFTER TEN YEARS.



OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

INHABITANTS OF GREAT SMUGGLEBURY PERFORMING THE ANNUAL CEREMONY OF MANGLING THE WURZEL.

PUTTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER.

"THEY say," said Johnson, "that these psychologists can tell in a few minutes, by means of a simple oral examination, what job a child is fitted for; but I doubt if they'd have made the correct deduction in the case of my nephew Reginald."

"What facts were there to go on?" I asked.

"He was an ordinary sort of boy," replied Johnson, "but he had one outstanding characteristic. He was absolutely hopeless at arithmetic."

"That's nothing," I said. "A great many people have been absolutely hopeless at arithmetic. I myself——"

"Not so hopeless as Reginald," persisted Johnson. "His knowledge of arithmetic was—well, it might almost be described as negative. Yet he has found it profitable. He got his present job on the strength of it. You see he'd been interviewing business men and impressing them favourably enough until they asked about his arithmetic. Then, being an honest lad, he would say he was no good at it, and they'd give him a simple test and find it was even worse than he said.

"Well, a week or two ago he had an interview with a man who was almost his last hope. He seemed to make a good impression till the man said, 'And how's your arithmetic?' 'Not much good, Sir,' said Reginald. 'Well, what's two and two?' said the man.

"Reginald was a bit flustered and he blurted out, 'Five, Sir.' And he got the job at once."

"What sort of a job?" I asked.

"Well, the man was a restaurant proprietor," said Johnson, "and he's taken Reginald on as a waiter."

"CONTINUOUS GRAMOPHONES, LIMITED."

We sincerely hope so. *City Page Headline.*

FATHERS AND SONS.

(Suggested by a cri de cœur in "The Daily News and Westminster Gazette.")

"I WISH I were a little boy from now till Christmas-time!"
For I shouldn't then be cudgelling my brains to find a rhyme,
Or musing on new ways and means to pay for Janet's frocks
And keep the ship of my finance from running on the rocks.

I shouldn't bother in the least about the income due
To peers who give up Ministries to earn a higher screw;
I shouldn't take the smallest heed of RAMSAY'S split with COOK,
Or feel obliged to study ALDOUS HUXLEY'S latest book.

The question of the censorship would leave me quite serene,
And I shouldn't read the weekly screed of PAUL'S depressing Dean,
Or speculate upon the risks that hedge the flappers' vote,
Or write unpaid epistles to the Press about the Tote.

Instead of dismal dirges on the dangers of the Dole,
The excitement of house-matches would stir my simple soul;
And I would keep my spirits up by blotting, one by one,
The days upon the calendar until the term was done.

I would meditate the bearing of my terminal report
On the chances of a fortnight of unbridled winter sport,
And look forward to a diet more profuse and uncontrolled
Than is furnished at the prep. school of St. Oriel's-in-the-Wold.

Such thoughts would not be guided by a spiritual aim,
But still I frankly envy their detachment from the game
Of high finance and politics, from journalistic grime,
And wish I were a little boy from now till Christmas-time.

AT THE PICTURES.

"THE TERROR" (THE PICCADILLY).

IT would be foolish and unfair to judge Mr. EDGAR WALLACE's play or the capacity of the "Vitaphone" machine or the future of the "Talkies" in general by this "Talkie" version of *The Terror*. Many a great man has been



Ferdinand Fane (*Mr. HORTON*). "SHSH!"
Olga Redmayne (*Miss MAY MCAVOY*). "YOU CAN'T 'SHSH' HERE; THIS IS AN ALL-TALKIE FILM."

a pestilent child; we all remember the unpleasing infancy of Mr. Gramophone; and Master Talkie is clearly at present in the nastiest stage of babyhood. I fancy that he may have quite a big future; we must wait patiently and chastise him with moderation. The serious thing is that he seems already to have fallen into bad company. Messrs. WARNER BROTHERS, for example, seem scarcely to have the imagination necessary for the bringing-up of a delicate child. Why on earth, for one thing, choose a play like *The Terror* for their first (?) experiment? Possibly we are being wise after the event; but if there is one kind of play which demands flesh-and-blood acting, natural and swift, it is surely the spook-crook thriller. And the only terrible thing about this talkie Terror is its unnatural slowness. The characters speak as if they were dictating important letters; they are so intent on elocution that they rarely remember to act. They certainly got their words over very clearly, but these were seldom so profound or funny as to justify the Maeterlinckian pause which followed each remark. Personally, I have had enough of crook-literature; I do not care if I never see another murder again. (I am, I believe, alone in my indifference.) But, if you must have a crook-play acted by Americans, why not an American crook-play? A Scotland Yard detective with the accent of Chicago does not help to build up the illusion which is so essential to the crook-play.

And then, poor Miss MAY MCAVOY, the heroine, who so delights the British eye and so shocks the British ear! Of course we talk a lot of nonsense about the "American accent." For one thing there are a great number of them, and in the female at least they are very often very attractive. But they must be in the right place; a love-scene, for example, between an Oxford accent and a pretty American accent would be instructive and amusing; the end of the wooing might show that accents after all do not matter so much, and international goodwill would be advanced. But we cannot have English country-girls talking about "apparattus" and "cognissance," and talking *quite* so much through their beautiful noses as Miss MAY MCAVOY, who has my sympathy in this affair. *Heard heroines are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter*, as the poet nearly said. All this seems so obvious that I am almost ashamed to write it down. The saddening thing is that it should not have occurred to the WARNER BROTHERS, who have with so much enterprise developed and launched this really wonderful machine.

A minor but important irritation is the lisping "s" ("Pleathe be theriouth"). This vice is commonest among the ladies, and I do not know whether any mechanical improvements can ever remove it. Some feminine voices are always "essy" on the wireless; and probably the talkie star will have to be tested as much for her "s's" as for her "h's"—one more argument for not blindly selecting the favourite blonde of the silent films.

The short turns which preceded *The Terror* were more interesting and more instructive to the student of this new diversion. Firstly, I thought the "illusion" was much more complete in song than in talk. On the other hand, unless the singer can act, the picture is



Dr. Redmayne (*Mr. FRASER*). "I TRIED TO KILL HIM."
Supt. Hallick (*Mr. GERRARD*). "I AM INSTRUCTED TO SAY 'DOCTOR, I UNDERSTAND.'"

merely a nuisance and a distraction. The great boon of the gramophone was that large tenors could be heard and not seen; and now the "Talkies" have gone and spoiled it all. I love to hear part-singing, but the four "monks" (GUS REID, OTTO PLOETZ, CHARLES HAMILTON and OSCAR WAHL), sitting in a cellar and solemnly singing "The Rosary," etc., were merely silly. Who, I wonder, can have had this strange idea?

MISCHA ELMAN on the violin was very curious. Here I found no "illusion" at all. There was a little bald man in a frock-coat on the screen, and somebody somewhere was playing the violin. But one had to look at the little bald man and so heard little of the violin.

Judging from this one experience a "chantie" opera (serious or comic) would be more effective than a talkie play; and I should like to see one; but the orchestral music will have to be better than the metallic sounds which annoyingly accompanied *The Terror*.

Those who have seen in this production the pricking of the talkie bubble are crowing, I think, too soon. It will take more than one lunatic programme to kill this bird. Already the mechanics of the thing are astonishingly good, and they will doubtless be improved. All that is needed is a little more mind behind the machine. If I thought that Hollywood, or anybody else, paid any attention to criticisms, I



IMPRESSION OF AN EDGAR WALLACE REST-HOME.

should add that the above complaints are helpfully intended. I see a future, in theory and in practice, for this new noise. But, as between the silents and the louds, there is one profound consideration which has never yet, I think, been committed to print. I believe that the proportion of "picture-fans" who go to the pictures for a little peace and quiet and to hold hands is vast. And how are these good people going to take the "Talkies"? You can dream through a silent film; you will never dream through a loud one.

A. P. H.

A FLUTTER IN FANNIES.

As everyone knows, with so much speculation about, the rise in Fannies had made people wonder whether the nobility of labour is not another exploded belief. Take my Aunt Ethel, a very reckless woman, from whom I cherish certain expectations. She actually asked me the other day whether I thought a profit of five pounds a share was enough. I said I thought so. I am notoriously careful in money matters, especially my aunt's, and I felt it my duty (entirely as her trustee, of course) to warn her against speculating in rubbish.

"They 're not rubbish," she retorted; "they 're *Fannies*."

So that was it. *Fannies*. A friend of her doctor's who had given a cigar to a complete stranger in a train had been assured by him that it was picking up money for nothing. As a matter of fact, like everyone else I had watched Fannies, and whatever Aunt Ethel might think I am not pigheaded about a perfectly safe speculation. But to be frank I never cared about them. They go up and then they go down. I may be conservative, but I have a strong preference for a share that just goes up.

No, Fannies always seemed to me the kind of market which the morning papers call "feverish" on a rise of twopence, and the evening papers label "dull" on a fall of thirty bob. Still, Angus Wishart—even Scotsmen gamble nowadays—had gone to Monte Carlo on his Fannies, and here was Aunt Ethel up to the neck. At the same time she very properly admired my reverence for War Loan. She had often said that I took as much care of her money as though it were my own. As her only relative surely that was my simple duty. It was highly desirable that her implicit faith in me should not be shaken.

You see the problem—a little delicate undoubtedly. Yet in these days gambling is in the air. Even the Vicar—however, that is a matter for his own conscience.



Lady of new Wealth. "'OW DO YOU THINK THIS KIND O' TIE WOULD SUIT YOU, 'ERBERT?"

I accordingly decided to see my broker. People say it like that. "I 'll just run in and see my broker." But do they? Has anyone ever actually seen his broker? I 've seen the head clerk, who says Mr. Powell is on 'Change, but never Powell himself. I mean in his office. Whether he is ever really there or not I cannot say. So I decided not to call on my broker, but just write.

Here is a copy of the correspondence. It started when Fannies were quoted at £13$\frac{11}{32}$. (I have often wondered what the small figures mean in household silver, but I only received a public-school education.) My letter purposely adopted an airy note of nonchalance which is far from my true nature.

MY DEAR POWELL,—How goes it? I don't want to butt in on your fevered gold rush, but I am strongly tempted to pick up a few Fannies. What do you think about it? I would suggest a small parcel of a hundred. My aunt, Miss Ethel Punter, who is, I know, one of your clients, tells me she is making a handsome profit. Kindly do not mention that I too am a gambler.

Yours, etc.,
ALGERNON PROODIE.

Here is the reply:—

DEAR PROODIE,—I am afraid you are a little late in the day for Fannies. Personally I think they are a very inflated market. But in view of the statutory holiday there will be no real movement in them until Tuesday

next, when we will see how prices stand. Why not take up a few Johnnies?

Yours sincerely,
PERCY POWELL.

P.S.—I may see you on the links on Monday.

P.P.S.—Fannies are now £14 on the street.

I admit that second P.S.—in fact both of them—made me pretty mad. What I can't understand is why Powell, instead of sitting in his office, didn't dart out on the street and snap up some Fannies. Why lose a hundred of the best? I recall that I 'phoned to his home address, "The Snuggery," Golfstowe, to tell him what I thought about him. After explaining everything I found I was speaking to the wrong house.

A few days later I received the following:—

DEAR PROODIE,—In accordance with your instructions we watched the market for Fannies, but owing to Settlement Day there was very little business, and we fully expected that the price would ease. We trust, however, to-morrow to pick up a few at a shade under £15, which is as much as they are worth. Why not handle a few Duds? There is steady buying in influential quarters on rumours of a bonus.

Yours sincerely,
PERCY POWELL.

P.S.—Would you like a ticket for the Derby Sweep?

P.P.S.—Owing to heavy New York buying Fannies now £16 $\frac{9}{16}$. Would you be prepared to buy at this figure?

At that very moment my Aunt Ethel 'phoned to say someone whose nephew is in the office of Sir Abraham Colquhoun had said Fannies simply had to jump to £18 because of some high financial reason she was not very clear about. In passing I must say this for Aunt Ethel: so long as she can make a handsome profit she never worries where it comes from. It is just that spirit which she knows I deplore as immoral and economically unsound.

However, I saw that the time to act had come, so I wired Powell: "Buy Fannies. Urgent.—PROODIE." I cannot recall sending that kind of telegram before.

That was Friday, and Powell did not think it worth while popping into the office on that day as Saturday was so near. In the meantime "Wall Street" lifted Fannies to £20. Aunt Ethel, you see, was right.

To cut the whole wretched affair short, on Monday Powell bought them. I enclose his letter. As it is the last letter he will ever write me it has what I believe people call a sentimental value.

DEAR PROODIE,—Acting on your instructions have picked up one hundred Fannies at £20$\frac{7}{8}$. I did so against my better judgment as, owing to the failure of the banana crop in the Sing-Song territories, the market has lost colour. I have—as I advised you recently—always regarded these shares as likely to slump, and I regret to say my view is amply supported by the present tendency, which is in no way helped by the rumour that the President of Bolivia has influenza. It might in fact be better to cut what is already a loss. Please 'phone me early to-morrow as our annual cricket match with the Cotton Exchange is taking place at Lord's.

Yours sincerely,
PERCY POWELL.

P.S.—Fannies have weakened to £14$\frac{12}{16}$ and buyers very timid.

P.P.S.—Fannies sinking.

With the same post came a cheery letter from Aunt Ethel:—

DEAR ALGIE,—Hurrah! I have sold my Fannies through Powells. Somebody must be a bit of a mug. . . .

I disliked that letter. There is sometimes a breezy vulgarity about my Aunt Ethel which leaves me extraordinarily cold. I can quite imagine she would regard whoever's name appeared on the transfer with considerable derision and contempt. Supposing. . . . I cannot describe with what a shudder I realised that upon that transfer might appear my name.

Now my Aunt Ethel's affection for me is inspired and nourished by respect. For my name to appear on that transfer would mean humiliation, penury and a joyless senility.

Fortunately I remembered that if you buy and sell the same shares in one and the same account no transfer is required and your identity is veiled. I accordingly sold without a moment's delay at £7$\frac{9}{16}$.

That was the day before the President of Bolivia recovered from his influenza and passed a law making all householders eat bananas, and Fannies positively roared up to £27$\frac{1}{2}$.

It was also the day my dear Aunt Ethel got engaged to Percy Powell.



ROUGE OU NOIR?

THE KNAVE SETS OUT TO PAINT THE NIGGER RED.

Who Shall Decide?

THE Socialist creed in its prophets we read,
But each a new variant tells;
So which is the Law, the cocksureness of SHAW
Or the weathercocksureness of WELLS?

Felix the Robot.

"The only living thing aboard the hulk is the ship's cat, which obstinately refuses to move. So far no unlucky shell has penetrated to her engine-room and this portion of her is in perfect condition."
Canadian Paper.

So she's got some of her nine lives still intact.

Papers That Make Us Feel Ill.

"Now old Peggotty, in 'David Copperfield,' may have been a careful man. He had his savings. But I, for one, shall never believe that they were enough to carry him for months through strange lands in search of little Nell."
Extract from Daily Paper under the heading, "Novels That Make Us Feel Rich."

Neither shall we ever believe that he gave up his search for little *Em'ly* to go after the girl in *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

"This Week's Hint.—When speaking or singing be sure to turn your face to the auditorium as far as possible. One hundred and twenty first quality eggs should weigh 17lbs."
From Magazine Theatre Programme.

With all these eggs about, our advice to the singer would be to turn her face away.

LOG-ROLLING TO PARNASSUS; OR, THE TESTIMONIALIST'S PROGRESS.

FIRST ROLL.

MR. I. MAINCHANCE, OF LAUREL NOOK, BEDFORD PARK, W.4, WRITES:—



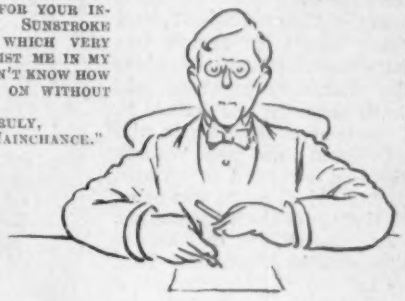
"I FEEL I MUST WRITE TO EXPRESS MY ADMIRATION OF SUNSTROKE CIGARETTES. . . . THEIR MARVELLOUSLY SOOTHING EFFECT UPON THE NERVES IS ESPECIALLY VALUABLE TO THOSE WHO, LIKE MYSELF, ARE ENGAGED UPON CREATIVE WORK. I AM, I SHOULD EXPLAIN, A WRITER. . . ."

SECOND ROLL.

AN AUTHOR WRITES:—

"PLEASE ALLOW ME TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR INCOMPARABLE SUNSTROKE CIGARETTES, WHICH VERY GREATLY ASSIST ME IN MY WORK. I DON'T KNOW HOW I EVER GOT ON WITHOUT THEM.

YOURS TRULY,
ION MAINCHANCE."



THIRD ROLL.

MR. I. MAINCHANCE, THE AUTHOR, WRITES:—

"YOUR SUNSTROKE CIGARETTES ARE WITHOUT DOUBT THE BEST I HAVE STRUCK. THROUGHOUT THE WRITING OF MY LAST BOOK I WAS NEVER WITHOUT THEM."



FOURTH ROLL.

MR. ION MAINCHANCE, THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR, WRITES:—

"I KNOW OF FEW CIGARETTES AS GOOD AS YOURS, AND NONE BETTER."



FIFTH ROLL.

MR. ION MAINCHANCE, THE FAMOUS AUTHOR, WRITES:—

"I CONSIDER YOUR SUNSTROKE CIGARETTES EXCELLENT."



FINAL ROLL.

CELEBRITIES WHO SMOKE SUNSTROKE CIGARETTES.

No. I.

MR. ION MAINCHANCE.



Tenniel

AT THE PLAY.

"77, PARK LANE" (ST. MARTIN'S).

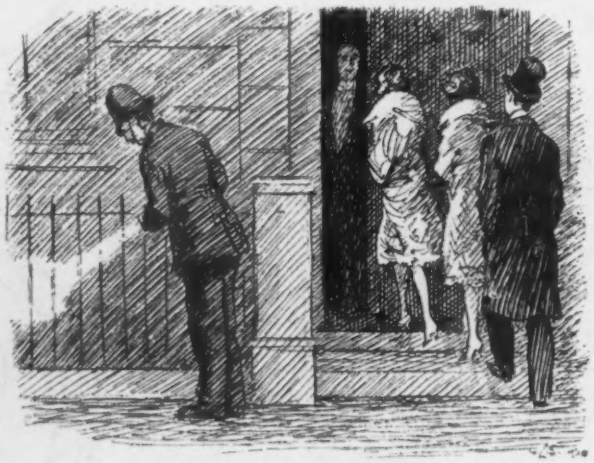
WE do love murder. No gay farce is complete without one, and a quite amazing indifference to the presence of a couple of corpses or so in the house has to be studied, I suppose, as part of the stage technique of the comic man about town. I liked *77, Park Lane*, except for one or two rather tiresome interludes, where the characters began to take death seriously, and seemed to be quite upset about a man who was shot at a dice-table. We only saw him once, and that was a back view, when he was being carried out of the house and put into a taxicab, and he does not appear on the programme. Nor, by the way, does the taxicab, a fine old performer, to judge by its bonnet, of the pre-war school, with a good speaking, or at any rate a good roaring, part. It was driven on at the beginning of the First Act with Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD, as the young *Lord Trent*, and Mr. W. MOLESWORTH BLOW, as *Sir Richard Carrington*, sitting on the top. They were drunk. *Lord Trent* remained drunk throughout the entire performance, taking more champagne every now and then to keep the good work going. He was excessively funny, and so was his *vis-à-vis*, *Sophie Rye* (Miss MARION LORNE). They had strayed into what would have been an unknown mansion used as a night-club and gambling-hell, if it hadn't also happened to be *Lord Trent's* own house, just inherited, and never seen by him, because he had only that night come back from travelling abroad. Hence his riotous first appearance on the taxicab opposite the railings of Hyde Park and close to a coffee-stall. It was a good scene that. The coffee-stall keepers were excellent. I have seldom seen Hyde Park railings looking so natural on the stage. Ladies of the night went to and fro. The technique in playing ladies of the night has improved out of all knowledge during the last ten years.



A LADY IN DISTRESS AND TWO COMEDIANS.

Sophie Rye . . . . . MISS MARION LORNE.
Lord Trent . . . . . MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD.
"Felstead" . . . . . A TAXI.

When we got to the gambling-hell, which was very rich and very mysterious, with powdered footmen in knee-breeches and a tall enigmatic butler (Mr. BORIS RANEVSKY), there seemed just a possibility that the proceedings might drag, in spite of the constant ripple of laughter that Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD and Miss MARION LORNE caused by being on the stage and talking about nothing in particular; but a revolver shot rang out and made us all happy and contented again. The police came in, not because of the revolver shot, but because they knew the house ought to have been uninhabited, and eventually it dawned upon them that it was a little odd for so many people in evening-dress to be going into an uninhabited house at dead of night. Policemen never appear to understand modern plays.



OUR VIGILANT POLICE.

77, PARK LANE (SUPPOSED TO BE UNINHABITED).

The situation was saved the first time by *Lord Trent's* announcement that the house was his. Nobody of course believed him, except the police, who withdrew. Then the question arose of getting rid of the corpse, and shielding, or else not shielding, the young man who was supposed to have shot it. The runner of the gambling-hell turned out to be a man of that terrible type which blackmails, the only really criminal type left on the "crook" stage, assassination and immorality being by this time mere peccadilloes. This unspeakable villain, darkly and satanically played by Mr. ROBERT HOLMES, promised to protect the upright young murderer, who was played by Mr. LEONARD UPTON, if he might have the hand of the upright young murderer's fiancée, played by Miss VERONICA TURLEIGH. All this was very emotional, and it seemed a pity that a nice brisk murder in a gambling-hell, with fun and drinks going on all the time, should have an element of melodrama thrust into it. There was a good deal of trouble about the revolver, because *Sophie Rye* discovered that the cartridges were blank ones and suggested that *Philip Baynton* hadn't killed the corpse at all. *Roger Sheringham* (Mr. ROBERT HOLMES) countered this by saying that he had exchanged the cartridges after the deed was done, in order to give the young man a chance.

When that was over we passed on to roulette in the banqueting-hall, Mr. BORIS RANEVSKY ceasing to act as a butler, but being equally impressive as a croupier. Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD and Miss MARION LORNE continued to be as riotously funny as ever. And then the police came in again. This was the occasion for a transformation scene. Before they entered the room the gambling-hell was turned into a dancing-hall, the table shut up into a sort of black bureau, and the gramophone turned on. Satisfied more or less about gambling by *Lord Trent*, who scored off the police neatly when they told him he wasn't *Lord Trent* by proving that he was, the police suddenly became interested in the murder. They had found the corpse in the coal-cellar. I don't know how it got there, because, as I

told you before, I had seen it being taken out to the taxi, which I forgot to tell you before had been bought from its driver by *Lord Trent*. The next queer discovery came when the police took over the revolver and the spare cartridges. They found there were six cartridges, ball-cartridges now, and the chamber only held six. In some way which I shall never, though I live to be a hundred, understand, this proved that *Philip Baynton* hadn't shot the corpse when he quarrelled with it at the dice-table, but that *Roger Sheringham* had. The action of examining the corpse itself, or of searching for the actual bullet that had killed it, or the place where it had entered the wall or the floor, naturally enough never occurred to anybody, least of all the police. I have seen several hundred stage revolvers, but this was easily the worst of the lot. If Mr. WALTER HACKETT, the author, wants to challenge me to a duel, I am prepared to meet him so long as we can use the sort of revolver they had all that trouble about in *77, Park Lane*.

Personally, I don't believe the corpse was ever killed. I suspect it was merely the taxi back-firing (OFF) because it wasn't allowed to come on again. But the police took *Roger Sheringham* away with them, after he had said to *Lord Trent*, "I don't understand; I am a clever man, and I have failed. You are a fool, and you have beaten me"—or words to that effect. What he ought to have said was, "If I don't swing for this, the next time I run a gambling-hell I shall change my gunsmith."

So funny and so nice about the whole affair were Miss MARION LORNE and Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD that my principal feeling in the intervals of laughing at them was annoyance with everybody else, including the Home Secretary and his minions, for refusing to take the jolly view of what might otherwise have been a continuously laughable and exhilarating little death. EVOE.

"TO WHAT RED HELL" (WYNDHAM'S).

From murder gay to murder grave. The body of a young woman is lying dead in bed in a squalid room. A charwoman and other squalid figures peer at the scene through the door. Enter the police. The room is filled with gas, but later they discover that there are the marks of throttling visible on the girl's throat. A young Irish labourer who knew her is suspected. He had quarrelled with her on the same evening, and though innocent cannot account for his actions during the rest of the night. We witness his grief, his mother's despair. Here is something beyond even melodrama? Here is tragedy?



Nichols (*Mr. GEORGE P. LESTER*) *to Harold Fairfield* (*Mr. FREDERICK PEISLEY*). "DON'T LET YOURSELF GET OUT OF SPIRITS, MASTER HAL."

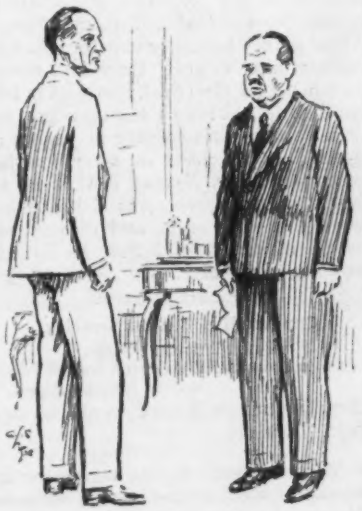
The real criminal is another young man, living in a comfortable Surrey home, where he confesses his guilt to his father and to a sympathetic uncle, whose hobby is the abolition of the death-penalty. They seem to think that he is more to be pitied than blamed, because he was drunk at the time, and also because, like the soup-maker in *The Brass Paper-weight*, he is subject to epilepsy. (So, by the way, was CÆSAR.) Apparently he left no traces of his doings during the night, and they decide to do nothing except supply money for the defence of the young Irishman, hoping that he will be acquitted when the case comes on.

The uncle, however, makes a reservation. Hating capital punishment, he yet feels that his nephew ought to play the game and, if the other man is condemned, own up to the deed. Much of the action of the play deals with the mental conflict and more or less hysterical ravings of the young murderer. Finally the Irish boy, *Nolan*, is condemned. There is a heart-rending scene in a waiting-room at the Old Bailey. The real culprit writes a confession for the Home Secretary and shoots himself; but we are still left in suspense, because the Home Secretary (Oh! Sir WILLIAM!) is away in Scotland at the time. There is therefore a yet more heart-rending scene in *Nolan's* home, where his mother and members of his family, dressed in black, fall on their knees as the clock strikes the hour of execution. The mother, half-mad with the injustice of the sentence, tells them to rise from their knees, and hurls the clock into the fire. One is reminded of Professor HOUSMAN'S *Eight O'clock*—

> "Strapped, noosed, nighing his hour,
> He stood and counted them, and cursed his luck;
> And then the clock collected in the tower
> Its strength, and struck."

The mother cries that there is no God. God is dead. At the very end comes news of reprieve. The suicide's message has got through. It has been taken by the Prime Minister to the King.

Objections to the play rise thick and fast, in the mind at any rate of a stall-goer. Is it, for instance, propaganda? I detest propaganda in plays, meaning



Uncle of Murderer. "THIS IS A GLOOMY BUSINESS FOR US."
Father of ditto. "YES—AND WHAT ABOUT THE AUDIENCE?"
George Hope . . . . MR. ROBERT HORTON.
Thomas Fairfield . MR. FREDERICK LEISTER.

by that plays which torture probability for the sake of a topical agitation and not for the sake of art. Still, the best writers do it. If the play is propaganda, is it good propaganda? What would the author like to do with the young man who, being drunk, but with the saving grace of epilepsy, strangled a lady of the night? Would he be happier with twenty years' imprisonment, or confined to a lunatic asylum for life? His uncle said at one point, discussing the horrors of hanging, "And we call this a Christian country." As a matter of fact we very seldom do, except on the stage. We were perfectly certain that it was a Christian country at a time when a boy could have been hanged for stealing fourpence, and indeed when pigs could be tried and condemned to death. On the whole I should have preferred the play with this argument left out.

This said, it must be admitted that the tragic situation was well maintained, and the suspense, despite the violence to probability, moving enough and terrible enough to hold an audience not corrupted by critical anxiety and doubt. The acting was very good indeed. Mr. FREDERICK PEISLEY made a really notable success as *Harold Fairfield*, torn between horror at his guilt, a desire to act rightly and a fear for his fate. It was a very "stagey" part, but Heaven (or "Red Hell)" alone can say how "stagey" a murderer ought to be. I thought Miss SARA ALLGOOD wonderful as the mother, a part much more easy to appraise. She never seemed to strike a false note. Mr. PADDY DUPRÉS also did well as the Irish priest, and all the minor parts were competently performed, even that of a thoroughly serious police-inspector by Mr. VINCENT HOLMAN. The producer's work was excellent and Mr. REGINALD DENHAM is to be complimented on it. Those who like to take their murders without mystery or amusement are recommended to see this play. EVOE.

MY ROCK.

IN a world of feverish change and insecurity there can always be found one or two impregnable supports to which to cling and regain that safe feeling. Even in the recent whirlwind, for instance, Westminster Abbey still stood: it was there overnight, it was there, grey and steadfast, the next morning, when the pavements were heaped with fallen chimneys and broken glass: a symbol of permanence and the old order. But not only is there the solidity of masonry; there is that of men too: men who resist the insidious law of mutability, noble creatures, determined and static, who are ever the same and by their unconquerable refusal to bend to the dictates of the fickle hour establish an example and supply confidence and comfort.

For I know not how many years—but it seems like half-a-century—while life was in the melting-pot, and I refer not only to the post-war upheaval but to the restive years before it, years which saw the arrival of the motor-car and the cinema, the gramophone and the saxophone, short hair and shorter skirts, wireless and the rise of Labour, strikes, revolutions and chaos; throughout this hectic era, during which King succeeded to Queen and King to King, followed by all the turmoil of the War, one man has been to me as a rock. Whatever was tumbling about me, I knew that he was there, unchangingly true to type. "The world is in a terrible state," I used to say, "but I won't weaken; everything can't be lost, because ROBERT NAINBY is still playing a Frenchman."

For fifty years, it seems to me, I have been saying that; I am saying it still, for here he is again, with undiminished vigour and spirit, playing a Frenchman to-day, and playing that kind of Frenchman in which he most delights—an hotel manager. You will find him at the Palace, this figure of eternal vivacity, nothing about whom can age break but his English.

At the Palace in 1928, as at the Gaiety in those distant eighteen-eighties, Mr. NAINBY is unique: the hotel-manager who won't grow up. In that broken English he still speaks indiscriminately to foreigners and to his own compatriots; those scanty locks are still torn in his sudden fits of rage. Only one novel touch have I discerned, and that is his willingness, although the manager, to join with his head-porter in paging a guest; and for this I am sorry, for the strength of Mr. NAINBY is that he is never different; that, as I began by saying, in this sorry and disquieting world of unrest and flux, he is an emblem of stability. E. V. L.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"YELLI D'ARANYI, VIOLIN.
Ask to hear him in the Great Schubert Trio."
Advt. in Wireless Paper.

Even SCHUBERT herself would be delighted with it.

With reference to our suggestion in a recent issue that the famous billiard-player who was fined for causing an obstruction by leaving his car unattended should have left it in baulk, a correspondent writes to say that, if the car was a "baby," the obvious course would have been to pocket it.

ECHOES OF THE REED.

King Pan was abdicating
And 'twas so he sat one day,
And 'twas so he sat creating,
On the pipes he loved to play,
Certain echoes for to feature
In the heart of Mister Man—
"*Just what's nature to the creature,*"
Squealed the pipes of Father Pan.

So you 'll see the soldiers marching,
And the quick-step sounds a treat
With an April sky up-arching
All along the London street,
With the fife that lilts the lighter
Running through the rataplan;
"*Man was born to be the fighter,*"
Said the pipes of Father Pan.

Cock-a-horse when morn is mellow
But the leaf is down indeed
Sits a ruddy varmint fellow
And he blows a copper reed—
Oh, a shiny reed, a shunter
Of the bold old fox that ran;
"*Man was born to be the hunter,*"
Said the pipes of Father Pan.

Shrills a dog-call, and this minute
Comes a covey down the wind
To the batteries that thin it
As it should and shall be thinned;
Yes, with sling or shaft acuter,
Or upon this morning's plan,
"*Man was born to be the shooter,*"
Said the pipes of Father Pan.

Master Tom he 's left the City;
At the corner watch him wait
All for Kitty, little Kitty,
And he whistles if she 's late;
But his tune, so I discover,
Had a twin when Time began—
"*Man was born to be the lover,*"
Said the pipes of Father Pan.

Oh, before he abdicated
Father Pan upon a day
Sat him down and he created,
On the reeds he loved to play,
Certain magics for to feature
In the heart of Mister Man—
"*Just the nature of the creature,*"
Said the pipes of Father Pan.

P. R. C.

Jonah—New Version.

"New York.—Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins left for Monte Video to-day. Sir Hubert proposes to voyage in a whale from Monte Video to Deception."—*Natal Paper.*

The question is, will that deceive Deception?

"MESSAGE FOR MARS.

Here is a Martian sentence: 'Ooom GA WA NA WA.'

Dr. Oobinson's message will be sent out on a wave-length of 18,500 metres from Rugby station."—*Provincial Paper.*

Has the Doctor been naturalised already?



SIR (J. E.) KYNASTON STUDD.

Long since, when that great team, my foster-mother's,
Knocked the Australians till they hit the field,
Thanks to the firm of C. T. STUDD and Brothers,
And Fenner's with their triple triumph pealed,
We who were there enjoying J. E. K.
Had no idea he'd be Lord Mayor to-day.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXXI.



Coster. "KINDLY PAY AT THE DESK, MODDAM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM afraid the present-day biographer's licence to say what he will about the Victorians—who are one by one emerging from the stranglehold of copyright and contemporary sensibility—is not productive of such completely satisfactory biographies as these increased facilities would lead you to expect. What is important and pleasant about the Victorians has been said already—trust the Victorian biographer for that!—and the new material so often invoked as the prime sanction of the new work is apt to be not only unpleasant, which can and should be borne, but unimportant, which is less endurable. Occasionally however new lives appear which partially correct the bias of the old, so, though I should never recommend such books as Mr. R. L. MÉGROZ's *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (FABER AND GWYER) as a primer for the uninitiated, as an antidote to the rosier view of its subject provided by WILLIAM ROSSETTI, HOLMAN HUNT, F. G. STEPHENS, Mr. MARILLIER, Lady BURNE-JONES, FORD MADOX BROWN'S *Diary* and the *Letters* of ROSSETTI himself, the volume is undoubtedly of value. True the chloral, whisky, women and spiritualism unblushingly alluded to here were always implicit in the decline of ROSSETTI's work; but this disaster and the tragic death of his wife are easier to understand if no bones are made about their causes and effects. LIZZIE ROSSETTI and CHRISTINA come out particularly well in the family group; but I do not feel that the significance and charm of pre-Raphaelitism are adequately handled or that Mr. MÉGROZ's appreciation of ROSSETTI's individual genius is anything like complete. His book abounds in well-meditated criticism of art in general and ROSSETTI in particular, but fails to reveal that long and affectionate intimacy with its subject which impressed me in his *Francis Thompson*.

There has been a remarkable continuity about *The Spectator*. In July of the present year it achieved its centenary. Other great newspapers have done the same, but few have remained so true to type. *The Spectator* has a tradition, due no doubt chiefly to the fact that it has been exceptionally fortunate in its editors. They were not only capable men with strong (and mostly sensible) views, who impressed their personality distinctly upon the paper, but they contrived to carry on their work for so long a period. Roughly speaking, we may count in the century three approximately equal periods of some thirty years apiece—those of RINTOUL, the TOWNSEND-HUTTON combination and ST. LOE STRACHEY. R. S. RINTOUL was a young Scot who came from the office of *The Dundee Advertiser via* Edinburgh. It was DOUGLAS-KINNAIRD who sent him to London first as editor of a bright and chatty publication called *The Atlas*, and his Scottish friends believed in the man so thoroughly that when he left this paper, in consequence of attempts by the proprietors to "vulgarise and betwaddle" it, they subscribed sufficient capital to launch a new venture of which he should be

editor with untrammelled authority. After his thirty years came a short interregnum in the hands of one SCOTT, during which the paper was in real danger of perishing from a weakly circulation. But SCOTT resold it in time to MEREDITH TOWNSEND, and the TOWNSEND-HUTTON combination set it up again even stronger than before; and in due course ST. LOE STRACHEY drifted into the office as the fore-ordained successor to the partnership in that charmingly casual way not uncommon in the days of Victorian journalism. How these successive dynasties performed their various tasks you may read in *The Story of "The Spectator"* (METHUEN), pleasantly recorded in a handsome volume by Sir WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS, whose weekly "Nature Notes" are so pleasing a feature of the paper.

But Soft—We are Observed! displays
The features of those spacious days
Which we, if we are good, shall know
In 1975 or so,
But which in all their amplitude
HILAIRE BELLOC 's already viewed.

Here for the first time he lets out
The whole distressing truth about
The Eremin concession case,
In which the slickest sleuths gave chase
And dogged, as only sleuth-hounds can,
An innocent and guileless man.

He tells us how colossal brains—
Ladies who held the party reins,
And others only slightly less
Who ran the world's Big Business—
Struggled to trip him in his stride
And left him merely mystified.

A brilliant yarn. No page of it
Is lacking in ironic wit;
And portraits of the actors, done
By Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON,
Are proof that none of it is myth.
(The volume comes from ARROWSMITH.)



"YOU HAVEN'T GOT MY COMPLEXION AT ALL RIGHT. JUST HAND ME THOSE PAINTS."

Not every Saxon enjoys the rare atmosphere and ambiguous outline of the Celtic twilight, even when this is the genuine thing; and plausible imitators have for some time done their utmost to discredit the Irish variant for him entirely. All the more credit then to Lady BLANCHE GROUARD for the undeniable glamour of *The Story of Keth* (MACMILLAN), a book in which the poetry, wit and wisdom of Irish folk-lore are seen through a temperament ideally fitted to interpret and heighten their charm. To Ireland, "the gate of the immortals," comes a beautiful woman who need never know death unless she stoops to service. This *Kethlenda*, or *Keth*, ensnares a saint called *Cleran*, who flatters himself he can still serve the people of God, if not with *Keth's* help at least in her company. Together the couple revisit the scenes of the saint's once fruitful ministrations—cottages, manors, wakes and fairs all over the south-west of Ireland; and only *Cleran's* horse, *Meleanthus*, an animal whose philosophy is well and truly founded on hay, gets any solid satisfaction out of the journey. As it is meditatively written, the story should be meditatively read, and under the moving beauty of its surface adventures with living men and women the argument of the lives of its faëry principals becomes apparent. As I see it, *Keth*, *Cleran* and *Meleanthus* stand for the three elements of human desire: the dream of the artist, the dream of the worshipper and the dream of the brute. But, though this interpretation strikes me as fitting the facts, and the otherwise somewhat shadowy motivation of the trio seems to demand it, the book as a whole stands in no need of moralising. Like all the best allegories it can be read as no allegory at all.

Although it is notorious that certain books should not be in anyone's possession, there are others that ought to be

in every library and on every desk, and chief of these is *Dr. Joynson's Jixonary* (Home Office), which has just been published. The copy before us, bound in blue with a copper clasp, would make a very handsome gift. As in the famous work of Dr. Joynson's predecessor, definitions naturally form the staple contents. Space forbids lengthy quotation, but two or three may be cited. For instance, this is the new *Jixonary's* treatment of the word "Literature": "Reading matter, compiled too often by immoral and pernicious writers, which should not reach the hands of the public until a few policemen off their regular duty have passed judgment on it." And again here is the *Jixonary* on "Innocence": "A state of unculpability which often can be established only after the degradation of arrest and the publicity of police-court proceedings have made it hardly worth while." Finally let me quote the definition of "Driving Licence": "A permit to drive a motor-car, obtainable by anyone who has five shillings to spare before taking a single practical lesson." But we have said enough to prove that the Little Lexicographer, as Dr. Joynson might be called, knows what he is about.

By relating the daily incidents of one visit to Mount Athos while referring in a vein of reminiscence to an earlier stay there, Mr. ROBERT BYRON cleverly avoids tediousness in a survey of that amazing survival of mediævalism which is presented by the group of monasteries on the famous promontory now controlled by Greece. His book—*The Station* (DUCKWORTH)—while it shows the writer as a thoroughly well-informed enthusiast for things Greek, more especially for the arts and crafts of the Byzantine Empire, is animated not only by his joy in the beauty of surpassingly beautiful scenery, but also by a lively delight, happily expressed, in the minor characters of travel—*Father Basil*, who "utters not a word of dissent as the fictitious items are removed from the bill," or the monks, who whistle in unison, their guests joining in, through the snail-shells emptied at the banquet. If, on the more serious side of his work, one may have something of a quarrel with Mr. BYRON, it is not so much for expressing opinions so contrary to one's own that the inability to rise up and reply becomes annoying, as because, in seeking to put them with a maximum of effect, he uses language so concise as occasionally to be unintelligible. Yet if his writing does suffer from a certain degree of self-consciousness it is none the less eminently readable throughout, and no one could fail to endorse his reticently expressed plea on behalf of the priceless Byzantine paintings now perishing, in some of the poorer monasteries, for lack of only a few hundred pounds needed for roofing and firing.

Mr. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG brings to *My Brother Jonathan* (HEINEMANN), as to many of his novels, a wide and varied range of knowledge, a fine outlook on life and an immense respect for his art. Consequently in this history of *Jonathan*, whose admiration for his younger and superficially more attractive brother was a ruling passion, he has given us a story that is at once impressive and almost terribly true. I have not the space to enter into details of *Jonathan's* career, a career of simple heroism and of noble sacrifice spent as a doctor in the Midlands, but I can say that no one who believes in novel-writing as a fine art can afford to miss a story of such scope and admirable characterization.

Many people no doubt remember—a good many, probably, still treasure among their War mementoes—those sheets of extracts from the best of English literature issued by *The Times* during the autumn of 1915 for distribution among the fighting forces. The extracts, in the choice of which the late Sir WALTER RALEIGH and Professor W. P. KER were among those who took a leading part, ranged from BUNYAN'S *River of Death* to the *Marchioness's* game of cribbage, from *Jorrocks* to WILLIAM MORRIS, from BLAKE to Mr. KIPLING, from COBBETT to WHYTE-MELVILLE; and there can be no two opinions as to their suitability (to quote the words of an anonymous correspondent writing from a war-hospital in France) for their primary intention of providing "beguilement, comfort and sustainment for the warrior." It was an excellent thought to reprint in *A Book of Broadsheets* (METHUEN) a representative choice from this pocket literature of the trenches. Apart from its historical interest, as set forth by Mr. GEOFFREY DAWSON in his introduction, the collection "would not be very different had the desire been to amuse and hearten not men of war but men of peace." So says the same anonymous correspondent, realising perhaps in a flash of prophetic insight that his countrymen were going to need, on the whole, more heartening in peace than in war.



Mother. "I HEAR YOU 'RE WRITING ALL THE PLAYS AT YOUR COLLEGE, CUTHBERT; YOU 'RE QUITE A SHAKESPEARE."

Cuthbert. "WELL—ER—YES. BUT OF COURSE SHAKESPEARE WASN'T AN OXFORD MAN."

Mr. H. W. YOXALL, in *All Abroad* (FABER AND GWYER), has created *San Benito*, a Central American Republic, and makes pretty play with it. A British company has mine concessions there, and one of the directors, *Sir Timothy Sloan*, was sent out on a visit of inspection. From a business point of view it was as well that he was more concerned with affairs of the heart than of the head, for practice had made him skilled in the one and assuredly he was no adept in the other. A comic revolution, countless intrigues and various amorous adventures add to the amusement of a cleverly told story. But I hope that Mr. YOXALL, whose wit is real if sometimes a little unrestrained, will plan his next novel on more ambitious lines.

Mr. Punch welcomes *Ancient Mariners* (METHUEN), a collection of Nautical Essays by Miss C. FOX-SMITH, whose work is familiar to his readers over the initials "C. F. S."; and *Patrick Helps* (STANLEY PAUL), being the further adventures of *Patrick Undergraduate*, by "ANTHONY ARMSTRONG," who as "A. A." is also well-known in these pages.

CHARIVARIA.

WE read of a golfer's dog that takes an indiarubber bone in its mouth and hits a ball with it. In our opinion the golf-story and the dog-story should not overlap.

A new Night Club is to be opened in London this week. We understand, however, that its Raid Fixture Card is still in the hands of the printers.

"Are Chelsea too clever?" was a recent football heading. It is of course a local failing.

Dean INGE confesses himself struck by the singular mirthlessness of the Old Testament. Surprise is felt that Jeremiah does not appeal to him.

Mr. PETTERIE, who talks of reaching the moon in a rocket, is described as having great charm of manner. This alone should carry him far.

"Mrs. ——'s dance last night was one of the telephone variety," writes a paragraphist, "and supposed to be only for about fifty people, but actually nearly a hundred must have been there." A wrong number is indicated.

A bargee's son who was bound over on a charge of theft was said to be affected by the changes of the moon. Too little attention has been given to the effect of lunar influence on the population of our canals.

Parents have been recommended not to make too much fuss when a child is found out in his first lie. Allowance should be made for want of practice.

Postage-stamp machines are to be fitted in telephone boxes. This suggestion that it is quicker to write is not really needed.

A motorist is reported to have been using a hunting-horn in the Paris traffic. British sportsmen, however, are in favour of preserving the nice distinctions between the older forms of the chase and the pursuit of the pedestrian.

Toy soldiers, it is pointed out, do not enable children to realise the horrors of war. We ourselves should hesitate to tell the little ones about the sergeant-major.

For six years, we are told, broadcasting experts have been striving after a new art-form for the ear. And we all thought it was atmospherics!

Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD, we are reminded, was once regarded as a possible Poet Laureate. So, it may be recalled, was Dr. ROBERT BRIDGES.

During the Presidential election, it seems, farmers of the Middle West were on the horns of a dilemma. Even cattlemen are bothered by this familiar feature of polls.



Mistress. "A MR. PUDDLE HAS WRITTEN FOR YOUR REFERENCE, JANE. DO YOU ANTICIPATE LEAVING?"

Jane. "I HOPE TO, MUM. YOU SEE, HE 'S THE YOUNG MAN WHAT 'S THINKING OF MARRYING ME."

An antipathy for cats, to which a lady-novelist confesses, is pyscho-analysed as a jealousy complex due to having been a cat during a previous existence. It is a solemn thought that a lady-novelist may have already had nine lives.

Herr FURTWÄNGLER, when conducting, is described as swaying like a reed in the wind. The wood-wind, of course.

An American says that in a South Wales village he met two Atheists in one day. We refuse to believe that there could have been two Welshmen in one village on one day who did not believe in Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

Speaking at Olympia Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS said he might one day try to ride a motor-cycle. He will have to curb that dare-devil spirit and mend his froward ways or some night he will be trying to buy cigarettes after eight o'clock.

A farm has been started in the Chilterns to which tired dogs may be sent for a holiday. This is a good idea, for dairy-fed country postmen taste much sweeter than those in town.

General regret is felt that the re-assembling of Parliament should have clashed with Rat Week.

There appears to be no truth in the suggestion that Mr. COCHRAN has offered to buy the provincial touring-rights in the Police Commission.

Not all the cigars in the tobacconists' windows are meant for smoking, says a trade-paper. That explains much. The man in our compartment the other night must have been smoking a cooking cigar.

What would happen if Mr. BALDWIN suddenly resigned? asks a political writer. The opinion in some quarters is that Lord BEAVERBROOK might send for himself to form a Government.

A nonagenarian says that to live long one should lead a full life. Yes, but full of what? Years, perhaps?

The report on the Road Fund makes it clear that the pedestrian is not to blame for motor accidents. This should be a great solace to him as he whizzes along in the ambulance.

War-films are to be barred in Italy. The natives are so excitable that they go home and stab the spaghetti instead of winding it round the fork.

Because his favourite team was losing, a Bavarian ran on the field and shot the football. He is thought to have mistaken it for the referee.

"Has the mechanical bookmaker come to stay?" asks a headline. It would be interesting to know what odds the totalisator is offering on the chance.

Snapdragon is the name of a target-towing ship in the Navy. To call it *Antirrhinum* is regarded among the best naval ratings as savouring of pedantry.

HOOVER, AL AND THE LION.

[Being words to go with Mr. Punch's central cartoon.]

When our cousins, from Maine to Missouri,
From O. (for Ohio) to Cal.,
Discussed with fanatical fury
The merits of Herbert and Al,
Interference with alien factions
We felt it was right to avoid,
So we stuck to our local distractions,
Our Stanley and Ramsay and Lloyd.

We of England, where nobody gibbets
A bloke for the thoughts that he thinks,
Where no public opinion prohibits
His fancy in doctrine or drinks—
Can you wonder that over the far sea
We left 'em the choice of their guy,
Whether Al, who is moist and an R.C.,
Or Herb, who protests and is dry?

Though we turned an indifferent eye on
America's march to the lists,
We were pleased that the tail of our Lion
Was spared from the usual twists;
In the hope that this hoary manœuvre
May never recur, let us pray:—
"Thrice happy may she be with Hoover,
Now Tammany's charmer 's away!" O. S.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PLACE.

"Every day . . . some blatant vulgarity of an advertisement destroys not only the spot where it is placed but the whole sweep of the countryside. The *genius loci* is banished, never to come back again. . . . The scheduling of places of natural beauty is as necessary as the scheduling of national monuments. . . ."

I had been reading of course about the "Save the Countryside" Conference, and when I had finished I laid down the paper with a sigh and gazed out of the window at my little valley.

It was full of the cider-coloured haze of sunset; for we get our papers late at Starling Magna and read them later still. The name of the valley is Castle Orchard, but there is no castle there, and seven crooked crab-trees are all the orchard you will find. There is nothing, in fact, but a little stream running between alders, and beyond it a steep green field, rough with bracken, which lies safe and secret within the three dark ramparts of Nonepass Wood.

I drank it all in with my eyes, as I had done so many times, and asked myself how long it would be before this place too was desecrated. Would some medicine-merchant or some motor-monger, thirsting to destroy beauty, pick upon it as a suitable background for an advertisement? And, if so, would the *genius loci* really be exiled past recall? Couldn't somebody come to the rescue, drive out the intruding enemy and woo the spirit back again? Or would it, I wondered uneasily, be too late?

Night is the time for dreams, but sunset for visions; and the vision I had was this:—

I came three times to Castle Orchard. The first time was on an April morning, and a girl was sitting among the cuckoo-flowers on the bank of the stream, trailing her toes in the water. Her eyes were as blue as brook-speedwell, her hair as brown as a nut, and what there was of her frock was green.

"Tell me," I said, "are you the *genius loci*?"

She smiled at such foreign conceits.

"I'm the Spirit-of-the-Place," she said, and her speech was West-country.

I drew nearer, but she leapt to her feet and ran away laughing between the grey-green alders.

The second time was on a warm June evening, and the scent of wild roses and honeysuckle was floating across from Nonepass Wood. But now, in the very middle of Castle Orchard, there stood a large oblong hoarding supported on iron posts. It showed the head, many times life-size, of a supernaturally healthy young woman; her too-generous smile displayed an indisputably excellent set of teeth, and her corn-blonde hair was set in undulations whose rigid accuracy would have taken first prize in a ploughing competition. Below was the legend—

"Beauty is Health, Health Beauty."
Hold on to Hinckley's Hygietones!

As I drew close to this horror I heard a low sobbing moan of anguish. The Spirit-of-the-Place was lying outstretched on the brackeny slope at one of the monster's iron feet, crying wildly and painfully, her face white and her body limp with despair. I tried to comfort her, but she only shook her head and went on murmuring her heart-broken good-byes to Castle Orchard. So I left her alone in the falling dark.

But my vision took me back there yet again on a hot cloudless October afternoon, when the crab-apples were red and the bracken gold. The poster had vanished, leaving no more trace than if a mole had been digging there. The Spirit-of-the-Place was kneeling by the brook, looking at herself in a deep still pool.

"You 've won, then?" I cried.

She looked up and clapped her hands. "They came and rescued me," she said. "Castle Orchard has been scheduled as a Beauty Spot, and they 've given me leave to stay here for ever."

She smiled, and it was good to see her happy again.

But somehow her smile seemed just a trifle more generous than before, and I thought I could hear in her voice a faint complacency. And surely—surely she had been doing something different to her hair?

THE PAPERMAN.

The oldest old man that the village can own,
Paperman Endicott, sits on a stone;

Which same 's cruel hard, *cruel* hard, he declares;
And by way of protection he sits on his wares.

As soon as we buy them his troubles begin,
For copy by copy the cushion grows thin.

It takes many *Heralds* to keep flesh and bone
From the chill and the nobble of Dartymoor stone;

So before we can purchase his stock for the day
He 's got up disgusted and waddled away.

And therefore, whatever the news is about,
In our village the *Herald* is never sold out.

An Imponderable.

"Mrs. —— weighed 20 pounds before starting her swim, but her condition was so serious that she could not be weighed immediately. It is estimated that she lost 25 pounds. The swimmer was making her first attempt at the record."—*New Zealand Paper.*

We should have thought that to weigh *minus* five pounds *is* a record.



THE PIPES OF WAR;

OR, NECESSITY MAKES STRANGE BAG-FELLOWS.

[In their Amendments to the Address the two wings of the Opposition have concentrated on the same two subjects.]



Husband (completely fogged). "OH, CONSTABLE, PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL ME? DOES A MRS. SMITH LIVE ROUND ABOUT HERE?" *Wife.* "REALLY, DEAR, YOU MUST BE MORE EXPLICIT, ESPECIALLY IN A FOG LIKE THIS. (*Brightly, to Constable*) MRS. OSWALD SMITH."

NOVEMBER 14.

(Dedicated to the B.B.C.)

EXACTLY ninety-eight years ago to-day HENRY BELL, the father of steam navigation, died. *Eheu fugaces!* Let us make no mistake about it. He was one of the pioneers who with rude hands carved out the destiny of the world. There were giants in those days. *Fuit Ilium et ingens gloria Teucrorum.* Where, without steam navigation, should we be to-day? Echo answers, Where?

This man, this great man, this forerunner, as early as 1796 seems to have conceived the idea of applying steam to navigation. How far his particularly fruity notion had been anticipated by FULTON and others will be considered under the head of SHIPBUILDING, p. 4002, section 99, *q.v.* His uncle was a millwright, whatever that is. He was a man of whom it may be truly said that, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again. *Perpetuus sopor urget.* His wife kept the principal inn in Helensburgh. How strange would the little *Comet* seem to-day beside the bellowing *Leviathans* of the deep which have their pastime therein! Yet this man, this stark unemotional Scotsman, was the father of them all.

Not many hundred miles distant, in the rough wolds or dales of Yorkshire, and but fourteen years earlier to the very day, there had seen the light JOHN CURWEN, the originator of tonic sol-fa, who is known and honoured in every household where tonic sol-fa is prescribed and taken after meals. He was a physician who endeared himself to all. Over his head too the shadow of the great night has darkened, but the Tonic Sol-fa Club, which meets every alternate Thursday throughout the winter (evening dress optional), still commemorates his name.

There are old men living now who can remember the burst of cheering which greeted the arrival of steam navigation, with HENRY BELL at its prow, and slightly less old men who recall the riotous enthusiasm with which the first news of the tonic sol-fa was hailed on the Stock Exchange and in West End clubs. For November 14 was a *dies mirabilis.*

Exactly eighty winters had worn and cast away their mantles of mist and snow since the birthday of JOHN CURWEN, when the use of the red flag in front of motor-cars was abolished. Had HENRY BELL lived sixty-six years longer (which would have been improbable, as it would have made him a hundred-and-twenty-nine), the father of steam navigation might have gazed with his ageing eyes on the emancipation of transport by road. Thirty-two years later, which would have brought him to a hundred-and-sixty-one—no age for any old man to be out-of-doors in November—he would none the less have seen to what a pretty pass the emancipation of road transport has brought us now. A wintry smile would no doubt have flickered over the fine old man's face, or what was left of it. HENRY BELL would have been surprised.

Speaking to JOHN CURWEN, if JOHN CURWEN was also present (a mere boy of a hundred-and-twelve), he would very likely have pointed out how different it would all have been in the days when tonic sol-fa and the *Comet* had astounded a breathless world, and how difficult it is to make sentences when you have got them, like this one, into the future-perfect conditional. Then the two old

men would have tottered off together, muttering a little, arm-in-arm. And high time too.

For we do not need them any longer. We are about to speak of the greatest English earthquake, which neither of them could have seen, unless JOHN CURWEN had been born exactly four-hundred-and-ninety-eight years earlier than was actually the case, or HENRY BELL had died exactly five-hundred-and-twelve years sooner than he did. But this was not to be.

The greatest English earthquake, which they both missed, happened in 1318 (the year in which EDWARD BRUCE invaded Ireland, and was rightly and justly killed in the Battle of Dundalk). Occurring two-hundred-and-fourteen years later, this earthquake would have exactly coincided with and considerably disorganised the marriage of KING HENRY VIII. with ANNE BOLEYN. Happily, however, all was well. No trace of a cosmic convulsion marred the splendours of the occasion. No courtier was old enough to remember even from childhood what the Mortimers or Despensers had said in 1318, when the great shock came. The fair pert Queen was married to the bluff and hearty King. Looking onward through the mist of years they were unable to perceive how, at the very hour when the merry bells were pealing for their nuptials there would be cradled in a rough Yorkshire village, two-hundred-and-eighty-four years later, the founder of the tonic sol-fa system. Travelling, if they did, on a gilded state barge, drawn by watermen and swans up the wide pellucid Thames, they could not possibly have dreamt that not more than two hundred-and-ninety-eight years from that moment were to elapse ere the Father of steam navigation breathed his last. *Carpe diem* was their motto. They gathered rosebuds while they could. We will leave the amorous pair.

Second-sight did not even permit them to pierce the veil so far as November 14, 1770. Had it done so, they would have known that a man who, whatever might have been his views about the religious problems of their time, would have most certainly disproved of their moral obliquity (none other, I mean, than JAMES BRUCE, "the Abyssinian"), was at that very moment engaged in discovering the sources of the Blue Nile. And of him what? He too was unable to foretell the future. He also died before it came to pass.

Otherwise at the very instant when the sources of the Blue Nile were breaking upon his enraptured vision he would have known that a November just one-hundred-and-fifty-two years later, and a November 14th at that, was to see in England an event fraught with an even greater consequence for mankind.

It was a greater than the greatest English earthquake. HENRY VIII. had long ago turned the habit of frequent marriage from a pleasant foible into a music-hall joke, the source of the Blue Nile had been generally forgotten, few but the Tonic Sol-fa Club remembered the name of JOHN CURWEN, only the gossips and goodwives of Linlithgow recalled the venerable figure of HENRY BELL, when on November 14, 1922, twenty-six years after the abolition of the red flag in front of motor-cars, 2LO, if I am to trust my tear-off Calendar, commenced to reign.

EVOE.



Far-sighted Parent. "NOW, MY BOY, I WANT TO GIVE YOU A REALLY GOOD START IN THE CITY. WHAT ABOUT GETTING INTO PARLIAMENT AS A BEGINNING?"

Levity in Lombard Street.

"Tightness was again experienced in Lombard Street to-day, window-dressing operations by the joint sock banks being on a considerable scale."—*Evening Paper.*

We await a protest from the vested interests.

"A MILLIONAIRE'S GEM AT A CURATE'S PRICE.

A 'Country Life' House, costing £20,000, can be bought for £5,000."—*Daily Paper.*

The curate seems to have a nest-egg, good all through.

"Zebras are stated to be leading the way in a mass ten miles wide and five miles deep, followed by miles of gnomes and other animals"
British Columbian Paper.

Surely a misgnomer.

TOPSY, M.P.

IX.—HAULS DOWN THE GOLD STANDARD.

Trix darling I don't know if you saw but I 'm afraid my virgin speech was a *classic* fiasco, my dear *too* chastening, however here and there the proceedings had fun-value so I 'll nought conceal because my dear the Press were *too* Christian and I don't suppose you *take in* Hansard exactly, by the way darling I *do* hope you 're utterly *preserving* my letters because it 's *occured* to me they might be *rather* cream to the auto-biogmongers some day, and I don't know if you 've noticed that I 've been *rather* pedantic about spelling and everything lately for that reason, well I *nearly* always get *aprehensive* right and *even* esotteric don't I darling?

Well of course it 's a fraction *intricate* this macaber tale if you *don't* understand the geography, anyhow it was *quite* arranged that I was to *catch* the SPEAKER'S *fictitious* eye after the Honourable loofah for Ullage Boroughs and I must mention of course that the House was *crammed*, my dear *too* insanitary, of course if you *will* have a House of *seven* hundred and a Chamber that holds *four*, *how* like men darling, and as I will *not* have truck with that *degrading* scramble for seats before *breakfast*, my dear *imagine* me standing in a queue with *Auntie* JIX at six o'clock in the morning, and of course some *maggotty* constituent came to see me about *Sunday* osculation or something, so what with everything I lost the little seat, however I thought in *case* I said anything about *vinophobia* it might be just as well not to be next to NANCY in case she pinched the little legs or anything, and I was *quite* determined to be rather *carbolic* to the Government about the Gold Standard and everything, so I took a seat on the *cross*-benches *quite* under the Gallery, my dear *whispering* secretly in the palping little bosom, *Mister* Speaker Sir the *Gold* Standard is the banner of the nation's wretchedness and the gilded ensign of our *defeated* industries.

Because my dear that 's how Haddock *told* me to begin, of course usually I don't concoct a *syllable* beforehand but merely bubble on *fortuitously*, only one's virgin in the House is *such* an event that we thought I 'd better *merise*, and I 'd mesmerised the *entire* speech, my dear *calamitous*, however well you see the *Gold Standard* was the absolute *note* of the speech, of course I don't *really* understand the Gold Standard, but as I said who *does*, anyhow all this *deflation* is *utterly* spurious, my dear it 's *rather* difficult to explain to you because I suppose it 's *just* possible you haven't *studied* deflation much, well I *think* deflation is a sort of financial *banting* and *inflation* so the inflaters say means feeding the nation *up*, but of course the other people, that 's the *deflaters*, say it means national flatulence, so it 's all *rather* intestinal, and my dear you 've *no* idea of the *things* a public woman has to keep in the little cranium, however darling *don't* read that bit again because I don't *quite* know what I am but the *point* is *too* simple, you see all this *deflation* they say and the Gold Standard and everything means we have the *most* convincing *credit*, and as I said what is the good of braying about your *credit* if you have *millions* of unemployed, and what *is* the good of having *cheap* food if people have *no* money to purchase same, my dear as *I* said, *if* you have the *most* convincing credit what does a *girl* do, one *rushes* out and gets all sorts of *utter* necessaries you *can't* afford *now*, which my dear is *just* what the *Government* ought to do, because my dear *look* at all the *remunerative* things they won't do because they 're *short* of money, my dear the Channel *Tunnel* and growing artificial *forests*, and harnessing the *tides* and *all* sorts of *water*-stunts, because my dear there 's *no* doubt that *coal* is *too* obsolete, and gosh you 'd think there was enough *water* in this country to run the *universe* by electricity, and of course *as* for the money they 've only got to have the *world's* seductive loan *specially* for unemployment, my dear call it the *Peace Loan*, get a good publicity man and the trick is *done*.



Nurse. "YOU SHOULD BEG YOUR LITTLE BROTHER'S PARDON."
Culprit. "POO—HE ISN'T OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE ONE."

Well my dear that was the sort of *Message* of my speech, only of course my poor Haddock *would* mutilate it into these *dyspeptic* sentences about *banners* and things, well when the loofah for Ullage Boroughs had ceased uttering, which my dear was the *sort* of relief you get when an *engine* stops blowing off steam at St. Pancras, well I bounded *nimbly* to the little feet and smiled my winningest at the Speaker, but my dear *what* was my humiliation when he called upon a Conservative yam from Yorkshire instead, well my dear I *wilted* like a frozen daffodil into my seat and a rather kindly balloon came up and told me I *couldn't* speak from there because I was *behind* the Bar or under the Bar or something puerile, my dear you 've *no* idea, the place is like a *girls'* academy only *nobody* knows the rules, because *another* Samaritan said I was *utterly* orthodox only the Speaker couldn't have *noticed* the slender frame, my dear *too* flattering, anyhow I wasn't going to be muted by *that* schoolgirl stuff, so after a bit I *glided* up the little staircase at the back into a sort of overflow gallery at the side, and my dear I 'd *hardly* had time to attend to the haggard features when the yam subsided and I *leapt* to the perpendicular again, well my dear some beetle said Order order because it seems *nobody* 's spoken from the Gallery except a man called HEALY *centuries* ago, however *nearly* everyone else made Yer-yer noises and the Speaker called on me and I moistened the little lips and said *Mr.* Speaker Sir the *Gold* Standard.

Well my dear I *stop* there because that 's just where I *did* stop, my dear I



Stable Lad. "DUSKY PRINCE VERY NIGH SNAPPED ME HAND OFF JUST NOW."
Trainer. "GOOD. THAT MEANS HE 'S BACK ON HIS FEED."

couldn't *utter*, I merely *looked* down at a sort of *sea* of jelly-fish *glaring* up at me, and they say I was *rather* a Ruth-like and poignant little figure sort of *quivering* alone above the alien gasteropods, of course they were *foully* polite, my dear if they 'd *only* been *rude* I 'd have been a different woman, but I *could* not remember a *single* word about the Gold Standard, I don't know *what* I said in the end, my dear *too* brief, some sort of *Christian* babble about the Prime I believe however darling let us draw a veil.

Well my dear I *faded* out of the place and had a juniper-juice for the stamina, and I went back when the Prime got up, who my dear *quite* brought tears to the little eyes, my dear *too* magnetic, however now for the fun-stuff, well just before the Prime stopped a perfectly *tropical* loofah who sits for Scotland or somewhere and had the *most* offensive snivelly cold *got* up, my dear, and said Mr. Speaker *is* it in order for the Honourable Member for Burbleton to *powder* her nose during the Prime's remarks, my dear *sensation*, I blushed *all* over, well the Speaker said something pedantic about *non sine pulvere* being no doubt applicable to feminine conquests but he thought the *sense* of the House was that Honourable Members should in the Chamber confine the arts of adornment and decoration to their *prose*, well they all yer-yerred and cachinnated, and my dear I was *so* staggered I could think of *nothing* to say, because my dear *after* all *what* century *are* they living in, however well the Prime stopped and *while* the Speaker was doing the clear-the-lobbies ritual the noxious loofah aforesaid gave the *most* hippopotamy *snort*, so my dear I had one of my inspired flashes, I *got* up and I said On an absolute *point* of order Mr. Speaker, but of course *just* then it seems the first Division bell rang, and the two yams beside me utterly *pulled* me down and said I could only put a point of order *sitting* with a *hat* on, because my dear there 's some *nursery* rule about that, however I said Can't you see the girl 's *hatless*, and then somebody gave me Sir WILLIAM BULL'S *topper* and I utterly yelled *Is* it in order for the Honourable and Bronchial Member to attend to *his* nose in a *hydraulic* manner, only of course I doubt if anyone heard because I was *drowned* in the hat, my dear *right* down to the little shoulders, my dear they *roared*, because of course they 're *Nature's* infants and I must say *rather* congenial, well Haddock says that after the hat-exploit they 'll *quite* forget about my virgin fiasco, and I *rather* think that some of them are *rather* attracted so all 's well etc., farewell now your *rather* pathetic TOPSY.

A. P. H.

Good News for Santa Claus.

"Thames anglers have put 20,000 fish in the river at Kingston for stocking purposes."
Evening Paper.

Our Erudite Guardians.

"Mr. R. ——, J.P., was of the opinion that a wooden hospital was altogether out of the question. It was going back to the Stone Age."
Local Paper.

"HOOVER SWEEPS THE STATES.
HOOVER'S SWEEPING VICTORY.
HOOVER'S BIG SWEEP."
Evening Paper Headlines.

Leaving AL SMITH with that vacuum feeling, in fact.

"Nagoya, Tuesday.
BrBeBakBing his journey to Kyoto for the enthronement ceremonies, the Emperor arrived here this afternoon."—*Manchester Paper.*

It seems to have been a compound fracture.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CRIME NOVEL.

ON one side of the grille of the village post-office hung twelve cardboard notices cheek by jowl. They formed an epitome of human life, ranging as they did from its inception, typified by "Telegrams," to its close as "Old Age Pensions." On the other side of the grille was one young woman in authority and one small spectacled girl *in statu pupillari*.

The young woman was sitting in the "Registered Letter" department, though her left elbow was in "Money Orders" and her right foot in "Stamps." She was reading with avidity a book by Ambrose Sleuthe called *A Thief in the Grass*, being a sequel to that well-known thriller, *The Snake in the Night*. The spectacled girl was in "Money Orders." She also was reading *A Thief in the Grass*, or at least as much of it as she could see over her companion's shoulder. But this was evidently not enough, for after a while she said:—

"What 's the Black Thief doin' now, Gladys?"

"Trying to steal back his fiongsay's diamonds which Lady Muchcheating had got. But the detective is after him."

"Coo!" said the small girl breathlessly. "But I thought he was the hero?"

"Of course he is, my dear," replied Gladys loftily. "This isn't an old-fashioned book, you know. The detective is the real wrong'un. But the Black Thief has just felled him to the earth with a brass inkstand."

"Coo!" said the junior assistant again, ecstatically imagining this delightful pastime of the hero.

"Not so much of your 'Coo.' Just you get on and finish counting those money orders," reproved the young woman severely, and became aware of an old gentleman with a red face and a white moustache fuming impatiently at the other side of the grille.

"Three three-halfpenny stamps and a twopenny," he repeated between his teeth.

"Four-pence halfpenny, please," murmured Gladys, her mind divided between the customer and her book. "'*The face of the recumbent man was deathly pale*'—Thank you—'*but the Black Thief's eyes were fixed upon the diamonds that sparkled. . . .*' Oh, a tuppenny one too, did you say?"

"Yes, I did," snapped the old gentleman. "And if you attended to me instead of to cheap novels you 'd be——"

The young woman patted the back of her shingle and surveyed him coolly.

"It isn't a cheap novel," she politely explained; "it cost three-and-sixpence."

"Black Thieves and brass inkstands!" snorted the old man, who had evidently overheard her synopsis of events.

"It 's one of the latest thrillers by a well-known detective-story writer——"

She broke off, perceiving her remarks were not going well. Through the grille the old gentleman's face showed mottled red and purple with fury. He looked something like a mandrill.

"It 's perfectly disgraceful," he spluttered. "This disgusting literature, which glorifies crime, is undermining our national life and corrupting the minds of our youth."

Quite unperturbed, for *A Thief in the Grass* was far more intriguing than an old gentleman in a temper, the young woman tossed her head and resettled herself. . . . "'*In another moment the diamonds would be in his grasp. His hand stole to the switch. . . .*'"

"And what 's more," concluded the old gentleman, stamping to the doorway, "that a young person like you, in a position of trust, handling our money——"

"Sixpence-halfpenny," murmured Gladys to herself, and turned a fresh page.

"——handling the *public* money, should read and enjoy subversive trash about thieves; well, it 's nothing more nor less than an outrageous scandal;" and he sailed furiously out.

"'*Silence now fell in the darkened room—the silence of death . . .*'" continued Gladys happily to herself, adding as she caught the junior member once more craning at the page: "Done the orders, dear? Then go out and get your tea."

* * * * *

A few moments later a man entered with a parcel to be weighed. As the young woman took it he leapt suddenly over the end of the counter, knocking her roughly aside, grabbed a handful of notes in a till and leapt back.

Before he could reach the door, however, something unexpected smote his ear. It was a cry for help, but it had a more concrete accompaniment in the shape of a heavy iron inkstand which arrived at the same time and place. He reeled under the impact and, as he did so, took the four-pound parcel-weight in the chest.

The young woman's cries continued to ring out as she gathered further ammunition. Another inkstand exploded close by his head, covering his face with red ink. A date-stamp impinged on his forehead, marking him clearly for the 3.30 collection. Even as the butcher's assistant from next-door rushed in to help, a final shrapnel-burst of small ounce and two-ounce letter-weights sent the raider cowering against the wall.

His face streaming with red in a most realistic manner, he was easily secured by the butcher's assistant and others. The plucky girl was congratulated on her presence of mind.

"Oh, it 's nothing," she answered modestly. "I 'd just been reading about where the *Black Thief* did something like that to the crook-detective who tried to catch him."

A. A.

LEXICOMANIA.

"PRISCILLA AND I.

"'Priscilla,' I said, coming down to breakfast one morning, 'I can't stand that noise any longer. You must drown that baby of yours or there will be trouble;' and I drew my chair up to the table. Priscilla, who was looking rather pretty in a new frock, lit a cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke into my face. 'Chuck it,' she said. 'The child is delicious. You know you love babies;' and she gave me a dab. 'That is not so,' I replied, toying with my bacon and eggs. 'Give me some bread.'

"After breakfast my little girl came to see me, looking very adorable with her rosy cheeks. She gave me a kiss and asked for an apple. 'Would you like two?' I asked her tenderly. And her sweet and simple reply was 'Yes.'"...

And so on. That is how I used to write. Easy, natural, care-free stuff. But now things are very different. I have made a labour of this light nonsense, a business of this badinage. I write like a sage, surrounded with works of reference. I cannot frame a single sentence without plunging into a dictionary for guidance and advice. I weigh and ponder the precise meanings of words until my brain reels. I balance Mr. MURRAY against Mr. WEBSTER and Mr. WEBSTER against Mr. NUTTALL. I even fly, for occasional elucidation, to Dr. JOHNSON, Sir. It is a dreadful state that I am in. My personality is being rapidly destroyed by these ghastly volumes, and this is the awful truth: that *it is no longer I who write, but my dictionaries.*

This is how *they* write, the brutes! This is how they *trace symbols representing word(s) esp. with pen or pencil on paper or parchment.* ("Parchment," indeed!) This is how they twist my simple tale, that artless fragment which I have given you above, into a pedantic confusion of intolerable balderdash:—

"PRISCILLA AND *SUBJECTIVE CASE OF 1ST PERS. PRON.*

"'Priscilla,' I said, coming down to *first meal of day* one *early part of daytime*, 'I can't *endure without succumbing or complaining* that *any sound, esp. loud or harsh one* any longer. You must *suffocate by submersion* that *very young*



A PARTING SHOT.

Charlady (whose services are no longer required). "TO TELL YER THE TRUTH, MRS. MAXWELL, I BIN TOO LENIENT WITH YER."

child of yours, or there will be trouble,' and I drew my *separate seat for one of various forms* up to the *article of furniture consisting of flat top of wood or marble, etc.* Priscilla, who was looking rather pretty in a new *monk's long gown with loose sleeves*, lit a *small cylinder of cut tobacco* and blew a cloud of *volatile products of combustion, esp. visible vapour with carbon, etc., in suspension emitted by burning substance* into my face. '*Cease!*' she said. 'The *boy or girl* is *highly delightful, esp. to taste, smell, or the sense of humour.* You know you love babies,' and she gave me a *slight or undecided but sudden blow.* 'That is not so,' I replied, toying with my *cured back and sides of pig* and *spheroidal bodies produced by female of birds, etc.* 'Give me some *flour moistened, kneaded and baked, usu. with leaven.*'

"After breakfast my little *female child* came to see me, looking very adorable with her rosy *side walls of mouth.* She gave me a *touch with the lips, esp. as sign of affection* and asked for a *round firm fleshy fruit of a rosaceous tree.* 'Would you like *one more than one?*' I asked her tenderly. And her sweet and simple reply was '*Particle equivalent to affirmative sentence.*' . . .

Ye Muses Nine, *daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne, inspirers of poetry, music, etc.*, take pity on me! There is no doubt about it. Much dictionary has made me mad.

One-Way Football.

"Sir Charles Batho . . . is a strong opponent of one-way traffic—at all events, near the Mansion House, once broke his nose playing Rugger."—*Daily Paper.*

Rather a risky place to cultivate "an aldermanic nose."

THE POWER OF SONG.

I DON'T want to boast, but I really believe that I have had the most staggering idea since the Tower of Babel.

You may find this difficult to believe, but when I tell you that my idea is certain, absolutely *certain*, to remove all international suspicions and difficulties for *ever* you will realise that I am not making too great a claim for it. And I will go further. My idea will quite literally make life one long glad song for everybody. *Now* what about it?

It came quite suddenly, like all really great ideas. I was in a Continental train at a German frontier station. A man in a musical-comedy uniform entered my compartment.

"*Haben Sie etwas zollpflichtiges?*" he said with a look of deep hatred.

Of course I just stared at him. When a German splashes a word like "*zollpflichtiges*" at you there is nothing to be done about it, except possibly to put up an umbrella.

I only know one German sentence, which I understand means that the brother of my aunt does not care for eggs. I said it now, waving my hand to indicate that I did not wish it to be taken too literally, as it were, but it didn't seem to satisfy him. If anything it appeared to intensify his dislike for me, and by the time I managed to get rid of him I didn't care very much for him either.

As he passed the window of my compartment he seemed to have recovered his equanimity, because he was humming to himself. Where he had got the tune from I do not know, but he was humming "I want to be happy."

The sentiment found in me an immediate response. So did I. Without a moment's hesitation I put my head out of the window and I too hummed "I want to be happy."

The German stopped, stared, and gradually the hatred with which the sight of me seemed to inspire him gave way to a look of pleased surprise. For the first time since making one another's acquaintance we were *en rapport*. He smiled—obviously a man with a heart of gold. I smiled—obviously another. He nodded his head and hummed a few more bars. So did I. He saluted, I bowed, and as the train moved out of the station he even condescended to wave his hand.

Then it was that my great idea came to me. The whole trouble with Frenchmen and Germans and Czecho-Slovakians and so on is that they will speak incomprehensible languages. It is their misfortune rather than their fault; anyone who has ever heard a Czecho-Slovakian giving tongue in his native language will realise that; but the fact remains. And people who cannot understand one another misunderstand one another.

BUT EVERYONE CAN SING!

That is my great idea. Music is the universal language, and it is an old maxim that what cannot be said can be sung.

Think what a difference it would make. To-day when the unhappy Englishman gets off a boat at Boulogne or Rotterdam or Hamburg he is at once surrounded by a gesticulating crowd of villainous-looking cut-throats who all shout at him together in some utterly unintelligible language. How much pleasanter it would be if they were to sing in harmony a few bars of some well-known aria, indicating that it would give them the greatest pleasure to carry his bag or do him some other trifling service. Instead of attempting to argue, or at best shouting, "*Où est Cook's homme?*" the traveller would clear his throat and with a little bow sing a verse or two of "Home, sweet Home," meaning that he was not in need of assistance. Then such of the crowd as still remained, if any, would go quietly away.

And how useful it would be at Geneva! The meetings of the League of Nations would become as attractive as the Welsh National Eisteddfod; people would pay to go in; Sir THOMAS BEECHAM would be made permanent President. Nation would sing to nation and there would be no more discord.

I hope it comes off. To hear Herr STRESEMANN humming "The Watch on the Rhine" mixed up with "We don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go," I would even undertake the trip to Geneva myself. L. DU G.



New Scotch Minister (*who has paid a protracted and tedious visit*). "WELL, I MUST BE ON MY WAY—'THE DAILY ROUND,' YOU KNOW."

Sick Man (*with a gleam of interest in his eyes*). "AW, WEEL, I 'M GLAD YOU 'RE A GOWFER. THAT 'S SOMETHING IN YOUR FAVOUR, ONYWAY."

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch, who has long been a supporter of that excellent and—unhappily—very necessary institution, the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, wishes to draw attention to its modest but immediate need. This is a sum of ten thousand pounds to make it at once free of debt and put it in a position to increase its utility, both indoors and out, for the Hospital and its surroundings now occupy five acres of Regent's Park, comprising a playing ground where the many juvenile patients recover their health, by no means impeded by the companionship of grey squirrels.

Ten thousand pounds is not much to ask, and it becomes less when one thinks of the services to humanity—and indirectly to the nation—which this Hospital performs. Think of it as only ten thousand pound-notes, or twenty thousand ten-shilling notes, or eighty thousand half-crowns—and what are they?

At the Festival dinner to be held at Grosvenor House on the 21st of this month, Lord LASCELLES is to make a special appeal. Will not readers of *Punch* anticipate that event and lighten his task by sending donations now to the Secretary, West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, 73, Welbeck Street, W.1?

"We are getting back to the days when people admittedly liked to see beauti-gowned; this is all to the good, both from gowned; this is all to the good, both from fully gowned; this is all to the good, both from the artistic and the business points of view."
Bristol Paper.

Miss GERTRUDE STEIN would certainly agree that this is all to the good.



UNLIKELY EVENTS.

THE TIMES STARTS A COMIC STRIP.

THE SOFT SPEAKER.

[By general consent the most popular feature in the B.B.C. programmes is the Tuesday "Talk on Music" by Sir WALFORD DAVIES.]

I AM not a wireless expert, I am not a radio fan;
There are items in the programmes which, as an average man,
For injudicious levity or gravity I 'd ban.

And yet each week that passes I look forward to the one day,
That comes before the Wednesday and follows on the Monday,
When WALFORD DAVIES gives a "talk" that 's sweeter than a sundae.

The nightingale 's by general consent a *rara avis*,
Though some prefer the fluting of the blackbird or the mavis,
But I take greater pleasure in the voice of WALFORD DAVIES.

In old and peaceful pre-War years, oh! many 's the time and oft
I 've heard him waking thunders in the Temple's organ-loft
Or elicit from his instrument tones exquisitely soft.

He charmed us with the music of BACH and BYRD and BOYCE,
But now a vaster audience he causes to rejoice,
And holds ten millions spellbound by the magic of his voice.

Singers may disconcert us with their quavering or shrieking,
And saxophones disgust us with their pestilential squeaking,
But WALFORD DAVIES wins us with the spell of perfect speaking.

His gentle and confiding ways disarm the surly sceptic;
His influence is bland and suave and utterly eupeptic;
And his pianoforte touch is never epileptic.

My technical equipment 's *nil*, my science slim and scanty;
I hardly know the difference 'twixt *presto* and *andante*;
I cannot accurately hum the simplest song or chanty;

Yet, after twenty minutes' *tête-à-tête* with this magician,
He makes me feel that I 've become more than a mere practician
Or theorist, and, like himself, a masterly musician.

So if I chance to be marooned on Tuesday, say, at Alford
(Near Aberdeen), or in the wilds of Wigan or of Salford,
I ope my "portable" and fly to Paradise with WALFORD.

Let others blame the B.B.C. for pandering to the crowd,
At least they 've given us WALFORD, who to Baal has not bowed,
An incomparable "speaker" who is never coarse or "loud."



Customer. "I SUPPOSE THIS SPODE WARE IS THE GENUINE ARTICLE?"
Salesman. "ABSOLUTELY, SIR. IT HAS EVER BEEN OUR POLICY TO CALL A SPODE A SPODE."

LILY HANDS.

I SUPPOSE that my face, compared with HELEN'S (of Troy), would launch a small canoe. I attribute this misfortune to the slackness of my fairy godmother, a female totally unmindful of her duties and privileges, who came late to my christening.

"Poor mite!" she cooed; "her face *will* be knobbly when it grows up and sets," and, instead of doing something about it, she went on to say, "I must give her a very nice pair of hands."

A short time ago, when I was bidden to a dinner which was to be graced by a good deal of local youth and beauty, I realised that a little intensive cultivation of the good points of my hands would be necessary. A study of the advertisement and beauty pages of journals devoted to feminine interests convinced me that the hasty dab of cold cream which had been their nightly portion was inadequate. I had evidently been neglecting a priceless gift which should invest my personality with charm and distinction.

I therefore laid in a goodly store of creams (both for day and night), bleaching lotions, snow foams, ripe fruit, powder, perfumes, potions, chemicals and manicure tools.

I began with the general health. The system was toned up with flagons of Burgundy. An incipient chilblain was banished by a gill of cod-liver oil taken after every meal, and frequent doses of calcium carbide (lactates of lime-juice).

The hands were rubbed at least twice a day with a freshly-cut lemon or grapefruit, then washed in warm water and soft-soap to which the white of a hard-boiled egg had been added, and dried before a slow fire. They were then bleached with a solution of chlorine, fluorine, bromine or iodine, sweetened with a few perfumes (usually of Arabia) and lightly dusted with *Poudre de Riz de Neige*.

My treasures responded well on the whole, though I had some difficulty in coaxing them to eat all their skin food at night, before they were laid to rest in a pair of old boxing-gloves. Serious manicuring was a trial at first, but after a few days' practice I could dissolve the cuticle and a little of the flesh round the nails by prodding with an orange or banana-stick dipped in expensive fluid, file the edges, sharpen the ends and give the nails that rosy lustre with paste and powder, in less than three-quarters of an hour.

By the evening of the dinner I imagined myself to be hand-perfect. They looked like rare and exquisite flowers, I thought as I glanced through the current number of *Aphrodite's Home Journal*, while I was waiting for my taxi.

Alas! its pages held disillusion and a shattering blow to my pride, for an article on "The Art of Gesture" attracted my attention.

"Have you speaking hands?" it asked. "Can you express the whole gamut of emotion by the wiggle of a finger, the waggle of a thumb? Or are your hands, although soft and white, yet lacking in expression? Are they soulless, wooden and essentially vulgar? Study the gestures of our greatest actresses and——"

In that book I read no more. A wave of disappointment and shame surged over me as I realised that I could not possibly meet people that night. I had nourished and tended the bodies of my hands to the neglect of their spirit, and left them essentially vulgar. My consciousness of this would make them appear to be sick of a palsy, and I should upset the salt and rattle things.

I telephoned my excuses. I was so sorry; not feeling quite myself. No, not exactly ill—just something wrong with my hands.



Effusive Friend (to modern genius). "HOW TERRIBLY MARVELLOUS, MY DEAR, TO CREATE, AS IT WERE, SOMETHING THAT MEANS NOTHING, SO TO SPEAK!"

"That Way Madness Lies."

"HAIR DYE FOR GREY HAIRS.

Everybody, who has ever used it once, has become mad after it."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*



THE SPREAD OF THE DRESS-SHOW HABIT.

MEN'S GOLF.

[Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, President of the Twickenham L.G.C., replies to Mr. POPE'S attack on women-golfers.]
(See "Punch," October 31st, p. 484.)

WHEN passing urchins ignorantly jeer,
Wise golfers turn an inattentive ear.
So have I learned to disregard the spite
Of golfing bards who cannot golf or write;
Yet, though at me their darts innocuous fly,
When they insult my sex I must reply.
Our "card-and-pencil madness" you attack
And "golf's true spirit" say we wholly lack,
Because without the lure of pots or pelf
We seek improvement only for itself.
Such female folly man observes with pain
But never plays his best except for gain.

See where Mamurra, type of manly sport,
Emerges from the club-house oozing port,
Puffing a vast cigar whose gaudy band
Proclaims the costly merits of its brand.
Blind to the rights of others on the course
He ne'er gives way unless compelled by force.
Should he behold a ladies' match behind,
"It 's only two dam women—never mind."
For less than paper never known to play,
He rolls obesely on his stertorous way,
And, as the climax of a worthy round,
Misses a twelve-inch putt that costs a pound.
Or should we learn from Scurra, who, though scratch,
Delights to take his part in such a match?
With store of golfing-skill and little wealth,
Doubtless he does it solely for his health.

If golf's true spirit thus indeed is shown,
No need to weep that 'tis to us unknown.

Nor should it too much vex the female soul
That women-golfers play no nineteenth hole,
Where, while the double whiskies freely flow,
Louder the boasts, more tall the stories grow;
The genial spirit lengthens all their drives,
Turns "fours" to "threes" and "sixes" into "fives,"
Till, when the time has come to close the bar,
Each feels convinced he did the course in par.

Some women *are* too slow, I quite agree;
But from this vice not every man is free.
When horrid tigers hunt the elusive pot
Five minutes scarce suffices for each shot.
How carefully they test the zephyr's strength
And walk ahead to estimate the length.
Before each putt about the green they crawl
And gaze from ball to pin, from pin to ball;
At every hole the ritual the same,
Till golf becomes a penance, not a game.
At woman's style you fling the boorish sneer
And sketch her failings with a pen severe.
Of all the blunders that her style deface
Do none disfigure man's imperial race?
When such a critic woman's golf derides
Smiling we say, "The raven blackness chides";
Upon his malice with indifference gaze,
And shrink with terror only from his praise.



UNSTRAINED RELATIONS.

British Lion *(to President-Elect of U.S.A.)*. "CONGRATULATIONS! AND I'M SO GLAD THAT NEITHER OF YOU FOUND IT NECESSARY TO TWIST MY TAIL."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, November 6th.—The Parliament entered upon the last lap of its statutory career in a fog which somehow communicated itself later in the day to the proceedings in the Commons.

The opening ceremonies, at which Mr. Punch has so often assisted, were "as usual." Grenadier Guards, like trees walking, loomed up out of the mist and went through the motions of lining the street.

Then came the carriages (or, as they say in Fleet Street, the "gorgeous equipages") full of illustrious but invisible personages; then THEIR MAJESTIES, visible and smiling to the loyal citizens who alternately cheered and coughed.

The splendid ceremonial proceeded in the Lords according to plan; the KING'S Speech sprang no legislative surprises, and the galaxies of brave women and fair men, their imaginations deeply stirred by the promise of a Local Government Bill, melted away.

The Commons, mustered in strength, kept a stern grip on their emotions. The two Members who had arrived at ten o'clock the night before in order not to miss anything were still awake. Major EDMONDSON, resplendent in the trappings of the H.A.C. ("protective colouring" he called it), moved in polished and witty phrases, and Mr. JEPHCOTT, in the trappings of Mr. Citizen, seconded, with democratic eloquence, the Address.

The House received their efforts with a decorous absence of enthusiasm. It was scarcely more vehement in appreciation when Mr. MACDONALD concluded a long and, considering the occasion, unusually detailed assault on the Government's handling of the Disarmament problem.

It was at this point that the fog became apparent. Or perhaps the House felt slightly outraged in its feelings at having to take part in one of those Parliamentary comedies that are staged in the interests of decorum and deceive nobody.

Mr. MACDONALD'S assault was a much more elaborate affair than the preliminary attack on the KING'S Speech is classically supposed to be. Mr. BALDWIN'S reply took a still more novel turn. He announced briefly that he would reply in equal detail when the Amendment thereto appertaining, which he understood would be duly forthcoming from one or other of the Opposition Parties, forthcame.

"What!" cried Mr. MACDONALD with well-simulated astonishment, "was the PREMIER going to make no statement of the Government's position on foreign affairs, irrespective of what took place in the House?" Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who had been diplomatically missing from his seat when the moment came for him to supplement Mr. MACDONALD'S thunder, said nothing. Mr. BALDWIN replied that they had issued a White Paper. There was going to be a full-dress indictment of the Government's foreign policy—he had seen the Amendment—and when it was made would be the time to answer it.

That was clearly that, even if Mr. SCRYMGEOUR did have a word to add; so Mr. SNOWDEN moved the adjournment, more in simulated anger than suppositious sorrow. Mr. BALDWIN accepted the motion, and so home to high tea.

In both Houses the absence of familiar and affectionately-remembered figures was the occasion of brief but eloquent tributes. In the Lords (where Lords CRANBROOK and CHAPLIN moved and seconded the Address and Lords BEAUCHAMP and SALISBURY sustained, *pro* and *con*, the preliminary debate on the KING'S Speech), the death of Lord HALDANE has made a sad rent in the Labour Party's tenuous ranks. The passing of Sir JAMES AGG-GARDNER has robbed the Commons of an old and cherished figure whose fame and work were alike almost a monopoly of the House. But the House had compensations, for there was the familiar figure of Captain WEDGWOOD BENN from North Aberdeen, and Mr. BELLAMY from Ashton-under-Lyne, come to uphold the Labour cause, and Sir W. PRESTON and Brigadier-General WRIGHT, who hold Cheltenham and Tavistock in fee to Mr. BALDWIN.



"TRAPPIST TACITURNITY."
(After a Thirteenth-Century Manuscript.)
THE PRIME MINISTER.

Wednesday, November 7th.—Yesterday Lord SALISBURY made it clear that the Government are more eager to bury the so-called Anglo-French Pact than to praise it. The burying was resumed to-day with Lord THOMSON as grave-digger and Lord CUSHENDUN as chief mourner. Viscount GREY OF FALLODON intimated that he had never attended a more timely funeral, and Lord CECIL said, "Now was I right to resign?"

Lord CUSHENDUN assured their Lordships that the deceased understanding with the French was as useful and above-board a little understanding as ever breathed the diplomatic air, and that all the trouble was really caused by the preposterous and mostly malignant suspicions of the Press. Could they imagine a transaction more free from concealment or secrecy than this one? he asked plaintively, but forgot to explain why in the note to the Japanese, Italian and United States Governments explaining the gist of the Anglo-French proposals, no mention was made of British acceptance of the principle of unlimited trained reservists.

However he again made it clear that the incident is closed, there is no pact and no nothing. We are not committed and can resume our objections to unlimited land reserves and unlimited submarines until somebody makes it worth our while to change our minds.

Procrastination is not in it with Prime Ministers when it comes to stealing time. Mr. BALDWIN introduced a motion to-day to steal all private Members' time between now and Easter. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD resisted the

theft, but rather in the manner of one who says darkies will be darkies when he hears that the neighbours' hen-roosts have been robbed. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was even less hostile. "What they all wanted," said he, "was to come to the General Election." If to achieve that end the PRIME MINISTER found it necessary to cut the private Member's cackle, it was not for him to object.

An offer by Mr. SAKLATVALA to present Mr. BALDWIN with dictatorial powers until the Dissolution if he would guarantee to cut unemployment in half was not taken up, and the House, having passed the motion, returned to the general debate on the Address. This let in Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, that lion-hearted dove of peace, who dealt shrewdly with Lord CUSHENDUN. As the latter was busy being dealt with elsewhere and as Mr. BRIDGEMAN on the Treasury Bench was obviously only there, like the fabled egg, to look round, the telling thrusts of the Member for North Aberdeen provoked nothing more formidable than an apologetic defence of *ententes* in general from Colonel HOWARD-BURY.

Numerous private Members thereafter made the most of what little of the House's time they yet may spend discussing various matters of domestic interest. Among others Mr. KIRKWOOD revealed some first-hand facts in connection with the miner-harvesters sent to Canada last summer that really call for but probably will not get a Government reply.

Thursday, November 8th.—"Pity the poor gas company!" cried Lords ASTOR and GAINFORD in unison. Hampered by outward restrictions in ancient Acts of Parliament, it seems, many a gas company is unable to effect its honourable design of selling cheaper gas. Replying for the Government, Lord PLYMOUTH, who has evidently been rubbing up his chemistry, said that no doubt gas would continue to expand as it had done in the past. Expanding this theme he declared that in the Government's considered view there was room for both industries, gas and electric. A report upon the views of all the interests concerned in the recommendations of the Gas Council was on the point of being presented by a sub-committee of the National Fuel and Power Committee to the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, but there could be no legislation this session.

Charged with this effervescent announcement their Lordships rose.

In the Commons Colonel ASHLEY informed Mr. ERSKINE that there is to be a conference on how best to eliminate unnecessary noise made by mechanically-propelled vehicles. Why the scope of the inquiry cannot be enlarged so as to deal with the unnecesary noise made by mechanically-propelled pedestrians was not explained.



ACTING-COLONEL SAKLATVALA, D.S.O.
(DISTINGUISHED SOVIET ORDER)
O.C. Battersea Internationals.

Mr. GUINNESS informed Mr. AMMON that Dartmoor ponies are not exported to the Continent under conditions entailing great suffering, but on the contrary pass into light and salutary employment in the enjoyment of sound health. Were they consumed for meat? asked Mr. HORE-BELISHA innocently. Mr. GUINNESS gently explained that, as the little horses reached the Continent at a cost of fifteen pounds and upwards apiece, *filet de poney des landes, sauce Dévonienne* would cost the gourmets a pretty penny.

The Labour Party's Amendment to the Address was moved by Mr. CLYNES. It dealt with unemployment, and its burthen was "Turn the unemployment dole into a wage." This, Mr. CLYNES conceives, can be effected by resuming relations with Russia.

Mr. CHURCHILL deprecated Mr. CLYNES' "vein of dreary negative criticism" and the Labour Party's "impenetrable self-complacency" which prevented them from seeing that they and not the Government were mostly responsible for our industrial ills. Having enumerated at length what the Government is doing, or thinks it is doing, to relieve unemployment, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER concluded on a note of optimistic eloquence for which Mr. RUNCIMAN found no justification. Sir ROBERT HORNE pleaded for more Safeguarding. Mr. ELLIS made the novel suggestion that if the Dominions did not care to absorb our surplus population themselves they should hand us over a chunk of their surplus territory to colonize in our own way. Mr. TOM SHAW echoed this sentiment as far as Canada is concerned, but forgot to mention the really sandy spots (now exclusively inhabited by Big God Quong) that Australia would be only too willing to hand over.

Mr. WILLIAMS, winding up for the Government, pointed out that while last January the bankers prophesied a trade revival there had been a slump. He could not say why. Nobody could, but there it was. The House, slightly surprised to hear Mr. CHURCHILL'S resonant optimism being damped by a mere Under-Secretary's cautious pedal, adjourned.

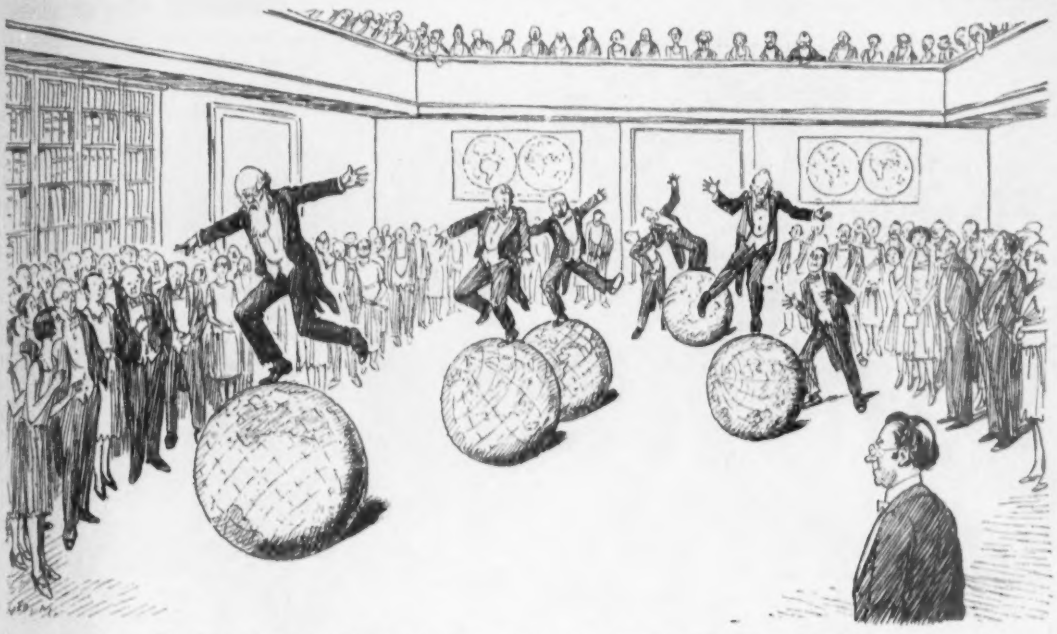


COMRADE WEDGWOOD BENN, LATE OF THE R.A.F., RETURNS TO WESTMINSTER *VIA* NORTH ABERDEEN.

Told to the Philistines!

"The first issue of the 'Scottish Daily Express' will be published in Glasgow this morning. This fact definitely puts the 'Daily Express' first among the great national newspapers. It has not the greatest net sale—but it alone can be placed day by day on the breakfast table of every household from Dan to Beersheba."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

We hope that this convenience will be appreciated in Askelon.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

EXHIBITION OF GLOBE-TROTTING AT THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

EVERYBODY'S LEG.

OPEN-MINDEDNESS, I maintain, is a far, far rarer virtue than is generally supposed. The number of people who want to suppress something or somebody is simply immense. Sometimes it will be Puritans who want to suppress fox-hunting and badger-baiting, sometimes not.

I once met a violent anti-Prohibitionist who wanted to suppress cocoa.

"Does cocoa do much harm in the world?" I asked tolerantly.

"Undoubtedly," he replied; "most crimes of passion are committed under the influence of this terrible drug."

"All the same," I said (for I am a great believer in the liberty of the individual), "surely a strong grown man ought to be able to resist the temptation of a tin of cocoa when he sees it displayed in the window of a shop?"

"Ah, but you have to remember the children," he urged. "I have known quite young children come back from parties only to find a bowl of the poison waiting for them, and what is more they have been obliged to drink it before they went to bed."

"And you think that has a great deal to do with the decadence that we see all around us to-day?"

"I'm quite sure it has."

The attitude seems to me bigoted, but it is not uncommon in the least. My cousin Frederick seems to think that missionaries ought to be forcibly restrained, but why I can never make out. Because, when I ask him if they are sapping the old pristine virtues of the Persians (amongst whom he lives) by filling them with useless notions of Western morality, he answers that the Persians never had any pristine virtues to sap. So what does it matter? say I. What really seems to be wrong with the missionaries is that they won't play poker, and my cousin Frederick wants this non-poker-playing instinct of theirs suppressed.

Then there is Anthony, to whom I showed *The History of the Fairchild Family* the other day. He read a little of it and then said quite deliberately—

"This book ought to be suppressed by the police."

I told him that I had read it as a child.

"Quite so," he said. "And look at the result."

"I don't know what you mean," I said coldly. "I believe that the book has had an excellent influence on the development of my character, especially the story of the apple, which deals, I believe, with the Formation of Sin in the Heart."

"Let us examine it," said Anthony, opening the book again. "So far as I can see, this young boy, *Henry Fairchild*, is accused of stealing an apple from a tree in the garden. Called to the scene of the crime, *Mr. Fairchild* hunts in the mould and perceives the mark of a child's foot. Corroborative evidence is supplied by the man *John*, who looks very hard at *Henry*, 'so that he trembles and shakes all over.' *John* then states that, acting on information received, or else by chance, he has seen *Henry* run behind the stable with a large apple in his hand, stay there until he had eaten it, and then come back.

"'Go from my sight, bad boy!' cries Mr. Fairchild. 'If you had told me the truth at first I would have forgiven you, but now I will not forgive you.'

"Little *Henry* is then locked in his room until nightfall. What do you suppose was the effect of a story like that on your young mind?"

"Well, what?" I said.

"Obviously to make you smooth out awkward foot-prints in the mould when you were stealing apples, and to take jolly good care, when you were hiding behind the stable, that no detectives were prowling around. What is more, it has given you a morbid interest in detective fiction and a reluctance to sympathize with the 'Eat More Fruit' campaign. A book like that would corrupt and embitter the mind of any child."

It is a view which I cannot pretend to share.

Aunt Isabel is an even more complex case. Science is one of the things she would like to suppress, because she says, not unjustly, I think, that we cannot tell where it is leading us to. I try to



ECHOES OF THE B.B.C.

Soaked Sportsman (fifteen miles from home). "A NICE DANCE YOU 'VE LED US, MASTER."

M.F.H. (giving up after a long and dismally slow hunt). "YES, THAT WAS A BLUE FOX-TROT, ENTITLED 'YOU CAN'T CATCH CHARLIE.' THE NEXT ON THE PROGRAMME IS A ONE-STEP, 'WE 'LL ALL GO HOME TO MOTHER.'"

point out to her some of the less harmful aspects of science, such as the invention of wireless telegraphy. But Aunt Isabel says that servants are expensive enough nowadays in any case without our having to put a wireless set into the basement in order to keep them amused in the evening.

She also feels very strongly about vivisection (which ought to be abolished), vegetarianism (which ought to be stopped), and the absence of stockings (I think I mentioned this before) from the legs of choruses in revues.

"They ought to be forbidden by law!" she declares.

If Aunt Isabel had her way the leading *motif* of our popular London revues would positively disappear. Every day she grows more tyrannous, and the last time I met her she told me that Mr. EDGAR WALLACE ought not to be allowed to advertise cigarettes.

"Why on earth shouldn't he?" I inquired in amazement. "He tries a particular brand and likes it, and tells us so underneath his photograph, in which he wears the unmistakable expression of a man who has just liked a cigarette. Surely this is all to the advantage of the public, which assumes that in the fierce hunt for the best cigarette Mr. EDGAR WALLACE is almost certain to have picked up the hottest clue. If the HOME SECRETARY were praising them, people might suppose that he had bungled the affair."

But Aunt Isabel refused to budge from her position. "It ought not to be allowed," she said.

As for the suppression of literature, my own fancy is a veto on the language of house-agents. In what other trade would it be permissible to use the words, "three to four bedrooms," when the possible fourth bedroom is really the scullery or the place where you have to keep the coal? Could any writer but a house-agent deliberately use the phrase "old-world" as a synonym for having no water supply, or so outrage the decency of our common tongue as to call a house "pleasantly situated" when he meant that it stood between a tannery and a rapidly-increasing graveyard?

On the whole the people who, like myself, believe most strongly in the liberty of the individual seem to be the most desirous of getting things suppressed. I have known men with this firm faith who wanted to abolish religion, noise, speed, the EPSTEIN panel, youth, age, America, pet dogs, marriage and the telephone.

In fact I often wonder who invented the word "kill-joy" as a term of rebuke, for nearly everyone is going about panting with enthusiasm to kill somebody's joy. Almost the only thing that nobody desires to suppress is his attitude of indignant protest against somebody else. Whenever I have an argument with Carruthers about liberty of opinion and the right of free speech, we both get so heated that after a few minutes neither of us can get a word in edgeways, and it turns out that what we mean by liberty of opinion is liberty to express the same opinion as our own—but not to do the speaking first.

It would perhaps be no bad thing if each of the three Parties in the State, instead of putting out a constructive programme of new legislation, were simply to draw up a list of the things they intended to suppress. You may be fairly sure that the Party which drew up the biggest list would gain the greatest number of adherents, and triumph at the polls. EVOE.

ADVICE TO LORD BIRKENHEAD.

ALL question about Lord BIRKENHEAD and the City has been settled by the definite announcement of the post he has accepted on the Board of Imperial Chemicals.

This (writes a City man) is a splendid opening which any ambitious young man might covet. Lord BIRKENHEAD is to be congratulated, and he has my best wishes for a prosperous career. Perhaps it may not be out of place to offer a little advice which experience has shown to be of value to one about to enter City life.

First I would lay stress on punctuality. Better to be on the office doorstep two minutes before nine o'clock than to hurry in two minutes after. Equally it is detrimental to business habits for the time allotted for the midday meal to be exceeded. With the resumption of work in the afternoon, however, all watching of the clock should be abandoned, excepting only that which is necessary to avoid laying down one's pen or covering one's typewriter until six o'clock has come.

The beginner in the City should observe neatness in dress, without any extreme of fashion. He should cultivate orderly habits. Cheerfulness and courtesy are also essential. The beginner who arrives on a Monday morning as blithely as he leaves at midday on the Saturday has learned a great lesson; and nothing is lost by politeness, even to the office-boy.

One should keep strictly to one's recognised task until permission is given to participate in the work of other departments. A young friend of mine some years ago began with excellent chances with a manufacturer of fireworks, but on being sent one day on an errand to the factory he allowed himself to be diverted from the particular task entrusted to him, with disastrous results. A similar danger would exist, I should imagine, in a business which has to do with chemicals.

Precautions against inaccuracy must be taken. I observe that Lord BIRKENHEAD has written to *The Times* acknowledging an error in his recent book and promising to adjust it in the next edition. A little business experience would of course have taught him that to have printed "E. & O. E." on the title-page would have saved him much embarrassment. Still, this readiness to admit a fault and to make amends is an admirable trait, at all events in a beginner in the world of business.

Just a word about thrift. Even if one received only two pounds a week to begin with, one should save something. I have left until last the most important thing of all—the value of hard work. Believe me there is no greater joy than to take off one's office-jacket on a Saturday knowing that one has earned one's wages. That satisfaction is more precious often than the contents of one's pay envelope.



Energetic Partner. "I'M NOT KEEN ON DANCING, BUT I THINK IT'S GOOD FOR EVERYBODY, WHETHER THEY LIKE IT OR NOT."

Unfair Competition.

"Third Trinity registered their seventh successive victory in this event [the coxswainless fours]. J. B. Collins, the Blue, who stroked them, had previously rowed in three winning crews, two of which he stoked."

Gloucestershire Paper.

We are sorry to hear that Third resorted to auxiliary steam.

Another Impending Apology.

"BURST WATER MAINS.

On one occasion some of these pipes were shown to a parliamentary committee, but we cannot say whether any bursts were caused in this way."—*Daily Paper.*

Mountains That Entertain Us.

"Dr. J. H. —— gave an entertaining informal description of climbing in the Drunkenburg Mountains which separate Natal, Basutoland and Orange Free State."

Canadian Paper.

Centenarian Wyandottes.

"120 Head of Valuable Poultry, etc., briefly, 100 year-old hens, mostly R.I. Reds and White Wyandottes . . . a very nice healthy lot."

Sale Advt. in Wigan Paper.

AT THE PLAY.

"HIGH TREASON" (STRAND).

SERIOUS propaganda by melodrama, as in Mr. NOEL PEMBERTON-BILLING'S novel experiment, *High Treason*, is not, I think, and indeed hope, likely to establish itself as an acceptable method. In melodrama highly improbable people do essentially unreasonable and unnecessarily violent things. This makes it no proper vehicle for serious arguments, and arguments prevent that "getting on with it" which is of the essence of this naïve art form.

However I think we all admired the author's obvious sincerity and his courage in rushing in to simplify an exceedingly complex matter; and it would be unjust not to admit that in spite of many diverting incongruities we were somehow compelled to listen with interest and a certain respect.



THE PEACE-LOVING BISHOP.

Bishop Seymour (Mr. H. A. SAINTSBURY) to George Seaton (Mr. H. ST. BARBE WEST). "DON'T INTERRUPT ME, PRIME; I HAVEN'T FINISHED BROADCASTING."

The Anti-War League, organised by *Stephen Deane, K.C.*, a worthy but not highly-intelligent English barrister, has some twenty-six million members spread over the world—less thickly spread in England than elsewhere, such is our national distrust of ideas and emotions. The Vested Interests (poor darlings!) are alarmed and intend to smash the League. If the sheep begin to get ideas what will happen to the jobs and perquisites of the shepherds, temporal and spiritual? Meanwhile *George Seaton*, the Prime Minister, a man of blood and iron, is bent on dragging England into some war or other tactfully unspecified. An Archbishop, a violent old gentleman, not at all in the later Anglican tradition, and *Lord Rawleigh*, a Press magnate, warmly support him. *Seaton's* Cabinet is by no means unanimous, but resignations can be forced, and *Rawleigh* may be trusted to deal firmly with the facts. Meanwhile there are *Deane* and his Bishop to be muzzled.

The *Archbishop* is invited to No. 10 to reason with his eccentric colleague. *Seaton* takes a perfunctory turn with *Deane*. Both subjects betray the baffling unsusceptibility to ideas of the true fanatic—not that either *Premier* or *Primate* were particularly adroit in their approach, the *Archbishop* in particular apparently finding it difficult to keep his hands off the infuriating saint. No doubt his Grace saw the endless possibilities of trouble in the solemn Deed and Covenant signed by members of the League to the effect that "If at any time I receive a direction from the temporal power which is opposed to the teachings of Christ I will defy such authority even to the forfeit of my life."



INTERMINABLE TALK.

Lord Sycamore (Mr. J. FISHER WHITE). "MEMBERS OF THE JURY, IT IS MY DUTY TO ADDRESS YOU." *(Consternation in the audience.)*

Rawleigh, manipulating a significantly reminiscent lock of hair, has an idea: Induce the *Bishop* to broadcast to the world his blessing on the War. This message was in fact to be tantamount to the formal declaration of war—certainly a charmingly original idea. If he won't—and it is not surprising that the Fleet Street giant has his misgivings—why then kidnap the old babbler, square two doctors and certify him.

The *Bishop*, however, had also an idea. Feigning agreement with *Seaton* he stands up to the microphone, gives an authoritative message of Peace, and when the baffled *Premier*, instead of smashing the microphone, attacks him with the tongs, incontinently shoots him in the stomach, thus showing the lengths to which the holy man at bay is prepared to go.

Six months later, the world still happily at peace, *Bishop Seymour* stands his trial at the Old Bailey. Counsel for the Crown and defending counsel—no other than *Stephen Deane*—have a stiff contest as to who shall score the greater number of grave rebukes from the learned and loquacious judge. I think there is little doubt that the jury would have quickly put aside arguments and direction alike and given a unanimous verdict of "Not guilty," but our lively author leaves the matter unsettled—not ineffectively.

I am afraid that in retrospect one is a little more inclined to remember the incongruities than such serious arguments as were marshalled in the cause of Peace. And that seems somehow unfair to the author.

The players were as plausible as the affair, which was more concerned with thesis and plot than with character, allowed—Mr. H. A. SAINTSBURY, particularly on his first entrance, giving distinction to his portrait of the pacifist Bishop; Mr. AUSTIN TREVOR cleverly indicating the temperament of the emotional *Stephen Deane*; Mr. GEORGE BEALBY soundly and rather brutally Napoleonic as *Lord Rawleigh*; Mr. FISHER WHITE using his rich voice with effect and giving real dignity to the Judge, *Lord Sycamore*; Mr. JAMES WHALE (*Mr. Falloway* of the B.B.C.), admirable in a painful exhibition of the remembered horrors of the last war; Mr. VICTOR STANLEY tactfully and cleverly introducing a little light relief as his

assistant; Miss URSULA JEANS (the good *Bishop's* daughter), a mirror of filial piety and sweet unreason; and Mr. REGINALD BACH as the rather unlikely secretary of the even less likely *Prime Minister*, Mr. H. ST. BARBE WEST.

When one says that the play, breaking most accepted rules, interests and even excites one against one's better judgment, one is perhaps paying the author a fairly sound compliment. T.

AT THE MOVIETONES.

(EMPIRE.)

WITH some misgiving, I confess, I obeyed the call of duty to attend the Grand Opening of the reconstructed Empire, dreading this business of the movietone, with many other terrifying and unnecessary modern inventions.

Certainly so far as grandeur was concerned let me admit at once that never have I seen, never do I hope to see, anything one-half so grand. Shading my eyes against the dazzle of a thousand-and-one glowing lamps and the reflected beams from the necklaces and studs of the more magnificent of my fellow-guests I passed through the jewelled portals and proceeded by a porphyry stairway, directed by bevies of gold-and-plum-coloured footboys and maidens in gold and orange and beige, towards my loge. My abashed feet sank deep into the eleven-inch pile of a resplendent Axminster; to my left golden carp floated disdainfully in a marble-margined pool; on this hand a cosmetic room for ladies (but why? aren't all rooms that?), on the other a smoking-lounge for gentlemen. Here I strayed into a soda-fountain hall of about a No. 2 iron shot in length, where I was given to understand I might indulge in parfaits, phosphates and sundaes. No doubt some sterner stuff was to be had at a platinum counter in another wing of the palace, but I was too stunned to discover it. At last I found myself seated, a poor crushed mite, among three thousand five hundred of my peers and betters.

A soft golden gloom half concealed, half revealed the almost appalling magnificence of the vast building in Metro-Goldwin-Mayer baroque — officially described, I understand, as Italian Renaissance with an Empire feeling. The architect, Mr. THOMAS W. LAMB — a native of Dundee by the way — in a modest note in the programme quotes with appreciation from one THEOPHILUS HAMEN of Vienna that you can't have too much gold. I began to wonder if THEOPHILUS was right.

However here I was, seeing a pale two-dimensional wraith of a gentleman of Hollywood and hearing his amusing patter of congratulation and advertisement. Synchronisation was, rather to my surprise and something to my disappointment, absolutely perfect. Tone—well that was emphatically "gin-and-fog." Clearly here is a wonderful toy,



IN THE MOVIEMENT.
MR. J. JOHNSON.

wonderful even in its present inadequacy and obviously destined to be improved till true tone be achieved, as it has been achieved by the gramophone. It is interesting to note that voice differs very much from voice in reproducibility; that the singing voice seems to register and reproduce better than the speaking voice; that the violin is promising, but that the full orchestra is as yet beyond endurance.



GOOD "FEATURE" WORK.
Rose Trelawny . . . MISS NORMA SHEARER.
Arthur Gower . . . MR. RALPH FORBES.

Followed a silent screen version of *Trelawney of the Wells* with an American cast, very intelligently photographed and directed, but seriously (nor wisely) competing with the three-dimensional version.

Let there be no mistake—the new Empire is an astounding significant and disturbing social phenomenon. Here, for less than half the price of a seat in an uncomfortable theatre pit, drawn from salary, wage or dole, the most down-trodden and drab among us can sun himself in an atmosphere of highly expensive luxury unattained even by the legendary long-eared Midas. Something sinister may come of all this. T.

OÙ SONT LES DAKKOS D'ANTAN?

My friends, a typist once I knew,
A creature worth her weight in gold,
One of the very, very few
Who do as they are told,

And have no mission to correct
My homely flights of English prose;
Whose commas, if not circumspect,
Some method yet disclose;

Who, if perchance on reading back
Their notes they come upon a word
That seems all relevance to lack
And make the sense absurd,

Do not type nonchalantly on
And trust that all is for the best,
But pause and meditate upon
What cognate sounds suggest;

Who do not chatter, hum nor smoke,
Nor are for ever making tea;
Who never fail to see a joke
Extemporized by me.

Of such was she. It was to her
A joy to keep her ribbons clean—
By "ribbons" I, of course, refer
To those of her machine.

No blemishes did she allow
To mar the swiftly written page;
She married, and she must be now
Approaching middle age.

What the Censor Missed.

"LOW CARTOON
WIRELESSED TO
NEW YORK."
Manchester Paper.

The New Frightfulness.

"Gentlewoman, German, aged 20, desires post 'au peur' as Governess or Companion; excellent references."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

"ROMAN REMAINS IN NORTH WALES."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Perhaps he prefers Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to IL DUCE.

THE PHYSICIAN HEALS HIMSELF.

THE Movement for the Suppression of the Sunday Newspapers is gathering force. At a crowded meeting of the Sabbath Day Protection Society yesterday at the Caxton Hall, Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, Editor of *The Sunday Express*, read a powerful paper, entitled "Let us be Puritans," in which he declared himself in favour of a Newsless Sunday.

Mr. Albert Haddock, the author, who took the chair, referred warmly to the sincere and splendid work which Mr. DOUGLAS had done to purify literature and bring back religion into the life of the people. Speaking on behalf of the literary profession he said that the authors were anxious to co-operate with Mr. DOUGLAS in this work. He was empowered to say that they had accepted the principle that nothing should go forth from the printing-press but what was wholesome and healthy for the national character; and they were therefore ready to submit their work to a Home Office censorship in the public interest if the newspapers, and in particular the Sunday newspapers, would do the same. (Cheers.)

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, in his graceful address, readily accepted the challenge. In his opinion the Sunday papers should be not only censored but stopped. (Cheers.) Sunday after Sunday he read with satisfaction his own middle-page article on "Back to the Puritans!" or "Keep It Clean," in which he exhorted the people to throw off the worldly pleasures and petty vanities of the time. And it sickened him to turn over the remaining pages (twenty-seven) and find that the whole of the rest of his paper was concerned with petty vanities and worldly pleasures. A vast space was filled with the gossip of a peer about the trivial doings of the rich at race-courses and restaurants. On another page would be mercenary gossip about the money-rewards of actors and managers, the receipts of actresses and the personal appearance of chorus-girls. There would be photographs of sensual beauties and dancing-girls in tights, advice upon the investment of filthy lucre, advertisements of nicotine and ladies' underclothes, accounts of football-matches, race-meetings, boxing-bouts, theatrical performances and other worldly affairs. And, worst of all, at the end an entire page about horse-racing, with aids and incitements to gamble and bet. ("Shame!")

They might well say "Shame!" He (Mr. DOUGLAS) blushed when he saw that page. (*A Voice:* "Bravo!") And there was worse. For his part he had never understood why it should be considered immoral to write about marriage (which was a sacrament) but wholesome to write about murder (which was a crime). He was opposed to murder. (Hear, hear.) He believed that too much reading about murder and crime was harmful to the young. The police reported an increase in serious crime, and he thought that the excessive publicity enjoyed by murder and crime had something to do with it. Yet how often he was compelled to send into the homes of the people column after column of the squalid details of the murder of the week; and even when the trial was over he was forced by the necessities of his trade to flog up a ghoulish interest in the case, with last words from the condemned cell, confessions by the murderer and life-stories by his relations. All this on Sunday morning, when people should be thinking of higher things. (Cheers.)

And in his opinion there were papers more dangerous than *The Sunday Express*—papers which, though they were careful to call a spade "an implement of a certain nature," were always on the look-out for spades; which shamed the Sabbath morning with stories of sex and passion and sin; which fostered and fattened on the human greed for gold by the offer of money-prizes not far removed from lotteries; which encouraged by their own example the habits of scandal and gossip; which poisoned the public mind with hysterical thought and violent language; which corrupted the national tongue by the misuse of words, and sowed distrust and jealousy by attacking the King's Ministers and chattering about "Society." If it was possible for the printed word to damage the people's character, then it was difficult to think of a single human weakness which was not aggravated by the Sunday papers; while with their manifold seductions they must be counted among the most powerful of the influences which kept the people out of the churches. (Hear, *hear.*) Novels were read by the thousand, but the Sunday papers by the million. And he pitied any man who had it on his conscience (as he had) that every Sunday morning he kept between one and two million (*net*) citizens from their devotions. (Hear, hear.)

Sometimes, the lecturer continued, he turned for relief to *The Observer* or *The Sunday Times*. But the relief was small. Here, it was true, was less about murder, but just as much, alas! about betting, about stocks and shares and theatrical performances. And did even Mr. GARVIN much enrich the spiritual life? Was it right that, as the bells rang out for Mattins, Mr. GARVIN should be diverting the nation to some worldly business at Westminster or Geneva? "I look for the pillar of fire," said the lecturer, "and I see three columns of Tory Democracy. I fix my thoughts on the life after death, and I am plucked back to the future of the Liberal Party—a similar but less uplifting theme." (Hear, hear.)

The modern brain was over-loaded. It tottered through the day under a crushing over-load of news; began the day with robberies and railway accidents, lunched on scandals, sensations and suicides, and for a night-cap took another dose of divorces, disasters, floods, frauds, homicides and fatal fires. All the week the Englishman carried on his back the misfortunes of the Universe; and what a blessing it would be if for one day in the week there could be a respite from the burden, the cataract, the deluge of news! He for one would be happy to accept some subordinate post on one of the wholesome weeklies which appear on Saturdays and Wednesdays.

A resolution calling upon the Government to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the condition and examine the necessity for Sunday papers was carried unanimously. A. P. H.

FOOTBALL EXCHANGE.

FULL-BACKS FIRM.

LEADING CENTRE-FORWARDS IN DEMAND.

THE Football market had a quieter appearance yesterday, and while strength developed in certain instances the tone as a whole was dull. Goal-keepers were firm, many six-footers being bought in view of the fact that shooting has now an upward tendency. Right-backs were firm at the opening, but showed a few falls, recovering later, while left-backs steadily advanced. Left-half backs were neglected and prices declined on fears of another series of poor returns. Centre-halves had a dull appearance but showed a number of small movements. After the reaction of last week right-halves made a quick recovery, the market for First-division players being particularly firm on the completion of sales connected with a deceased club. There was again a fair amount of selling of forwards that had lately been speculative favourites, the advance of the outsides being more marked than that of the insides. Centre-forwards received some support and advanced steadily, but eased before the close.

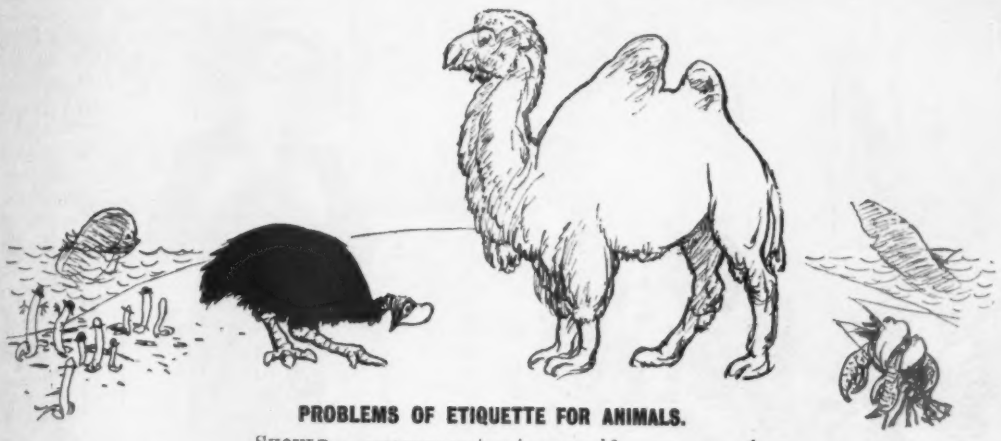
Americanized Etna.

"The lava, wowing in a white-hot stream two miles wide. . . ."—*Evening Paper.*

Municipal Betting.

"In all parts of the country local authorities are wagering war on rats during the National Rat Week."—*Daily Paper.*

Two to one, bar pink.



PROBLEMS OF ETIQUETTE FOR ANIMALS.

SHOULD a cassowary curtsey to a camel?
Should a porpoise say "Good morning" to a shark?
Should a salamander bow to a solitary cow
If he meets her in the village after dark?

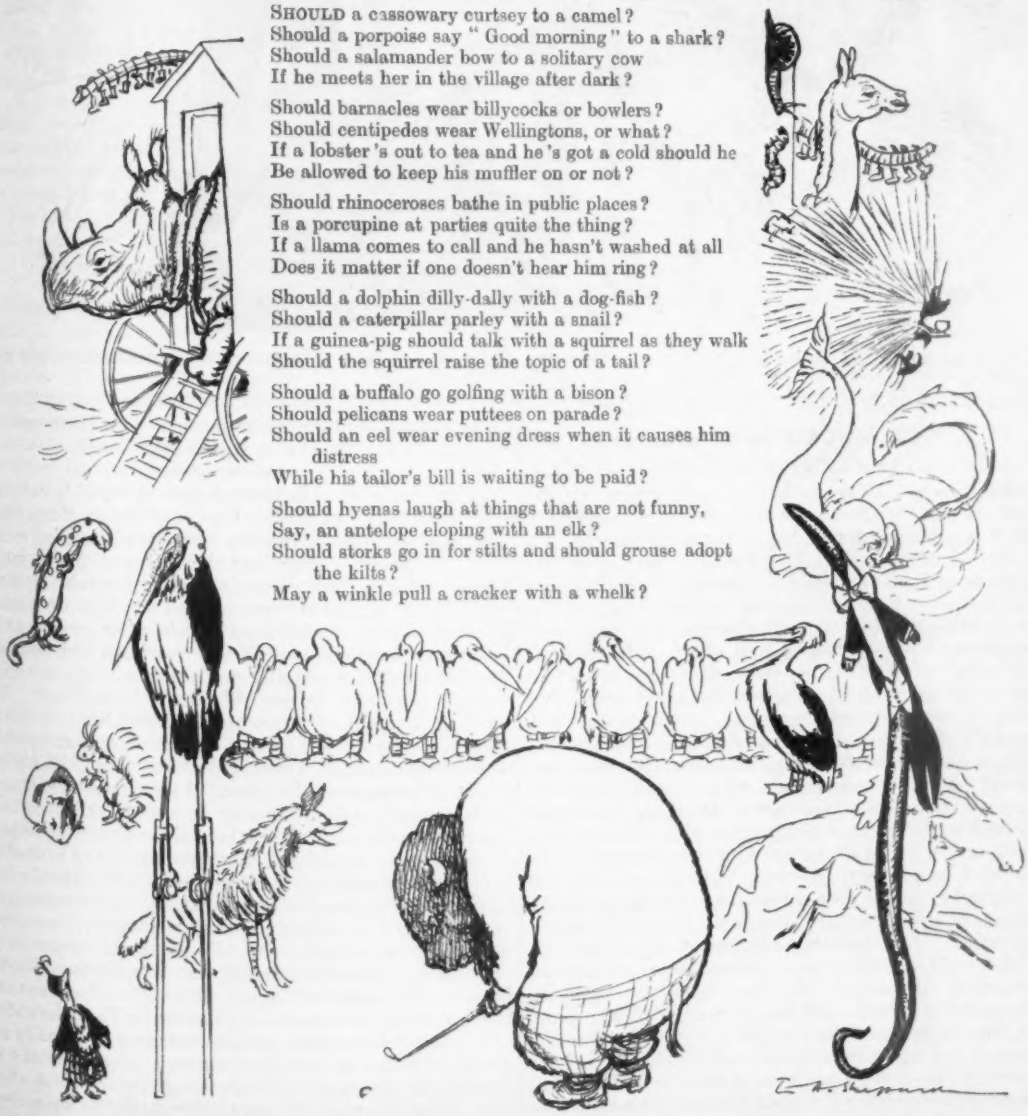
Should barnacles wear billycocks or bowlers?
Should centipedes wear Wellingtons, or what?
If a lobster 's out to tea and he 's got a cold should he
Be allowed to keep his muffler on or not?

Should rhinoceroses bathe in public places?
Is a porcupine at parties quite the thing?
If a llama comes to call and he hasn't washed at all
Does it matter if one doesn't hear him ring?

Should a dolphin dilly-dally with a dog-fish?
Should a caterpillar parley with a snail?
If a guinea-pig should talk with a squirrel as they walk
Should the squirrel raise the topic of a tail?

Should a buffalo go golfing with a bison?
Should pelicans wear puttees on parade?
Should an eel wear evening dress when it causes him distress
While his tailor's bill is waiting to be paid?

Should hyenas laugh at things that are not funny,
Say, an antelope eloping with an elk?
Should storks go in for stilts and should grouse adopt the kilts?
May a winkle pull a cracker with a whelk?





Mother (*to Master of Preparatory School*). "OF COURSE YOU WON'T LET ME KNOW IF PETER IS TO BE PROMOTED; BUT TELL ME, SHOULD I WORRY?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

CONSIDERING on his seventieth birthday the ups and downs of his life, Mr. H. W. NEVINSON finds that he has been unusually happy himself but unhappy for other people. He omits the "unusually" in noting his vicarious misery, but every reader of *Last Changes Last Chances* (NISBET) will in view of our common callousness be inclined to insert the adverb for himself. The third instalment of this memorable autobiography covers a tragic span of ground and deals with it under the additionally heart-rending conviction that tragedy is not as a rule the clash of right and wrong, but the clash of two incompatible rights. It is logical enough to regard CONNOLLY and PEARSE as standing in the shoes of GARIBALDI and WILHELM TELL, and this Mr. NEVINSON does; but he quite understands what I might call the Austrian point of view all the same. He is the fine flower of responsible free thought, the product of a soil deep-tilled in youth and a series of stimulating top-dressings. He would not, I feel, be easy to duplicate now; and indeed it is his austerity, not his open-mindedness, the things he will not tolerate in himself rather than the things he will tolerate in other people, which make him psychologically impressive. As for the world he depicts, it is the newspaper correspondent's world of 1914—1928: the War seen from Gallipoli, Salonika and the French front, its aftermath in Cologne and Vienna, the evolution of the Irish Free State, the granting of Woman's Suffrage, the vicissitudes of the English Labour Party and the Zionist colonization of Palestine. This and much more are eloquently described, the writer's sympathies invariably giving him the animation of an actor even when they fail to project him on to the stage itself.

Professor CHARLES SEYMOUR has completed his momentous task of editing *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House* (BENN). The third and fourth volumes now issued, opening with the thrill of America's entry into the War and closing with the tragedy of President WILSON'S failure to achieve the impossible, are of course based on that now historic friendship between WILSON and HOUSE which is here shown to have been proof even against all the weariness and disappointment of the Peace negotiations and not really diminished, though obscured, during WILSON'S last illness. These volumes, while they throw an infinity of light on the difficulties, too great for human overcoming, that faced both idealists and realists assembled at Paris in 1919, distinctly tend to exonerate all the principal actors without exception from those charges of rapacity and bad faith that have been freely levelled against the makers of the Treaty of Versailles. If this is because Colonel HOUSE'S quality of sympathy is reflected in these pages, his especial part certainly was a quiet smoothing away of angularities behind the scenes; and if, as in the case of the PRESIDENT himself, the necessary emollient was a rather broadly-expressed approval, that only proves his understanding that WILSON was essentially human. The range of HOUSE'S personal contacts was amazing, his list of callers for a typical day in Paris, for instance, consisting of fifty-three names, including practically every Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary engaged at the Conference and counting the visit of a group of ten reporters as one. Even allowing for some little partiality shown by his

editor, his triumphs were undeniable, and times without number it is clear the principal American delegate deferred to his opinion; but all the same I still think WOODROW WILSON was President during the War years.

As some young cat might teach a kitten
How to approach its mouse with care,
"A GENTLEWOMAN" here has written
The Technique of the Love Affair;
Here *Cypria* shows just what 's essential
If *Saccharissa's* soul would plan
Assault upon the mate potential,
The human Man.

With decency that 's all didactic,
Breathes *Cypria* to her sucking dove
Of every amatory tactic,
And conjugates the verb "to love,"
Until I feel (*cum* sink of tummy
For sake of likelier lads than I)
That *Cypria* could enslave a mummy,
Did *Cypria* try.

No wants in taste are here to trouble you
And foil fine humour; also, look,
A clever epilogue by W.
GERHARDI ends a clever book;
And, though I 'm not a fortune-teller,
I 'd like to venture here and now
That these conceits will make a seller
For GERALD HOWE.

Mr. OSBERT BURDETT is, I feel, exactly the man to deal with the unity in diversity of *The Brownings* (CONSTABLE) as a couple. He has native sensibility, philosophical sure-footedness and a style as unobtrusive as it is winning. He is, moreover, so far from being a partisan of either partner that he considers each the other's ideal complement; and the two poets, one so masculine, the other so feminine, combine, he thinks, to afford a unique little picture of ripe humanity. Their work he sets out to consider only in so far as it bears on their mutual life. But, as work was the occasion of Miss BARRETT'S first meeting with "the pomegranite man," was part and parcel of the couple's wedded felicity and prolonged and proclaimed the sovereignty of his "lyric love" in the heart of BROWNING the widower, it is obvious that very little indeed of their output is alien to the matter in hand. Mr. BURDETT has few illusions concerning the bulk of Mrs. BROWNING'S verse, though he pays an enthusiastic tribute to the clarity and truth of her sonnets. But he is whole-heartedly appreciative of her letter-writing, an art in which she notably excels her husband. Partly, I think, from a desire to include as much of the correspondence as possible, he gives full effect to the wire-drawn deliberation of the BROWNING courtship, and this, which occupied less than two years, is allotted more space than the wedded life of fifteen. Personally I could have done with a little less Wimpole Street and a great deal more Casa Guidi; but the only positive fault I have to find with a charming book is its transposition of SHELLEY and KEATS as the respective subjects of "Memorabilia" and "Popularity."



Curmudgeon. "WHAT EXACTLY IS THE IDEA OF THE PERPETUAL GRIN?"
Sailor. "JUST SHEER 'APPINESS, SIR. I FINDS ALL 'UMAN NATURE FASCINATIN'."

Bull Among China (CAPE) appears to be Miss DIANE BOSWELL'S second novel, and I suppose so young an author may reasonably be congratulated on the cool detachment with which she surveys life in general. It seems to me that in these days our novelists (especially those of the feminine gender) pass through none of those probationary periods which we of a former generation used to expect as the natural lot of beginners. They display no signs of immaturity; they start on their glorious careers not only full-fledged but with strong and sweeping pinions, prepared to attempt any altitude. Competent and sophisticated, they do not hesitate before situations that would have filled the boldest of us with apprehension twenty years ago. The reader admires, but may perhaps feel that a certain sympathy is lacking. In this book Miss BOSWELL takes

as her chief character *Olivia Heronduke*, a wealthy widow with several lovers and an unmarried daughter to whom they propose marriage in succession, and finally, in one case, with success. It does not seem exactly a pleasing theme for a novel, and yet it is undoubtedly interesting to see how the author handles so awkward a subject. *Olivia* is well done—the china shepherdess; her daughter *Frances* is possible, and on occasion even likeable; *Julian Cave*, the first lover, though an essentially feminine creation, is not badly presented; but the second and final lover, the big blond *Neil Ondarson*, who presumably represents the bull in the china-shop, is never quite realised. And *Neil* is clearly the peg on which the rest hangs, the outstanding character on whom the book depends. Miss BOSWELL has done her best with him, but to my thinking she has not quite succeeded. Still, she has made a gallant effort.

The Actor (CASSELL) is Mr. H. A. VACHELL'S study of the sort of young man who is always dramatizing himself, and who, a coward at heart, can do astoundingly brave things so long as there are spectators to applaud him. As *Valentine Godden* had also good looks and a talent for mimicry, he drifted naturally to the stage, where the gods took him to their hearts and the chorus-girls fell for him in rows. It was just then that the War broke out, and it is there, I think, that Mr. VACHELL will be found to have tried his admirers rather severely. *Valentine* is no hero to Mr. VACHELL, but his weaknesses are so human that most readers will regard him with sympathy and wish him well. It will irritate them to find that after many months of war this personable young man, who has only recently passed through Sandhurst, is still capering about on the musical-comedy stage and is even impersonating heroes in khaki. However, Mr. VACHELL says that he did, and we must believe him; it is no fault of his if we have come to like the young man better than we should. This is an interesting story and well-written but for two slight lapses. In one place Mr. VACHELL has made a sad mess of the famous recruiting poster: "Will you march too or wait for March 2?" In another he has allowed affection and solicitude to "exude through every pore" of his heroine's clear skin. This is a mistake; heroines should never "exude."



Sheila. "I'VE LOOKED ALL THROUGH THIS 'MOTHER GOOSIE' BOOK, BUT I CAN'T FIND THAT POEM ABOUT 'LITTLE BO-PEEP HAS LOST HER SHEIKH.'"

My enjoyment of *The Case with Nine Solutions* (GOLLANCZ) would have been increased if its *Chief Constable* had not treated its *Inspector* with such an insufferable air of superiority. This attitude is, I venture to tell Mr. J. J. CONNINGTON, considerably over-emphasized, and it prevented my complete absorption in a story that for ingenuity of plot is really remarkable. The primary villain of the "case" was expert in his knowledge of poisons, and of a character so callous and calculating that any human being who impeded his rake's progress was ruthlessly wiped out. But when he was at last run to earth, I think that both the *Chief Constable* and *Inspector* were extraordinarily careless in not foreseeing that he intended to commit suicide. How he succeeded in escaping death by hanging and why he deserved to be hanged I suggest that readers of sensational fiction should discover for themselves. My grudge against the intellectual snobbery of the *Chief Constable* remains, but it does not blind me to the merits of the story as a whole.

Suggestions that this, that or the other novel or poem or short story is one of the finest in the language are always rather dangerous things, for the lofty expectations which they arouse are apt, if they fail of realisation, to give place to a correspondingly hypercritical mood which is not in the author's favour. Hence I cannot help feeling that I should have liked the stories in Mr. W. TOWNEND'S book, *The Ship in the Swamp* (HERBERT JENKINS), very much better without the well-intentioned trumpetings of his publisher and of Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE'S preface. As a matter of fact, in spite of distinctly machine-made plots and a tendency to overdo the quality known as "punch," Mr. TOWNEND has a decided turn for the kind of story that is commonly described as "red-blooded," and combines that gift with a useful knowledge of certain out-of-the-way places and phases of life. Perhaps the best tale in the book is "Sold Foreign," which tells how an old tramp-steamer which made history during the War is scuttled by her former officers to prevent her from passing into German ownership.

In *The Moon Through Glass* (COLLINS), Madame ALBANESI with her habitual ease and grace tells the story of *Bernie Lerrington*, a girl whose mother was dead and whose father, a distinguished man, considered that his duties as a parent began and ended with finding someone to look after her. So *Bernie* was brought up by a dear old retainer in the country, and, never seeing her father, could not be expected to grieve when she became an orphan. His death, however, brought great changes with it. Suddenly *Bernie* was wealthy, and forthwith she moved to London, where she lived with her selfish step-mother. Then, to put it briefly, she almost ran amok, allowing a shady crowd of people to batten upon her and forgetting those who had been kind in former days. But through all her follies and forgetfulness she remained attractive, and I had to resist a temptation to peep at the last page to see which of her many suitors was the favoured man. And I have to admit that my selection was not the winner.

Things That Might Have Been Better Expressed.

"Both occupants of the car jumped out and escaped with severe concussion and shock. ——, realising his sister was not seriously hurt, collapsed."—*New Zealand Paper.*

"In Bedford Goal Bunyan dreamed his immortal dream of Pilgrim's Progress."—*Provincial Paper.*

Bedford's opponents must have scored heavily.

IN order
Pilgrim's Pr
BANTOCK lo
It will be
BUNYAN w
under lock

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CHARIVARIA.

A CERTAIN Soho restaurant is said to be in especial favour with engaged and courting couples. Many a true-lovers' knot is tied in spaghetti.

* *

A gossip-writer says he saw Mr. BERNARD SHAW take a flying leap into a Kensington-bound bus. Mr. SHAW always has a sound motive for his actions. No doubt he wanted to go to Kensington.

* *

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS has hinted that what the country needs is a new Poet Laureate. Nothing was said about a new JAMES DOUGLAS.

* *

"Oranges and Lemons," one of the three airs played by the carillon of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, a contemporary reminds us, replaced "The Lass o' Gowrie," at the suggestion of the present rector. There was little support for a lay suggestion that it should play "Let 's All Go Down the Strand."

* *

A writer has pointed out that November is very late for a woodcock to be seen sitting on two eggs in a tree in a cemetery. Earlier, of course, woodcocks on their nests are quite a feature of our cemeteries.

* *

For women to go to fancy-dress balls as their grandmothers is unusual. More often they go as their granddaughters.

* *

Glasgow is described as the least suburban of all great cities. Still, she is the most Glaswegian.

* *

Some people in America are said to be constantly urging Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN to remain there permanently, and a rumour is current in Chelsea that he has repeatedly refused the Crown of Greenwich Village.

* *

Cannibalism in Papua is said to have been checked by the natives being told that it is not practised by the best people. Papua seems amenable to the same treatment that has proved so effective in West Kensington.

* *

Among new toys we read of a telephone into which it is possible to speak so as to be heard along a wire some distance away. It is sad to think that disillusionment must come with experience of the real thing.

* *

"We do not kick a man in the stomach after we have licked him" is quoted as an aphorism of Mr. HOOVER'S. It should allay any fears for AL'S waistcoat.

* *

Choir-boys in a Hertfordshire parish who went on strike are to be replaced as opportunity offers. Parochial affairs are always dislocated when choristers decide to "down voices."

* *

The idea of promoting an international chess match between teams three thousand miles apart was of course the outcome of a desire to avoid all possibility of rough play.

* *

A Norwegian entertainer now in England is described as the man who cannot smile. What a fine cheer-leader he would make for British farmers.

An American movie actress failed to recognise the name of her first husband. We can only suppose she had mislaid her card-index.

* *

In spite of the fact that the Thames Valley is often flooded it seems that builders are still laying down the keels of new riparian bungalows.

* *

New Guinea natives are to be encouraged to open banking accounts. It is a triumph for civilisation when a former savage can boast of an overdraft.

* *

The author of a serial in a provincial paper has been found to be a lift-boy in a London hotel. We can only conclude that the lad was influenced by sensational fiction.

* *

It is pointed out that the site of the Geological Museum, which is to be removed, is very valuable, as it is within a stone's-throw of Piccadilly Circus. A chunk of old red sandstone is indicated.

* *

"Is Syncopation Dying?" asks a *Daily Express* headline. There is every indication that it is taking an intelligent interest in the thousands who attend its funeral every night.

* *

The story of Noah's Ark has been filmed at Hollywood. Can you not visualise NOAH looking out from his abode, with the caption, "Gee, I 'll sure say that 's some flood!"

* *

Someone has written to the Press to say that he does not agree that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT is our greatest writer. We suspect that this gentleman has not the courage of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S convictions.

* *

A football ground on English lines is being laid out near Moscow. The referee will of course be laid out later.

* *

An amateur gardener has succeeded in crossing a cabbage with an onion. This adds another horror to the Christmas gift cigar.

* *

Mr. J. T. GREIN asks, "Should the Actor Feel?" We think so, otherwise what would be the use of throwing things at him?



Friend. "I THOUGHT YOU WAS WORKIN' THE WEST-END NOW."

Musician. "NO, I GAVE THAT TO ME ELDEST SON ON 'IS COMIN' OF AGE."

THE HONEST POLITICIAN.

THE air of dignified repose that usually characterised the town of Philville was, on a certain afternoon in the late autumn of the year 1928, replaced by scenes of the wildest animation. Many faces among the crowds that thronged the streets in the centre of the town bore the impress of displeasure and many of jubilation. In the square itself some were shouting "Speech! Speech!" Others were waving flags and loosing streamers. And the eyes of one and all were turned towards the town-hall, from the balcony of which was suspended a placard offering to the world the following information:—

FITZSTANLEY-FEATHERINGHAM (Con.)	9,000
BARKER (Lib.)	8,500
PARKER (Lab.)	8,500

To what did these strange names and mysterious figures refer? I will tell you. There had been a by-election at Philville and they indicated the result.

A recital of the past career of Herbert Fitzstanley-Featheringham, of his presidency of his preparatory school debating society at the early age of twelve, of his brilliant thesis while at the same school, entitled "Honour First; or, The Salary of a Cabinet Minister," a work which it is hardly an exaggeration to say startled the intellectual world—a description, I say, of these and others of his past triumphs would in this article be out of place. It is sufficient to say that at the age of twenty-one he had entered the political arena in the Conservative cause at Philville, that he had taken as his slogan "Honesty in politics: deal straight with the British voter and he'll deal straight with you," and that on this moral issue, untarnished by vulgar personalities, he had earned the right to sit in Parliament as the representative of Philville.

A tall slim figure, whose gait no less than his countenance bespoke his innate love of candour, stepped on to the balcony and fearlessly faced the crowd. It was Herbert Fitzstanley-Featheringham. He waited calmly for the frenzied ovation, the cries of "Honest Herb" and "Good old F.F.," that rose from his nine thousand supporters who had pushed their way into the square to the practical exclusion of the others, to subside.

"Friends," he said, and his voice carried on the amplifiers to the farthest corners of the square, "Citizens of Philville, I stand before you as your newly-elected Member." He paused till such time as his voice could again be heard.

"As you know," he continued, "my policy, the policy I intend to stand by, is 'Honesty in politics; deal straight with the British voter and he'll deal straight with you.' What then is the message consistent with my pledge that I take back with me to Westminster?"

A fresh outburst of cheers and shouting, among which an occasional cry of "Faith in the Government" rose above the clamour, was the answer to his question.

"Why, this," continued the new Member when silence was restored, and it was remembered afterwards that he looked upwards to the sky as though for guidance as he spoke—"that the electors of Philville have shown by a majority of no less than seventeen to nine that they are opposed to my representing their interests, that they are tired of the present Government and desire a change. That is the message I shall give, and I shall devote my whole energies to the pressing needs of electoral reform. Tell me, friends, could I continue to deal straight with the voters of Philville and logically pursue any other course? I pause for a reply."

For a full minute a silence, strange after the recent acclamations, pervaded the throng. Then suddenly like a clap of thunder they broke into round after round of tumultuous applause. Every Conservative man, woman and child in that square had realised that no other course was open to him: that the temptation to ignore the issues and break his pledges had presented itself to him, that he had met it squarely face to face, had grappled with it and had triumphed.

Fitzstanley-Featheringham spoke no more that day. It was well beyond the hour of midnight before the noise had ceased and the Conservatives of Philville retired to rest. And some of the more philosophically-minded of their number on their journey home dwelt more than once on the love of logical reasoning indigenous to the English race.

THE END.

N.B.—This is not a true story.

Our Landed Obstructionists.

"Police evidence was to the effect that defendant drove through a squire in St. Clears at forty miles an hour."—*Liverpool Paper.*

The Amphibious Honeymoon.

"The happy couple left for the honeymoon, which will be spent motoring across the Channel."—*Irish Paper.*

Will liners please look the other way?

"In April, 1828, Josephine Grey was born. Her father had a natural gift for leadership, and his mantel fell on his brilliant daughter."
Scots Paper.

This confirms our suspicions that the nineteenth century was addicted to jerry-building.

LITTLE RED FOX.

Up (says the cynic) gets a guinea,
Bang goes a penny—a useful "brown,"
And out o' blue air a-top o' the spinney
Crumples and crashes half-a-crown;
Yes, that's the way o' the old cock pheasants,
That's the way o' the fine old cocks,
But, gentlemen all, by these—these presents,
Pray know the way o' my little red fox.

Little red fox ('neath the beechwood boughs and
Up and away) you shall watch him go,
Little red fox, an' a hundred thousand
Pounds run after him—each his foe;
Little red fox he runs like winking,
Little red fox he runs alone;
Half of a crown? He's not worth the clinking
Of a ha'penny-piece on a five-mile-stone.

But look at the style o' the hounds an' horses,
Look at the cut o' the servants' coats;
Oh, but a glance my word endorses,
If *not*, just look at the price o' oats,
And the fund defrayin' the cocks-a-doodle
Late deceased, an' the bubbly-jocks,
Then capitalise the whole caboodle
And find the cost of a little red fox.

Mud o' the vale the pink coat plasters;
Into the twilight, all forlorn,
Beaten and baffled, wails the Master's
Last long note o' the silver horn;
Up on the hillside sits a sinner—
Little red fox, an' he's clipped your comb;
Then Less than Nothing goes out to dinner,
An' a Hundred Thousand o' Pound jogs home.

P. R. C.

How the Services Get Spoilt.

". . . and the charming garden is to be a playground for Navy and Army officers stationed in Malta."—*Daily Paper.*

Suburban Sunbaths.

"VACANT POSSESSION.
Very nice, nearly new, 6-roomed house, with bathroom on main road in Kingston."
Advt. in Surrey Paper.

"The Orchestra's fine rendering of Granville Bantock's incidental music added to the impressiveness of the brilliant acting of Lewis Carroll in the part of Macbeth."—*Natal Paper.*

Macbeth. "Is this a looking-glass I see behind me?"

"After Bull had seen Miss ——, the Court missionary, he was fined £2, with 10s. costs."
Daily Paper.

A cat may look at a king, but it's simply ruinous for a Bull to look at a court missionary.



THE TOO-READY WRITER.

Mr. Baldwin. "CONTRIBUTIONS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED."



District Visitor (unused to the job and finding conversation a trifle difficult). "WEATHER *too* GORGEOUS FOR MOTORING—ER—YOU REALLY *must* GET A CAR SOME DAY."

MILITARY ECONOMY.

THE affair has now passed into the history of our battalion as the Battle of the Tins. It lasted six months and involved ten different authorities, including our Adjutant, who, brave fellow, was ultimately responsible for its successful conclusion. To be quite truthful he was also responsible for its original inception and for keeping the thing going at all. If at any time during those six months someone had quietly removed our Adjutant (as many people were only too anxious to do) the whole question would at once have been automatically and gratefully dropped by everyone else concerned. But our Adjutant is made of sterner stuff.

The *casus belli*, a pile of rusty old blacking-tins, was first discovered by our Lieutenant James, who trod into them at the murky back of "C" Company store with a noise like a charge of CROMWELL'S Ironsides. He said something which Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo politely pretended not to hear and then added, "Throw that rubbish away."

Now in the Army you can't airily remark, "Throw that rubbish away," when you find things at the back of a Quartermaster's store. Things you find at the back of a Quartermaster's store, while no doubt quite unauthorised, are probably far too valuable to throw away, having been "won" at great sacrifice of conscience and morals. Or else, while no doubt quite valueless, they are probably far too authorised to throw away, being held on charge in several large books.

So, in a shocked voice, Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo told James that the tins had been formally taken over from the 2nd Loamshires a year ago and were now on ledger charge.

James mentioned the matter to the Adjutant next day, and the Adjutant, who had just been urged by every authority in the direct line of descent from the Army Council to himself to exercise economy with military stores, took the matter up.

He selected for his first opponent an Ordnance Officer at Moorshott and fired off a polite inquiry for a disposal order for unwanted Tins, Wax Polish (empty) . . . 53, taken over on relief of 2nd Loamshires, adding that they were not an article of Clothing or Necessaries, not being shown in the Priced Vocabulary of Clothing.

He was quite serious in this last remark. You don't realise, till you read the Vocabulary, exactly what does constitute army clothing. Compared with some of the articles therein, fifty-three empty blacking-tins are practically evening-dress.

The Ordnance Officer at Moorshott was otherwise engaged, or else his mother had told him not to play with strange boys. He merely replied that Tins, Wax Polish, whether full or empty, left him quite cold, not being issued from his Depôt.

The Adjutant faced smartly round and took fresh aim at an Ordnance Officer at Shotmoor instead. Again without success. This fellow countered in a liverish manner to the effect that Tins, Wax Polish, whether one or fifty-three, touched no sympathetic chord in *his* Depôt, not being articles of Usual Supply.

So the Adjutant, having so far only scored two misses, looked round for someone who would deal with *Un*usual Supplies and discovered a new and larger target in the shape of the Main Ordnance Depôt at Havershot. Here he obtained an "inner," for the officer in charge advised him to send a representative sample of the articles in question to the Inspector of General Stores. He

also suggested that it should be treated as a nominal transaction, which meant several new Army Forms all in duplicate; and the Adjutant, who loves Army Forms in duplicate, was so grateful that he put him on his list for a greeting-card next Christmas.

The fifty-three tins were then paraded in line, and the smartest and cleanest tin was picked out to represent the unit. Wrapped in innumerable A.F.Z. 2014's and A.F.Z. 2098's and accompanied by all the previous correspondence, it arrived with such an explosive crack in the office of the Inspector of General Stores that it nearly broke his "In" tray.

This naturally annoyed the fellow. He curtly refused to identify the tin and sent it back with blistering remarks written all round the edges of the Adjutant's favourite Army Form.

The Adjutant then played the file at someone else, from whom, being quite off the map, it returned as swiftly as a golf-ball off a stone wall. Next he fell back for further advice upon his tried and trusted playmate, the officer at the Main Ordnance Depôt, Havershot. He, feeling by then a little weary, suggested—we think as a practical joke—that the Adjutant should try the Brigadier.

The Adjutant, poor boob, believed him, and sent all the corre-pondence to the Brigadier. Very luckily for him it arrived on a day between two meets, when the Brigadier wasn't very busy. He said, "Tell him to arrange for the tins to be sold and the amount credited to the Government." So the correspondence, by now weighing two pounds and full of unexpected pins, went off to a Supply Officer with a request that the Government Auctioneer should be asked to sell the tins by auction.

Being addressed to the wrong Supply Officer it came back with a sarcastic note to that effect and a totally extraneous file about Army Boots which had been unobtrusively gathered up by one of the Adjutant's very efficient paper-clips.

The right Supply Officer however was soon tracked down, and he asked for all the tins to be at a certain place on a certain date at a certain time, when the auctioneer would deal with them. The Adjutant having complied to the inch and the second, nothing was heard for two-and-a-half months. This is the nearest a Supply Officer can get to a good joke.

Throughout the period the Adjutant wrote repeated inquiries, but all the answer he could get was a "Referred back to you, please," pinned to the extraneous file about Army Boots.

At long last there came, embedded in accompanying forms, a notification that the Sale of Tins, Wax Polish (empty), 53 had taken place; and a week later came the Sale Account in all its glory, with a large Treasury Receipt attached and a request for a receipt on receipt of the Treasury Receipt.

The sum realised was £0 0s. 2½*d.* (twopence-halfpenny).

The Adjutant celebrated his victory by having the complete file weighed. It tipped the scale at five pounds, and had probably cost the Government that as well.

He is now starting another correspondence to find out who is the insubordinate humourist who pinned to the top of his *magnum opus* the following final minute:—

"Copy this out nine times and send it to nine other fools. This file, started by an English officer, should go right round the world—and dam nearly has already. . . ." A. A.



STUDY OF A STREET BATHED IN SUNSHINE.

Bridal Weeds.

"As the newly-weeded pair left the church the organist . . ."—*Wiltshire Paper.*

Television in the Free State.

"Viewed from the river Shannon some of the public buildings in Dublin present a depressing sight."—*Australian Paper.*

"Little was seen of the Brentford forwards. Half-time: Millwall, 1; Bristol City, 1."
Evening Paper.

We are not surprised at the poor visibility of the Brentford forwards, as they were playing somewhere else.

TOPSY, M.P.

X.—HAS WORDS WITH THE WHIPS.

Trix darling as I *rather* expected I 'm having *rather* trouble with the Whips already because my dear the *perverted* thing is that the *one* thing they don't like a legislatrix to do is to *legislate*, my dear a *private* Member's Bill utterly *sends* up the little temperatures because *all* they want you to do is to *always* be on tap and occasionally *filter* through the Lobbies like a *performing* microbe, well my dear I've *quite* determined that I 'm *not* going to be a more automatic divider, especially as they *will* talk about nothing but *politics* in Parliament, my dear all this *phlegmatic* chat about the *rates* and everything, you know there 's *no* doubt that politics are getting *more* and more *materialistic* and gross, because the *sole* thing they *ever* discuss is *bread* and *butter* and *wages* and *trade*, and of course it 's all *too* cardinal, but my dear *after* all man does *not* live by bread alone, except in politics, because my dear they 've *no* time for anything which is not *utterly £ s. d.*, however personally I 'm going to strike an absolute *note* of idealism, and I've draughted *rows* of *immaculate* Bills already, my dear I've a Bill to Preserve the *Beauties* of England, and a *Bill* to Start a National *Theatre*, and a *Rent Restriction* Bill for Theatres, and a Bill about Architects, and a Bill to have a Boat-service on the Thames, and a Bill to Reform the Divorce Laws, and another for the *Betting* Laws and of *course* the Licensing Laws, and a Channel Tunnel Bill, and a Bill to Harness the *Tides*, and a Bill about *Forests*, and of course my Peace Loan (Unemployment) Bill, and a Bill to *Nationalise* the Bar, and another for the Hospitals, and a Bill about Sunday and a Bill to *Reduce* the Age of Magistrates and Councillors, and a Bill to Improve the Pub, and a Bill to Reform the Second Chamber by the Creation of Young Peers, my dear people like Haddock, and a Bill to Assist Music and one or two more.

Well my dear *some* of these have already been *quite* printed and read a First Time, which is *rather* a throb, only of course the Prime has pinched *all* the private Members' time so *quite* nothing can be done worth doing, but my dear these *pussilanimous* Whips utterly *swooned* when they saw my little Bills because they 'll be *too* popular and *embarass* the Gov., my dear you 've *no* idea what absolute *lizard-livers* they 've got, and my dear the *toil* I 've had to get people to *back* them, because they all say they 're *too* right but will *alienate* the local yams, my dear as *if* that mattered, however the Whips said they were all *too* heinous and if I wasn't careful I should *lose* the Whip so I said who *wants* your mouldy Whip and that 's how it stands, O snakes a Division, no more now darling but I 'll send you my Sunday Bill and I think you 'll agree that the *preamble* anyhow is *rather* plausible farewell your *refractory* TOPSY.



ATTACK IS THE BEST DEFENCE.

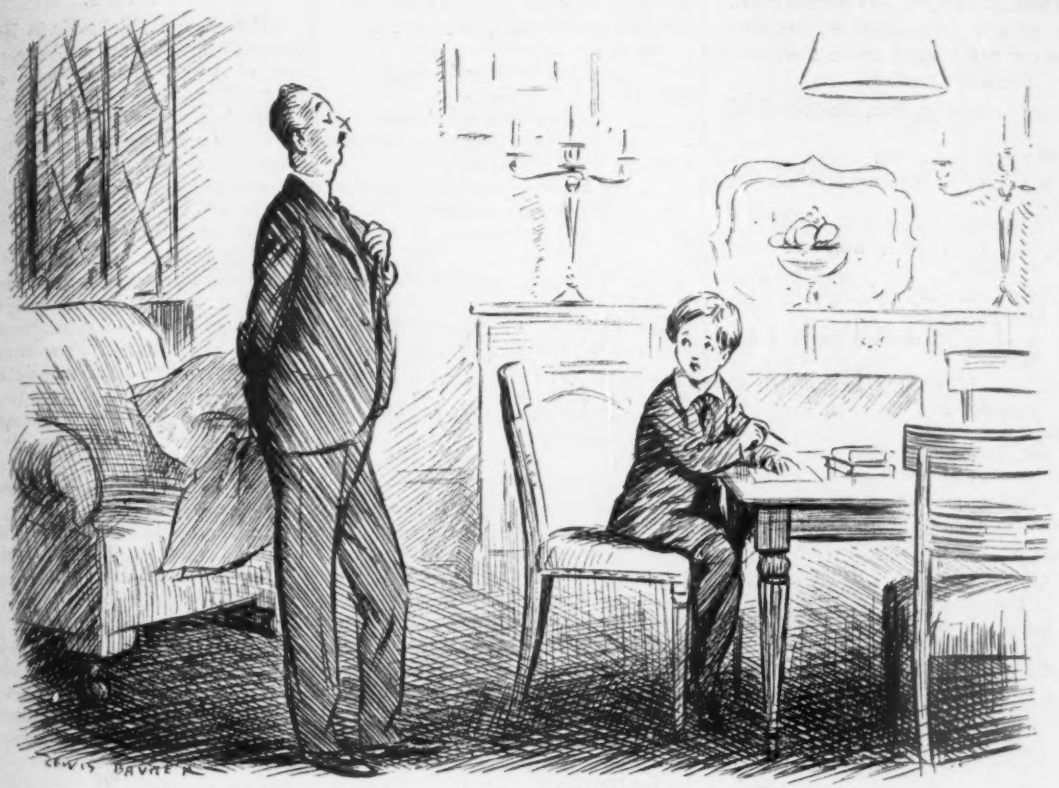
Maid. "LUCKY THIS DIDN'T HAPPEN IN MY LAST PLACE. SHE HAD VERY POSH CROCKERY."

(*Enclosure.*)

A BILL TO IMPROVE THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE ON SUNDAY AND FOR THE INCREASE OF JOY ON WEEK-DAYS.

Whereas notwithstanding the passage of time there is a *noxious* species of municipal yam which lives in the year 400 A.D. and feeds on antique regulations and *barbarical* taboos, and whereas together with another *mediæval* kind of weasel called the Licensing Justices the yams aforesaid have made the Lord's Day a day of wretchedness and undiluted *gloom* in the larger towns of these teeming islands, especially the North, well *have* you been to Burbleton on Sunday, and whereas the said yams and dog-fish having comfortable homes have no itch to go to the *pictures* on Sunday or listen to a *band* in the parks and don't see why anybody else should, and anyhow they can play *golf* if they like, and whereas being too antique and shaggy to have a best girl it doesn't occur to them that other people *may* have, but whereas the poor having *small* homes cluttered up with mothers-in-law and dirty plates after lunch do proceed into the streets for recreation but there is no recreation, well in a place like Burbleton there are *no* cinemas open, and *no* concerts, and Councillor Mule has stopped the band in the Park, there is not one *note* of music all day except hymns though of course it 's *too* lawful to read these *corrupting* Sunday papers, but whereas nobody can go to church *all* day, and whereas by reason of the mothers-in-law and best girls aforesaid the poor dupes must go *somewhere*, but there is nowhere to go, except the museum and the pubs, and whereas it is unlawful to hold hands in the museum, and therefore they walk *drearily* about the streets and there is a great deal of promiscuous clicking in the High Street, and of course if it rains they probably go into the pub, in *which* case the aforesaid yams are responsible, and whereas for these reasons the said yams and Councillors have shown themselves unfit to govern the recreations of the people on Sunday or any other day, and anyhow they were only elected to manage the drains, and whereas there is nothing in the Holy Scriptures to say that Sunday should be one long funeral, and whereas the aforesaid Licensing stoats have certain powers concerning the issue of licences for music dancing and other guileless amusements which powers for similar causes as aforesaid they have abused *most* foxily,

Be it therefore enacted by the King's *most* Excellent Majesty, by and utterly *with* the advice and consent and everything of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and of *course* the old Commons, in this *present* Parliament



Small Boy (at Home-work). "DAD, DO DO THIS SUM FOR ME."
Father. "NO, MY BOY; IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT."
Small Boy. "P'RAPS NOT, DAD; BUT YOU MIGHT HAVE A TRY."

assembled and massed, and by the authority of the same as follows:—

Definitions. **1.** In the construction of this Act the following words and expressions have the following meanings, unless excluded by the context, and anyhow it 's *too* obvious what they mean, that is to say:—

The expression "*yam*" means a spherical growth like Councillor Mule of the Burbleton Town Council who has somehow *clambered* on to the Council by *weaselish* work in the *provision* world and knows about the trams and things, for *which* reason he *sees* himself as a *censor* of plays and books and bathing-dresses and *general* Mussolini of Burbleton *morals*.

The expression "*loofah*" means much the same thing only the face is *oblong* and *as* a rule has the *most* lachrymose moustache composed of *rotting* straw which goes *dank* like seaweed when there is *rain* in the air.

The expression "*stoat*" is *too* similar but has an added significance of Puritannical *venom* and *un-Christian* prejudice because of course it 's *nearly* always a Licensing Justice who is *Vice*-President of the *Milk* League and deprecates fun.

2. Notwithstanding any flatulent bye-law it shall be *quite* lawful everywhere for the pictures to be open on Sunday evening, also to play games (if any) in municipal parks and things the same as a week-day.

3. No municipal yam or loofah shall have anything to do with the recreations and pleasures of the people, which shall be governed where necessary by a Joy Committee of the Council, elected absolutely *ad* hoc and consisting of *two* men and a virgin, one of these to be under thirty and the others under *forty*.

4. The Joy Committee shall organise a *good* band and make it play on Sunday afternoons.

5. Every town shall have Sunday concerts in the winter months.

6. Every town shall have a public swimming-bath which shall be open on Sunday afternoons.

7. Mixed Bathing shall be *quite* lawful and any contagious comments by yams or loofahs shall be punishable with *utter* imprisonment.

8. It shall be lawful to play bagatelle and billiards the same as golf on Sunday and sections 10—14 of the Gaming Act 1845 are hereby totally cancelled likewise any similar blather.

9. The Joy Committees shall take over the powers and duties of the Licensing stoats in relation to the recreations of the people.

10. Councillor Mule shall be washed *weekly*.

11. This Act may be cited as the Sunday (Diminution of Gloom) and Recreations of the People (England and Wales) Act 1928. A. P. H.

Last Words on the Weather.

"Moderate easterly winds, early fog in places, cloudy; some rain and rather cold. Further Outlook—none."—*Daily Paper.*

"The songs ranged from Back to Straus."
And back again? *Daily Paper.*

"The prisoners were taken from Britain to Rome. In Rome they were trained as alligators."—*From a Schoolgirl's Essay.*

Hence the famous statue of "The Dying Alligator."

INVOCATION TO MINERVA.

OR, TO THE SPIRIT OF UNDERSTANDING, THAT THE POET MAY BE ASSISTED IN A DIFFICULT TASK.

From the depths, from the very Beginning,
Will some airy sprite,
Forgetful of all my past sinning,
Excite
My soul on the subject of Rates?
Oh, say from what hills and what fountains
Of infinite Beauty and Light
Do they spring
To be source of what Loves and what Hates?
And how fair are their feet on the mountains?
Debates
In the House do not help in the least little thing
To illumine the Dark of my Night
About Rates.

I would fling
All my labour aside just for this:
To be certain, to catch at the bliss
Of feeling—it might be a moment, no more—
That I grasped in my hand,
Live, palpitant, warm
With the scent of the Sea or of Flowers
(Like the subject of Peace and of War
Which I *do* understand),
The details of Rating Reform
As applied to this Borough of ours!
But I don't.
LLOYD GEORGE, Mrs. AIMÉE MCPHERSON,
The use of mechanical hares,
The spots in which crimes were committed,
The jokes on the halls,
These things have been more in my wont—
These things have intrigued me,
But Rates have fatigued me.
I have always considered a person
Who understood Local Affairs
(Like Bates) as far more to be pitied
Than listened to much when he calls.

I have looked in time past at the Papers
(I think
They are pink)
That come gleaning, as rifts in the vapours,
Called Rate Demand Notes;
I have glanced at the things that they say
About paving of Paths
And Wash-houses and Baths;
And then—
Having said a few words about votes
To the Councillors, two of them drapers,
On a specified day
I take up my pen
And I write out a cheque to the men;
I consider them stoats,
But I pay.

Yet I never examine their figures
Nor tread in those delicate places—
Growing ever more thorough and thorough—
Where the Metropolitan Borough
With the L.C.C. interlaces;
I never inquire with what rigours
The Sweeping and Cleaning of Streets
With the Cost of Collection meets;
While the Metropolitan Common Poor
And the Metropolitan Police
Are lapped in a dream
By a distant shore
At their own sweet will and their own caprice
Where the dark grey waters roll.
(This is done by the Equalisation Scheme,
Which puts their fate
On a different Rate
Over which the Borough Council has
No control.)

But now must I bestir
Myself both as a Voter and a Man,
A fellow-citizen of those who fought
(Forgive the rhyme) at Agincourt,
At Hastings and at Crecy and at Sluys,
To find out what my due is.
Then tell me, sprite,
Descending from that fastness where thou dwellest
And harping to me like a harper or a 'cellist,
What will occur
When some arrangement different from the present
Happens with Rates?
(I talked about it all to Mr. Bates,
Who came last night,
But found no light.)
Help me to follow carefully the vext
And difficult Text
Until
I know by heart,
Not simply part
But all the hundred clauses of the Local Government Bill.
With glittering spur
Prick thou my sluggish Mind and make me see,
As in a cinema, most luminously
(I must, I will),
What all this talk about the Shifted Burden
Means to my Income-Tax!
Smite me upon the cranium with an Axe
Till Knowledge comes in full intensity
And I perceive what Profit or what Guerdon,
If any, there will be
After this epoch-making Act,
Or Pact,
To England; but especially to Me.

EVOE.

"The language was now settled with an enlarged vocabulary but still preserving the verile suction element."—*Local Paper.*

Including all words of the "squish" and "squelch" family.

DOOG.

"DON'T you think, Uncle Hugh," Veronica shot at me suddenly, "that lots of people *are* the most awful doogs?"

"Explain yourself," I replied.

"Oh, of course you don't know. It's Priscilla's game."

"What is Priscilla's game?"

"Doog."

"And what is doog?"

"Well, *a* doog," explained my red-haired and tempestuous niece, "is just not a dog. Not absolutely quite a definite dog, don't you know, like a St. Bernard or a Dane. Priscilla scores doogs all over the place, and the other day she invented what she called human doog, scoring people at fifteen each or sometimes thirty, it just depends how odd they are."

This seemed to me to be a matter of some delicacy and I considered my next question carefully before putting it.

"What precisely are," I inquired, "the characteristics or qualifications of a 'human doog'?"

Veronica's reply was startling.

"I suppose it's just if you're a bit half-pint. Oh, of course you don't know what *that* means—well, I expect you do, but Priscilla uses it in another way. She means not up to the mark, not pint; sort of feeble."

"Does she indeed?"

"Yes, she's most awfully clever, she is really. She keeps on thinking of perfectly amazing ideas. In fact she's most frightfully pint."

"I should like to see Priscilla," I said.

"She's very pretty."

"And pint, you say?"

"Terribly pint."

"And no doog?"

Veronica winced.

"Good gracious, Uncle Hugh, of *course* she isn't. How can you possibly ask? Only half-pint people are doogs. I don't know what it is about them exactly, but you can always tell when people are half."

"Half?"

"Short for half-pint. Priscilla invented that too. She's made things absolutely easy for us now," went on Veronica in a burst of enthusiasm. (I don't know who was implied by "us"—her gang, I suppose.) "When we see anyone who's at all half we just say 'Doog' and take fifteen. You see when you're playing with someone you can go along scoring canine doogs and then suddenly you get a point off a human one."

"But surely," I objected, "the—the question of deciding as to the eligibility of a particular human doog may provoke endless discussion."



"AND PLEASE GOD MAKE GRANNY BETTER. SHE 'S STAYING AT CHELTENHAM JUST NOW."

"No," she replied simply; "one always seems to know."

"And the name of this game," I said thoughtfully, "is 'Doog'?"

"That 's it," assented Veronica. "There are lots and lots of rules and things; I can't remember them all, though I've got them written down in a note-book somewhere—we all have. Of course you mustn't cheat and say 'Doog' when there isn't one. What you do is, when you see a doog trotting about, you say 'Doog' as quickly as you possibly can, and, if you say it before the other person, you take fifteen."

"And what happens then?"

"Well, then you go on to game, and then set and match. The scoring 's the same as in tennis. Priscilla thought that would be easiest."

I was reflecting that Priscilla's originality had to some extent broken down over the scoring system when the door was suddenly flung open and in dashed two beautiful young things in berets who took no notice of me but simply hurled themselves at Veronica in terrific excitement.

"Why, it 's Priscilla and Gwen!" cried my niece. "Hu*llo*!"

"My dear, I 'm most terribly worked up," prattled one of the visitors; "I got to within a point of set on the door-step and I——"

She broke off as she recognised my existence.

"It 's only Uncle Hugh," said Veronica swiftly.

Both girls swept me with a calculating eye.

Then in a flash, with what seemed a single voice—

"*Doog!*" they screamed.

Reeling under the ignominy of such classification I heard Veronica calmly saying, "Priscilla's by a short head, I think. Jolly good point. Game and. Well played."

And, to complete my shame, I saw, as through a glass halfly, that the little idiots were shaking hands.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

IT will soon be time, I think, to set out in tabular form the number of privileges that Woman (written like that) has wrested from Man, together with the number of privileges never claimed by Man that Woman still enjoys undisturbed. The usual pleas for sex equality leave out the latter consideration altogether.

I confess to a certain ignorance about some of the facts. But to the best of my knowledge women are ineligible to serve either as officers or other ranks in the Army and Navy and Air Force, cannot be admitted to certain skilled Trades Unions, are forbidden, except under male escort, to drink alcohol in certain bars, to act as ministers of religion in certain sects, to sit as peeresses in their own right in the House of Lords, to be County Court Judges (but is this so?), to be head-mistresses (but is that so?) under the statute or charter of certain boys' public schools, to be City toast-mistresses (but here again I speak vaguely), announcers for the B.B.C., Cambridge professors, head-waiters (but here there is no statutory ban), captains in the Mercantile Marine, first-division clerks in certain Government offices, and are probably also prevented by weight of immemorial custom from being boxers, game-keepers, poachers, professional footballers, cricketers or golfers, impresarios, shoeblacks, undertakers, three-card specialists, bank-managers, conductors of orchestras, bassoon-players and bargees.

Once again I say urgently that I speak under shadow of correction on most of these points.

Women, I know full well, may be barristers, doctors, trainers and owners of racehorses, solicitors, health-inspectors, house-decorators, makers of stained-glass windows, bookmakers, publicity experts, private inquiry agents, librarians, poets, explorers, jobbing-gardeners, vets, moneylenders and art-photographers with a passion for hunting down new sitters unrivalled by any man.

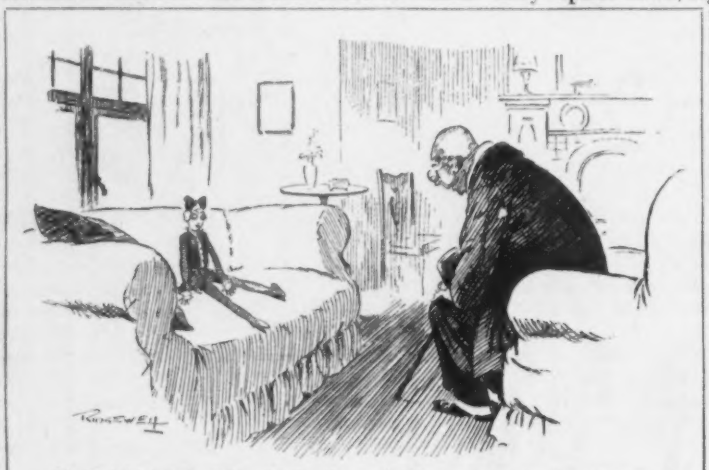
Can a woman be Lord Mayor of London? And in that case would her husband act as Lady Mayoress? I do not know.

Obviously a woman might be Chancellor of the Exchequer at any moment, and Heaven help our income-taxes then!

Can a woman be a coroner? Perhaps she can.

I have never seen a female muffin-seller, a female ventriloquist, a female conjurer, a female shepherd (outside literature and art) or a female philosopher. But they must exist.

Let us turn to the other side of the picture. There are still in some circles of society men who open doors for women and rise when women come into the room. Seats are still given up in the Underground Railway by working men to working women, by some men to attractive-looking women, and by some men to any woman at all. (On the other hand, some young women make a point of offering seats to elderly men.) The hat is still doffed to women. They share this privilege with royalty. And, as the modern male hat is so frequently of a type that is spoilt every time it is taken off, this is a very great privilege indeed. Personally, when I meet women in the street, I remove not only the hat from the head, but the cigarette, cigar, pipe or what-not from the mouth. If I am at the same time carrying an umbrella, a newspaper and an attaché-case, the effect is rather as if I had been suddenly shot through the heart by an unseen enemy, and a good deal of time elapses before the remnants can be gathered together again. It seems a little strange that a man should be compelled by some far-off instinct of chivalry to perform this knockabout act before one who may be merely a junior member of his own profession, whereas, by slightly raising the umbrella or suit-case, smiling on the side of the mouth not occupied by the cigarette, or merely bowing, he might pass on with dignity and peace.



Short-sighted but affable old Gentleman (calling on comparative strangers for the first time). "WELL, MY DEAR, AND WHAT 'S YOUR NAME?"

Women, again, by the unwritten law arrogate to themselves the privilege of wasting their employers' time by re-adjusting parts of the head or face, the eyes, the lips, the complexion, the hair, when these for any reason may have become disarranged. Whereas, if a waiter or a railway-porter were to pull out a pocket looking-glass and comb his hair or wax his moustache in front of it, he would be only too likely to provoke the reprimand of some superior officer.

Women have the right of asserting, on their own authority, what is cleanliness, what is tidiness and what is not. No man, except an officer in the Army and Navy, is permitted to have an opinion as to whether this or that thing is sufficiently dusted, polished, turned upside down, rejuvenated, repainted or repaired. Many men like to wear a smoking-coat without any elbows to it, but are forbidden to do so. Whereas, if any similar fashion (which is quite probable) should arise with regard to the dress of women, Man would be compelled to submit.

Irrespective of their mutual financial status, Woman far more often receives presents of flowers and scent from Man than Man receives corresponding presents, say of greengrocery or hair-oil, from Woman.

No woman, or almost no woman, is publicly criticised. This is a thing that, if there is to be any sex-equality in the world, has got to be stopped. If you doubt this, consider the cases of women politicians and actresses alone. It is not true, I confess, of women who write novels. But hardly anybody else does write novels, and a literary critic must have something to do.

Women very nearly monopolise the right of alluring susceptible newspaper-readers to buy goods. There is no equality in this matter. If sock-suspenders or braces are being sold, it is more than probable that a smiling young woman will peep out of the papers at us, saying that these are the braces or sock-suspenders which Tom wears, and of all braces and sock-suspenders the best. Safety-razors are recommended because Evangeline tells us that they make Egbert's chin so smooth, and pipe tobacco because it is the only pipe tobacco which Ermyntrude permits in her drawing-room.

(Continued on page 572.)

THEATRE NUISANCES.



IF ALL LATE-COMERS—



WERE EJECTED—



AND ALL THOSE WHO TALK WHEN THE CURTAIN IS UP—



AND THOSE WHO CRACKLE CHOCOLATE-PAPER DURING THE PLAY—



AND THE COUGHERS—



AND THOSE WHO LINGER TOO LONG AT THE BAR—



THEN AND THEN ONLY WOULD THE DRAMA BE GUARANTEED THE INSPIRING PRESENCE OF AN IDEAL AUDIENCE.

There has been a mild alteration in this respect, but even now the masculine client has a vague uncomfortable feeling that he is being enticed into making purchases for his own use and comfort by means of a female decoy.

Women are still said to marry to gain a home, and when they have got it they treat it as they please.

I would not dare to say that a woman still has the right of refusing matrimony throughout the Western world, for I see that in Italy the bachelor-tax has been doubled, and it is hardly fair to assume that this financial penalty would be imposed on the Italian lover (however ugly) without some corresponding assurance that the fortieth or fiftieth Italian woman at whose feet he fell would be obliged to accept him. The tragedy of a plain but tireless *Romeo* of modern Verona is a subject that even PIRANDELLO has not dealt with yet.

Nearly all articles relating to sex psychology, married love, jealousy, passion, comfort in the home, Society, children, Life, omelettes, Nature and cocktails, are written by women. In this way the mentality of England is becoming rapidly feminised. (On the other hand, men appear to write about finance, art, politics and municipal affairs, in which nobody is interested at all.)

Women (possessing the vote) can probably hold all they have got and win anything more they please. They might, for instance, in a few years not only make all this totally unnecessary dusting, tidying, sweeping, and losing of important letters and antelope-skin tobacco-pouches more stringent than it is at present, but even delegate the abominable labour, by law, to men.

I notice that there are hardly any charmen. EVOE.

A Faux Pas.

"He speaks with a Manchester accident."
Daily Paper.

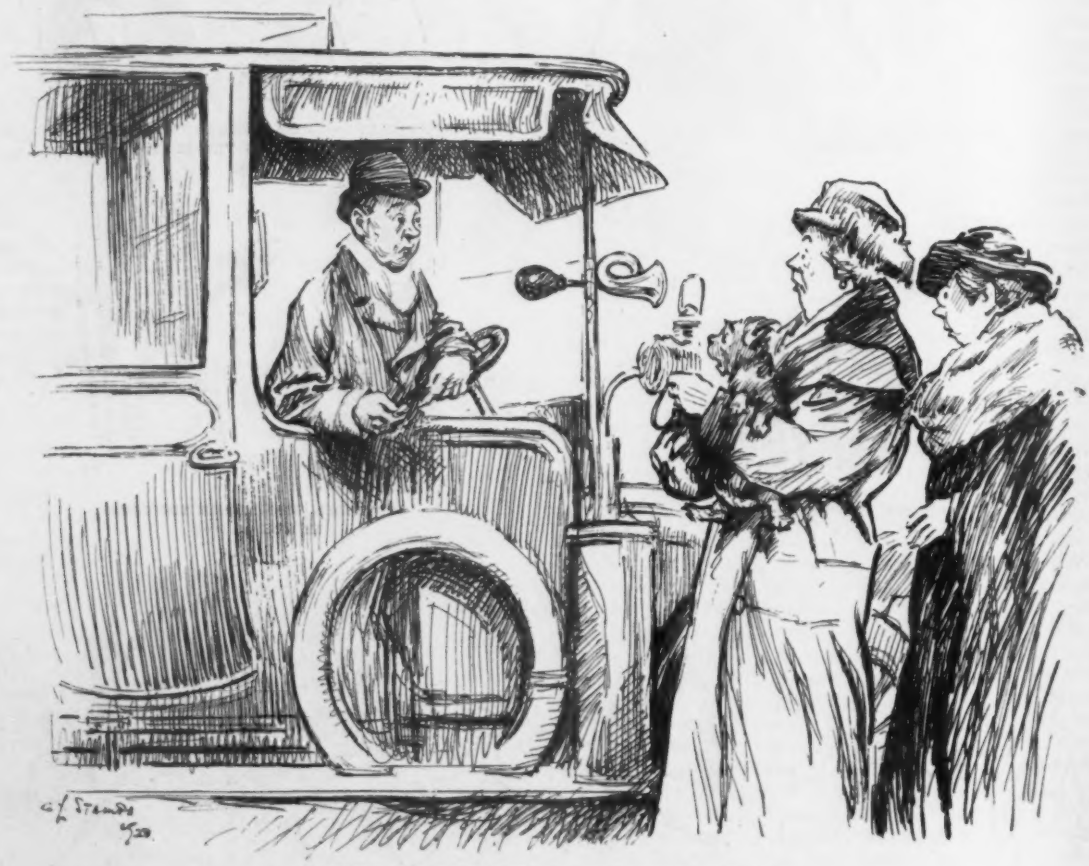
"DRAGON."

WE 've got a dragon working here,
A patient beast that pulls a cart
And journeys anywhere we steer,
And knows at once to stop and start;
He hasn't got a coat of scales;
He doesn't breathe out smoke and flame;
His feet have shoes instead of nails,
But Dragon is his name.

He ambles to the fields and back,
Peering ahead with blinkered eyes,
Or stands for hours beside a stack
Whisking his tail at endless flies;
I often wonder when he climbs
The hill-roads if he thinks of things
Like long ago, and happy times
When dragons all had wings.

Ace and Deuce.

"Major ——, noted Italian flier, has been summoned to Rome to act as Premier Mussolini's 'personal pilot in waiting,' ready to take the deuce on any of his impromptu flights."
American Paper.



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

Taxi-driver. "EXCUSE THE LIBERTY, LADY, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU OVER-PAY ME LIKE THIS. YOU MUST TAKE SOME OF IT BACK."

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

As the flapper voter will probably be a little puzzled by the classical and other allusions (not always accurate) that she will meet in political speeches, the following notes may be of service to her:—

(1) "Eureka" (pronounced, "you reeker").—An opprobrious epithet applied by MARTIN LUTHER to ERASMUS. The latter, who had believed himself to be living in the very odour of sanctity, was so grieved by this personal aspersion that he devoted the rest of his life to the manufacture of toilet requisites.

(2) "Who will rid me of this pestilent priest?"—JOHN BUNYAN's pathetic appeal after reading Dean SWIFT's articles in *The Evening Standard*.

(3) "Pons Asinorum."—The shout of the Ten Thousand led by SOPHOCLES to the Bridge of Sighs. JOHN WESLEY has commemorated their wanderings in his anthem, "The Wilderness," and, in reply to charges of plagiarism by POPE HILDEBRAND, retorted, "The world is my oyster."

(4) "Et tu Brucé!"—Sir ISAAC WALTON's reproof to a spider which annoyed him while fishing. Sir ISAAC introduced the Newton pippin from America and, on noticing the steam emerging from a kettle belonging to ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, immediately collaborated with him in discovering the circulation of the blood and anticipating EPSTEIN's theory of relativity.

(5) "The sea! the sea!"—Password of CÆSAR's legions on reaching the end of Southend Pier.

(6) "More light!"—Exclamation by ALFRED THE GREAT when the cakes were burning in ANN HATHAWAY's cottage. The good housewife, not knowing the identity of the royal cook, upbraided him for his carelessness. On the incident being reported to GREGORY (the inventor of gunpowder), that inveterate punster, turning to Cardinal WOLSEY, observed, "Truly, Mistress ANN *hath a way* with her. Were she less *angular* she would be more *angelic*."

(7) "I can no other."—The slogan of ARCHIMEDES when in a moment of creative ecstasy he foresaw the shambles of Chicago.

(8) "Let us take a walk down Fleet Street."—Sir FRANCIS DRAKE's invitation to his Press agent, CAXTON, after defeating the Swiss Armada.

(9) "Up, Guards, and at 'em!"—MARLBOROUGH's charge to the Light Brigade at Sidney Street.

(10) "If we go forward we die; if we go backward we die. Let us go forward and die."—Encouragement offered by BOADICEA to her Amazons when attending a White Sale.



Second. "YOU GOT 'IM GUESSIN', JOE."
Pug. "YUS, AND 'E'S BLINKIN' GOOD AT IT."

(11) "Which came first—the egg or the apple-dumpling?"—GEORGE THE THIRD's question to CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, who built the City churches and introduced tobacco into England.

(12) "The little more and how much it is."—Epitaph on the tomb of THOMAS GRAY, who fell at the capture of Quebec.

(13) "Half a league, half a league, half a league onward!"—Opening lines of WORDSWORTH's famous ode on "A Distant Prospect of Geneva."

Our Insatiable Domestics.

"Housemaid in Hertford wants Finsbury Park."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Well, she can't have it.

"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Dandie Dinmont pepper bitch, 6 months, prize strain both sides."

Advt. in Scots Paper.

A well-known Dinmont solo is "Big Bones I chewed beside the Butcher's Car."



THE RETURN TO THE BLUE DANUBE.

STUDY OF A JAZZ BAND ATTEMPTING TO RECAPTURE THE VIENNESE SPIRIT.

OUR LEGS.

[The Englishman's legs have of late been the subject of sarcastic comment as compared with those of other nations.]

THAT the Englishman 's vile and perfidious
And wholly unworthy of trust,
That he 's whiskered, and toothy, and hideous
We have to acknowledge; we must;
That we lack the desirable graces,
The delicate feeling and tact
That are found in superior races,
We take for a fact.

That in art we are utterly childish,
In music contemptibly low
(And that would be drawing it mildish),
We 're told, and it 's probably so;
Of the truth that our brains are absurd it
Is idle, we feel, to complain;
We have read, we have marked, we have heard it
Again and again.

We have suffered our critics' arraignment
Without agitation or fuss;
It afforded some mild entertainment
To them, and it didn't hurt us;
There was always some jam with the bolus,
Some sugar to sweeten the dregs,
In the one thing we had to console us,
And that was our legs.

And we thought "They are wise, they are clever;
No doubt they can teach us a lot;
But, I ask you, their legs, did you ever?"
(And candour declared, we did not);
"In the matter of shapely and fair legs
Old England is first of the Powers;"
And now they are saying that their legs
Are better than ours.

In the Press of the Nations they tell us
That Frenchmen, Italians and Slavs,
Not to mention the Letts (who are jealous),
Deride our comparative calves;
That the Germans, the Swiss and Norwegians,
The Spaniards and Peoples in *-ese*
From the roughest and hairiest regions
Make scorn of our knees.

We have suffered, serenely and meekly,
The cries of our critical friends
That have come to us daily and weekly,
But this is a point where it ends;
We have seen them get bolder and bolder
With merely a gentle surprise,
But, before they are very much older,
The Lion will rise.

When they say that we 're coarse and immoral,
And barren (except when we crib)
In the trifles of Art, we don't quarrel,
But here we undoubtedly jib;
They can cover the land with their bickerings,
Convict us as godless and gauche,
But the Englishman stands in his knickerings
Sans peur, sans reproche.

DUM-DUM.



THE BOO PREVIOUS.

SCENE: *Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's. Première of the new Problem play "Derated."*

MANAGER NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN (*addressing hostile demonstrators in the Press Gallery after the opening scene*). "GENTLEMEN, I ADMIT THAT THIS PLAY IS UNEXCITING AND DEMANDS EXCEPTIONAL INTELLIGENCE IN THE AUDIENCE; BUT IF YOU 'LL SIT IT OUT PATIENTLY I CAN PROMISE YOU A HAPPY ENDING."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 12th.—Mr. AMERY, answering various questioners, said that a White Paper would shortly be issued on the subject of the "Wailing Wall" at Jerusalem. He added some particulars which suggest that a Wailing Wall and a Tariff Wall have much in common. Moslems own the former, but the Jews have an immemorial right to wail against it. An attempt on the Moslems' part to add to the Wall has caused the Jews to wail louder than ever.

The Tariff Wall is of course the property of the Conservatives, but it is also the only thing the Liberals can satisfactorily wail about. If the Conservatives try to raise the Wall the Liberals wail so loud that the electorate steps in and insists upon the *status quo*.

Mr. HORE-BELISHA, who still suspects the Belgians of a *penchant* for ponies on toast, again questioned Mr. GUINNESS. The Minister explained that in the last year three-hundred-and-fifty had gone to Belgium to pull small farmers' carts and milk-floats at a cost of ten guineas apiece or so. He would be glad, he said, to encourage the use of these ponies at home, *but the difficulty arose through the smaller demands for them in the mining areas.*

No wonder the Dartmoor pony's motto is "Give me liberty or Belgium!"

Will the Channel Tunnel be one of the outcomes of the KELLOGG Pact? Mr. THURTLE said it was a matter of courage. Mr. BALDWIN retorted that it was a matter of time, but admitted that it would have to be considered. Pacts and tunnels have much in common. There is a way out as well as a way in.

The debate on the Labour Amendment to the Address, deploring unemployment, drew to a futile finish, with Mr. MACDONALD refusing to be comforted and Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS declining to despair.

Tuesday, November 13th.—If you want somebody to tell you where is fancy bread, or bread at fancy prices, which is much the same thing, Sir BASIL PETO is your man. On the other hand his suggestion that the Food Council should be given power to curb the flights of profiteering fancy left the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE cold. But then you can hardly expect the Member who sits for Biscuitville to wax enthusiastic about mere bread.

There were one hundred other Questions on the Order Paper. Many of them were Scottish Members' Questions and Scottish Members' Questions have a Briarean quality. No sooner has Sir JOHN GILMOUR tackled one than a hundred Supplementary Questions spring up in its place. The fault is not all due to the metaphysical pertinacity of the Scottish mind. The SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND is the most evasive person on the Treasury Bench.



"YOU NAUGHTY BOY."

MASTER DAVID LLOYD GEORGE UNDERGOES A CHASTENING FROM DAME BALDWIN.

(After the well-known advertisement.)



THROUGH HIS HAT.

Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY. "I SIMPLY WANT TO GET ON WITH QUESTIONS."

The SPEAKER, appealed to by Sir N. GRATTAN-DOYLE, gently suggested that Opposition Scots should exercise some of their native frugality in the matter of Supplementaries. "Tell him to answer the Questions!" exploded Mr. WILL THORNE in, as it seemed, justifiable indignation.

The length and wealth of detail of the promised Liberal Amendment to the Address deploring the so-called Anglo-French Pact in particular and the Government's foreign policy in general, no less than the length and vigour of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's assault, more than justified the PRIME MINISTER's refusal to deal with the question on the first day of the general debate on the Address.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was in form. You have only to introduce France into the picture and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE promptly throws caution to the winds and becomes suffused with *élan*.

Mostly it was France's military reserves that excited the right hon. gentleman's alarm, and the talk of new *ententes*. International *ententes*, declared Mr. LLOYD GEORGE feelingly, were nearly as dangerous as political *ententes*, and as short-lived.

Mr. BALDWIN arose to answer charges of having surrounded the Anglo-French conversations with sinister secrecy; of abandoning British opposition to unlimited military reserves and the British stand, first enunciated at Washington by Lord BALFOUR, for the total abolition of submarines; of agreeing with France on a cruiser limitation basis that the Government well knew Washington would resent; and of abandoning our Washington thesis of naval parity with the United States and naval superiority to all others.

The PRIME MINISTER left most of the charges to be answered in detail by the FIRST LORD and then proceeded to obliterate Mr. LLOYD GEORGE by the simple expedient of quoting some of his more hectic utterances in American and Teuton newspapers, and telling him in firm but kindly tones that that sort of thing wasn't done by ex-Prime Ministers who hoped to be Prime Ministers once more.

The last word was with Mr. BRIDGEMAN. He made it clear that the agreement discussed with France made substantial efforts to meet the United States'

cruiser requirements, as enunciated at the Geneva Conference. He was less successful in resisting the charge that, as concerns the publication of the agreement, somebody at the Foreign Office had blundered.

Wednesday, November 14th.—There was introduced into the House of Lords this day, by Lords HARRIS and STAMFORDHAM, Lord DAVIDSON OF LAMBETH, formerly Archbishop of Canterbury, who in his sole person illustrates no fewer than two constitutional innovations. He is the first Archbishop of Canterbury in a matter of three hundred years to resign his see. He is also the first Archbishop of Canterbury, and perhaps the first prelate of the Church of England, to exchange a spiritual for a temporal peerage.

The usual formalities took place before a moderate attendance of Lords Temporal and a notable gathering of Peers Spiritual, and afterwards Lord DAVIDSON took his seat on the crossbenches, from which we may perhaps conclude that friendship to all parties and alliance with none is to be the new Peer's political motto.

Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY is not often misunderstood, but he was this day. Mr. THURTLE had asked Mr. BRIDGEMAN if the Admiralty had considered the effect of the KELLOGG Pact on the naval policy of this country. "Yes," said Mr. BRIDGEMAN. Mr. THURTLE wanted "positive proof" that there had been some effect. Mr. BRIDGEMAN did not know how he could satisfy Mr. THURTLE.

This let in the Member for Central Hull. Would the proof be forthcoming in the next Navy Estimates? he demanded. "If the impetuosity of the hon. and gallant gentleman will restrain itself——" began Mr. BRIDGEMAN, but got no further. "There is no question of impetuosity," retorted Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY; "*I simply want to get on with Questions.*"

While the House was digesting the notion of its second most inquisitive Member posing as the apostle of fewer and better Questions, Mr. AUSTIN HOPKINSON, that wayward realist, intervened to inquire if the KELLOGG Pact was ever going to have the slightest effect on anything or anybody. "That is a matter of opinion," replied Mr. BRIDGEMAN cautiously.

From time to time it becomes Mr. SNOWDEN's not uncongenial task to keep the Free Trade flag floating from the Socialist mast-head. To-day was one of the days appointed, and Mr. SNOWDEN professed to be aiming his amendment at those "Trotskys of the Tory Left Wing" whom the PRIME MINISTER and his Whips had of late been at some pains to discipline. His actual arguments, directed to proving that Safeguarding is merely piecemeal Protection, were the old well-tried arguments.



Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "FORTUNATELY THESE ERUPTIONS OF MOUNT SNOWDEN ARE NOT ATTENDED WITH IRREPARABLE DAMAGE."



LORD DAVIDSON OF LAMBETH.

Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS, replying, revealed the Government's intention to set up new and "less obstructive" machinery to deal with Safeguarding. Sir H. PAGE CROFT advanced the whole case for more Safeguarding; various Liberals propounded vehemently against it; other Liberals and Labour Members attacked in turn the Labour proposal to exclude "sweated" goods altogether, and the Liberal proposal to do nothing at all; and Mr. JACK JONES, in a moving *finale*, condemned, as far as one could gather, everything and everybody.

Thursday, November 15th.—Lord PARMOOR's Geneva Protocol speech somewhat recalls the weird instrument, with a gramophone horn at the upper end and one string, that is used to extract reluctant pennies from people in theatre-queues. One wonders how one string can be made to deliver such a profusion of notes. Lord CUSHENDUN estimated yesterday that Lord PARMOOR had just delivered the speech for the eighth time. Lord PARMOOR protested that the point of his speech was the ninth assembly of the League, which had not been discussed in that House. "That only made it a different occasion," retorted Lord CUSHENDUN, "not a different speech." Only ten votes rewarded Lord PARMOOR's "antic finger," which will not, however, cease "thrumming the lute-string frayed."

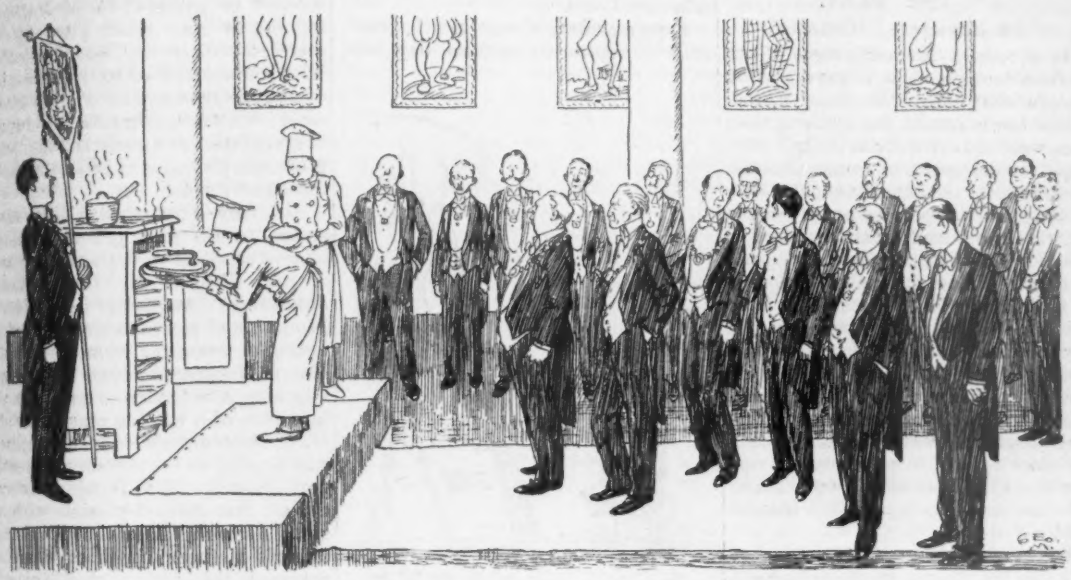
Kind hearts may be more than coronets, but they are not more adhesive. Commander BELLAIRS adumbrated legislation to permit sturdy democrats to slough their unwanted dignities. The suggestion left the PRIME MINISTER cold. Perhaps the thought of not losing Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY in the fullness of time produced a sensation of chill. Mr. KIRKWOOD wished to know if any individuals, Labour or other, had expressed a desire to relinquish their titles. Mr. BALDWIN replied that all approaches, whether for the purpose of acquiring or relinquishing titles, were made in private.

The House agreed to the Second Reading of the Unemployment Insurance Bill.

How Filmland Regards a Royal Commission.

"ENGLISH ROYAL GROUP BEGINS POLICE PROBE.

A royal commission Wednesday began an inquiry into the police administration of England and Wales."—*Los Angeles Paper.*



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

"COOKING THE GOOSE" AT THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' HALL.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF DETECTIVE FICTION.

I HAVE lately been reading an "omnibus" volume of Detection, Mystery and Horror Stories.

It is a most interesting collection, and the classification of the tales under such headings as "The Story of Pure Sensation," "The Story of Pure Analysis," "The Romance of Crime," "Witchcraft," "The Frankenstein Theme" and numerous sub-titles appears to illustrate every ramification of the subject. And yet on reflection it seems to me that there are conceivable types of the detective-story not here represented which may fairly claim a place in a representative volume of crook-fiction; and I have accordingly taken the liberty of compiling a brief appendix-dickey to the "omnibus":—

(1) THE STORY OF BEWILDERMENT AND FRUSTRATION.
In which the Detective is frankly defeated by the case and drops it.

(2) THE STORY OF INDETERMINATE CULPABILITY.
In which a crime is committed but no arrest is made.

(3) THE STORY OF THE CANCELLED CONCLUSION.
In which the Detective makes a dramatic and unsuspected arrest in the penultimate chapter and then disappears, so that the final solution of the problem is not forthcoming.

(4) THE STORY OF LINGUAL LIMITATION.
In which most of the action passes in foreign countries, with the result that, owing to difficulties of mutual comprehension, no progress can be made with the case.

(5) THE STORY OF OFFICIAL CARELESSNESS.
In which the Detective neglects some elementary precaution and allows himself to be slain.

(6) THE STORY OF THE SUBTRACTED EGO.
In which the narrator of the story, the I, is murdered, and the book is thus prematurely closed.

(7) THE STORY OF AUTO-ELUCIDATION.
In which the Detective has himself committed the crime and, after carrying out various processes of inductive reasoning, arrests himself. (A "double" may be legitimately employed to lend verisimilitude to the act of apprehension.)

(8) THE STORY OF ISOLATED INEPTITUDE.
In which the reader and all the characters in the book, except the Detective, know who committed the murder.

(9) THE STORY OF SUPPRESSED INFORMATION.
In which all the characters in the book, including the Detective, know who committed the murder, but the reader is not told.

(10) THE STORY OF THE FUTILE *DÉNOUEMENT*.
In which the final solution of the problem is obviously the wrong one.

ANOTHER GRIEVANCE GONE.

[After four years' persistent effort Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., has succeeded in inducing the Kitchen Committee to admit women to the Strangers' Dining-Room at St. Stephen's.]

GREEK HELEN kept the world in tumult sore
For ten long years of war;
But English ELLEN, though pugnacious
And in her manner contumacious,
Has yet achieved in less than a quinquennium
A peace that clearly hastens the millennium.

"Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day"—
So runs the ancient lay;
But dinner was a source of dangers
While from the Dining-Room for Strangers
Women at Westminster, whether plain or pretty,
Were all excluded by the Kitchen's (Male) Committee.

But now the ban is lifted; equal rights
Are granted them o' nights.
So let us hail with *magna vox*
Brave ELLEN of the auburn locks
By whom one complex of inferiority
Is shifted from the sex in the majority.

"The result of Mr. Hoover's election will mean that the grafters will be in the soup."
American Paper.

Once again Tammany cooks spoil the broth.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE RUNAWAYS" (GARRICK).

Is it merely the restlessness of our modern temperament, always craving change, that makes Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' comic rustics less amusing than they were and not quite so likely? Perhaps the exigencies of comic situation have overlaid the business of character-making. The puppets seem now to move a little too obviously at the dictation of the plot rather than to have, or at least to appear to have, characters and wills of their own. In the making of farce this is no serious disadvantage, but Mr. PHILLPOTTS aims at something of greater solidity than mere farce, and has in general a humour of a quieter and subtler kind and a less continuous comic invention than farce demands. He tends therefore a little to slip between two stools. Characterisation suffers and jokes are stretched beyond their natural elasticity.

The laughing giant, *Matthew Borlase* (of Little Woodcotes), laughing long and loud and often, and sometimes for reasons unrevealed to us, has suddenly become miserly. Also he has been seen in eager converse with a golden-haired lady in a lane. His wife, *Keturah*, about whose vast bulk much is made, perhaps a little too much, has prospects from an elderly brother in New Zealand, and these prospects have always given her an importance in the politics of Little Woodcotes. She can ill bear a sadly diminished housekeeping allowance and begins to wonder where the saved money is going to. Clearly, men being what they are, it is safe to assume that it is the golden-haired siren who is benefiting; and *Matthew*, always laughing, is not concerned to deny it. Very well, then, she, a natural puritan in a family that has never known any looseness of conduct, will listen to the love-babble of the infatuated elderly timber-merchant and put shame upon her exasperating lord. She will elope with her fatuous *Harold* and take her prospects out of Little Woodcotes for ever. *Matthew's* secret, which it is fitting I should preserve, naturally turns out to be entirely innocent and highly creditable to him. *Keturah's* virtue is saved at the price of a sprained ankle, a broken banister and the crushed ribs of her reluctant Lothario.

Supplementary themes are the courtship of *Matthew's* spirited daughter,



A PROPERTY HAYSTACK.

Grandfather (*Mr. H. O. NICHOLSON*). "HAY BAIN'T WHAT IT WERE IN MY DAY."

Jessie, by the sailor turned farm-hand, *James Jago*, who bears only his mother's name and is held at arm's length, not unkindly, by *Matthew* till he shall prove himself true pedigree stock; the elaborately projected suicide, so soon as the harvest be gathered in, of *Matthew's* lugubrious son, *Albert*, jilted by the mercurial *Gladys* (of Great Woodcotes), who has succumbed to the attractions of a handsome traveller in gents' underwear; the passion for cake and sausages of grandfather *Benjamin*, and the almost grotesque plainness of *Eliza*, the timber merchant's sister.

Mr. BEN FIELD had a part nicely suited to his jolly gift of grotesque characterisation in the timid romantic *Harold Widger*. Mr. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON'S humourless oaf, *Albert* (a genuine and pleasant invention of the author's), was soundly done. I liked Miss EILEEN BELDON'S *Jessie*, now fiercely storming, now tender—a creditable performance of a not too easy part. Mr. H. O. NICHOLSON'S old man, *Benjamin*, was as good as the not very interesting part allowed. Miss ISABEL THORNTON did all that seemed possible with the stout *Keturah*, except that it was very difficult to hear her lines when she assumed the high-pitched voice of hysteria—and indeed she was not the only one of the cast to fail in this entirely fundamental business of being audible. Mr. SAM LIVESEY laughed through his part of the jolly farmer with easy assurance without convincing me that he was very much interested in it.

A certain raggedness and slowness of pace, besides those regrettable lapses from audibility, seem to suggest that the producer had not done all that it was his business to do. T.



THE FLYAWAY.

Mrs. Matthew Borlase (*Miss ISABEL THORNTON*) *to Harold Widger* (*Mr. BEN FIELD*). "YOU CAN CARRY ME OFF, HAROLD."

AT THE VARIETIES.

"JOHN BULL CALLING" (COLISEUM).

In an unguarded moment of relaxation the learned and distinguished author of those historical dramas, *Abraham Lincoln* and *Robert E. Lee*, has permitted himself to appeal to a music-hall audience with a "Political Parable" of to-day. Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER has, in fact, been caught unbending.

John Bull, reported to be sick, is in bed, attended by a pert minx of a nurse quaintly named *Britannia*. Three physicians, with the worst possible bedside manners, are discussing the patient's case in what would have been his hearing if he had not been

asleep. His own doctor, *Sir Victor Torian* (two jokes), has called into consultation a Welshman, *Dacellew Lloyd* (one joke), and a Scot, *Hector Macilp* (no joke). Under these three characters are thickly veiled the identities of the PRIME MINISTER and the Leaders of the two Oppositions. Except perhaps in the case of *Lloyd*, played by Mr. STANLEY LATHBURY (was his Christian name also a joke?), no physical resemblance to the originals was attempted, and, apart from some elementary topical allusions to Welsh sunsets and the Eisteddfod, there was very little reproduction of personal idiosyncrasies. *Sir Victor* was not even smoking a pipe. Mr. DRINKWATER elected to concentrate on political analogies.

The policies of the three parties were supposed to be represented by their respective diagnoses of *John Bull's* alleged complaint. *Sir Victor*, pompous, loud and self-confident (indeed one marvelled that he should ever have consented to invite a consultation), was all for giving the patient plenty of sleep. *Lloyd* was for injections; *Macilp* for an operation. Their noisy dispute was interrupted by a sound of firing without, and in burst a rather comic sort of apache with a gun, which he proposed to discharge into the brown. His name was *Vesuvius Blag* (this was perhaps Mr. DRINKWATER'S best *jeu d'esprit*), and we intelligently took him to personify Communism or Revolution.

In face of the common danger the doctors sink their professional differences. *John Bull* leaps out of bed in perfect health, and the intruder is assisted, not too violently, through the window. The whole company (*Blag* excepted) then joins in singing "Rule, Britannia"—an injunction which the nurse of that name seems most unlikely to be in a position to execute.

One expected something a little less crude and unsubtle from Mr. DRINKWATER. If the traditional *John Bull* stands for the typical individual Englishman, and the traditional *Britannia* is figurative of the nation as a communal whole, by what stretch of strained relationship can she be pictured as his nurse? However, let us pass over this incongruity as due to inexperience in the technique of political symbolism. But we may deferentially ask whether the united action of the doctors in face of the common peril is really designed to represent the contributions made by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and the Labour Party to the national safety in face of the nearest thing to revolution that our times have seen—namely the General Strike. And, if the play of words in the name of *Sir Victor Torian* has any significance, we may ask whether in politics to-day there is anybody less Victorian or less Tory (in the old die-hard sense) than Mr. BALDWIN. Finally we may ask whether *Sir Victor's* rest-cure treatment and his encouragement of somnolence on the part of *John Bull* bear any analogy to such a measure as the De-rating Bill, of which we are told that only the most alert and wide-awake brains can hope to begin to understand it.



NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.

John Bull . . . . . MR. DEERING WELLS.
Britannia . . . . . MISS YVETTE PIENNE.
Vesuvius Blag . . . . . MR. FRANK COCHRANE.

The fact is—and it seems to have escaped Mr. DRINKWATER'S critical intelligence—that good and honest humour is often harder to achieve than good and honest seriousness; also that a gift for dramatising established history need not imply ability to compose a satire on history in the making. The construction of political cartoons of the hour (and this was little more than a movie-talkie cartoon), is not the simple game that he would seem to think it—as Mr. Punch could have told him. One recalls Sir JAMES BARRIE'S playlet about JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN and may leave to Mr. DRINKWATER the consoling thought that he has failed in excellent company.

The audience at the first performance, some of whom had borne patiently with a rather tedious programme (relieved by a brilliant exhibition of Badminton) in sanguine anticipation of the *clou* of the afternoon, received it with respectful tolerance. O. S.

AT THE PICTURES.

COLLEEN MOORE AND GEORGE BANCROFT.

THAT Miss COLLEEN MOORE and her producers look upon her latest film, *Love Never Dies*, as their masterpiece we must assume from the prologue, in which we see the Stars of first magnitude in the Hollywood firmament arriving at the chief Los Angeles theatre to witness its first performance. To the movie fans such a Big Parade were almost ecstasy enough, for here they are, not merely as they look in the flesh and perfect evening attire, but (can you beat it?) with husbands or wives. A certain courage there! GLORIA SWANSON with her Marquis, Mr. and Mrs. HAROLD LLOYD, Mrs. and Mr. LAURA LA PLANTE, NORMA SHEARER, LEATRICE JOY, BÉBÉ DANIELS, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Junior (for there is a second generation now), and even the mighty JESSE LASKY himself. Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN, very grey and thinning on the top, brings a new foreign luminary, and Miss COLLEEN MOORE is escorted by the Mayor of New York, who with spontaneous or prepared tact confides to the microphone the sentiment "If this is California, give me California." In such manner is the film *Love Never Dies* introduced.

As for the film, it is worthy of such a celestial send-off. The photography, particularly of the fighting in the air, is amazing in its realism, while the story is amusing, exciting, pathetic, tragic, and it ends in happiness. Our withers are wrung, our hearts melt. And always there is Miss COLLEEN MOORE exerting every device that the movie can demand from its pretty twinklers; she is coy, abashed, assured, tearful, mischievous, despairing, triumphant, with those dark widely-set eyes, so expressive and significant, and that mobile Irish mouth. Almost she makes one wish that the movie was a movietone. A delicious brogue surely there must be!

Whether or no this single eloquent and emotional example is to be taken as proof positive that Love cannot die is another question. Too often one seems to have seen it *in extremis* to be quite convinced.

Let me add a word about an actor who is a favourite of mine, not only for his merits but because he appears in the kind of film that most attracts me to the cinema—films of what is called the underworld. This is GEORGE BANCROFT, who is always either a "tough" or a police official. I think I prefer him as a police official, as in *The Dragnet*, although in his latest picture, *The Docks of New York*, as a colossal stoker with no moral principle except the boast that he has never missed a ship, he is fascinating in his strength and a juggernautish singleness of purpose. Indeed, this singleness of purpose is his special quality: whether, as a lit-up coal-shoveller, on a night out in New York long before the dry days of COOLIDGE and HOOVER, he is searching for a certain girl in the low joints of iniquity, or whether as a giant inspector he is after a master crook in dens no less iniquitous but more splendid and illegal, GEORGE BANCROFT is the same: immense, fearless and no more to be diverted than the tide. His stoker's fist and his inspector's gun equally are instantaneous. I prefer his fist, on account of the sheer muscular power behind; he hits upward to the jaw, as they always do on the films, and, as he hits, lifts his man, no matter how hefty. That is the way! The trouble is, as it always is on the films, that the man, having been slugged and knocked out, never shows any signs of it after. But that is not Mr. BANCROFT's fault; that is the odd tradition of producers, who either have never learned that a fight exhausts the fighters and that abrasions result, or have agreed to suppress such details.

To say that GEORGE BANCROFT is better than his films is not to his detriment; but I am not sure that I want to see him in any other kind. I want him always to be big and Herculean; to be slow and deadly; and now and then to crumple engagingly into laughter.

F. F.

A Ball will be held at the Park Lane Hotel in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children on Wednesday, December 5th; dancing, 10 to 3. Tickets (to include supper), thirty shillings each, or six for eight guineas, may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Favarger, 7, Sloane Street, S.W.1. Whether you can go or not, a donation will be very gratefully received.



FILM-LOVE NEVER DIES.

Jeannine (*Miss* COLLEEN MOORE). "I CANNOT LET YOU GO. I CANNOT LET YOU DIE!"

Captain Philip Blythe (*Mr. GARY COOPER*). "DON'T BE SILLY; WE'RE ONLY HALF-WAY THROUGH THE FILM. AND WHAT ABOUT OUR FINAL CLOSE-UP?"



AT THE TATTOO PICTURES.

Mae . . . . . MISS BETTY COMPSON.
Bill Roberts . . . . MR. GEORGE BANCROFT.

ORACLES.

A NEW complexity has recently been introduced into modern life as the result of a remarkable discovery in the realms of commerce. This discovery, the work of some unknown benefactor of the human race, is to the startling effect that the purchase of almost any small article of personal use and adornment, as, for instance, a collar, a tie, a hat or a safety-razor, is not, as was formerly supposed, a matter of no particular importance, to be entered into lightly in a care-free and reckless manner, but is, on the contrary, an undertaking fraught with grave consequences to the purchaser, inasmuch as it may have far-reaching influences for good or ill upon his future well-being. Hence the conduct of the man who, acting upon mere impulse or instinct, dashes into a shop and thoughtlessly buys a bowler-hat or a pair of spats is now strongly deprecated and modern advertisers have not been slow to call attention to the extreme foolhardiness of such a proceeding. Is there anyone who has not been moved almost to tears by harrowing stories like this?—

> "They were looking for an office sales manager and were considering young Wilson for promotion. But Wilson's collars weren't right; and this just turned the scale, so they passed him by and gave the post to Watson, who always wore Pimplex Collars. Moulded to the Neck. Opportunity did not knock again at Wilson's door. *He never made good.*"

The almost unbearable poignancy of a story like this is heightened by the additional circumstance that Watson is Wilson's junior by several years and is of a distinctly inferior mentality. Nobody doubted that Wilson was the right man for the job, but they couldn't stand his collars. *Ah, if he had only known!*

Now some such misfortune may fall to the lot of almost anyone—an injudicious purchase in an unguarded moment—the wrong gloves—the wrong braces—and who knows what may happen and where it will all end?

How are these dangers to be avoided? While a definite answer to this question is still to be found, it is suggested that the following simple rules for



Huntsman (galloping to "Ho'lo"). "WHERE DID YOU SEE THE FOX?"
Boy. "I AIN'T SEEN NO FOX."
Huntsman. "THEN WHAT WAS YE HOLLERIN' FOR?"
Boy. "'CAUSE I LIKES 'OLLERIN'."

the purchase of a toothbrush, for instance, may serve as a useful guide to the whole subject:—

(1) The toothbrush first to be sought for, the toothbrush *par excellence*, is the one which is for the time being the principal topic of conversation among excited little groups of the Right People, wherever they are to be found in the exclusive haunts of Society. And if these people not only *praise* the toothbrush but vie with each other in describing exactly how it is manufactured—special patented process taking ten days to complete, etc.—so much the better. Search diligently for such a toothbrush and, having found one, make straight for it and buy it without fear or hesitation. *It can do you no harm.*

(2) If the Right People are calmly ignoring all the toothbrushes on the market, there is no cause for despair. What are the Strong Silent Men talking about in the Great Open Spaces? Very likely about toothbrushes. Search, then, for a toothbrush which these men are discussing in curt crisp monosyllables in the bush or veld, on the prairie or steppe, from the Canadian Rockies to the Corsican maquis. Such a toothbrush may be freely and fearlessly purchased. *It will not let you down.*

Moreover, the Strong Silent Man has this great advantage—he is able to demonstrate that five-and-sixpence, the price of the approved toothbrush, is only the *apparent*, not the *real* price of the article. Resting by the camp-fire in some lonely outpost of Empire with a companion of the same type (Silent, even if not quite so Strong), and thinking the thing out closely, he proves to the other slowly, step by step, with remorseless logic that, whatever five-and-sixpence may be as a general rule, in the case of this toothbrush five-and-six is equal to no more than three-and-ten. The friend, incredulous at first, is convinced in the end. Silence is resumed.

(3) The published testimonials of People in the Public Eye, such as girl channel swimmers, fast bowlers, actors, authors, cat-burglars and the like, should be received with caution, and more especially when there is a difference of opinion between such persons and the Strong Silent Men. If it should unfortunately happen that at one and the same time the Strong Silent Men are all swearing by the *Shine-o-dent*, and the Girl Channel Swimmers are unanimously backing the *Toothgleam* against all comers, the intending purchaser may become bewildered. Of this awkward dilemma there is only one possible solution: follow the Strong Silent Man every time. Somewhere, in some Great Open Empty Space, *he has thought it out.*

These rules make no claim to infallibility, but they have been tried and tested, and have stood the test. They are recommended to the careful attention of all those who desire peace of mind, contentment, prosperity and, last but not least, Tooth Happiness.

New Craft for the Witch.

"Baron von Kön'g, a 22-years old German airman, took a toothbrush and a towel and made a non-stop flight of about 900 miles from Berlin to Moscow."—*Daily Paper.*

This should put the broomstick quite out of fashion.

Vive la Liberté!

"On the question of the Judges' Rules, Sir Archibald was asked by the chairman—'Yo uwish o lave a very wide discretion to the oplice?'

'The fewer rules you have the better,' was the reply."—*Belfast Paper.*

Even of spelling.

THE LOST LEADER.

HARD is the lot of HOOVER, harder still
That of a new and super-BROUGHAM, whose wage,
Too small his generous instincts to assuage,
Drives him from office, much against his will,
To ask for more.

The tingle of the "jingling minted quid"
Is sweet to ears by *res angusta* troubled,
But, though the fee be doubled and redoubled,
One can't go on accepting every bid—
Ask him no more.

Each postman who comes hurrying to his gates
With urgent messages bowed down arrives,
As though he had not one but nineteen lives—
O Boards, O Companies, O Syndicates,
Tempt him no more!

"The face of HELEN launched a thousand ships,"
But she was never asked, nor had the brain
Or knowledge of Big Business to sustain
Six whole-time jobs to save her from eclipse
After the War.

So give some respite, Magnates, to our Phœbus,
Some hours of leisure in the twenty-four;
By all means keep the wolf far from his door,
But still, *est modus*, as they say, *in rebus*,
Ask not for more.

THE TRAVELLER'S TALE.

2, Thackeray Terrace,
Kensington.

DEAREST MARGARET,—So you're going a tour round the world! Oh, how I envy you, and *what* you'll have to tell me when you write! I shall simply count the hours till mail-days. Never having been further than Brittany I have to see the world through the circulating library. Write *reams*.

Yours most enviously, but still affectionately, BERYL.

Hôtel Tête Noire,
Rue Chat Puant,
Marseilles.

DEAR BERYL,—Thank you for your letter. Well, here we are in Marseilles! No time for more. Will write from Cairo. (Address: *Hôtel Sidi-Bel-Abbàs, Impasse du Sheikh*).

Love, MARGARET.

DEAREST MARGARET,—What was Marseilles *like*? And did you feel awful in the Bay? I suppose by now you'll be in Egypt. *In Egypt!* Oh, tell me every last thing, and never forget how crowded and horrible the High Street of Kensington is for us chronic humdrums! I think if anybody offered *me* the chance to see the Pyramids I'd return home with material for four novels in my trunks.

Much love, BERYL.

Hôtel Sidi-Bel-Abbàs,
Impasse du Sheikh,
Cairo.

MY DEAR BERYL,—Well, here we are in Africa, which I have so looked forward to seeing. The weather is glorious, though very hot. Yesterday was hotter than to-day, but they tell us that is often the way; and there was actually a little rain the day before yesterday. Our train was an hour late—was not that tiresome? And it was so very stuffy I felt inclined to say, "Dash it all!"

We went to the Great Pyramid this morning—that or evening is the proper time here, it seems, as it is too sultry in the afternoons. There are a number of English people in the hotel, and it makes it very nice for bridge. . . .

Garrison Hotel,
Avenue Trop de Mousquites,
Khartoum.

MY DEAR BERYL,—We got here seven days ago, so have now been here a week. Will you be very kind and go to Barking or Ponter and get me a pair of those fleecy bed-socks advertised in *The Morning Telegram*? (I have marked them in the cutting).

The weather is still glorious, but they tell us it was quite different before we came, as the town often gets the desert winds that are very treacherous and resemble the "*tramontana*" variety that made my cousin's (Eva Rice-Bronckhorst) throat so bad in Florence. We nearly lost her, and she had to be moved to Fiesole. I never go out of the hotel here without thinking of the Relief. It seems to make Khartoum so much more interesting. . . .

DEAREST MARGARET,—What did you *think* when you stood by the Pyramids? And is it *true* there is a temple in the paw of the Sphinx? And what was Marseilles like (I don't mean only the quay)? . . .

S.S. Megaphonic.

DEAR BERYL,—As it is very hot I am writing on deck and not in my stateroom. The sea is wonderfully blue, so excuse post-card as it is getting so hot (glass still rising!) I cannot write more. M.

Skinner's Hotel,
Rumgunge,
Bombom, Calcutta.

DEAR BERYL,—India, where we landed a fortnight ago, is *very* pretty, and quite different from anything I had seen before. The buildings are very fine and splendid roads, v. fine scenery, and climate seems wonderfully nice and mild here, though impossible later, so I hear. The snap is the Taj Mahal; the one on the left is Mr. Cyrus K. Emerson, a v. nice American who travelled with us, and I, as you see, well in the middle!

Yours, MARGARET.

DEAR MARGARET,—Is there really *Suttee* still in India? Did you see any child-brides or burning-*ghats*? I've never quite been able to believe in these horrors, but I will take your word either way. And when you were in Cairo did you see any sheikhs? And are they really attractive? Personally I think their robes give them a most unfair advantage. I'm certain no Englishwoman would look at them twice if she saw them in a bowler-hat. And the dragoman—tell me about him. (Do you remember the one who poisoned the coffee in *Bella Donna*, and said: "Everything mah-ee led-dy warnts she must haeve"?) . . .

Rotorua,
Hiti Titi,
Wakiki.

DEAR BERYL,—I think I remember *Bella Donna*. It was at the St. James's Theatre, was it not? And what a wonderful make-up ALEXANDER had!

Well, to continue my adventures.

One touches at Sydney for the Solomons, whence one is taken over by mail-boat.

Yesterday I experienced my first earthquake and, though we are *quite* safe, I hope it will be my last!! We formed a party to tour the affected areas, and you never saw anything like it. One wears nothing but white here. The native dresses are *most* attractive.

As I am not sure about the Customs, Duty, etc., I will not send you any local present, though there are some delightful ones to be had; but do, *please*, dear, accept the enclosed money-order and buy yourself something pretty with it in the West-End.

The bed-socks arrived safely. I suppose they were out of the white, but pink will do. The weather remains glorious, so shall not be needing them yet. I will now say "*Aloha!*"

MARGARET.

P.S.—Marseilles was, if I remember, v. noisy, and I couldn't tell you whether there is a temple in the Sphinx's paw, but the *face* is v. chipped. Such a pity!



THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

RIPE age, by which activities are curbed,
Has left his constitution undisturbed;
To all concerned he wishes to confide
The fact that he is still quite fit inside.

And, if indiscipline should make him pack,
He 'd hear the chimes of Fulham call him back,
Seeming to say, in tones that plead and yearn,
"Turn again, WINNINGTON!"—and he would turn.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXXII.



Old Lady (greeting friend of musical Niece). "HOW ARE YOU, MY DEAR? AND SO *YOU* PLAY THE DRUM, I SEE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. J. A. SPENDER, on *The America of To-day* (BENN), reminds me of those tactful emissaries of regal etiquette who were sent out to report on the charms of foreign princesses with a view to their master's establishment in matrimony. The faithful THOMAS CROMWELL of a not very towardly ANN OF CLEVES and a somewhat disgruntled HENRY VIII., Mr. SPENDER is obviously out to do his duty both by America and England; to assure the lady that her charms are being generously presented, and to forestall any possible aversion on the part of the gentleman by insisting that you cannot judge foreign beauties by English canons. The first two-thirds of his book, its picturesque travel notes of an extensive tour last spring, its extremely careful survey of American life and institutions, undoubtedly achieve both ends. America is conclusively shown to be more unlike the old England from which she sprang, the old England (what there is of it) that still remains, than any of our Continental neighbours. America (Mr. SPENDER quotes) is "moving away from Europe," and, as far as civilisation is concerned, we may go to her but she will not return to us. This settled, however—and settled it will be for every reader of these illuminating pages—the future relations of England and America fall to be considered. War debts, naval commitments, ordinary commercial transactions, our mutual interest (to be amplified or retrenched?) in Continental readjustments and the common future of humanity—what have we to say to each other under these heads? In this the third section of his book Mr. SPENDER modifies his attitude. I only hope his obvious delight in the *rôle* of the genial guest will induce his late hosts to overlook his subsequent concessions to the spirit of *Truthful James*.

The late Empress of RUSSIA first entered her future husband's capital in the train of a funeral procession. She saw his coronation clouded by the terrible "Hodynka" disaster. In Paris she was given the rooms of QUEEN MARIE-ANTOINETTE. Baroness SOPHIE BUXHOEVEDEN, in *The Life and Tragedy of Alexandra Feodorovna* (LONGMANS), presents her beloved mistress as one who cared nothing for politics, who found her happiness in her home, and whose only shortcoming was a failure to break through the rigid formalities of a stifling Court etiquette. Dogged by ill-health and evil chances and followed by malicious misrepresentation, she moved through gathering portents to an inheritance of final tragedy; yet her loyalty to her adopted country was so unshakeable that even after a year's intolerably sordid imprisonment she could write, "Thank God we are still in Russia." That the author states a case without prejudice no one would claim, yet she brings very notable self-restraint and reticence, particularly in regard to the political activities of the TSAR himself, to strengthen her argument, and it is beyond all dispute that she passionately believes every word of her plea. For my own part I cannot deny that she carries conviction, all the familiarly-accepted charges of disloyalty to the Allied cause and meddlesome interference in politics utterly disappearing in this honest record of the every-day life of the sad shy woman who "had always thought cards were a little wrong," and who would persist in deserting her Court to nurse her children; even the RASPUTIN incident becoming no more than the despairing attempt of a mother at her wits' end, medical men failing her, to save her little

son's life by the help of a plausible quack. In the great total of evidence that must pass before the historian who would summarise the grim and loveless turmoil that was the Russian revolution, this volume must be weighed on behalf of one of its most hapless and, as now it would seem, one of its noblest figures.

It's frequently stated in books I've read
That brains exist in the hero's head,
And some of them show, when you test it out,
That the truth of the statement's open to doubt.

Others, however, the rarer kind,
Leave no doubt in the reader's mind,
And ANTHONY ARMSTRONG'S practised hand
Has given us one of the choicer brand.

In *The Secret Trail* (a METHUEN book)
The hero's a brilliantly brainy crook,
And most of the time he is pitting his skill
Against others, if anything, brainier still.

The underworld and the powers above,
A murder or so and a touch of love—
All are involved in getting a rise
Out of a network of foreign spies.

And, though in a tale like this you may know
Where the final honours are sure to go,
You'll never guess till the reading's done
How the winning trick is going to be won.

There is an impressive amount of good material in Mr. HENRY BAERLEIN'S *Heine* (BLES), but it is a book more enjoyable in retrospect than in the reading. Its rather clumsy fashion of incorporating as much "document" as possible gives it too frequently the air of an over-literal translation; and the dialogues, in which much of its historical, critical and personal information is conveyed, strike me as neither true to nature nor artistically attractive. Yet it is a generous piece of work, written from a sound standpoint of critical appreciation; and it is never afraid of those serio-comic touches which occur in the lives of the most heroic and do so much to vivify their recital. Personally I find the charm of HEINE'S first *Egeria* far more credible when I read that her spoon of pea-soup fell out of her hand on the occasion of a mystical revelation; and the fact that HEINE himself saved the life of KARL MARX'S baby by recommending and preparing a hot bath adds an extenuating domestic background to the intellectual relations of both men. Mr. BAERLEIN'S account of HEINE in London and Ramsgate owes much to this eye for homely detail, as does his excellent portrait of Madame HEINE. On the literary side he has done the ignorant reader a service in introducing rough rhymed translations of the lyrics in connection with the episodes which gave rise to them; and, though he does not comment intrusively on either the poems or the situations himself, he has taken unusual pains to reproduce the attitude of contemporaries. An interesting epilogue traces the fortunes of the poet's statue, commissioned by ELIZABETH of Austria and now one of the prime ornaments of republican Hamburg, and emphasizes the parallel vicissitudes of the poet's posthumous fame.



"LEGGO ME LEGS, OR I'LL GIVE YOU A PUNCH ON THE NOSE!"

From what publishers cacophonously style the "blurb" I learnt that a critic had said of Miss OSTENSO that she "grips her story squarely, as a man will take hold of the plough-handles, driving the coulter in;" whereupon only a stern sense of duty brought me to read her delicately-told tale of *The Mad Carews* (HEINEMANN), living on their baronial

demesne in the flat lands of Minnesota and cherishing a heritage of quixotic pride and romantic folly. (When will publishers learn that a "blurb" kills more books than it sells?) As *Miss Hildreth Carew* tactfully explained to her sister-in-law, there was a vast difference between being "born into the family and not merely married into it." Yet in common with all notable families the *Carews* had a skeleton—indeed several skeletons—in the family cupboard. Of the nature of those skeletons it would be unfair to say more than that moral cowardice was among their number. When the inevitable crisis came to overwhelm the *Carews* and their vainglorious pomp, their first and last thought was of escape. And I felt like cheering when that truly delightful girl, *Elsa Bowers*—far too attractive not to have deserved a better fate than marriage with even the best of his family, *Bayliss Carew*—faced the assembled *Carews* and told them frankly that flight was not for her, nor was she going to bring up any child of hers to be a coward. For another reason I think *Elsa* was wise not to accompany the family to the sunbaked roughlands of Texas. She would have pined away for want of that homestead at the foot of The Mountain that was part and parcel of her being. If there are other homesteads as delightful as that in Minnesota I am going there one of these days.

Skin o' My Tooth (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) was the nickname given to an astute criminal lawyer, *Patrick Mulligan*, who had a happy knack of rescuing innocent persons from the gallows at the eleventh hour. "The nickname stuck to him," says the Baroness ORCZY. It did inextricably, and, meeting it three or four times to a page, I found myself developing a grievance against JOB for expressing his narrow escape so dramatically. *Patrick Mulligan*, as I prefer to call him, rescued his clients in no niggardly fashion. Acquittal through failure of evidence would not have satisfied him; he must find the actual murderer, and he did it every time with the most consummate ease. A day's quiet thinking, and then a touch on the shoulder, followed by a full confession or an equally conclusive suicide. It is all so simple that *Mulligan* might be acclaimed a prince of detectives if only one could believe in him. Unfortunately his "methods" are never adequately explained. In nearly all the twelve exploits here recorded his triumph rests on the author's word, and in detective stories the author's word is simply not good enough. But while I am not particularly anxious to meet *Mr. Mulligan* again there is one of his exploits, mentioned but not recorded, of which I long to hear more. It is the one in which he rescued *Lord Mallory* "literally by the skin of his teeth." Literally!

The reader who likes a great deal for his money will get it if he invests in *The Shaded Lily* (METHUEN), by Mr. R. F. W. REES; not that it is any longer than most novels, but because of the rich variety of ingredients of which it is made up. To begin with there is the "shaded lily" herself, *Kitty Mostyn*, child of a settler in South Africa who has taken a native woman to wife, and the heroine of the story. Then there is the Great War and *Kitty* nursing out at the Front, and *Max Dellaway* falling in love with her and becoming heir to the Lethington title and estates, and *Kitty* pretending that she does not love him and pushing him into an engagement with the scheming un-shaded *Carol*. In order to clinch matters *Kitty* herself gets engaged to a nice healthy-minded young man, whom everyone for some curious reason calls by his surname, and off all four go to South Africa. Of course no author ever piled all his principal characters into a ship for nothing, and, after they have landed *Carol* at Capetown, they have the most exciting wreck, and *Kitty* and *Max*, with a grating, swim ten miles to the coast and fall into each other's arms in a Kaffir kraal. There are many more excitements, but at last everything ends happily, and the lily is proved to be of a pure white strain. On the whole an enjoyable story, with that freshness that can even make an overcrowded story attractive.



Diner. "ASK THAT FELLOW TO COME ALONG HERE."
Waiter. "WHO DO YOU MEAN, SIR?"
Diner. "THE BLOKE WITH THE PERAMBULATING PUB."

Black Rent (MILLS AND BOON) opens with the arrival of *Karin Sandler*, an American girl, of whose charms Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE left me in no manner of doubt, at Liverpool in "the wonderful summer of 1914." She was on a visit to the *Rashtons*, whose family consisted of a very distinguished surgeon, his incompatible wife and a young son, brilliant but without balance. The *Rashtons* lived in London, and until war was declared *Karin* spent a gay and amusing time with them. But during the succeeding years terrific disasters encompassed the surgeon. For instance his son was shot for cowardice in France, his wife was murdered in London and he was arrested for the crime. Obviously it was Mr. BEGBIE'S aim to purge *Oliver Rashton's* soul by suffering, but if he had been less drastic in his methods he would, it seems to me, have written a tale at once more artistic and helpful.

Shardlow, works-manager to a firm of engineers and ironfounders, had invented a process for the manufacture of castings which was expected to revolutionize the industry, and, if you read *The Hammer of Doom* (COLLINS), you will find that he met with a sudden and terrible death. He was a grumpy old man, with more enemies than friends, and Mr. FRANCIS EVERTON has an excellent tale of detection to tell before the actual criminals are discovered. Personally I do not think that he gave me quite a fair chance to solve the mystery for myself, but that is not a great grievance in a story that shows considerable knowledge of engineering and will keep its readers agog to the last page.

CHARIVARIA.

THE abolition of a time-limit for the Test matches is considered to be to the advantage of batsmen who are apt to be a little shaky for the first few days.

* * *

Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY has informed a daily paper that his diet does not include red meat. So much for the rumour that he always trains for Question-time on raw beef.

* * *

Mr. JOHN L. PILGRIM, of London, has crossed the Atlantic for the hundred-and-fiftieth time. Earlier Pilgrims found once enough.

* * *

A lady-writer asks: "Does a woman prefer a husband who gives way to her, or the other sort?" What other sort?

* * *

SCHUBERT, we are told, couldn't say "Bo" to a publisher. Even now only American composers attempt this familiarity.

* * *

A large cowboy bar near Hyde Park is said to be projected. It has been a long-felt want among the bronco-busters of the Row.

* * *

A scheme of the L. M. and S. Railway Company to bring Southend nearer London is described as tentative. Opposition is anticipated from supporters of an alternative scheme to take it nearer the sea.

* * *

Complaint is made that plays performed by amateur theatrical companies are often spoilt by excessive applause. Professionals endure this annoyance more philosophically.

* * *

Signor MUSSOLINI has announced his intention to give away no more signed photographs of himself, owing to the numerous and incessant demands for them. CÆSAR was never driven to this.

* * *

The disclosure, after ten years, that the author of a poem in *The Times* on the surrender of the German Fleet was the Poet Laureate, is regarded as a facer for Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS.

* * *

The publication of a photograph of a girl practising for a hurdle-race in trousers shows how greatly ideas have changed since the days when women ran hurdle-races in crinolines.

* * *

A shortage of English apples in the New Year is predicted. We trust that timely precautions will be taken against a plague of doctors.

* * *

Africa is said to be so overrun by big-game shooting-parties that lions have become too scared to roar. They are being shot for cowardice.

* * *

"The shiny nose is a bane to women-golfers," says an article on the care of the complexion. It makes it so difficult to keep the eye on the ball.

* * *

Lady ELEANOR SMITH confesses that she arrived late at a theatre the other night, but mentions that Lord CASTLEROSSE was even later. We deplore this tendency of gossip-writers to inculpate one another.

* * *

Sir ROBERT SANDERS, the new Chairman of the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons, is an ex-Master of Staghounds. There is no truth, however, in the rumour that he has asked for the assistance of the Whips at feeding-time.

* * *

"Scotland's Finest View" is the subject of a newspaper discussion. Many Scotsmen favour the prospect from the Cheviots looking towards London.

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According to a paragraphist it is only on Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING'S public appearances that his distinctive eyebrows become noticeable. The same thing has been observed about Mr. GEORGE ROBEY.

* * *

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT complains that paragraphists earn their living by supplying trivial details about prominent authors. It is to Mr. BENNETT'S credit, however, that he has not allowed this to deter him from being prominent.

* * *

Lord BIRKENHEAD pointed out to Aberdeen students that the glittering prizes of life might be within their grasp, but he omitted to warn them that the hard road to Fleet Street and the City runs through St. Stephen's.

* * *

In an article on cupboard-building as a new profession for women we read of special cupboards for young children and old people, brides and bachelors, servants and millionaires. Nothing is said about skeletons.

* * *

According to a weekly journal one can often experience a nightmare with the eyes wide open. We've seen plus-fours like that.

* * *

Discussing work for the B.B.C. a novelist says it is time authors looked round. This advice has been anticipated by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.

* * *

A lady M.P. says that the modern girl does not take after her mother. The modern father says there is seldom anything left for her to take.

* * *

A man who threw another down some area-steps, blacking his eyes and fracturing a collar-bone, has been fined three pounds. It seems a lot for the money.

* * *

A "strong" comedian at a London music-hall tears a telephone-directory in two with his hands. We should hate to be in a telephone booth with him when he gets a wrong number.



"WELL, DEAR, NOW HOW DID YOU ENJOY YOUR GAME?"
"OH, TREMENDOUSLY! D' YOU KNOW, TWICE I GOT HOME ON THREE NO TRUMPS DOUBLED."

An Alkali Indicated.

"Despite the long list of engagements which the Prince managed to fulfil he continued his studies assiduously."—*New Zealand Paper.*

"About 28 cents of the consumer's dollar spent in retail stores goes for food, in height from 1,000 to 10,000 feet."—*Canadian Paper.* When it gets as high as this we run.

THE ATTACK ON THE RATE-RELIEF BILL

(with a hint on how not to do it).

IF I 'd the fortune to possess
A lot of Syndicated Press,
Whose aim (if any) was to guide
The conduct of the safer side;
And if I thought a change of friends
Would better serve my private ends,
And so arranged to turn about
And try to boost the old gang out,
To see if Labour toed the line,
Or else a Lib.-and-Lab. combine,
Hoping to have more fish to slaughter
By casting over troubled water;
And if, to put my soul at ease,
I 'd sent my millions overseas,
Planting 'em in enlightened lands
Out of the clutch of lawless hands,
Under a sounder system which
Rightly reveres the Very Rich;—
If that were my position, then
I 'd take my Syndicated Pen
And make the Tories' blood run chill,
Going for their Derating Bill;
And, having learnt, by Nature's light
And years of use, to know at sight
The sort of thing my public swallows,
I 'd further my design as follows:—

"Readers (whose numbers daily soar),
If you 're the fools I take you for,
You lack the necessary wit
To grasp this Bill one little bit.
Even to me it gives no clue,
And so what chance is there for you?
Its muddled makers seek to show
What it 's about, but they don't know;
And therefore BALDWIN *has to go!*"

That, briefly, is the sort of stuff
I 'd let 'em have by way of bluff,
Telling 'em in their serried masses
That they 're a set of long-eared asses,
Unfit to cope with any strain
Put on the thing they call their brain.
But with these home-truths I 'd be shy
Of mixing up an obvious lie
About a Bill whose mover states
Its clear intent:—"Relief of Rates
Out of the universal chest
In aid of industry depressed,
With no new burden made to fall
On any local back at all."
These facts I shouldn't dare ignore,
Saying, "Your rates will cost you more;"
My readers' heads, however fat,
Could hardly be as thick as that.

The slogan of your parrot-bird
May be too patently absurd;
Fowls of that feather have a way
Of coming home to roost-one day;
And bubbles which invite deflation
Are apt to spoil the circulation. O. S.

"LONDON BRICKS RISE."
Financial news in Daily Paper.

And quite a lot fell too in the recent gale.

THE HEART OF A SONG.

IN furtherance of the work so well begun by contributors to these columns I would like to bring before the public notice a volume shortly to be published whose compiler has laboured diligently in the cause of distressed vocalists. To quote from his preface, "The heart of a song is in its title," and in pursuance of this conception he has collated and classified existing songs according to their titles, with explanatory comments upon each group.

But the work is designed to assist also the song-writer himself. Many a good song, says the author, is wrecked upon a bad title. Accordingly under each group-heading he appends a list of new suggestions that suit the type of song with which they are associated.

I quote at random by way of illustration:—

THE "O' MINE" GROUP.

Examples: *Friend o' Mine.*
Pal o' Mine.
Shipmates o' Mine, etc.

Expressing the general philosophy of personal attachment. For more specialised forms of this, *see* groups listed under Section D 1 (Devotion).

Among these we find such headings as:

MOTHER-COMPLEX GROUP.

Examples: *Mother.*
A Mother.
My Mother.
The Mother, etc.

Suggestions: *Your Mother.*
Our Mother.
His Mother.
Their Mother.
To or For a Mother.
By, With or From a Mother, etc.

Also the NOSTALGIC GROUP.

Examples: *Devon, Glorious.*
Devon by the Sea, Red.
Farm, Down on the.
Sussex by the Sea.
Tennessee, Way Down in, etc.

Upon this Group the author comments as follows:—

Note the difference between the English and American style of Nostalgic. There is a wide scope for the ambitious song-writer who aims at a combination of the two, *e.g.*—

It 's time I went,
It 's time I went
To my little Southern mammy down in Kent;
On her knee I 'll soon be sittin'
As she purls and plains her knittin',
I jest love to see her smiling so content!
It 's time I went,
High time I went,
Or all my hard-earned savin's 'll be spent;
Too long have I been strayin',
Every night I 've been a-prayin'
God 'll send me back to mammy down in Kent.

Or, in the reverse case—

There 's a little place I 'm knowing
In far-off Tennessee
Where the quaint old streets go up and down
Just as they used to be;
And, oh, my heart is filled with joy!
I 'm going back to see
My negress mother waiting there
In far-off Tennessee.

Elsewhere we have

THE CONJUNCTIONAL GROUP.

Examples: *Before.*
Because.
Until.
Unless, etc.

Suggestions: *Lest.*
But.
In Order That.
On Purpose To.
Notwithstanding.
Inasmuch As, etc.

To quote another passage of commentary:—

This Group [the *Hearty Fighter*] shares with the *Drake* Group a common tendency to modulate into pathos in the penultimate stanza, prompted by intimations of mortality natural to an adventurous calling. But in the majority of cases apprehension is dispelled by a final and satisfactory recurrence of insensitive optimism.

Then there is

THE HORTICULTURAL GROUP.

Examples: *In a Persian Garden.*
In a Monastery Garden, etc.

Suggestions: *In a Back Garden.*
In a Front Garden.
In a Vegetable Garden.
In a Zoological Garden, etc.

The extensive range covered by this system of classification may be suggested by such Group-headings as these, selected without forethought:—

The *Irish*, the *Exotic*, the *Quaint Little*, the *Good Old*, the *Saucy*, the *Roast Beef*, the *Gladsome*, the *Swashbuckle*, the *Airy Fairy*, the *Campanological* and the *Diddums*.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"I am a kind of orphan. My father and mother are dead."—*Australian Paper.*

"On the strip of road that divides beach and meadow well-fed donkeys trot happily. Some of these live in cottages—the kind one dreams of acquiring after a long hard-working life."—*Local Paper.*

With all one's ambitions fulfilled, even down to bunches of carrots in the drawing-room carpet.



A WITHDRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENT.

Herr Stresemann. "IF I ONLY KEEP ON LONG ENOUGH AT THIS PIECE I SHALL EITHER MELT THEIR HEARTS OR WEAR OUT THE INSTRUMENT."



Bus-driver. "WOTCHER STOPPIN' FOR, MATE?"
Midget-driver. "I WAS JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO SAY SOMETHING FUNNY."

MY BAD FISH.

THE other day I made a complaint in a restaurant. It was not a very big complaint, but then it was not a very big restaurant. Of course there are men who make complaints in big restaurants. I know a fellow who in the —— of all places can not only complain that the *Poulet Poché Aujourd'hui* is looking a bit *Hier* but can actually ask the head wine-waiter to bring him a fish-fork at once, please. And he gets away with it too. The head wine-waiter does bring him a fish-fork and looks pleased to do it, while from the kitchens is heard a muffled report as the chef responsible for the *Poulet*, having written a note for the coroner, shoots himself.

But I am not that sort of person. I never make complaints in big restaurants, not even by writing them on the back of my bill and getting out before the manager can read my handwriting. In the first place I think I am one of those strong men who are born to suffer in silence; and in the second place it is no fun in a big restaurant because they always agree obsequiously with whatever you say.

Well, my complaint in this particular small restaurant was about the fish. It may have been the sudden November heat-wave, or it may simply have been that the fish had got tired of waiting, but I had a *faint* suspicion when it was first placed in front of me, which, after I had blown my nose and tried again, became a certainty. So I called up the waiter.

My original intention had been to say simply, "Look here, waiter, I don't think this fish is very good; bring me an omelette instead." And there the incident would have been closed. But you can't do things as simply as that in a small Soho restaurant run by a gentleman of South European extraction. For the proprietor tamely to acquiesce in any complaint is incredibly to admit himself in the wrong. Worse still, it is to forgo the possibility of a delightful argument beneficially stimulating to all concerned.

So that I had barely got out the first half of my remark before the waiter said in awe-struck tones, "I fetch-a da manager, Saire," and disappeared round a screen. He appeared, I must say, to be divided between eager anticipation of the forthcoming discussion and an evident regret that he would have himself to relinquish the future conduct of the affair to his superior.

At the cheering news of an imminent dispute the manager had obviously dropped everything he was doing. He appeared in his shirt-sleeves, beaming with delight.

"There is something bad? Yes? No?" he began, with the air of one offering me choice of weapons. I could see that no matter whether I chose "Yes" or "No" he would take up whichever was left.

"This fish," I began, rather diffidently now, "is not good."

"Impossible, Monsieur; he is bought this morning. Is it not so, Mario?" he said, turning to the waiter at his elbow, who was obviously acting as his second in this affair of culinary honour. Mario at once agreed with as much vigour as if he were taking an oath of allegiance to MUSSOLINI just outside a chemist's shop; and the proprietor turned to me again. It was my move.

"Even if it were bought ten minutes ago," I pointed out, "that is hardly proof."

"Oh, but, Monsieur! *Tenez!* One meenit. You see." He shot off into the kitchen, to reappear with a large bowl of small raw fish in the nude—a singularly repulsive sight. "These are ze same—*absolument*. These *bons*, yes."

"I think they 're *not bons* and I 'd like an omelette."

"Of course Monsieur can have an omelette instead," he agreed politely, and shrieked off: "*Une-omelette-une-tou'-suite!*" Having thus courteously disposed of the trimmings round the main theme he reverted to his argument: "But ze feesh?"

"*Pas bon!*"

"*Comment ça?*"

I gave an expressive sniff in the direction of my plate.

I wished a moment later I hadn't. He instantly dived into the bowl he held, drew out one of the raw fish therein, sniffed it noisily, shook his head and passed it over to me.

I declined the gambit. I am not good at this sort of thing in the middle of a meal.

"Nozzing bad, no?" he stated, and grabbed another from his bowl. "Nor zis, yes?" he continued, and began to go through the complete roll of fish on the strength one by one. "What is it bad, yes?" he asked at last.

I judged the time had come for frank speaking.

"It smells," I said plainly, politely and distinctly.

He was not annoyed. In fact an ecstatic smile of comprehension suddenly lit up his face.

"Smells—yes, yes," he agreed, to my amazement. "Yes, smells," he repeated, to make his meaning clear.

"Well, there you are, then," I said. I was quite tired of the argument by now, but glad that I had convinced him, even though he seemed so pleased about it. "And now I want my omelette," I concluded.

"Smells," he repeated joyfully. "*Parfaitement.*" He held up another, sniffed at it and said "*Bon!*"

Something had evidently gone wrong somewhere. He seemed to have the wrong book of words.

"Smells! Pah!" I said.

"Smells! Yes," he countered.

We paused, looking at one another. It seemed to be a deadlock. Of course I had won by making him admit that the fish smelt badly, but the annoying thing was that he *would* look as though he considered he had won too. My omelette, however, materialised at that minute and so we bowed gracefully and separated. It was not till just as I was going out that a thought struck me and I looked at the menu again and realised that the fish under discussion had been smelts. I did not, however, reopen the argument. It seemed to me that the proprietor's English was not advanced enough to grasp the finer points. A. A.



Kindly old lady (a little confused). "WELL, MY DEAR, I HEAR THAT YOU ARE A BRIGHT YOUNG MONKEY."

Our Humorous Bill-posters.

"SPITTING STRICTLY PROHIBITED."	"USE THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL."

Adjacent Advertisements in a North of England Tramcar.

"One is forced to the belief that the whole thing is an election bride which should be scotched. *Wake up, Scotland!*"
Scots Paper.

So Gretna may come into its own again.

Disarmament.

KING RICHARD'S statue by the House of Lords
Dropped from its grasp the trustiest of swords;
This indicating, through the whirlwind's act,
Another convert to the Kellogg Pact.

The Fruitful Fib.

"HARD LYING MONEY
Sanctioned for Officers Serving Abroad in Survey Ships."—*Daily Paper.*

The afterdeck on most ships must be paved with gold.

TOPSY, M.P.

XI.—HAS HOME-TROUBLE.

O *Trix* my fortunate spinster I've had an *epileptic* day and I *must* unload the lacerated soul, of course the *truth* is that the *throes* of being a public woman are quite enough for one mortal my dear *without* having to cope with a *private* life to boot, and my dear I 'm *beginning* to think there *may* be something in all that *avunculous* chat about *woman's* place being in the home and not in the House, and *what* 's to happen when the twins arrive if any, I shall have to utterly *park* them somewhere or retire to the Chiltern Hundreds or something.

Well my dear it *began* at *9.0* this morning when I had to *sack* the cook, my dear *agony*, or rather it began about *1.0* this morning when Haddock started to *read* in bed, because my dear you know I 'm utterly for self-determination and everything but I *have* begun recently to rather *mould* my Haddock, only my dear he 's *rather* unplastic I find and he has the *most* unorthodox habits, of course I know that writers are never *too* normal but I do think the mate of a public woman ought to shave when he gets up instead of just before *lunch*, don't you darling, only of course I do *rather* sympathize because I 'm *never* conscious till an hour after breakfast myself, and my dear the *torment* of ordering meals in an *utter* stupor, however then there are his clothes, of course since we were blighted I 've *insisted* on his having *two* suits but my dear in *three* days he can make the *newest* suit look like a bagful of *bulbs*, because my dear he puts *all* he possesses in the pockets and *all* the letters he 's ever received, my dear his note-case is one *protuberant* mass of *everything* except notes, so about *once* a week I have a *bird's-nesting* day and ruthlessly evacuate the *loose* tobacco and pipe-cleaners and *patent* medicines and *pieces* of string, my dear *too* miscellaneous, and then my dear he 's *indecently* untidy about the house, my dear he leaves everything *quite* everywhere, my dear there are always *pipes* in the bath-room and pyjama-fragments in the dining-room, and little *deposits* of tobacco all *over* the house, I have to sort of follow him about like one of those *mechanical* reapers *picking* up the sheaves, and of course the staff gets more and more subversive, and my dear the cook has been *too* democratic about *late* meals and because Haddock will burgle the larder and *mutilate* the cold bird at midnight, so my dear *yesterday* I utterly determined to hand the harpy her passport and give Haddock rather a *lecture*, because my dear for the first few months the best brides *procrastinate* somewhat, but there comes a moment when one has to merely assert the little self as you 'll find darling.

However easier said than done, because my dear I was *all* prepared with a rather *moving* little homily when Haddock bounded into bed and said *Did* I mind if he finished his *book* which was that *Octopus* book I told you about, my dear well my dear I was *rather* wounded because my dear he 's never read in bed *before*, of course we *both* read at meals if we 're alone which is rather a *sagacious* habit don't you think my dear we sit and masticate *too* mutely over blood-yarns and the like, and I 'm *quite* sure that if *all* connubial couples, however when it comes to reading in *bed*, because my dear after the bath and the breathing exercises that 's *just* the time the little brain is *utterly* prolific, my dear I *burgeon* with ideas and luminous hypothesises, my dear *what* a word, because sometimes I 've made notes of the absolute *theories* I 've had on the snowy pillow and in the morning they 're *too* inspired still, so you see one rather *counts* on Haddock to be *rather* receptive just then, well my dear as usual my *worminous* good-nature betrayed me and I said *Too* welcome, and of course meanwhile such was the shock and chagrin I 'd *quite* forgotten about the *lecture* darling, however never go back on your word when dealing with a child or husband, so I lay quiet and suffered, my dear *rather* pathetic because I had a *sudden* attack of *morbid* wisteria if you know what I mean, well I *quite* felt that this perhaps was the absolute *beginning* of the end, my dear I must have been dormatose because I sort of *looked* down the vistas of the years and saw Haddock reading the *whole* of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* for *quite* ever and *me* my dear lying *neglected* under the first five volumes, however I *bore* the vision for a long time bravely, my dear with scarcely a *sigh* or a weary turn-over, which is what I sometimes do when in the martyr-mood darling, because anyhow Haddock was too impervious, my dear perfectly *embedded* in architecture, and at last my dear I suddenly found myself *whimpering* mouldily into the dewy pillow, well then of course he was *too* concerned and utterly *flung* the Octopus away, only as luck would have it I rather *blurted* out a few puss-remarks about that Mrs. Green, who my dear was at the Antons' the other day and of course a *whole* week-end gave me *rather* spleen-trouble because my dear she *is* magical, only thanks be Haddock doesn't like her new hair-policy, my dear *drawn* back and the ears naked, the woman's *moony*, with *that* face, however the *igmonious* thing was that I 'd *quite* intended to be *too* Christian only I wasn't, so we had rather a *tropical* little talk, my dear utterly harmonious in the end of *course* only what with the vipers of remorse and remembering *all* the things I *ought* to have said I *merely* didn't close the eyes till those garrulous birds began their *redundant* anthem to the dawn and everything, while of course *Haddock* slept the entire night like a *new* kitten only noisily, my dear *too* insouciant, that 's men all over darling.

Well my dear blithe virgin that you are, *imagine* after a night of suffering having to *totter* kitchenward and sack your *first* cook, my dear feeling *exactly* similar to an *under-done* egg, my dear *no* solidity and *liquid* at the top, of course there 's *no* doubt that I 'm *far* too Christian for this world darling, because my dear she 's *behaved* like a



Husband (talking into telephone). "YES, A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME."
Wife. "I WISH YOU HADN'T SAID THAT. HE 'LL KNOW IT 'S ME."



Irate New Rich (who considers that the waiter has been impertinent). "I 'D SLOSH 'IM ON THE JAW FOR TUPPENCE."
His Wife. "'ERE—'ERE. REMEMBER YOU 'RE NOT IN THE TUPPENY CLASS NO MORE."

beetle, her *cooking* 's mediæval, she *banquets* the tradesmen, she has *pains* in the back and sides and will *not* do the doorstep properly, my dear *forgive* these utterly *plebeian* details but *that* 's the holy estate of *matrimony*, anyhow I was *quite* macadamous and I drifted in like a *relentless* jelly-fish with the cruel words *tip-toe* on the little tongue, only of course she *would* choose *this* morning to be *too* boracic, my dear *no* pains in the back and *yearning* to do my *favourite* casserole and looking forward to *Christmas*, my dear *mock* and corrode as you will but I was *totally* disarmed, and of course she was our absolutely *first* cook and welcomed the bride home and everything, anyhow I was feeling *such* putty that I postponed the *whole* thing till lunch-time, well then my dear *Taffeta* Mole must ring up and say she 's not the right temperature and can't function to-day, so my dear Haddock having gone out rather *aloofly* to a publisher I had to face the *whole* correspondence of Burbleton under my own steam, and my dear I was *just* mastering the *most* contagious letter from the Vigilance Committee about *three* girl stowaways who went to South America or Bristol or somewhere when *up* comes Hetty to say the *scullery-drain* 's stopped up and Annie 's come over *queer*, my dear how I *abhor* women.

Well I telephoned *tenaciously* and was put on to everyone in London except a plumber, and of course meanwhile that *demented* fellow came from Fluke's about the dining-room chairs, my dear he 's *nailed* on my *unpriceable* tapestry *upside-down*, however I hunted the girl to bed with aspirins and menaces and *rang* up specialists and of course *when* a man arrived to *tune* the piano I merely *babbled* at him, my dear I felt like a *congested* pin-cushion and one more stab made utterly no difference, well it turned out that Annie had *scarlet*-fever and of course *at* that moment it 's announced that *all* the water 's to be turned off and they 've got to *excavate* the street, so my dear we had *cold* mutton for lunch which is Haddock's *pet* horror, the cook came up and was *too* ungenial because she said there was damp in the house, and my dear *having* lost Annie so far from *sacking* the adder I had to utterly *raise* her wages, and of course the *whole* time that bestial fellow was *torturing* the piano, well then Haddock comes back and says brightly that he 's *just* run into Mrs. Green on the Tube, however darling *don't* think I 'm *weakening* or anything, only I think perhaps sometimes when a virgin rather aches for the altar she doesn't quite visualise the *wintry* future, and I think there may be something *quite* consoling about being an old maid, because of course during an absolute *day* of disaster like this one *can't* help thinking, well the *next* thing will be the *twins*, however to-morrow doubtless I shall be your own sunny bubble again, so farewell now your rather *tragical* TOPSY.

A. P. H.

Jesters For Gentlefolk.

"GENTLEFOLK.—Furnished and unfurnished Rooms, fool and service optional."
Daily Paper.

It 's a great luxury to have your quips laid on.

Auto-Hospitality.

"So the luck of the draw has decreed that Brentford receive Brentford and that the Rangers visit Guildford City. The Rangers' task appears less difficult than that of Brentford."—*Local Paper.*

Nevertheless we back Brentford.

Where ½ is Better than + 4.

[Suggested by the spindle-shanked appearance of male wearers of knickerbockers.]

WOMEN indeed are "better halves,"
The name can't be denied 'em;
For they are proud to show their calves,
While plus-four men must hide 'em.

Statements which are doubtless regretted.

"Yesterday evening as dusk fell I stood for a moment or two talking to a man of 78, who says he never catches cold because he wears a top-hat and the same underclothing all the year round."—*Gossip-writer in Evening Paper.*

Well of course it *is* simpler.

ODE TO J. COOGAN, ESQ.,

THE WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL BOY.

IMMORTAL child!
Who by thy great performance on the silver screen
For long hast been
The darling of the Anglo-Saxon world
From England to the Californian wild,
And still remainst unspiled,
Though thou art now thirteen!
Small man,
Beloved in Honolulu and Japan,
With contracts round thee hurled,
I am not very much of a cinema fan,
But I have seen thee playing; when that thou hast smiled
Women have wept: rude men
(Stern eggs, hard-biled),
Whose eyes were ne'er before by tear-drops pearled,
Seeing thee pat a dog or cow or goat,
Have felt a lump arising in the throat
That jujubes could not cure.
Thy strength, I ween, is as the strength of ten
Because thine art is pure.

Yet am I not so fearfully desirous
Of praising thee, whose praises now must reach
From Florida to lone Spitsbergen's beach.
Not even PTOLEMY, not even CYRUS
Obtained such eulogies;
Not even COOLIDGE'S
Totally unexpected Armistice Speech
Instinct with poppycock, flapdoodle and Chauvinistic virus,
Proved such a screech.
I am more stung
By the thought that here am I, chewing my pipe-end
In poverty bleak,
Putting words on papyrus,
Overtaxed, overstrung,
Whilst thou must be earning a matter of a thousand a week,
Or so I have read, as much as Lord BIRKENHEAD,
And a truly remarkable stipend—
I may say unique
For a kid so young.

Oh, boy,
The sole support of thy father!
Could I have exchanged, I should very much rather
Have been the parent of thee than of anyone else on
The habitable globe
(Including NELSON
And Jon).
I doubt if there could be a human joy
With less alloy
Than one
Derived from wallowing in luxury
And £ *s. d.*
As quarters to ensuing quarters run;
With all the fun,
Whatever might occur, of knowing
That anything which happened to be owing
Would be
Settled and paid for instantly
By writing to the son.

Now therefore, to the eager youth of Britain,
To whom I have not previously written,
In tones of exhortation like a trumpet call
I send this sounding message from my heart:
Bear ye, like him, your part!
Yes, one and all
Go out and cut a dash
In Hollywood or any other place
Where people love to see the enlarged face
Smiling great smiles
Or irrigated by the slow gelatinous tears.
Go, tiny dears,
While yet your fathers can enjoy the cash—
Go and make piles
Of boodle to sustain them through the years;
Cross the white foam
Adventurous, like RALEIGH and like DRAKE,
And, having touched the further shore,
Keen-eyed as mariners of yore,
Make no mistake—
Amidst a nation's shouts and cheers
Bring back the booty home!
Use this ensample of a splendid life;
At seven or even eight
Thoughtfully emigrate
As stowaways or what not in the hull
Of some huge greyhound of the clamorous seas,
You will not find it dull,
No, no.
Then go,
Tempt ye the stars of Fate
O'er the long pathway of the devious gull,
Have nerve and vim
And pep like him,
The immortal JACK.
Go, if you like it, in your Eton collars,
But don't come back
Minus the proper fees;
Touch with your infant tears the al-mighty dollars,
And bring them swiftly to your waiting parents, please!

EVOE.

The Critic on the Hearth.

Anti-Scottish feeling exhibited by a Scottish dictionary-compiler (CHAMBERS):—

"LEAL—Land of the Leal—Paradise, not Scotland."

"In the fullness of time, lies on golf-courses became better."—*New Zealand Paper.*

And in the club-house too, we trust.

THE ART OF INTERVIEWING.

IT seemed that Providence was playing right into Ralph's hands when he saw Wilberforce Spume descending the steps of his club on the very morning following the publication of his book, *Sex Through the Ages*, which had so incensed the critics.

Ralph, bearing in mind the phrase that had given the greatest offence—"Women no longer sow their wild oats broadcast; they arrange them in neat little rows"—began by offering his card and asking Mr. Spume whether he really believed that women were less moral now than formerly.

To his surprise Mr. Spume retaliated by shaking his fist and jumping into his car. This, as Mr. Spume should have known, was no way to put off an earnest young journalist. Quick as thought Ralph leaped into a taxi and drew abreast in a traffic-block in Knightsbridge.

"Do you think sex has increased since the Roman Empire?" shouted Ralph.

But Mr. Spume merely glowered, averted his face and affected deep interest in a display of underwear in a shop-window.

With commendable persistence Ralph next wrote hurriedly on a sheet of paper, which he managed to throw through the half-open window of Mr. Spume's car: "Please tell *The Daily Noise* your views on the suggestion that your book should be banned, *and oblige.*"

Mr. Spume promptly tore the note into pieces and threw them into the street. The policeman lowered his arm and the two cars raced on until they reached Mr. Spume's house.

As Mr. Spume mounted the steps he heard a strident voice inquiring: "What do you think is woman's greatest need at present?" Mr. Spume turned round and shook his stick menacingly at the irrepressible journalist before escaping through the front-door.

Still undaunted, Ralph rang the bell. When the door opened again it disclosed a footman holding the fiercest-looking Alsatian Ralph had ever seen. At the same time a smaller dog officiously propelled itself towards him, displaying every possible sign of hostility.

Ralph regretfully retired.

* * * * *

Next day Mr. Spume was surprised to find in the centre page of *The Daily Noise* the following:—

"WILBERFORCE SPUME AND SEX.
(EXCLUSIVE).
By a 'Daily Noise' Representative.

When I read Wilberforce Spume's *Sex Through the Ages* the thought uppermost in my mind was: Who is this man who has dared to chastise so unsparingly



Mother (to Joan, who is to be the Fairy Queen in the school theatricals). "SUPPOSING YOU WERE ILL, DARLING, WHO WOULD TAKE YOUR PART THEN?"

Joan. "I DON'T KNOW, MUMMY. WE HAVEN'T ANY UNDERTAKERS."

the Womanhood of England? And I straightway resolved to beard the literary lion in his den.

Mr. Spume, as I expected, is a man of rather stern exterior. There is something indefinably compelling in his manner, and, as he stepped towards me in the clear autumn sunshine, his hand outstretched, I felt I was in the presence of one of the most forceful personalities of the age.

Realising at once that the well-known author was suffering keenly from what he considered the unfair attacks upon his book, I ventured with some diffidence to ask him whether he thought that sex had increased since the days of the Roman Empire.

It was a poser for him, as I knew it would be. The distinguished sociologist knit his brows and, turning away, gazed through the window for some minutes wrapped in thought.

Then I repeated the suggestion, put forward in certain quarters, that his book should be banned, but he immediately tore the idea into shreds.

I then asked him bluntly: 'What do you think is woman's greatest need at present?' Instantly, with a vivid gesture, he produced a stout stick.

But I am convinced that Mr. Spume carries a warm heart beneath that cold exterior. He is a great animal-lover, and before I came away I had the privilege of being introduced to his two faithful canine companions, a magnificent Alsatian and a jolly little wire-haired terrier.

'Lucky dogs!' I thought to myself as I left the famous author's beautiful home."

"SWALLOWS SPOON WHEN ARRESTED."
Jersey Paper.

Nothing seems to stop these love-birds.

THE LITTLE RAILWAY AGAIN.

I HAVE been greatly moved during the past week by many things. By the knowledge (for instance) that there are persons in this country desirous of suppressing football competitions, fox-hunting, night-clubs and motor-cars, not to speak of literature; but moved most of all by a simple paragraph in the "Telegrams in Brief" column of *The Times*, which runs as follows:—

> "Local disorders have followed the strike of the Toulon—St. Raphael railway line, and gendarmes are now travelling with each driver and conductor in the limited service which is being maintained."

What pictures do you see in your mind, reader, when you study those simple words? You particularly, reader, who do not happen to know the Toulon — St. Raphael railway as I know it, a railway *pour rire*?

My first acquaintance with it was a slender chain across the road near Le Lavandon. This had been fastened laboriously by a stout lady, assisted by a goat, two hens and a child, a few moments before our motor-car arrived at the level-crossing. So violent a flood of objurgations followed from our driver that I thought for a moment foul murder would be done. The driver wanted his *déjeuner*, and he did not intend to be delayed by the Toulon—St. Raphael railway in getting it. After a while his oaths prevailed. The chain was loosened and we went by. Some minutes later the little train puffed round the stony curves and disappeared into a cutting parallel with the coast-wise road. Later I found that only at a few places in the road was any chain provided to prevent possible accidents, and it passes the understanding of any Englishman to know why some of the road crossings are considered more dangerous than others.

It is hard to say what is the main glory of the Toulon—St. Raphael line. I held a theory for some weeks that there were only two engines on it—they are about the size of large dogs—and tried to discover the system, if any, by which they arranged on what loop of the single track they were to pass, for there are no signals, and the drivers seem to hand no baton to prove their right-of-way. This still remains a mystery, especially as the two engines were an under-estimate. There must be at least three or four, not counting the two branch-line engines (about the size of small dogs) which pull the train from St. Tropez to La Foux, and from La Foux to Cogolin, where your briar-pipes are made.

I think the glorious moment on the Toulon—St. Raphael railway really comes during a crowded hour in the afternoon, when at the same time a little train from Toulon is passing a little train from St. Raphael at La Foux, and a tiny train from Cogolin and a still tinier train from St. Tropez are also present in the station. Sometimes the tiniest engine of them all is unable to do its own shunting and volunteer human labour has to be called in to help it. That is a wonderful time of stir and bustle on the great Toulon—St. Raphael line. People in the queerest mixture of attire—Englishmen in plus-fours, young men with berets, black-bearded Provençals, priests, nuns, country-women and I know not what—leave the very dreary little café under the mimosa-tree, where they have been waiting for hours and hours for the one connection of the day, and swarm to look at the mighty mechanisms devised by STEPHENSON and WATT.

There is a first-class compartment, arranged after the manner of a tram-car, on every Toulon—St. Raphael train, but it is so small that any pair of persons travelling with luggage is liable to fill it from end to end. The total length of the line would be about seventy miles, I suppose, and the full journey takes something like five hours. No runner on foot has been able to beat the Toulon—St. Raphael train, but he might if it waited an hour, instead of half-an-hour, at Cavalière, as is the usual practice, to watch the vineyards grow.

As the road is more circuitous than the railway, it is a common practice to walk for certain stretches along the sleepers and through the cuttings, merely leaving the line when the echoing toot of an approaching engine resounds along the Côte d'Azur. There are several very steep pitches on the Toulon—St. Raphael line. At each of these it is not known whether the train will this time succeed in mastering the ascent or not, and the occasion for a little harmless gamble arrives. It is owing to this fact that I know there are more than two engines on the line. A message is sent to La Foux when failure occurs, and the little train is helped up the hill from behind. But when they go down-hill the little trains are in wonderful form. Shrieking with triumph, releasing all brakes and control, they plunge shattering into the next eucalyptus-shaded village.

The first time I took a ticket at a station on the Toulon–St. Raphael railway, the good-man, or station-master, was in his vineyard, and there was nothing but a strong smell of cooking to indicate that the depôt was inhabited at all. Walking into the heavily-curtained sitting-room, I found the station-mistress, or good-wife, preparing the midday meal. She shooed me round to the *guichet*, and then began one of those elaborate calculations of French officialdom which seem as if they would never end whilst she worked out the old fare against the new, on the then value of the franc, and inscribed my destination on the cardboard slip. The whole operation took about half-an-hour, and, if the little train had not been later even than usual, I might have had to wait a matter of four or five hours for the next. But for anyone who has four or five hours to spare, a station on the Toulon—St. Raphael railway is not a bad place to wait. One observes the thrifty peasant life of France and listens to Provençal song. One would not say that the coming of steam had in any way ruined the countryside, as one would say, for instance, on a platform at Birmingham or Wolverhampton or Warrington.

The guards and drivers on the little railway seem to take themselves seri-



Scots Farmer (*purchaser of frisky steer*). "RIN, LADDIE, RIN! GIN HE FOLLOW YE HAME THERE 'LL BE NOCHT TO PAY FOR FETCHIN' 'IM."

THE PUP—WHAT WILL HE BECOME?



WHEN I BOUGHT HIM AS A PUPPY AND THE MAN SAID—



HE WOULD GROW—



INTO A VERY—



FINE HOUSE-DOG—



I FORGOT TO TELL HIM—



I LIVE IN A VERY SMALL FLAT.

ously and speak brusquely to the passengers. But all French officials do that. It is difficult to believe that in their heart of hearts they consider the system to be anything but a beautiful joke, born somehow of the flowers, the olives, the vines and the sea.

There was at one time an express train from Toulon to St. Raphael. It accomplished the seventy miles in about three-and-a-half hours. But the strain on the emotions of the *personnel* was too great; it disturbed the *déjeuner* hour and it was removed. I for one was all against it. It merely gave English visitors a wild foolish longing to plunge in dissipation at Hyères, or even to catch the big railway at St. Raphael for Cannes. I regarded, and have always regarded, the Toulon—St. Raphael railway as a kind of pastoral fantasy.

And now, *this*! I ask you to read the paragraph from *The Times* over again. Imagination boggles at the thought of what a "limited service" on the Toulon—St. Raphael railway can possibly mean. About one train a week, I suppose. *Nom de ciel! Gendarmes!* I can only say that if any fund is being organised to assist the strikers on the Toulon— St. Raphael railway my heart and my purse are theirs, if they will tell me to whom I may send my contribution.

For what are they striking? I do not know. Have they threatened them with the signal system? Bullied them to run within an hour of scheduled time? Taken the olive-oil lamps out of the carriages and substituted electric light? Or what? By the shade of the martyred St. TROPEZ (who, as you know, was killed by the tyrant NERO and arrived at the little port, from St. Maxime, all alone in a boat, without his head, but accompanied by a faithful dog and a faithful cock), my heart is stirred! EVOE.

"These people imported fowls are-Ethe. ET ONU LDRH S CFWKW U UNNU. These imported fowls are kept in the office yard under qua antine for a time."

Poultry Notes in Jamaican Paper.

No precautions are too stringent for this type of chicken.

"Country Cottage, small, Furnished; 3d. Brighton; moderate."

Advt. in Brighton Paper.

So rents *are* coming down.

SINLESS SOCIETY.

"What are you up to, O angel fair,
Working so deftly away up there?
What do you make with your golden hair?"
"I 'm weaving a halo for Belgrave Square."

ONCE upon a time there were gladsome days for the novelist and dramatist. An author did not have to hunt round for vice and virtue. Vice was all ready to hand among the glittering ranks of the upper ten thousand, and if he wanted virtue he had only to go to the nearest abode of humble poverty.

Easy spacious days those for literature and the drama. The mere sight of a title on a theatre programme would make the gallery sit up and get ready to hiss. The sinfulness of Society got across every time. The lower and middle classes flocked to the theatre for the pure exultation of flinging curses and orange-peel at wicked Earls and Baronets. It was the only place where they could do so. Nowadays, of course, one can, if one wishes, throw things at Earls and Baronets almost anywhere.

Something has happened to Society. Society (some of it, anyway) appears to have said to itself, "We will give up being wicked. Sinfulness was all very well when most of the country's money was in our pockets, but times are harder now and it will not do. Let us turn over a new leaf and be moderately good and make folk happy."

In mediæval times, when blue-blooded repentants wanted to turn over a new leaf, they invariably went into a monastery or a nunnery, or walked about in the cold with only a shirt on, or became hermits and lived in badly-ventilated caves.

Nowadays the awakened conscience turns instinctively to the daily Press. The atmosphere of simple piety which envelops modern daily journalism has a natural attraction for those who burn to blot out the past and make other people lead fuller and better lives.

So we have my Lord Rumpoddle and my Lady Brake-Westingfield competing with one another to help us ordinary folk along life's high-road, telling us how to choose a car, how to decorate the dinner-table, how to bring up Baby, and what to do with Our Girls.

It is all very sweet and makes one realise how much less evil might have been the evil days of ancient tyrants had there been a Press to persuade royal and noble villains to put their hands to the pen rather than to the sword. HEROD, one feels, might have written trenchantly on the subject of Birth Control; NERO might have thrown off a snippy series of articles entitled "Fiddle and I"; KING JOHN could have told folk How to Travel in a Hurry. A little boring, perhaps, but comparatively innocuous.

Not that our upper classes live by the Press alone. Young Society men go into business, fly aeroplanes and teach dancing and motor-driving; young Society women occupy themselves with tea-shops, dress-designing and artistic house-furnishing. What with one thing and another they really have no time to be wicked.

When Earls and Dukes with scribes and tradesmen vie,
Bang goes our old, bold, bad nobility.

What is the result? Why, when at considerable expense someone takes me to the theatre I find myself expected to be intrigued by the relatively plebeian sins of stockbrokers, mannequins and even schoolboys; whereas for a shilling or two my ancestors were able to revel in the wickedness of pretty well half the peerage. It is as much as I can do to refrain from demanding the



Assistant. "OH, MISS CLARK, HAVE YOU DONE WITH THAT DISMAL DESMOND?"

THE COMPENSATIONS OF AGE.



YOUNG GIRLS—



AND WOMEN—



UP TO A CERTAIN AGE—

HAVE TO BE CONTENT WITH THE SAME KIND OF HAT—



AFTER—



THAT—



THE—



CHOICE—



IS—



INFINITE.

other person's money back at the door.

Is it surprising that so many of us go to the pictures? The Americans who produce our films have little or no belief in the reformed British aristocracy. In their ignorance (which is our bliss) they see as much villainy in our Baronets as ever there was. Mayfair to them is still a haunt of gilded luxury, idleness and vice, where every evening the drawing-room is littered with empty bottles of champagne. That is the stuff that makes the humble man and woman feel happy and virtuous after the day's work is over. It is well worth ninepence.

And now I suppose the talking-film is about to rob us of even this innocent enjoyment. The talkies, I fear, will make it necessary for the American film-producer and the American film-actor to become actually acquainted with our modern aristocracy so as to talk like it, in which case it will be too much to hope that their delightful delusion will remain unshattered.

Alas! when next we crane forward in our ninepenny seats to see what is about to happen at this late hour in the boudoir of the beautiful young Viscountess, the door will open and we shall see her rise to her feet and welcome the other members of the sub-committee of the Soho Bottle-Washers' Welfare Society.

D. C.



High-minded Lady. "I THINK IT A PERFECTLY LOATHSOME PLAY THAT OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE BEEN ALLOWED. EACH TIME I SEE IT I THINK IT MORE LOATHSOME."

THE LITERARY LIZARD.

WHERE impassioned Argentinos pace the floor at Cabarino's
You will find me sleek and supple on the spot,
And at Bloomsbury po'try-readings I enliven the proceedings
With my gems of prose from early Hottentot;
Dancing doll and poetaster
Must acknowledge me their master,
For the Literary Lizard licks the lot.

My eclectic style of dancing has been voted quite entrancing,
My Black Bottom unsurpassed by any coon,
But if when the Tango's ending still my partner proves unbending
Then I take her out to watch the rising moon,
And discourse on SHAW and GISSING
Or ERASMUS' views on Kissing
In a soft and soothing intellectual croon.

When engaging with an heiress or a multi-millionairess
I employ the Shimmy Shivers for a start,
And gaze down with eyes adoring as we stagger o'er the flooring
With her diamonds crushed against my beating heart;
And if that should fail to move her
I endeavour to improve her
Willing mind with "Thoughts on Woman's Place in Art."

Thus with highbrow conversation, Voodoo Blues and Hesitation,
My intoxicated partners I enthral;
Baby vamp and budding scholar, pretty princess of the dollar,
I have found the way to win them one and all;
For if perfect open-turning
Wakens no responsive yearning
I have but to quote CERVANTES and they fall.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch wishes to support the appeal, written by Mr. W. W. JACOBS and illustrated by Mr. E. H. SHEPARD, which has just been sent out in the cause of the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital and its Country Branch at Brockley Hill, Stanmore, where all kinds of cripples, eighty per cent of them children, are relieved and their limbs made shapely. Since 1918 the number of beds has increased or is being increased from 200 to 470; of in-patients from 1,160 to 2,500; of out-patients from 48,000 to 80,000. In addition to the £50,000 required for annual maintenance, the Hospital is burdened with a debt of £60,000. Meanwhile more beds are needed, for there are over 800 crippled children waiting for admission.

Calls for help are many at this time of year, but Mr. Punch cannot believe that the good-will to which Christmas, the children's festival, makes appeal could be better exercised than on behalf of this Hospital which makes crippled children its special care.

Gifts—large or small or medium—will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Royal National Orthopædic Hospital, 234, Great Portland Street, W. 1.



CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS.

REAPPOINTED PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA (*gallantly*). "I HOPE, MR. CHAPMAN, THAT YOU 'LL HAVE A GOOD LONG INNINGS."

CAPTAIN OF THE M.C.C. TEAM (*returning the compliment in his best Cambridge manner*). "ET TU, BRUCÉ."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 19th.—Cabinet unity may be something of a fiction; its outward semblance is rigorously maintained. Questions were being asked about the expenses of the Singapore Base. "Is the Minister defending the interests of the Colonies against the War Office and the Admiralty?" asked Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY. "That would be a very improper question for me to answer," replied Mr. ORMSBY-GORE in tones of rebuke.

The new Chairman of the Kitchen Committee is likely to have his attention distracted from the provision of seasonable dainties to the more contentious problem of Empire tobacco. Was the Minister aware that the House of Commons only sold three ounces of Empire tobacco a week? asked Mr. MONTAGUE in a tone that clearly implied it was three ounces too much. Was the Minister aware, asked Sir FRANK SANDERSON, in the manner of one who has found a good thing and doesn't care who knows it, that he, Sir FRANK, smoked nothing but Rhodians?

Mr. AMERY, who does not "use" tobacco, said he would draw the attention of the Kitchen Committee to it.

The Third Reading of the Unemployment Bill produced a good deal of discussion, seeing that there is no opposition to it. However, the House gleaned in the course of the debate that Sir ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND once won half-a-crown off Mr. TOM SHAW on a bet (the nature of which was not revealed) concerning unemployment, and that Mr. TOM SHAW had paid it. Had this revelation been made earlier Mr. TOM SHAW's charges against the Minister of gross miscalculations would perhaps have been tempered, while his charge against him of adopting an overbearing demeanour would have been understood. The manner of persons who have won half-a-crown from us is always galling to a proud soul.

Most of the speakers found themselves being drawn into matters as little germane to the Third Reading of the Bill as the gaming instincts of the Minister and being duly drawn back to the straight and narrow path of discussion. Finally, and in spite of Sir ARTHUR'S amiable willingness to answer any question, relevant or not, the DEPUTY-SPEAKER managed to get the Question put.

It was really quite unnecessary for Mr. HACKING, in moving the Overseas Trade (Guarantees) Resolution, to remind Miss WILKINSON, *à propos* of the Committee of three (male) experts which the Government is appointing to examine the administrative expenses of the Overseas



"A man he is to all Clydesiders dear,
And rich upon four hundred pounds a year."
MR. KIRKWOOD.

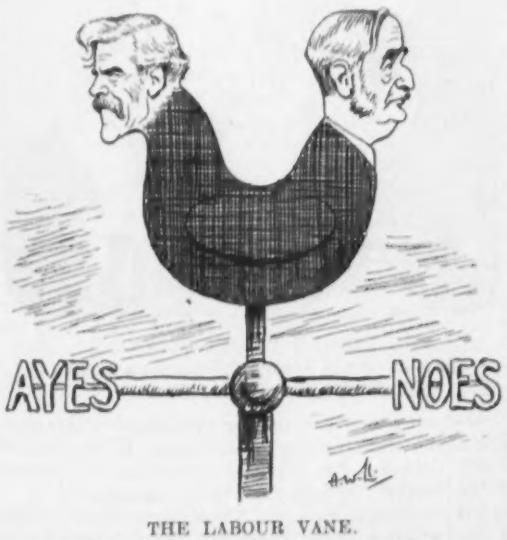
Credits scheme, that there were "still many walks of life in which men could still safely tread without competition from the ladies."

Miss WILKINSON is not the person to let a challenge like that go by. Was not one of the most brilliant members of the National Debt Commission a lady? Mr. HACKING took feeble refuge in the statement that at any rate there were not *many* ladies who could carry on investigations of the kind in question.

The debate resolved itself largely into an argument as to whether facilities under the Overseas Trade Acts should be extended to those who wished to trade with Russia, Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY and Sir A. KNOX leading the assault *pro* and *con*. Major HILLS, endeavouring to hold a just balance between the contending views, thought the Government might well inquire further as to what the risks of non-payment for goods sold to Russia or Russian subjects actually were.

Tuesday, November 20th.—Whether honour is at stake over the Washington Hours' Convention, as the Labour Party alleges, or nowise involved, as the Government insists, or a little bit of both, as Lord CECIL would have us believe, we shall apparently never know. It cannot be said that Lord LONDONDERRY'S declaration, in reply to Lord LYTTON, that to publish at this stage the precise modifications in the Convention that would meet the Government's objections would be premature, clarified the matter to any extent.

The War Office does not sanction the use of military bands for political gatherings. How came it then, asked Mr. THOMAS WILLIAMS, that a portion of the band of the Sussex Regiment had discoursed sweet music at a Conservative garden-party? Mr. PENNY, Lord of the Treasury, explained that it was not known, when this engagement was accepted, that the occasion was a political one. However, he was informed that while the political speeches were being made the band were taking *tea*. No wonder the Army sometimes sees red!



THE LABOUR VANE.
Puzzle: WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

Every leal Scot is determined that nobody but a Scot should have a say in Scottish affairs. What would happen to Scotland—or to England—if the English took the same view of English affairs one fears to contemplate. On this occasion Scottish feeling ran as high as a porridge diet permits when it was revealed that the Scottish De-rating Bill is to be discussed on the floor of the House instead of in Scottish Grand Committee. It ran high to no purpose.

Mr. STEWART, the Labour Member for St. Rollox, has again been given leave to introduce a Bill to deprive a long-suffering public of its Sunday-morning shave. Mr. STEWART, himself a past-master of scissors and comb, knows how hard it is to keep the razor from slipping

when all the world is slipping by to church or the three-mile limit.

The Labour Party has the remarkable faculty of being able to be divided against itself and still stand where (if anywhere) it did. It divided to-day on the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY'S Resolution to apply the Superannuation Acts to the Diplomatic Service.

Though the division saw one Opposition Front Bencher—Mr. LANSBURY—emerging from the "No" lobby, he did not carry indiscipline to the point of intervening in the debate. The honours of opposition fell to Mr. KIRKWOOD, who, having delivered something of an eulogy of himself as a fine, intelligent, well-fed fellow ready and able for any emergency, declared himself well satisfied with four hundred pounds a year, and very much inclined to doubt if any ambassador or other diplomatic servant could be worth more. Mr. MACDONALD naturally stood by the Foreign Office, but it fell to Mr. J. H. THOMAS to strike the shrewdest blow for the Bill. It was true, he reminded Mr. MAXTON, that there were thousands in his constituency who did not have pensions of three thousand pounds a year. There were also thousands who had not got anything like the income Mr. MAXTON had got. This remark wrung from Mr. JACK JONES, now restored from the trammels of authorship to the care-free life of Opposition, a *cri de cœur* with which all present must have sympathised, "I wish I had half yours!"

Wednesday, November 21st.—Miss WILKINSON was permitted to introduce her Bill, which might already be described as a seedling hardy annual, to regulate the supply of oxygen in offices. Unfortunately the De-rating Bill will burn up so much of the House's available supply of oxygen that Miss WILKINSON'S measure is again destined to die from want of breath.

Mr. WALTER BAKER, the Labour Member for Bristol East, is the man who has all along spied all the niggers in the Imperial Telegraphs Bill woodpile. So on this day it fell to him to deliver the main attack upon the motion to give the Bill a second reading, although Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD appeared in general command of the forces.

Involving, as it does, the relinquishment of Government property into the hands of private enterprise the Bill violates every sacred principle of the Socialist party. No tooth could be left unbared in its destruction, even the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION'S relatively academic bicuspid. The FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY briefly explained the circumstances under which the Governments concerned had decided to sell their cable interests (including a



MRS. PHILIPSON DECIDES TO ROCK THE CRADLE IN PREFERENCE TO RULING THE WORLD.

lease of the beam service) and the conditions under which they were being transferred. It was an "economy of explanation" of which Mr. MACDONALD complained. A mixed metaphor—in which he accused the Government of having been sold a pup and thrown away the key of the situation—was his most telling contribution to the debate. Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD defended the deal, after being incorrectly challenged by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY as an interested party. Mr. BAKER, whose tooth proved to be at least as long as it was keen, asked the House to be patient with him while he drew attention to all the beams in the Marconi Company's eye. His *obiter dictum*, that Government salaries are far too low compared with commercial salaries, failed—to the surprise of Major HILLS—to win smiles of approval from the Treasury Bench.

Mr. STEWART somewhat enlivened the debate and defended our State ownership by enumerating his own tragic experiences in the United States, and Sir JOHN GILMOUR restated the case for the Government, the substance of which was that the final word in the matter had really been with the Imperial Conference.

Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON answers for the Foreign Office with a disarming manner which on occasion blinds Members to the vagueness of his replies. He was vague to-day on the subject of the British-American Arbitration Treaty, but it was probably not his fault. He will be glad, one imagines, to hand over these burning questions to Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN when he returns on Monday bronzed and fit and fresh from the Hesperidean attractions of Hollywood, to give the House a welcome "close-up" of his too-long-absent face.

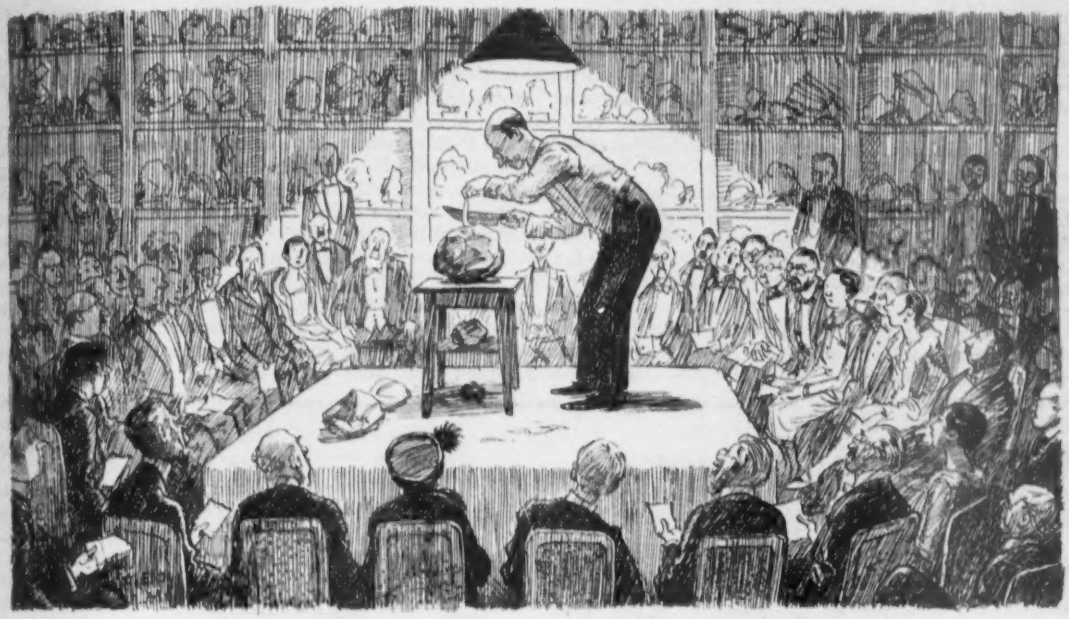
Thursday, November 22nd.—The dog is still the friend of man and Lord BANBURY is still the friend of the dog. It must not be assumed that Fido is otherwise friendless if Lord BANBURY'S Protection of Animals (Amendment) Bill, which to-day received a Second Reading in the Lords, fails to receive anything further. For, as Lord DAWSON OF PENN pointed out, the Amendment proposes to punish "cruelty" to dogs without adding a definition of "cruelty" to the Bill, and secondly, as Lord DESBOROUGH explained, to withhold a dog-licence from any person convicted of such cruelty is impracticable, however desirable it might be.

The House voted a trifle of a million on account for the Railway Freight Rebates (Anticipation) Fund, after an illuminating debate dealing chiefly with the classes of goods that the rebate of railway rates is to assist. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY complained that a distinction had been made between washed carrots and dirty carrots, at the same time apologising, rather unkindly, for "looking the MINISTER of TRANSPORT'S gift-horse in the teeth."



THE RETURN FROM HOLLYWOOD.
CLOSE-UP OF SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AND THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS.

"FISH FROM CANARIES."—*Liverpool Paper.*
So don't be surprised if your kipper begins to trill.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

"SKINNING THE FLINT" AT THE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

IMAGINARY CHATS.

LORD B.—MR. D.

Lord B. In your powerful article on Sunday I see you wrote, "There are many books to-day selling like hot cakes which would not survive a Bow Street ordeal." This is a very serious thing. What books were you thinking of?

Mr. D. Well, milord, there are, for instance, the Plays of SHAKESPEARE, and there are several incidents in the *Idylls of the King*, by TENNYSON.

Lord B. What are these works about?

Mr. D. Well, there 's a play called *Othello*, which is all about a black man who marries a white girl.

Lord B. Disgusting. Who is the author of that?

Mr. D. One of the so-called intelligentsia—W. SHAKESPEARE.

Lord B. Could we run a stunt about her, do you think?

Mr. D. It 's a he, milord.

Lord B. Oh! I thought all those horrible books were by women.

Mr. D. Most of them are. There 's a book by a woman called AUSTEN, in which an unmarried girl goes off with a man, and they live happily ever after. Goes off to Brighton, if I remember right.

Lord B. That 's a bit thick. Do you mean JANE AUSTEN?

Mr. D. That 's the woman.

Lord B. But she 's a popular novelist, isn't she?

Mr. D. Yes.

Lord B. Well, we 'd better leave her alone. But I think there might be something in the negro stunt. We can't have our girls marrying negroes.

Mr. D. No. On the other hand, if I come out with a slashing article about it, I may put ideas into girls' heads.

Lord B. We can't help that. And what about this fellow HUXLEY? I 'm told his last book goes pretty far.

Mr. D. Far, but not pretty, milord. Now there 's an immoral writer if you like! He leaves you without faith, hope or charity. Strips you of every illusion. Seems to believe in nothing himself and leaves you believing in nothing. And corrupting! There are three or four pages in that book in which a man explains in detail his technique for diverting young women from the path of virtue—his *technique!*

Lord B. Well, why not have a go at that?

Mr. D. It 's very well written, milord. He 's fashionable. And as a matter of fact I reviewed the book favourably myself.

Lord B. That 's a pity. That 's almost inconsistent. Supposing somebody gets hold of that?

Mr. D. No one will notice. I didn't make a splash of it.

Lord B. You must make splashes. That 's what you 're for.

Mr. D. Well, I 've just had an idea, milord. You 've heard of *Œdipus*?

Lord B. It 's a complex, or a horse, or something?

Mr. D. No, it 's a play. It 's about a man who marries his mother.

Lord B. Good heavens!

Mr. D. And murders his father! Now listen. This play is given to our *boys* to read! In the *schools!* Every boy who takes the so-called classics at our public schools and universities has to study this revolting drama in detail. Think of the effect upon their innocent minds!

Lord B. This is ghastly. We can't have the boys of Britain marrying their mothers.

Mr. D. Exactly. And the sons of the cultured classes too. Can't you see the headlines? "Clean our Colleges—Save Our Sons—Editor Flays Unpleasant Play—Mother-Marriage Condemned. Our readers, we know, will be solid behind us when we say that a play in which the hero marries his own mother and kills his own father is no fit reading for the unsullied mind of tender youth at its most impressionable age. We warn the Head-master of Eton, we warn the Heads of Colleges, that whatever may be *their* opinion of ÆSCHYLUS——"

Lord B. Who is he?

Mr. D. He 's the author. A Greek.

Lord B. An *alien!*

Mr. D. Yes. "Whatever the admiration of so-called scholars for this nasty-minded Levantine, his book would not get past a British policeman. We are not going to allow the decadent practices of Eastern Europe to be imported

into these islands under the guise of literature. British boys shall *not* marry their mothers!"

Lord B. That's the stuff! Better start that at once.

Mr. D. I'll wait a week or two, I think. But, talking of murder, milord, how about EDGAR WALLACE and all these crook-writers?

Lord B. Oh, EDGAR's all right.

Mr. D. I know. But you know what CHARTRES BIRON said about DICKENS?

Lord B. What did CHARTRES BIRON say about DICKENS?

Mr. D. He said, "Of all writers DICKENS is the most immoral in one particular—the irresistible appeal of some of his worst characters." And that's rather true of EDGAR, you know.

Lord B. Better leave EDGAR alone.

Mr. D. Well, I'm very keen on this Clean-the-Country stunt.

Lord B. So am I. But don't overdo it. You'll have somebody cleaning up the newspapers next. We may have another good murder any day.

Mr. D. Well, we might have a slap at Sir CHARTRES BIRON. D'you know what he said in *Pious Opinions*? I've got the book here. He said (this was in 1923): "A few years ago Scotland Yard turned its attention to literature and was very much shocked. . . . Good sense prevailed—the prosecution was defeated and Scotland Yard returned to the more suitable occupation of thief-catching. . . . It taught the police to leave literature alone."

Lord B. Scandalous, I call it. And a magistrate too. Denounce him at once! A. P. H.

AT THE PICTURES.

ANNA MAY WONG.

AN additional and very striking argument in favour of the visible film above the audible may be found in *Show Life*, the British International Picture which has just been exhibited at the Capitol; for the heroine is a Malay girl, who, while a most accomplished actress of the silent drama, would probably be unintelligible to Europeans did she speak. That is to say that, if the "Talkie" becomes universal, we shall lose her, and such as she, altogether. As it is, the expressions that pass over her little face are so eloquent that this film, in spite of a certain emotional intricacy, is notable for the utmost economy of caption. As a rule the moving lips are relentlessly followed by the illuminated word. But in *Show Life*, no. ANNA MAY WONG makes all clear by her grave yet mobile features, her troubled glances and her quivering lips.

She is the prettiest little thing, and I hope soon to see her in something where her reserves of gaiety have play; for here she is marked for tragedy throughout. Her lot is that of a Patient Grizel, always self-sacrificing and, until the last moment, misunderstood. But no Occidental child (she is no more than a child) could so portray devotion, for the sense of Oriental fatalism would be lacking. ANNA MAY WONG, with her slow smile, her wide candid eyes, is exactly right; I have never seen a more fortunate piece of casting. And when she dances she makes one think of the "Song of Solomon," so Eastern is she. Her slender throat is truly a tower. She makes one think also of the famous head of NEFERTETE, the Egyptian Queen, which you see in reproductions in the Bloomsbury fine-art shops. ANNA is not perhaps quite so clean-cut and distinguished, but they are akin, the Queen and she. Some day, if such simple things are ever contemplated by producers of movies, she must be allowed to play *Cinderella*. Put-upon by her sisters and sitting disconsolate by the fire, she would be heart-breaking to the young, while a few elders might be conscious of an almost disordered sympathy too.



Song (*Miss* ANNA MAY WONG) *to Jack* (*Mr.* HENRY GEORGE). "I SUPPOSE I'M ATTRACTED TO YOU BY THE LAW OF OPPOSITES. YOU SEE, I HAVE A NECK."

As for *Show Life*, it is almost too painful. The fidelity and devotion of this fascinating girl to a wholly worthless scamp demand almost too much tolerance from us, while the scamp's attitude to a worthless wife is a matter of perplexity. By all the rules of the cinema game he should resent her. Other rules are broken when the police fail to pursue this same scamp and his chief confederate after their very incompetent effort to rob a train; while there is far too much of that instantaneous recovery from heavy slugging to which I referred last week. In real life a man who has been hit directly in the face or under the jaw by a powerful sixteen-stone assailant falls and remains down, at any rate for a while; and when he gets up is groggy. But on the screen they are all of the breed of Antæus and, touching mother earth, spring up with renewed vigour. I suppose that in the studios the blows never get home at all and are delivered almost like caresses. Then comes the accelerator to make them lethal. And then comes the producer to take all the sting out by ordering the man to his feet again!

Ugly and unscrupulous underworld sluggers seem just now to be ruling the films, to the complete exclusion, among others, of our old friend the Centaur cowboy. So be it. Let them slug while the slugging is good. Rarely, however, are they so fortunate as Mr. HENRY GEORGE in *Show Life* in having as a foil to his uncouth and unshaven heftiness anything as captivating and persuasive and exotic as ANNA MAY WONG. F. F.

Our Romantic Railway Boards.

"Messrs. —— and Co., Ltd., have received from the London and North-Eastern Railway Co. an order for 24 of their latest type of six-cylinder two-seater omnibuses."
Daily Paper.

We foresee a great future for the "Sweethearts' Specials."

"The Liberal Van paid a visit to Hemyock. The speaker was Mr. Rising Bray."
Somerset Paper.

We are not told what kind of animal was drawing the van.

"Some West-end clubs will celebrate tonight the release from prison of Mrs. Meyrick."
Evening Paper.

Enquiries made by our representative elicited no particulars from the Athenæum.

The New Horse-Power.

"For Sale, Chestnut Cart Mare (6 years), 16.2; quiet and good worker in all gears."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Personally we prefer a roan Robot.

SOME BONES.

[Mr. ROY C. ANDREWS, the American explorer, has discovered in the Gobi Desert of Central Asia the remains of three huge creatures, including a prehistoric mammal, "the biggest animal yet known to science, which roamed the world not less than eight or nine million years ago," was twenty-five feet long, fourteen feet to the shoulder, and weighed ten tons. It has not yet been given a name. Mr. ANDREWS sailed last week for America in (very appropriately) the *Leviathan*.]

"GIGANTIC daughter of the West," all hail!
Land of the Biggest Bills and largest loans,
Where everything is on the hugest scale,
Home of skyscrapers and of saxophones,
How splendidly appropriate is this tale
Of Mr. ANDREWS and the giant bones
Discovered in the sandy wastes of Gobi
To gladden Punch and (naturally) Toby!

This monster to the rhino is related;
Rivers were emptied when he came to quaff;
On tree-top leaves his appetite he sated,
Far, far beyond the reach of a giraffe;
Before his onset when exasperated
The stoutest cavemen quailed and fled like chaff;
But, happily for us, as now we know,
He roamed the world eight million years ago.

Beside this monstrous prehistoric mammal
The hippopotamus, the giant sloth,
The desert's ship, the tall and stately camel,
Shrink in their stature to a pygmy's growth;
And it would overtax a Turkish *hamal*
To lift or shift him, though 'tis said on oath
By honest and unprejudiced beholders
Hamals hoist grand pianos on their shoulders.

The skeleton of this colossal brute,
Long since unable to alarm or bite you,
In the august Smithsonian Institute
Ere long will be erected to delight you,
Columbian youth; but for the moment mute
He lies in Asiatic soil, *in situ*;
And in the eye of Punch a tear-drop glistened
On reading that he is as yet unchristened.

Therefore, O Hollywood, be it your aim
At once to mobilize and concentrate your
Resources on the finding of a name
Worthy this relic of primeval Nature;
Set all your caption-coiners on to frame
Some culminating quirk of nomenclature,
Since only the New World's new hub and *umbo*
Can render justice to this super-Jumbo.



Artist. "I'VE BEEN TRYING TO PAINT THIS RATHER IN THE GAINSBOROUGH MANNER."
Friend. "WON'T HE MIND?"

AT THE PLAY.

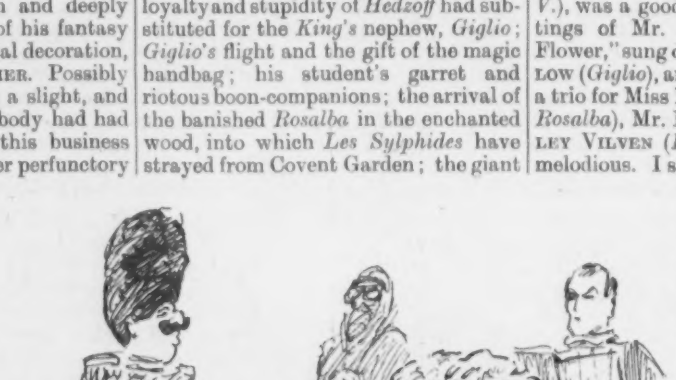
"THE ROSE AND THE RING" (APOLLO).

IF Mr. Punch's distinguished contributor was present in spirit on the first night of *The Rose and the Ring* (he had surely been present at the rehearsals!) he would have been highly gratified by its reception and deeply grateful to the adapter of his fantasy and composer of the musical decoration, Mrs. CHRISTABEL MARILLIER. Possibly he might have harboured a slight, and just, grievance in that nobody had had the sense to set about this business before—if we omit a rather perfunctory musical pantomime on the theme some few years ago and the gay little private entertainments of the RITCHIE family—or indeed regretted that he had not tackled the matter himself; for here surely is the germ of the Gilbertian tradition and of all the comic provinces of Ruritania through which we have so often travelled.

The adaptation is intelligent, the story easy to follow. And, though the exigencies of translation from literary to dramatic form make the treatment abruptly episodic rather than continuous in action—there are fifteen scenes in all—I am not sure that we have not been fully compensated for the loss of continuity by variety of interest and the charming succession of Mr. GEORGE SHERINGHAM'S scenes—amusing, bizarre or beautiful—scenes contrived with an admirable economy of means by the expenditure of brains and wit rather than the lavish outpouring of money—an excellent example to set.

The adaptation begins with the episode of the turning of the insolent footman—a true Thackerayan Jeames—into a door-knocker, an effect very amusingly contrived.

Then we see the usurping *King Valoroso* at breakfast with *Mrs. V.* and the pert *Angelica*; the arrival of the plump grotesque *Prince Bulbo*, wearing the Rose and therefore beautiful to all beholders, so that *Angelica* transfers her affections to him from the dispossessed *Prince Giglio*; *Giglio's* flirtation with the enchanted footman's uncomely wife, *Gruffanuff*, now a countess and wearing the Ring which *Angelica* has discarded; the giving of the Ring to *Betsinda*, the chambermaid, who is in fact the *Princess Rosalba* of Tartary, and with whom both the young Princes promptly fall in love; the scaffold and the last-minute reprieve of *Bulbo*, whom the combined loyalty and stupidity of *Hedzoff* had substituted for the *King's* nephew, *Giglio*; *Giglio's* flight and the gift of the magic handbag; his student's garret and riotous boon-companions; the arrival of the banished *Rosalba* in the enchanted wood, into which *Les Sylphides* have strayed from Covent Garden; the giant *Hogginarmo* bearing his reluctant captive away; the return of the victorious *Giglio* to share with the rescued and adored *Rosalba* the throne of his fathers; the slight *contretemps* on account of that promise given under seal unwittingly to the *Countess*; the foiling of the *Countess* and the live-happily-ever-after wedding-bells.



THE DUBIOUS REPRIEVE.

Tuffskin Hedzoff . . . . . MR. DEWEY GIBSON.
Angelica . . . . . MISS NELLIE BRIERCLIFFE.
Prince Bulbo . . . . . MR. STANLEY VILVEN.

Young and old will extract different delights from this adventure, and I shall be surprised if the adults who have the good sense to hurry to this intelligent entertainment do not forthwith return with such juniors as they can collect, especially about the time of Christmas, by way of excuse for seeing and hearing it again.

Mrs. MARILLIER'S music, scored for a small orchestra, is melodious when occasion serves her and is apt commentary on the action as it changes its moods and pace. She has, too, a nice gift for parody, deliberate or unconscious or (probably) both. Her adaptation of a grossly sentimental ballad of 1840, sung by Miss VIVIENNE CHATTERTON (*Mrs. V.*), was a good musical joke. The settings of Mr. BELLOC'S "A Delicate Flower," sung delightfully by Mr. RANALOW (*Giglio*), and of "A Lowly Maiden," a trio for Miss MEGAN FOSTER (*Betsinda Rosalba*), Mr. RANALOW and Mr. STANLEY VILVEN (*Bulbo*), were charmingly melodious. I should perhaps note that, in accordance with the authentic musical-comedy tradition of multiple authorship, the lyricists "comprised," as they say, Mr. CLIFFORD BAX, Mr. BELLOC, Mr. JOHN ARTHINGTON "and others."

Mr. FREDERICK RANALOW, Miss MEGAN FOSTER, Mr. STANLEY VILVEN and Miss NELLIE BRIERCLIFFE sang with distinction; Mr. RANALOW'S acting was the easy and unaffected competent thing we know; nothing could well have been better than the make-up and antics of Mr. STANLEY VILVEN'S *Prince Bulbo*; and I should imagine that the shade of the author approved of the sardonic casualness of Mr. LAWRENCE BASKCOMB'S *King Valoroso*; while Mr. HENRY LATIMER made of *Count Hogginarmo* an ogre who will delight the children. A very pleasant affair all through. T.

"A HUNDRED YEARS OLD" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

It is to be supposed that every honest critic of the theatre is often haunted by doubts of the adequacy of his judgments. He has missed some signal merit in play or player, has been deceived by some pleasant personality, or technical dexterity, or topical interest, or subjective mood into over-praising the second-rate. For this play, by the distinguished brothers QUINTERO, translated with unfailing felicity by HELEN and HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER, I do with the most absolute assurance claim so signal a blend of beauty, sincerity and spiritual perception as to deserve the

too often misused epithet, "great"—the greatness of a simple theme handled with broad human sympathy, an exquisite artistry in contrivance and a gay yet disciplined sense of humour.

A kindly old Spanish gentleman is about to celebrate his hundredth birthday; watches with restrained excitement the busy preparations, putting aside with gentle tyranny this or that objection, chuckling incidentally over his little jests and unbarbed shafts of reproof, healing petty or serious family feuds. All—yes, *all*—his descendants and collaterals must be present, even the distant cousin, *Antoñón*, the poor market-gardener; even, nay especially, *Gabriela* and her child *Gabriela*, who has sinned and suffered; even the bitter-tongued grievance-monger and egotist *Filomena*, his daughter-in-law. And we watch him with a strange fascination riding his elderly son, *Evaristo*, and his son's wife, *Marciala*, on the lightest possible rein; greeting his devoted dependants with a kindliness unspoiled by condescension; encouraging, quizzing, playfully chiding his adored great-grandchild, *Currita*, a maid of dreams and hidden fires, and his beloved madcap nephew, *Trino*.

He has his philosophy, this old man: "Live your life as if there were a God in heaven. We can't be sure there is, you know.... But live as if there were.... And when you see beauty that makes you dumb with wonder just think, Well, if this isn't God's work it 's good enough to be"—a creed that could hardly be strictly argued, perhaps, but which is balm, surely, he seems to say, for the modern (and ancient) diseases of detached intellectualism, restlessness, acquisitiveness and self-engrossment. He has always fixed his eyes on a light ahead, as the traveller in the fairy-tales sees a light in the storm and dark and goes forward in hope. And you learn that the last light of his long life is the hope of seeing *Currita* and *Trino* drawn together and the coming of a great-great-grandchild to fill up the cup of his happiness. A naïve tale indeed—a quiet gracious panegyric of the beauty of simple goodness with which the theatre and we in it (or out of it) are naturally so seldom concerned!

Of the actors let me say comprehensively and with enthusiasm that they showed a fine appreciation of the quiet beauty of this distinguished piece, and no one of them introduced a jarring note. No doubt something of the credit for this must go to Mr. A. E. FILMER, who shows himself to have the requisite sensitiveness (as in *The Cradle Song* of Señor SIERRA) for this delicate kind of business.



A WET BLANKET.

Dona Filomena. MISS MABEL TERRY-LEWIS.

Of Mr. HODGES' portrait I cannot set down adequate words of praise, having used them all for lesser achievements! He has played many old men and played them well; but usually they have been foolish, unlikely, sentimental dodderers with little character or wit or intelligence. Here, with a fine spirit to interpret, this distinguished actor surpassed anything in this kind that I have been privileged to see. If anybody can see this actor in this piece without being deeply stirred I do not envy him. Miss ANGELA BADDELEY seemed to me also to rise to the full height of her great opportunity—a lovely portrait of an adorable girl who had heard the horns of elfland without losing touch with the good round world. I should like to note too a very charming intelligent study of another young girl—the *Eulalia* of Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT—a difficult part admirably played. Perhaps Mr. LYONEL WATTS lacked something of the temperament of that wild eccentric, *Trino*, but the rendering was a plausible enough one in its own frame, played with liveliness, a sound restraint when restraint was needed, and real feeling. Lack of space, not merit, forbids further explicit mentions.

If this play does not run a year then we really do deserve to be handed over to the movie-talkies and other modern toys and inventions of the Devil of ingenuities. A red-letter week, and this a golden evening in it. T.

"CLARA GIBBINGS" (VAUDEVILLE).

The first thing the conscientious reporter must record is the affectionately uproarious welcome given to Miss VIOLET LORAINE on her return to her own place. Her authors, AIMÉE and PHILIP STUART, have provided her with a character and a situation which offer admirable opportunities of exhibiting her special gifts—her paramount gift of personality, her fine sense of comedy, broad in essence yet subtle in detail. She certainly gave no impression of lost cunning from lack of practice. There may indeed be inherent contradictions in *Clara Gibbings*, her excellent heart and merciless tongue, her solid commonsense and rather overwhelming sentimentality, her sensitiveness of perception and her abounding commonness and crudeness; but Miss LORAINE has the skill to gloss over these contradictions (which indeed do not seriously abuse the licence of farcical comedy) and to make a genuinely amusing and lovable human being, built up with all those delightful variations of mood, voice and gesture and versatile facial expression which she has at command.



100—NOT OUT.

Papá Juan (*Mr. HORACE HODGES*), *to his great-granddaughter, Currita* (*Miss ANGELA BADDELEY*). "IF YOU WOULD KINDLY MARRY AND HAVE A CHILD I SHOULD BE GREAT-GREAT-GREATLY OBLIGED."

It so happens that *Clara*, efficient and prosperous owner of a Richmond Hotel, has come by appointment to see young *Errol Kerr* (nephew of the *Earl of Drumoor*) on the very morning after the night before in which one of his friends, having had one over the eight, had knocked down a lamp-post in Piccadilly, and subsequently assaulted a constable. The beautiful young wife of a worthy elderly man, a lady indeed with whom rumour had not unfairly connected his name, was of the party. All had spent the night in Vine Street, and *Errol* is late for his appointment. Naturally the family, having seen the lunch editions, hasten to *Errol's* flat to offer harsh words and stop allowances —*Justin*, his brother and the *Earl's* heir, *Lady Drumoor*, the old *Earl* himself; and these comport themselves with the waiting *Clara* after the accustomed manner of the stage aristocracy confronted with persons of lowly birth. The beautiful *Yolande*, arriving from the police-court pale and wan and reflective, shows traces of humanity—to the point indeed of accepting *Clara's* suggestion of a "mother's ruin." And last of all arrives the personable and casual *Errol*, who suffers the reproaches of his kindred with commendable indifference and spends most of the uncomfortable quarter-of-an-hour in protecting his visitor from their insufferable insolence. Not that *Clara* is by any means unable to take her own share in this business.

Papers in her vanity-bag prove her incontestably to be the lawfully-begotten daughter and heiress therefore of *Drumoor*. Dismay at this discovery is softened by certain diverting reflections: *Errol's* uncle is an old fraud; his aunt—the "Frigidaire," as *Clara* calls her—has been living in sin for thirty-odd years; the unpleasant *Justin* is a pauper. But, hang it all! *Justin's* kids are perfect darlings—an opinion which, after seeing them, we hardly shared—and it 's awfully hard on the old people. Will a money compromise be acceptable? It will not; *Clara* has plenty. *Clara*, who has warmed to the young scapegrace and has before seen his portrait in *The Prattler* and watched him playing at Lord's, and is in fact more than half in love with him, suggests a compromise. Why shouldn't they marry and let everything go on as before? *Errol*, fresh from a renunciation scene with his beautiful *Yolande*, who—the authors lapsing into a sad slough of sentimentality—babbles improbably about the need of the lost generation (herself and *Errol*) sacrificing itself for the one before (the *Earl* and *Countess*) and the one after (*Justin's* precocious kids), nobly accepts this unlikely suggestion, but is saved—of course we knew he would be, but not exactly how—by the return of *Yolande* in a new mood and with an entirely new and extremely beige face-powder. She cannot give him up to another woman. And *Clara—Lady Clara Kerr*—who won't take anybody's leavings and who thinks the old people (who had behaved with the greatest magnanimity, for which the opening passages had frankly not prepared us) fine old sports, and who shares *Errol's* opinion of the young *Justins*, will simply go back to her hotel and her honest bourgeois virtue away from this sink of idleness, bigamy and adultery, taking neither title nor money.

Well, well! You see just how plausible all this is. But do not be under the impression that the entertainment is ruined by these little blemishes. *Clara* is the play and very nearly the whole play. And *Clara* is a creature full of resource and wisdom and flashing wit of a sort, gloriously common and entirely likeable, and has things to say about life which are very much to the point. And Miss VIOLET LORAINE is *Clara*, and that really ought to be enough for any person of sense.

As *Errol*, Mr. FRANK VOSPER'S easy and assured performance was as good as in the circumstances it could be. Miss MURIEL ALEXANDER (*Yolande*) in her first two (and possible) scenes was well worth looking upon and played with skill. Mr. FREDERICK CULLY (*Lord Drumoor*), Miss GRACE LANE (his Countess), Mr. CECIL PARKER (the insufferable *Justin*), Mr. ERNEST SEFTON (*Tudor*, the butler) —all these, playing under a certain handicap, helped to make an excellent evening's entertainment. In fact this is a play of which the solid virtues more than cancel the defects. T.

THORNY QUESTIONS.

In the Dark and Middle Ages,
If we trust to History's pages,
You might search the landscape round,
Not a hedge was to be found.
Instead of little tidy squares,
Mine, and his, and yours, and theirs,
My field, his field, your field, their field
All formed one enormous bare field.
How they knew without a hedge
How far any land extended,
Which was middle, which was edge,
Where the whole caboodle ended,
History, that tells so much
About the French wars and the Dutch,
Never says a word to show.
I should also like to know
In a land of hedge divested
Where on earth hedge-sparrows nested,
And what did hedgehogs do about it?
Hedge for them means home and name;
What was *their* life like without it?
Were they simply—what a shame!—
Hogs until their hedges came?
History, that talks so much
Of wars and dates and lists of kings,
And stuffy constitutional things,
Growth of Parliament and such,
Always somehow seems to miss
Interesting points like this.

CROSS-HEADINGS.

THE young journalist should always remember that his reader—if any—will be a sort of brainless creature who has to have his reading-matter split up into small fragments with cross-headings to help him to understand what is going to happen in the next paragraph.

As the child of to-day will become the newspaper-reader of to-morrow, it seems right that he should have the same help from cross-headings in his early days as he will get later on.

Very well then. Let us proceed to treat one of MACAULAY'S poems in this manner. The idea should serve a good purpose if it merely succeeds in introducing our caption-artists to some of the better-known English writers:—

DEPRESSED CONSUL USES BAD LANGUAGE.
"But the Consul's brow was sad
And the Consul's speech was low,

A PAIR OF BLACK EYES.
And darkly looked he at the wall
And darkly at the foe.

FEARS HE WILL BE RUN OVER.
'Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down. . . .'

HORATIUS TO THE RESCUE.
Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:

GRASPS THE IDEA OF MORTALITY.
'To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.

DEFENDS BETTING.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,

CREMATION A ROMAN CUSTOM.
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?'"

And so on till we come to the climax:—

SPECTACULAR DIVE TO DEATH.
"And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide."

The Importance of Being Precise.
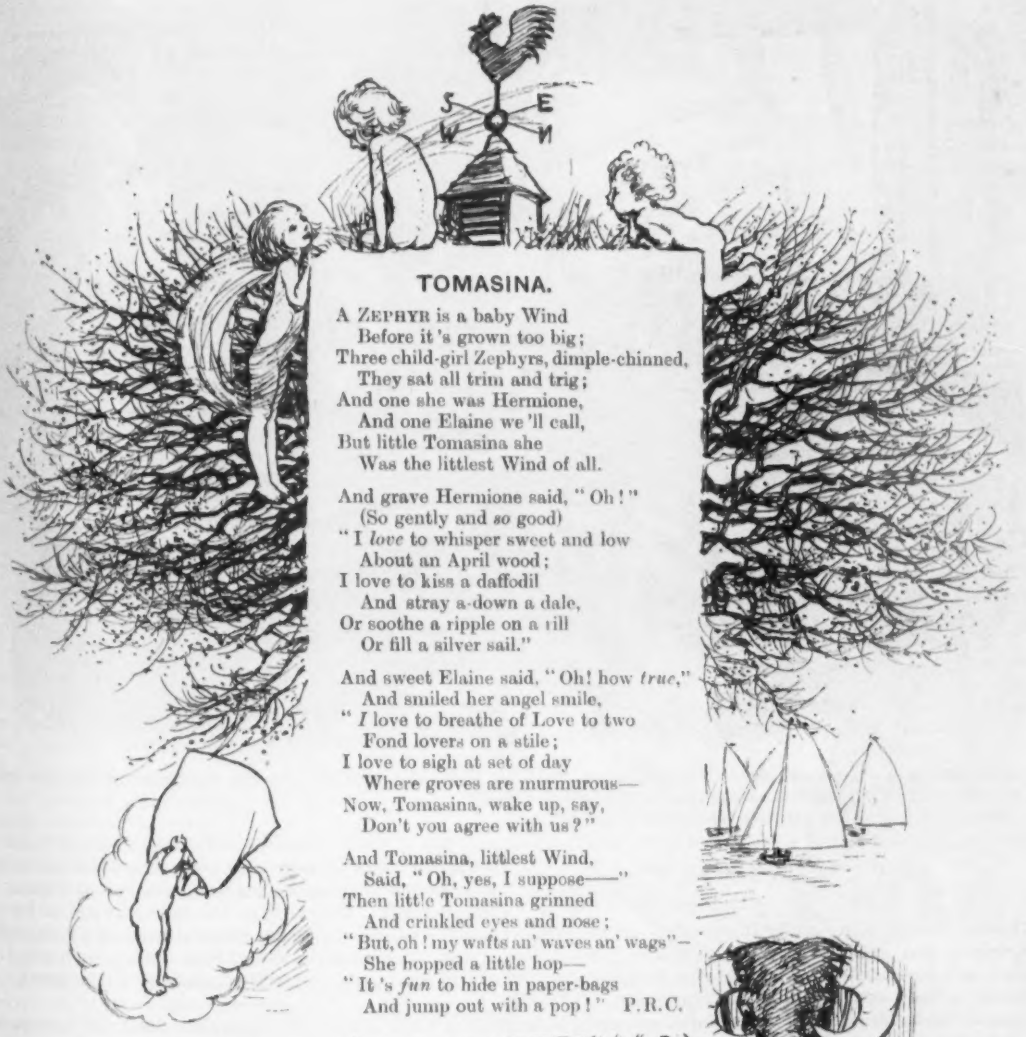
"Albert —— was sentenced to two months' hard labour for using obscure language."
North-Country Paper.

Our Mathematical Contemporaries.

"Dr. ——, the Bishop of ——, has always been a hundred per cent. British as well as a hundred per cent. American."—*Daily Paper.*

"It is a story of a girl who comes home from college to find her parents verging on scrape phmatol(esth noliy lowadoartmah divorce."
Cinema Report in Manchester Paper.

This is even worse than finding "SALVE" on the mat.



TOMASINA.

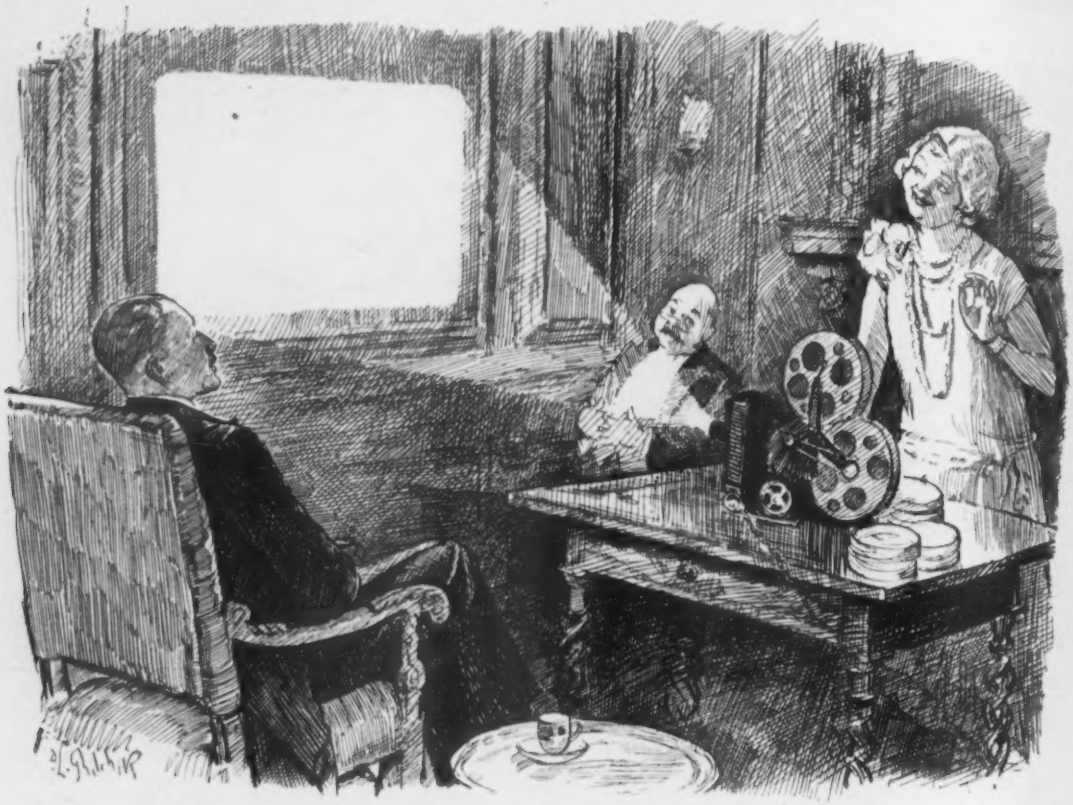
A ZEPHYR is a baby Wind
  Before it 's grown too big;
Three child-girl Zephyrs, dimple-chinned,
  They sat all trim and trig;
And one she was Hermione,
  And one Elaine we 'll call,
But little Tomasina she
  Was the littlest Wind of all.

And grave Hermione said, "Oh!"
  (So gently and *so* good)
"I *love* to whisper sweet and low
  About an April wood;
I love to kiss a daffodil
  And stray a-down a dale,
Or soothe a ripple on a rill
  Or fill a silver sail."

And sweet Elaine said, "Oh! how *true*,"
  And smiled her angel smile,
"*I* love to breathe of Love to two
  Fond lovers on a stile;
I love to sigh at set of day
  Where groves are murmurous—
Now, Tomasina, wake up, say,
  Don't you agree with us?"

And Tomasina, littlest Wind,
  Said, "Oh, yes, I suppose——"
Then little Tomasina grinned
  And crinkled eyes and nose;
"But, oh! my wafts an' waves an' wags"—
  She hopped a little hop—
"It 's *fun* to hide in paper-bags
  And jump out with a pop!" P.R.C.





Hostess (*showing home-made films*). "WHICH SHALL WE HAVE FIRST—MY HUSBAND LEAVING FOR TOWN IN THE NEW CAR, OR MY SISTER-IN-LAW'S CHILDREN PLAYING WITH THEIR DOLLS'-HOUSE?"
Guest. "WELL, WHICH HAS THE MORE EXCITING PLOT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

THE seamy side of Elizabethan Imperialism—chronologically speaking, the period that set in after the Armada—is so full of well-documented disillusionment that I wonder it has waited so long for a neo-Georgian chronicler. Detailed criticism of the times abounds in its drama and pamphlets; and, if drama and pamphlets be suspect, the letters and diaries of RALEIGH and his fellow-courtiers—all equally "mad with intricate affairs and want of means"—disclose a post-war world beside which our own has aspects of the golden age. To have pivoted a study of this period round RALEIGH would have landed it outside the reign. In selecting for his mainstay the relations of *Elizabeth and Essex* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY has provided the nucleus of the most coherent as well as the richest and most dignified of his historical studies. Apart from his serio-comic treatment of PHILIP OF SPAIN, a schoolboy gesture which ought to have been left to his imitators, Mr. STRACHEY has risen to the height of his argument and above it. True, ESSEX is first regarded as a lingering symbol of the pre-Reformation world—an attribution which makes me doubt Mr. STRACHEY's grasp of the mediæval mind; but he is subsequently envisaged as the incarnate English Renascence, "wayward, melancholy, splendid"—a much more plausible ascription. He was a born waverer, and it was chiefly his childish instability that rendered him the predestined victim of a Queen whose lovers were usually paying propositions, of friends (such as the doubly-indecent BACON) who ground their own axes even when their patrons' heads fell to them. ELIZABETH, the barbaric sun of her young cousin's vicious circle, has never been more unblinkingly presented. His fellow-satellites have never been brought nearer to our reassuring and well-compensated remoteness.

For a few hours on September 25th, 1915, preparations were being made by the German commanders in front of the British for something like a general retreat. By evening the belts of uncut wire had stemmed the rush, the gap had been filled and the opportunity was gone. In the fourth volume of the Official History of the War—*Military Operations* (MACMILLAN)—all earlier confused and partial accounts of those dearly-bought achievements, heart-breaking mischances and bitter failures that made up the *Battle of Loos* are resolved into one clear and coherent narrative. Not only is the compiler, Brigadier-General Sir JAMES E. EDMONDS, able to detail with certainty the successive stages of advance and retirement, but he raises almost beyond controversy such questions as the inception of the action in opposition to the judgment of the British Command, the inadequacy of the munitions supply, the failure of certain units to keep direction, and the handling of the General Reserve. No less surely, though almost incidentally, he emphasises the valour of the troops sent forward, carrying their meagre supply of "home-made" hand-grenades, and insufficiently supported by artillery, to something like foreseen extinction under the enfilading machine-gun fire. It is only by making

an effort to restore this fighting to its proper proportion in the War as a whole that one can consider with any patience the price at which experience had to be bought and loyalty to our allies demonstrated: and the writer, it is clear, is hardly subduing an indignation that is none the less forceful for being repressed. The Official History has not yet approached the mightiest battles of the War, for even the story of the Somme is still waiting to be told; yet, if this earlier indecisive action looms so heroically large in the retrospect, one may well wonder to what heights the epic narrative is to rise when the climax of 1918 is reached. It is no use pretending we are not still thinking about the War.

Lieutenant H. S. J.
BOURKE in a book has told
Of horses and the way
The creatures are controlled;
Horse Training is its name—
A sound and simple one;
The book is just the same,
And sold by HUTCHINSON.

How polo ponies take
To ball and bamboo stick
And how a man may make
A hunter smooth and slick
Is put for us most pat;
And, if you'd learn to train
A racehorse (jumps or flat),
Why, here you are again.

I have enjoyed this terse,
This short and simple stuff
And eke the plums of verse
Popped in among its duff;
Our author *knows* a horse,
I'd say that he could shove one
Along with the resource
That comes because you *love* one.

I have always thought it odd that so few modern story-tellers realise the value of a stabilised psychology. Once you believe the essential make-up of man to be more important than its temporary variations, you can write with the comfortable assurance of being understood not only by your contemporaries but by posterity. This, if you have anything to say, strikes me as an advantage gained. If you have not, I can see it might present itself as an advantage forgone. In the case of Mr. MAX BEERBOHM's philosophical fantasy, *The Dreadful Dragon of Hay Hill* (HEINEMANN), an exquisite appreciation of what endures and what is fleeting is the outstanding grace of a wholly delightful book. Somewhere about 39000 B.C. a scattered community of pastoral people is described as dwelling on the slopes of Hay Hill and the yet unsquared superficies of Berkeley Square. These people are very like ourselves, and they react to the dragon which appears to threaten their stagnation very much as we have reacted to similar phenomena. The crowd divides its reliance between the voluble publicist, *Shib*, and a series of somewhat neglected gods. The artist, *Veo*, gets himself disliked for extending his impartial regard for natural beauty to the movements of the enemy. The heroine, *Thia*, renounces love until the dragon is slain. The hero, *Thol*, silently plans the *coup* that kills him. What happens when the dragon is dead is just what always happens. Only the steps taken by *Thia* and *Thol* to retrieve their people's spiritual defeat are heroic, original and unavailing. "It is not in the nature of things that anything except the nature of things should last." Herein lies the sting of the satire, the pathos of the poetry, in a little masterpiece of both.



Ship's Carpenter (*to new deck-boy*). "'OP FORRAD AN' FETCH MY SPIRIT-LEVEL INSTEAD O' STANDIN' THERE THINKIN' ABOUT LOVE."

Was it courage, I wonder, or just insensitiveness that led Mr. "JOHN AYE" to the writing of *Humour in the Civil Service* (CECIL PALMER)? To an obviously difficult task he brings nothing beyond industry and a fluent pen, and even

the good stories he has collected are ruined by his own flat-footed comments on them. He quotes, for example, a reply sent by a soldier's wife to the War Office: "In answer to your letter I have given birth to twins. Hoping this will be satisfactory," and adds the comment: "Certainly, it is most satisfactory, but one would be glad to have the husband's views on the matter." Of the civil servant's excuse for absence: "Owing to the death of my mother-in-law I shall not be at the office to-morrow. I hope this will be satisfactory," he says: "It could hardly be so to the mother-in-law." I quote these examples because they follow so closely upon Mr. JOHN AYE's complaint that "the humour of most of his colleagues, where in rare cases it does exist, is to a large extent elephantine and ponderous." They give an answer to the baffling question so often asked by children at the Zoo: "Does an elephant *know* it's an elephant?" When Mr. JOHN AYE can forget that he is a humourist he is often interesting, as in his chapter on "Whitley Councils," but his style is too often marred by his fondness for cheap literary allusion. He should know that to the discriminating reader *Dominie Sampson's* "Prodeegious!" and Mr. *Mantalini's* "dem'd unpleasant," are only one degree less offensive than *Oliver Twist's* "asking for more." Nevertheless his intentions are so manifestly good that I should hate to be unkind to him. Not, of course, that I am in any danger of hurting his feelings. "Another of those elephants!" he will say.

Neither the Preventive officer of a century or a century and a half ago, nor his successor the coastguardsman, has received his fair share of popular recognition, whether at the hands of his contemporaries or of posterity. The smuggler—unscrupulous and highly unpatriotic ruffian as he frequently was—still occupies, as he did in his own day, the centre of the stage, to the comparative exclusion of the man whose business it was to interfere with his unlawful occasions. Most seaside visitors of thirty or forty years ago carried away pleasant recollections of the coastguard station, with its flagstaff, its neat white cottages and its general air of naval order and cleanliness, as well as of its bearded occupants, whose yarns—sometimes slightly apocryphal—of adventure afloat gave so agreeably salty a flavour to many an idle afternoon. But how many of them realised the multifarious duties that fell to the lot of that humble Cinderella of the services, or the long arduous winter nights and days which would be the coastguardsman's portion after the last summer visitor had departed? It is of this, perhaps the most inarticulate branch of what is commonly termed the Silent Service, that Mr. FRANK BOWEN, in *His Majesty's Coastguard* (HUTCHINSON), constitutes himself the spokesman; and, although naturally not all his chapters are so interesting as the earlier ones, which deal with the thrilling days of the smugglers, the book affords an admirably comprehensive view of the history and development of a force singularly little known to the general public.



Barber. "WOULD YOU LIKE THE HAIR SINGED, SIR?"
Thrifty Customer. "NO, THANKS. I'M GOING TO THE THEATRE TO-NIGHT TO SEE *To What Red Hell*, AND I MIGHT GET IT DONE FOR NOTHING."

Of *The Yellow Primrose* (LONGMANS) I feel constrained to say, though it will probably be said a hundred times, that its earlier part, which is concerned with the War in France, is so poignant and vivid that one would assume it to be the work of a man. Whatever difficulties Miss JOAN YOUNG found in collecting details of life and death in the trenches she has certainly overcome, and among stories of the War hers gains high distinction. But apart from the horrors of war this study of a Cornish landowner temporarily a soldier deserves the attention of all readers who do not regard novels merely as pastimes. I have conceived a real admiration for its characterization, knowledge and outlook, and, though I do not think that Miss YOUNG has yet realised how important a part humour plays in life, she shows definite signs in the later scenes of this story that she is becoming conscious of its power. Altogether a novel of the greatest promise.

Mr. M. D. HILL, in *Eton and Elsewhere* (MURRAY), makes a statement with which none but the insane will quarrel. "Tradition," he says, "has no right to become tyranny." I quote this because, in connection with these reminiscences of Eton, where as boy and master he must have lived some forty years, I have heard him accused of being a rebel. To my mind he is nothing of the kind; indeed anyone who reads Mr. HILL's pages must be impressed by the fact that his love for and pride in his school are even greater than his anxieties about the future. He is no rebel, far from it, even if he does suggest reforms where he thinks they are needed; and, although some of the changes which he advocates may be too drastic, all of them rely upon common-sense as their basis. They form, however, only a part of a volume which is extraordinarily suggestive and often quietly amusing. I sincerely hope that Mr. HILL, who, on his recent retirement from Eton became a farmer in Shropshire, will not entirely abandon the pen for the ploughshare.

Mr. Punch extends a hearty welcome to *Honeybubble and Co.* (METHUEN), a book of *Punch* articles by A. P. HERBERT; to *Bright Young Things* (METHUEN), a gallery of *Punch* drawings by LEWIS BAUMER; to *Elizabeth's Book* (METHUEN), verses by Miss L. G. EADY, most of which have been published in *Punch*; and to *Salvaged Trifles* (JAMES CLARKE), by STANLEY SALVIDGE, some of which have also appeared in these pages.

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CHARIVARIA.

IN order to finish his setting of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Professor GRANVILLE BANTOCK locked himself into his house. It will be remembered that JOHN BUNYAN wrote much of the libretto under lock and key.

* * *

The domestic servant problem is said to have been created by snobbishness. Maids should try to regard their mistresses more as equals.

* * *

The appearance is reported of a ghost in the Welsh castle recently purchased by Mr. W. R. HEARST. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who accepts no responsibility for this apparition, wishes it to be known that he never employed a Welsh ghost when contributing to Mr. HEARST'S Press.

* * *

A well-known tragedian is alleged to be at heart a humourist. We find this easier to believe than if it were stated of a well-known comedian.

* * *

"Where is the Isle of Thanet?" was a recent General Knowledge question in *The Daily Express*. Our feeling is that such questions are calculated to embitter the Newspaper War.

* * *

The migrations of farmers, an agricultural expert points out, have been from West to East and from North to South. In Suffolk, for instance, it is possible to detect traces of a strong Devonshire grumble.

* * *

Selecting a Test match team, Lady DIANA COOPER thinks, is child's play to the task of a hostess who has to invite twelve people to dinner. A hostess, of course, seldom has the assistance of newspaper-readers.

* * *

Señor CAPABLANCA'S suggestion of a larger chess-board with more pieces as a remedy for drawn games is, of course, the outcome of the barracking which has become so regrettable a feature of important matches.

* * *

Now that clothes for Winter sports are to be quieter, any pull-over that is louder than a faint yodel will be considered *démodé*.

* * *

Dr. SANDEK, the handwriting expert, says that the signature of Mr. MAHON on the new Bank-notes is characteristic of solid reliability and great experience of routine work. We have therefore no hesitation in accepting them.

* * *

In an article advocating community-singing in the home, importance is attached to the team-spirit. An influence which militates against this spirit is that of the bathroom.

* * *

"What can I do with my old gramophone needles?" asks a correspondent in a morning paper. He should try exchanging them for used razor-blades.

* * *

Mr. A. M. SAMUEL, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, is reported to have set himself to the study of Chinese. Taxpayers meanwhile have been set to the study of Treasury English.

* * *

"Let me make it quite plain," says Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN, "that I would refuse to be a Censor on any terms, just as certainly as I would refuse to be a God, if the post were offered me." Any idea of offering him either post must therefore be abandoned.

* * *

Although Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC'S denunciation of DRAKE as a cut-throat pirate is supported by Mr. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM and others, the Plymouth authorities seem to be taking no steps to remove the monument to this ruffian.

* * *

Lady ——, a gossip-writer tells us, clings to close-cropped hair. We ourselves find it very difficult to cling to.

* * *

Among the reptilian pets which are so fashionable, Spanish lizards are mentioned. We recognise the familiar lounge-Argentine.

* * *

Fishing in the North Sea three months ago a Dutchman lost his purse. Last week a Grimsby trawler caught a crab, and tightly gripped in its claws was the purse. This proves beyond doubt that shell-fish are honest.

* * *

The Tailor and Cutter accuses motorists of not paying enough attention to clothes. There is more excuse for shabbiness in pedestrians, who naturally cannot afford to risk a new suit.

* * *

Repairs have been started on a London statue recently damaged by a gale. But why tamper with Nature's handiwork?

* * *

According to a weekly paper, billiards is the most popular indoor pastime. The only objection is that the pockets of a billiard-table are so seldom where they're wanted.

* * *

A stockbroker's office has been set up on an Atlantic liner. In the evening, we understand, the stockbrokers relax a little and to the strains of a Spanish orchestra dance the gay contango.

* * *

A cat weighing thirty-four pounds, six ounces, was recently exhibited in London. We understand that it's a good hunter, its method being to creep up behind a mouse and suddenly lean on it.



Boy (reading aloud). "'JOHN APPEARED IN IMMACULATE EVENING-DRESS.' WHAT DOES 'IMMACULATE' MEAN?"
Elder Sister. "NO GRAVY-STAINS ON IT."

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

"You're wet," said Frances as I clambered up on to the roof and sat beside her.

I paused for a moment before replying, partly because I was afraid that I might be tempted to answer sharply; partly because I was wringing the water from my clothes, an operation which always requires one's whole attention. There was also the roach which, in error, had curled itself up in one of my pockets and which, on account of its size, had to be put back. Consequently I was comparatively calm by the time I answered: "Frances, I defy any man who has swum a hundred yards through floods in order to sit on a roof beside the woman he loves to arrive and not be wet."

Frances smiled adorably and removed a water-beetle from inside my collar.

"It was nice of you to come," she said. "Why did you?"

"I have already explained," I replied stiffly, "that it was to sit side-by-side with you on this roof. I shall not call your attention to the hardships such a venture necessarily entailed. I say nothing of the barbed wire into which I took my initial dive. I do not allude to the blackberry-bushes at the twenty-yard mark. I draw a veil over the dead eel. But I do suggest that I deserve a better greeting than your idiotic assertion that I am wet. It denies me even the satisfaction of a *tu quoque*, since you appear to be perfectly dry."

It was true; she was perfectly dry. She was the one dry object in that wilderness of water which the sudden flooding of the river had produced. How she had accomplished this while floating in mid-stream on the roof of her bungalow I could not imagine. It seemed a miracle comparable with the best performances of the saints of the middle ages.

"Thank you," she said. "It was very lonely up here." Then, seeing that I was satisfied, she added: "It didn't of course occur to you to come in a boat and take me off?"

"It did not," I agreed. "There was no time. My impulse, when I saw you floating in mid-river, was to be at your side without a moment's delay; and as I am not in the habit of carrying a collapsible boat about with me I swam."

Frances was gazing sadly at a loaf of bread as it circled round us.

"I only asked," she said, "because the bungalow may turn turtle at any moment and I cannot swim."

I am afraid that I allowed myself a smile of satisfaction.

"That is quite immaterial," I replied; "I am a strong swimmer and can very easily save us both. Whether I shall choose to save us both or (in the absence of witnesses) only myself depends upon whether you, Frances, agree to the conditions which I am about to suggest."

"Oh!" she cried, "you're not going to propose again *now*?"

"Why not?" I asked. "I have repeatedly told you that I shall propose to you wherever and whenever I see an opportunity. My first proposal, you may remember, took place quite orthodoxly in the drawing-room above which we are now sitting. I followed this up with another in the woods to our left, where you will notice that the water appears darker than in our immediate vicinity; and with a third on the golf-links, which lie about two fathoms deep half-a-mile to our right. We are now, on this, the fourth occasion, on the roof of your father's bungalow. Where, by the way, is your father?"

"Decency should have prompted that question before," said Frances severely. "For all you knew he might have been in the piano. That is the piano," she explained, pointing to a dark coffin-like object in the water twenty feet or so away from us. "It went through the front-door just before I came up here."

"And the Colonel is really inside it?" I cried enthusiastically. "Magnificent! I should never have believed he could manage it."

Frances frowned.

"I did not say he was inside it," she corrected me. "He is not inside it. He swam off some time ago to try to find a boat for me."

There was a pause.

"Frances——"

She laid a hand gently on my knee.

"You know," she said, "you'll have to stop proposing to me some day. Why not stop now?"

"I shall never stop," I cried. "Let all the powers of fate join forces against me and conspire to stop me proposing to you, and they shall not succeed. I am the captain."

"That's funny," said Frances.

"No," said I; "it's a quotation."

"I meant," said she, "that obviously I'm not as clever as all the powers of fate conspiring, and yet I'm now going to stop you."

I laughed nonchalantly.

"Quite easily, too," she added.

I laughed again, but my curiosity was aroused.

"And how are you going to set about it?" I asked.

Frances leant down and disentangled some water-weed which had knit itself into my socks.

"By accepting you," she said simply.

A CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

A CERTAIN Billy, years and years ago,
Launched on the blowing south a fine new kite,
Swishing her tail-bobs, forty in a row,
Dipping and lifting, curtseying left and right.
To-day the ancient kite is on the wing,
But a new Billy holds the tugging string.

Another Billy laughs to see her dive,
Plunge and curvet against the sunny blue,
Shaking her ear-drops like a thing alive,
And not a fake of paper, sticks and glue;
So Daddy's kite survives, a soaring joy
Alike to one young man and one old boy.

Laid all these lustrums on the dusty shelf
Since last she took the air, what wild surmise
Must wake as she regains her ancient self,
What novel prospects meet her goggle eyes,
What goings-on in the flat world beneath her,
What ructions in the circumambient ether!

When last she swam on the aërial main,
ORVILLE'S first rattletrap was yet to come;
She was the prime historic aeroplane
That rent the welkin with no horrid hum;
And no one cocked an eye to see her pass,
With thoughts of T.N.T. or poison-gas.

Care-free she gambolled on the airy surge,
Nor recked of wave-lengths whizzing round the sphere,
Of fierce electrons or the cosmic urge,
Of atmospherics in the listener's ear;
The pre-Marconi era left her free
From the announcers of the B.B.C.

Now, Billy, work her down against the gale,
Played like a salmon as she swoops and veers,
Till Daddy has her by her swirling tail . . .
A perfect landing, spite of all her years.
Back to your hangars, saucy planes, nor dare
To vie with Billy's conquest of the air!

Brighter Business.

"Please sing attached receipt and return to our London office."—*Extract from letter received by business firm.*

"8 RED HOT WATER BOTTLES."
Item from Bill.

We hope the same firm supplies asbestos sheets.



THE IRON-AND-STEEL DUKE.

GENERAL WELLINGTON JIX. "UP, SAFEGUARDS, AND AT 'EM!"

[In a recent speech the HOME SECRETARY anticipated a great increase of Safeguarding.]



Motorist (*having reversed unexpectedly*). "THAT REMINDS ME. I MEANT TO ASK YOU OR SOMEBODY IF THERE 'S ANY SPECIAL KIND OF TOOT OR ANYTHING FOR WHEN I START BACKWARDS."

THAT £20,000.

IF the winning of a monster football contest (I understand that these things have since been abolished) enriched me to the above tune, it also deprived me of everything that makes life remotely tolerable.

I am, Heaven is my witness, no student of form. When you are running a home (with assistance) and a profession (without), and when, on the top of everything, you happen to be a woman, you learn to take short-cuts to solutions of problems.

My method, as all the world knows since that Sunday when photographs of myself, with pin—and an enlargement of the pin—were published simultaneously in *The Dictatorial*, *Sun* and *Looking-Glass*, consisted simply in closing my eyes and jabbing said pin through certain matches. And *that* is how I came to defeat my runner-up, Mr. Crowles, of 10, Railway Villas, Crouch End Park, N.E. 126, who in an otherwise perfect prophecy had made a bad miscalculation over the Hot Gospellers, where my pin had decreed beyond question for the Finsbury Scrimmagers.

His photograph (very much smaller than mine) also appeared, marked "*Mistake that Cost a Fortune.*"

I was sorry about Mr. Crowles; it was sad that *The Dictatorial*, *Sun* and *Looking-Glass* could not have seen the propriety of posting him a solatium of two thousand pounds for his trouble. I dislike cheese-paring. After all, he *is* a student of form, had submitted seventy-eight coupons—on all of which, however, he clung tenaciously to the Gospellers—and is a regular reader of these publications, whereas I take in *The Sunday Post* and snipped my single coupon from my dentist's copy of *The Dictatorial* one Monday morning as I sat waiting to have a nerve killed, and can now admit that I do not know one end of a goal-post from the other, and suffer as well from a chronic inability to remember the difference between Soccer and Rugger—which is the oval one and which the round.

My fortune was heralded by a wire: "*Have to announce you have won our twenty thousand pounds football contest reporter follows please give details to-day eleven phone confirming appointment editor dictatorial.*"

When I had stopped feeling exceedingly ill and odd about the head, and even odder lower down—that is how great joy or sorrow takes me—I went to the 'phone to confirm, and then in my Sunday best sat about reading *The Well of Loneliness* upside down and feeling highly unnatural; for in the ordinary course of things I should by now have been in the fishmonger's selecting a cod's head for Pugsie, our voracious Siamese.

Occasionally the family tiptoed in to make sure I was still alive, treating me as a cross between a fever-patient with delusions and an exhibit that is passed round under the wincing eyes of a special jury.

Then Came The Dawn, with two large cameras.

They sat me at the piano with the morning paper in my hand which I was just about to play; they threw open the double-doors connecting the drawing-with the morning-room, snapped the result and called it "Her Study (Where the Winning Forecast was Made)"; they asked my mother if she would like to be caricatured by "Flop," and she, pointing to me, said a Greater Power than he had already done so. They bustled into

the garden, caught and shoved Hamlet, the black tom-cat from over the wall, into my arms and took us for the caption, "Was He Her Mascot?" They breezed into the kitchen, said "Pardon Me" as they filched the rolling-pin from Emma and presented me with it for "Loves Cooking"; and finally a young gentleman from Oldham led me, a Londoner these twenty years, into a car prominently inscribed *Sunday Dictatorial* for a "Sights o' London" drive. And London, as is well-known by now, is "jannock" and even "champion"—terms, it would appear, of laud and praise up North (as one might say "A.1" in English, or "The Goods" in American).

It was soon after this that I began that activity known as reaping the whirlwind.

To start with, nobody will know me any more. True, I receive the offer of about twelve husbands a day, but all my friends have dropped me. They don't like it to be thought they are keeping me up because of the twenty thousand pounds; so they no longer invite me in to any meal whatsoever, lest their cook-general standard should curdle with my champagne one. As for birthdays, my own fell three weeks back, and the breakfast-table groaned under one crocheted doily, the usual gift of an old aunt, who hadn't heard of my luck. Everyone else sent me cautious notes explaining that, though they many times congratulated me, it was now hopeless to attempt, etc., etc. *And Christmas will be on us soon.*

By that time Aunt will have heard of my fortune and the doily will, I fear, cease.

And the unnatural politeness of everybody who meets me is sapping my endurance. I'd gladly give fifty pounds to someone for a really rude remark; I would kiss and pension her who spoke in disparaging wise of my hat.

And that is why, at bay, I took tube and bus and tram to 10, Railway Villas, Crouch End Park, N.E.126, and laid my troubles at the enormous boots of Mr. Crowles, while his consort wiped her hands on her sacking apron (for she had been digging potatoes) and made me a cup of tea, with Souvenir of Clacton on the saucer.

I pleaded that, in the eyes of Heaven, it was *his* prize; that I hadn't known a day's real freedom from nerves and biliousness since the cheque arrived. He didn't believe me, but she gave me a soda-mint. I twisted my handkerchief and implored, "I have a profession, also private means, Mr. Crowles, so don't, *don't* let that aspect deter you." As he wavered I grew cunning. "And, dear Mr. and Mrs. Crowles, I have no Maudie, or Young Ern, or Our Syd to put by for. *Think* what you could do for them now!"

I saw I was winning, though Mrs. Crowles, with a sort of respectful archness, answered, "But, Miss, you ought t' think of the future like, and put it by against Mister Right comes along."

"Mr. Right!" I howled; "*I've got sixty-four already*, and two more by the mid-day post this morning!" And, as they slowly extended their hands for the cheque, I concluded, "And oh! what a hideous time you've saved me with the income-tax. Don't you think it's every man's duty to stand between us and that sort of ugliness?"

Well, I'm free at last and back to my beginnings. And, if the temporary possession of wealth has taught me nothing else, it has informed me (in three papers) that I am Beautiful, Vivacious, A Sparkling Brunette, Dainty, Petite, Popular With All Who Know Her, A Regular English Girl, A Believer in Fresh Air, A Home-Lover and Singularly Unspoilt.

It's Mr. Crowles's turn to be the sparkling brunette now. And I hope he'll make a better job of it than I have.

RACHEL.



Customer (to young man who has just come into his father's business). "YOU SAY THAT 'S QUEEN ANNE. ARE YOU SURE?"
Young Man. "WELL, THEN, GEORGIAN."
Customer. "ARE YOU SURE IT 'S GEORGIAN?"
Young Man. "OH, WELL, DASH IT, IT 'S PRE-WAR, ANYHOW."

Euthanasia.

There appears in a certain undertaker's establishment, pendent over a tombstone, a poster advertising the forthcoming performance, by an Amateur Dramatic Society, of a play entitled *A Happy Ending.*

TOPSY, M.P.

XII.—13.

WELL Trix my aromatic angel the photographs are *divine* but why oh *why* have you removed the *fringe* because my dear in your style definitely brows are *not* the worn thing now, however they're *rather* winsome, I *adore* the upside-down ones, but my dear you *must* be done by this new man *Moult* who does everyone in *Shakesperian* characters, my dear I've been done as Ophelia and NANCY ASTOR is *Nature's* Portia and they all want Auntie JIX to be Malvolio or somebody only I never heard of the man, did you?

However darling one smiles through one's miseries but as a *matter* of fact I've been having *rather* a foxy time, by the way *do* you remember when we were tots at Beaumanoir that *gruesome* episode of the *head*-gardener whom we all abhorred, and one night we played *witches* and pretended that one of my dolls was *him* and stuck absolute *pins* into it and wished horrible wishes and finally *burnt* it in the nursery fire, and of course *two* days later the *malignant* fellow got treble pneumonia and *perished* miserably, my dear I shall *never* forget it I didn't smile for *days*, and of course *ever* since I've utterly *shunned* magic, however about a fortnight ago darling, I forget if I told you, I went with Haddock to a "surprise" party at Mew-mew's, and my dear *to* my horror I found it was one of those synthetic *thirteen* parties *you* know my dear where you do everything *unlucky* you can think of, well of course my *first* instinct was to fly, because my dear I'm *too* superstitious, well I can *just* walk under a ladder if urgent but I do *not* go about looking for ladders if you see what I mean, and Haddock rather agrees, however of course Mew-mew said the whole thirteen idea would be shattered if there were only eleven, and my dear *then* it turned out that that Mrs. Green was one of the party, *after* which Haddock was *much* less reluctant, so what with everything I said I'd go through with the agony because I always believe in *grasping* the nettles of this nettlesome life, don't you darling?

Well my dear the whole thing was *too* provocative, we were all given "13" brooches and *necklaces* of opals and little cocked hats in the *most* unlucky green, we walked into dinner under a *green* ladder with Florio's band playing all the inauspicious tunes there are and my dear a *mechanical* magpie fluttering on the left, well when we sat down we found *all* the knives crossed and the *hugest* salt-cellar in front of everybody to upset, and my dear the curtains weren't drawn so the *whole* time you could see the new moon through *glass* which of course is *too* unpropitious, well my dear the first thing was that we *all* had to utterly *upset* the salt-cellars and *not* throw any over the shoulder but *help* your neighbour to salt instead which you know is a *deadly* thing to do, my dear I was *emerald* with aprehension and of course the *really* unlucky thing for me was the *intense* proximity of Mrs. Green, who my dear was *next* to Haddock, while I had *Mr.* Green and a rather *triangular* youth who the whole time *ecstasised* about the Russian Ballet, my dear he could *think* of nothing but a single ankle-waggle which Calomeloviksa or somebody used to do in *Apéritifs*, which left me *too* lukewarm especially as every two minutes one had to do some *intimidous* act, my dear the butler brought us each a cameo looking-glass which we had to utterly *smash* with a hammer and throw into a basket, well my dear that was *merely* more than I could face, because my dear *seven* years is *rather* much, isn't it, so I *missed* my mirror and slipped it into the basket *unshattered*, only of course Mew-mew was *too* nosy about shirking and everything so she *inspected* the fragments and found mine and it all came out and I had to, my dear *too* humbling, and of course what was such *vinegar* was that *there* I was my dear chattering with terror and moony with boredom about the Russian Ballet but all the time *Haddock* was quite *swimming* in the liquid eyes of the Green siren, and my dear having *such* fun that he didn't care *what* he did, my dear mutilating looking-glasses right and left and *dissipating* the salt and utterly bubbling with quotations from Macbeth or something and of course the *solitary* balm was that instead of drinking to people's *good* health and everything it was the done thing to utterly *curse* them, though of ccurse *quite* jocular, so my dear you should have heard me *showering* ill wishes at the Green attractor and *meaning* every word.

Well my dear and so the *ghoulish* meal dragged on, my dear we sang *Three* Blind Mice and lit *three* cigarettes with one match, and said optimistic things without *ever* touching wood, and they brought in a *live* peacock, my dear I don't know how the others felt really, but as for me all the *feasible* misfortunes merely *thronged* in the little brain, and of course you know that *if* you're thirteen it's the first person who gets up perishes or something, well my dear I was *quite* determined that whatever happened it wouldn't be *me*, because my dear there *are* limits, and I think perhaps Mew-mew had the same idea, anyhow *when* she caught the eye of the does we both *began* to get up and then subsided swiftly and looked for lipsticks under the table, with the *result* my dear that the *Green* thing was *quite* the first riser, my dear *too* malignant, but I thought no more of it and after a few *pedantic* unlucky games I tore Haddock away and *speeded* home, *expecting* my dear to find the *house* in flames and the bailiffs *massing* round the ruins, however all was reasonably tranquil, except that all the *dankest* people in London had rung up meanwhile and asked us to dinner, and as a matter-of-fact for a brief space afterwards the gods seemed to really be rather on the Haddock side in one or two ways, and my dear *Mew-mew* says she's backed *nothing* but winners since and *all* her shares have gone to twenty-seven *eighths* or something.

But my dear *what* was my horror, well when I tell you that a few days later Haddock came in with a *churchyard* countenance and said that Mrs. Green had gone into a Home and was



WHAT OUR MUNICIPAL GOLFERS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Orator. "AND WAVING PROUDLY OVERHEAD WE HAVE THE SYMBOL OF LIBERTY—THE RED FLAG!"



Amateur Actor. "HERE, DASH IT! THIS ARMOUR'S TOO TIGHT ROUND THE NECK AND UNDER THE ARM-PITS."
Stage-Manager. "YOU DON'T WANT TO WORRY ABOUT THAT, OLD BOY. JUST WEAR IT ONCE OR TWICE AT REHEARSALS AND YOUR FIGURE WILL SOON ADAPT ITSELF TO IT."

at that moment *discarding* her appendix, my dear *imagine* the condition of the guilty bosom, because of course I saw absolute *visions* of your innocent little Top decorating the dock and suspended from *giblets*, because I was *quite* satisfied she'd have peritonitis or blacken my life by dying under the dope, and of course the *savage* thing was that we couldn't *approach* the creature for two days, my dear I went about *wilting* from policemen and took to reading KEATS in bed, which Mew-mew says is always a bad sign, and of course I *couldn't* tell Haddock about my *acute* conscience-trouble while of course *he* thought it was *too* Christian of me to be so concerned about the witch, my *dear* how I suffered, well the *second* she was visible I bought *all* the grapes in the Metropolis and van-loads of flowers and rushed to the bedside, and my dear *there* she was looking *frail* and enchanting in a *cloud* of hair, but of course heartlessly *well*, my dear no *tubes* or complications or anything and not a sign of slipping starward, however I didn't trust her an inch, because I know the type, my dear I was TOO sure she'd have relapses and quietly *drift* away, so of course *ever* since I've been like a guardian bee about the sacred bed, my dear busy with *books* and *scent* and *sweetmeats*, my dear I rang up twice nightly and I sat with her for *weeks*, *too* jading, because my dear you know what an *advantage* an operation gives a girl particularly if you can look like a tropical *lily* on the pillow, my dear that sort of *luscious* allure like *printed* velvet, and of course those *lavender* eyes, my dear I do *not* blame Haddock a *fraction*, only of course *he* didn't see much of the magnet poor dupe because there were always platoons of men in the queue, however she and I became *too* fraternal and kissed like *bosoms*, only of course *when* she talked about *how* to manage Haddock and everything it was *rather* torment because I had to sit there and merely *beam* at the little afflicted angel while of course utterly *aching* to tear her from the bed and *beat* her, however my dear all's well etc. because she's going home to-day I think, but my dear that's the *last* time *I* play the wanton with superstition and everything or wish the *flimsiest* harm to my foulest enemy. *Later*, O *gosh* darling I've just rung up and what *do* you think, the witch has gone and got *complications* and the temperature's bounding, my dear that's *just* like her, I *know* she'll die on me, my dear I must fly and get a *hundredweight* of grapes, *what* a life farewell now and pity your palping little homicide, TOPSY.

A. P. H.

What Storms Brew.

"To-day's thought: Only those who have weathered the ale can fully appreciate the calm."—*West-Country Paper.*

We have never thought that the Americans appreciated calm sufficiently.

Allegories for Alcoholists.

"FRUIT-EATING DOGS.

When he began operations on the gooseberry bushes he found that the fruit was only to be had at the cost of a lacerated nose."

Daily Paper.

LINES

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING THE PRELIMINARY PASSENGER LIST AND CABIN SCHEME OF ONE OF THE VESSELS DESTINED TO TOUR THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN IN THE SPRING, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE HELLENIC TRAVELLERS' CLUB.

SHIP, that will ultimately take
O'er the blue midland lake
The flower of English pedagogues, the leaders of the Church,
Carry them gently, for my sake,
To islands where ANACREON sang
And the white Cyprian from the foam-flake sprang;
Let no untimely lurch,
No awkward list
Precipitate the body of a Dean,
Misliking all things modernist,
Suddenly into the arms
Of a shrewd-minded latitudinarian beak,
Wan with the waves and bleak,
So that there is a scene
And one assails the other with his fist
And smites him on the cheek.
For fear of such alarms
Let dolphins play about the poop serene,
And the wild waves be whist;
Thetis and all the Nereid nymphs I do bespeak
To exercise their charms.

And if, in passing some Hesperian shore,
O ship, you hear a noise,
A rumour, not so much that Pan is dead,
But that great vision of Democracy,
Wherefrom our soul is fed,
Like other toys
Is trampled underfoot;
That tyrants like the Samian of yore,
And Dionysius, do exert their spell
And get on fairly well
Amongst the famous cities of the free—
May no rude comment underneath this head
Be put
To those who teach the Classics to our boys,
But saved for essays on theology
That everyone so much enjoys
In the wise evening Press!
Let queenly Toleration at the helm
Preside, and sovran Tact be at the prow,
And Reticence be wreathed about the keel,
That no rough controversy overwhelm
Or drive you to the rocks.
Let Suavity and Meekness with smooth brow
And mild Diplomacy with ordered locks
Sit down to every meal.

Yet none the less, O ship,
Although no horrid bruit
Of tempest be upon the halcyon waves,
Not mine, not mine
To tempt the unknown waters dark as wine
(Where Jason had such shaves),
Lest I should have the lip
To open some dispute.
Strong oak is his, and triply bound
His heart with bronze, I think,
Who dares to book
His passage, at a price of fifty pound,
Or seventy, if you please,
Merely to have a look
At Knossos and the distant Cyclades,
And Athens violet-crowned,
Or sip the Castalian brink
With heroes such as these,
Well skilled to hold with quantities of ink
The last polemic view
On where the Tomb of Agamemnon rests,
Yet nursing deeper passions in their breasts
On certain far more tantalizing quests
That Hellas never knew.
Barque, when I see them sailing thus along,
Lured by the siren song
Of Politics, Theology, ay, even Drink
(As well as classic stuff),
To cut up pretty rough,
Leaving perchance the Mycenæan urns
To go it fairly strong
On birth-rates and on similar concerns,
I pray you guard them well, that black-robed throng,
And keep them in the pink! EVOE.

LE RUGBY.

As Mr. Punch reminded us the other day, the French have in recent years become a great sporting nation. *Le rugby, le tennis, le "cross,"* and above all *le cyclisme*, bear witness to this; while they themselves (at least in their comic papers) proudly point to France's outstanding success in the last Olympic games, the winning of the Marathon by the Frenchman EL OUAFI.

Le rugby, however, is perhaps the game to which they have taken with most enthusiasm, the reason no doubt being that Rugby, as a game, offers more scope to a nation of enthusiastic temperament than, say, cross-country running. Particularly is this so in the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees, where enthusiasm *is* enthusiasm and the most passionate Twickenham fervours would seem like a guarded expression of qualified approval.

For instance, reading in my Sunday paper, I see that the Rugby Club of the town of Bages has recently been suspended by the National Federation of France. The cause of the suspension is not, as it might be in England, the surreptitious inclusion in the team of a player from another club, or some similar crime. No, the Bages Rugby Club was penalised for simple enthusiasm. It is true that the enthusiasm took the form of stabbing the referee in the back at the conclusion of the match, an ebullition of spirits due no doubt to the effect of a close game upon a gentleman of excessive temperamental ardour; but it is none the less to be deplored; more especially as it is on record that the landlord of the local inn, in a masterly and sobering speech made from his balcony, had, while begging the crowd to kill the official if they liked, definitely requested them not to do it on his premises. The subsequent expression of disapproval of the referee's decision, though not fatal, was therefore a little reprehensible, but should not have been followed by so harsh a punishment as suspension of the whole club. Indeed, the club secretary, in a very able defence, pointed out that slight disturbances of this kind were a familiar feature of all matches played in the district, but was unable even so to avert penalisation.

Being interested myself in the progress of the great game of Rugby throughout the world, I have obtained from a French reporter his account, written for the local paper, of that historical game between Bages and Lustin-le-sec and reproduce it here in case others are similarly interested. Since, as he explains, he possesses a small French-English dictionary, he has done me the honour of translating it himself for the benefit of those readers of *Punch* whose knowledge of French may be a trifle hazy. I should add that he is a Bageois himself, and, while doing his best to give an impartial description, has at times let his Southern enthusiasm run away with him, notably at a point in the second half, when I gather that he stopped reporting for twenty minutes to assist in a small and impromptu brick-throwing contest.

"R. C. BAGEOIS—C. A. LUSTINAIS.

"The party, Rugby-Club Bageois contrary to Club Athletic Lustinais, commenced itself of a speed unbelievable. The noble Bageois hurled themselves everywhere, frustrating all the attempts of the Lustinais to penetrate their behind lines. The affair marched awhile in equilibrium. Then after a quarter of an hour the brave rugbymen bageois seized themselves of the balloon and an essay marvellous was marked by the half-of-overture. Alas, the pig of an arbiter would not grant it; instead there found itself a mix-up at five metres. One sees clearly that the arbiter likes not the brave locals.

"Soon after the crew lustinais rushes out of a mix-up with its befores, and traverses, in effect, our white line. Easy to perceive that no essay is there. Yet the arbiter unjust—specimen of a blind one—whistles a blow and an essay



Old Lady (to district health-visitor). "I SEE YOU A-COMING, MISS, SO I OPENED THE WINDERS TO LET THE VITIMINS IN."

truly false is marked to those damp hens of visitors. Happily no transformation results.

"There are some minutes and, thanks to the saints, our gallant half-of-mix-up feigns with skill and pierces the line of enemy three-quarters and escapes himself rapidly towards the end. Only the behind hostile opposes himself, but without success. Though our noble player is arrested he transmits before falling, and an essay brilliant is marked, which is immediately transformed into an end.

"The blow of the whistle sounds itself for the half-time of the party, and we have happily possessed ourselves of the commandment.

"The repose finished, our rugbymen precipitate themselves at the balloon immediately upon its blow of sending, and with superior dribblings put themselves to a swift advance. The opposings also fling themselves upon the oval, but cannot arrest the locals. Onward pour our befores irresistible; one is not able to dispute the advance; the three-quarters lustinais are upset; only the frightened behind remains. And then the sacred dog of an arbiter presents the crew lustinais with a blow frank. What horror! Why? one asks everywhere.

The assistants protest . . .

(Interval for brick-throwing.)

". . . but of no avail. The balloon receives its blow frank, and in spite of our efforts an end achieves itself.

"No more can be done. Some minutes remain, but soon one hears the blow of whistle final and the party is finished. The lustinais are falsely the conquerors. One rushes on to the tract with cries of 'To stocking the arbiter!' . . ."

A. A.

"The annual speeches followed the dinner, which was a great success."—*Scots Paper.* This is usually found to be the best sequence.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

HAZARDS AT JIN-JA.

THERE is a golf-course in Uganda that has suddenly acquired fame. St. Andrews we know; Hoylake we have heard of; but Jin-Ja is believed to be the only course where there is a local rule allowing a ball to be lifted and dropped without penalty if found in the footprint of a hippopotamus. This is the more remarkable because the hippopotamus is a damp beast for choice. When he comes on shore he likes marshy ground where he can eat rice that doesn't belong to him, and wallow; and soil of that kind, however good for rice and hippopotami, is no place for golf. There must be a fair number of him about too, as the casual visit of an individual would not make a rule necessary.

Probably the course is on high ground, clear of the river where he dwells, and he has taken to golf because he likes it. No doubt it began from an animal one day taking a stroll up there to have a look at the view. He came on some men engaged in mysterious rites. They amused him, and he went home and told his friends, who came out to see the fun for themselves. The practice grew, and they are now familiar spectators. Thus the hippopotamus is to-day as much a feature of the course as his footprints are, and, if the presence of the golfer has brought a new interest into his life, his own bulky person has done the same good turn to the golfer.

He certainly ought to liven things up. Down the fairway, broadside on and rapt in contemplation, he should make a fine carry. If one went for it with a straight-faced iron and, instead of bringing it off, landed him one, he is a tough beast and probably wouldn't budge. The ball would be pretty sure to drop about where it hit him—no one could call him elastic—and, as he is a mixture of timidity and ferocity, the one setting up the other, the next stroke would be a matter of some delicacy. Even if, by another local rule, one could lift and drop within two clubs' length of the obstacle, some one would have to do it. Personally I should send my caddie. But would he go, the coward?

Much the same difficulty would arise if you went off the pretty and found him reclining pensively at or near the spot where your ball had got to. It would add a new problem to the rough. There would be awkwardness, too, if, like other fat-headed spectators, he had a trick of standing near the green to watch the approach-shots. He has an enormous smile and a way of holding it wide open.

A well-lofted ball might easily land in his gape, and stop there. What to do? It wouldn't be out of bounds and it wouldn't be lost. Sterling golfers who take the game seriously would, rather than chuck the hole, think nothing of balancing themselves on his nose, working their nails well in for a firm foothold, and hacking the ball out of his teeth with a niblick. My opponent could have the hole for me.

Add to all this that as a hazard he is not only large but movable and likely to turn up at any moment in any place, and it is pretty clear that a course popular among hippopotami would at any rate have plenty of day-to-day variety about it.

An interesting question that rises out of the hippopotamus is, what about other members of the menagerie who find themselves on a course, not because the game interests them, but because it 's their natural pitch. For example, show me trees and I invariably slice or hook bang into the deep middle of them. That 's all very well, but suppose I arrived there to play my next and found a whacking great gorilla looking at me. It would almost certainly put me off my stroke.

Rhinoceroses too. One could hardly imagine a blundering great fool of a rhinoceros deliberately visiting a course to watch golf, but he might turn up on his own affairs; a beast of strong prejudices and blind activity, one or two of him could hold up the entire circulation. If I saw a rhinoceros in front I should at once lose my ball and wave the next lot through. And there are lions and things.

Crocodiles in the burn wouldn't so much matter. One would play another ball and send in one's caddie to fetch the one in the water.

The R. and A. is a conservative body, but I wonder how this sort of innovation appeals to them. It would add character to our courses. One wouldn't have the land infested by wild beasts for the convenience of golfers, but the hippopotamus, which is comparatively harmless and seems to like golf, has claims as a moving hazard. The only fear is that the local children would feed them on buns till they ceased to be movable.

I have hinted that I am against rhinoceroses. There remain bisons. They would supply a long-felt need, a handicap between the tiger and the rabbit. Put Mr. TOLLEY in a red jacket and make him carry a red brolly, with a bison or two about, and, given a cry that attracts bisons, I 'm hanged if I wouldn't have a go at him myself. A bison, if I may say so, would give him Jin-Ja.

DUM-DUM.



"YOU MODERNS DON'T SHOW ENOUGH IMAGINATION IN YOUR WORK."
"OH, I DON'T KNOW. I HAVE A FRIEND WHO DOES THE ILLUSTRATIONS FOR SEED-PACKETS."

The Art and Craft of Beauty.

"WANTED. Tradesman for glueing up bulbous legs; must be experienced hand at making and spokeshaving Queen Ann legs."
Liverpool Paper.

Georgian legs need no spokeshave.

Philosophy For Pedestrians.

"He trembled to think of what might happen if one of the buses skidded one day; anyone passing would not have the slightest chance. In any case, no harm would be done."
Local Paper.

After all, either one is or one isn't.

"Liverpool gets about; London does not alwyas have evreything its own wya; sometimes it is glad to wlecome Liverpool effort—in radio as in other things."
Liverpool Paper.

Type-setting, for one.

THE TRIALS OF AN INTERVIEWER.

THE LADY-NOVELIST WITH A HOBBY.



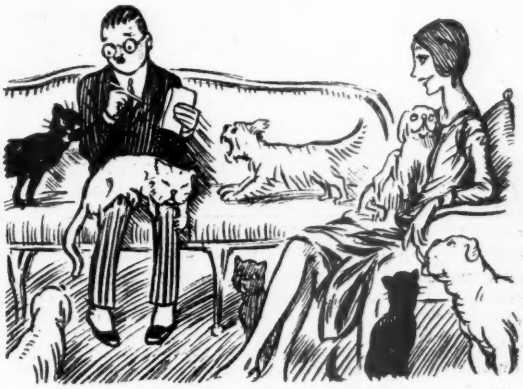
"YOU NEEDN'T BE FRIGHTENED, SIR; THEY VERY RARELY BITE."



"I HOPE THIS ISN'T ONE OF THE RARE OCCASIONS."



"DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THE FAMILY.



"NOW WE ARE ALL COMFORTABLE, I SUPPOSE YOU WANT ME TO TALK ABOUT MY BOOKS.



"BEFORE YOU GO YOU MUST MEET JACKO.



"AND LASTLY—" "NOT *ANOTHER!*"
—"MY HUSBAND."



Client. "MY WIFE AND I GOT ON SPLENDIDLY FOR FIVE YEARS."
Solicitor. "AH! WHAT HAPPENED THEN?"
Client. "SHE CAME BACK."

THE ELEVATION OF MAN.

[A correspondent of *The Daily News and Westminster Gazette*, writing from the Union Society, Cambridge, pleads for the adoption of high heels by men, as far more comfortable than ordinary men's shoes. He states that a girl-friend of his often accompanies him on long tramps of from fifteen to twenty miles with three-inch heels, and without suffering any fatigue or strain.]

MOST of the ready writers who contribute to the Press,
Mere petulant reciters of a fanciful distress,
Seldom arrest attention; but one at least may plead
For honourable mention with a most suggestive screed.

The subject that engages his pen is duly set
Forth in the sober pages of *The Daily West. Gazette*,
Wherein a son of Granta shows by conclusive proof
How the new Atalanta has winged the human hoof.

The cure for all foot-sorrows is not in soles or vamps,
The remedy he borrows from the partner in his tramps,
And the cause of her enjoyment as a walker, he reveals,
Is her sensible employment of a pair of three-inch heels.

O youths who burn with blisters when far on foot you fare
Take pattern from your sisters in shoeing Shanks his mare;
Relief from cramps and pinches is certain to be found
In boots with heels three-inches at least above the ground.

Reactionary vandals who flout the rules of Mode
May trudge in flimsy sandals along the dusty road,
But modern Eves, elastic and supple as *Jim Crow*,
Achieve the high fantastic on heel as well as toe.

Let hygienic highbrows in supercilious vein
Erect their scornful eyebrows and register disdain;
She who commands and chooses, She who must be obeyed
Resistlessly refuses to be a plantigrade.

MILTON, for ever famous, three hundred years ago
Described the reverend Camus in rhyme as "footing slow";
But in those distant ages the gods of streams and rills
Were naiads, nymphs or sages, not spring-heeled Jacks or Jills.

So should the bard revisit the glimpses of the moon
And ask of youth, "Why is it that Cambridge wears these shoon?"
They 'd say, "Why antedate her? This is not Cambridge, this
Is our new *Alma Mater*, High Heliopolis."

A Career for the Caustic.

"Working Foreman Slater at liberty; fast."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

We are asked to add that he never repeats himself.

"WANTED a bright, nicely furnished room with breakfast between Queen's Road and Lancaster-gate."—*Daily Paper.*

Nothing is said about a bath (h. and c.) in the Round Pond.

"If—as I did yesterday—you saw a pleasant broad-faced young man of about thirty-two years of age with a fair moustache, a dark blue suit and a pretty wife you would have to look carefully at his steady blue eyes, set rather wide apart, to appreciate the fact that he was awarded the Victoria Cross during the War."—*Gossip-Writer in Daily Paper.*

And you have to look carefully at the back of his neck to appreciate the fact that his brother lives in Shropshire.

THE DOLLS' HOSPITAL.

Mr. Edward has had a very full life. It is now thirty-five years since he and I joined company on my third birthday, when he, I believe, was rather younger than I. Even in his babyhood there was that in his eye which magnetised old and young and drew them instantly within the ever-widening circle of his friends. And as we grew up together, I to manhood and he to bearhood, he became an institution in my family, credited with infallible sapience and the recipient of many telegrams of congratulation on his birthday. If ever a ticklish thing had to be said in the family council it was invariably Mr. Edward who said it, and, bowing to his audience, punctuated his remarks with a courteous growl in his rich bass voice.

Lately Mr. Edward has begun to look his age. Though his eyes retain their jet brilliance the fur is noticeably thinner on his temples and he walks with a decided list. Nor is that all; for Mr. Edward recently lost his voice. We had seen the trouble coming. His pronouncements became fewer, obviously more painful, and then one day, to our horror, it was observed that, though Mr. Edward was bowing, no growl came; only somewhere within him something rattled indigestibly.

There was real tragedy in his affliction. For not long ago he had brought under his sway Janet, my small niece, to whose especial care he was made over. In spite of the discrepancy in their ages a violent flirtation ensued; and at the height of the affair Mr. Edward, to his evident embarrassment, became speechless.

Janet came to me and broke the news.

"Poor Mr. Edward," she said. "I'm sure he feels it *tewibly*, Uncle Bill."

"I know, old lady," I murmured. "It's awful hard luck on him. Can't he say anything at all?"

"Nuffing," said Janet hopelessly. "I've made him bow every way and all that happens is a *dwedful* noise in his tummy. It must hurt like anything."

We looked sorrowfully at each other. Then a sudden gleam came into Janet's eyes.

"I say, Uncle Bill, couldn't he have an operation, like Mummy had on *her* voice? Why shouldn't he?"

"Well, I declare," I cried, "I believe you've got it. He *shall*."

And Janet and I executed a solemn fandango together.

Next morning saw the three of us entering what I believe is called the "dolls' hospital" of a toy-shop, hand-in-hand, Mr. Edward rather sceptically, I shyly, Janet without a trace of embarrassment.



Fair Guest. "DO YOU KNOW TSCHAIKOVSKY'S PATHETIC SYMPHONY?"
Plebeian Host. "NOT SURE; 'UM IT."

"Is this the nursing-home?" she inquired of the doctor in brazen tones.

"Oh, yes. Nothing seriously wrong with the patient, I hope?"

He was a large man and kindly. I felt more at ease.

"It's his voice," Janet explained. "He used to give a lovely gwowl when he bowed, but now—you listen!"

Mr. Edward inclined himself politely and a ghastly sound as of distant mangling came from his interior.

The doctor looked grave.

"Only just in time," he remarked. "He's in a bad way. It's an awkward operation, but he looks a strong gentleman and I've no doubt he'll be all right. You leave him to me, Miss."

Janet gave Mr. Edward a last hug and, leaving instructions that it should be a "weal gwowl," we left.

* * * * *

Mr. Edward has just returned from the nursing-home and is closeted in the next room with Janet. Even though the partition doors are shut I can hear that the cure is complete. He has added a knowing chuckle to his repertoire which is very fetching.

BEECH-TREE.

BEECH, Beech, my Fairy Queen Tree,
She's bonny to behold;
In April she's a green tree,
In Autumn she's a gold;
But green—oh greenleaf shady!
And gold—oh goldenness!
They're not my lovely Lady
But just her pretty dress.

And, "*That* for fine adorning
And green and golden pelf!"
Said I, said I this morning,
Said I, who saw herself,
Herself. Dark wind, dark sky had
Done off her queenly case
And left each bough a Dryad
And every twig a Grace. P. R. C.

Reprisals in Australia.

"GREAT ORATION FOR HAMMOND."
Evening Paper.



Visitor. "DON'T YOU SOMETIMES WISH YOU HAD SOME BROTHERS AND SISTERS TO PLAY WITH, SEBASTIAN?"
Dreadful only Child. "ON THE CONTRARY, I HEARTILY ENDORSE THE DICTUM THAT THE FAMILY IS THE ENEMY OF THE INDIVIDUAL."

The King and American Sympathy.

IN his comments on the policy of the United States Mr. Punch has from time to time allowed himself to indulge in the candour which is permissible between cousins; and he would now like to say, with no less candour, that, in common with all the KING'S subjects, he has been deeply moved by the wide sympathy which Americans of all classes have extended to HIS MAJESTY and to England in these anxious days. Mr. Punch has differed, and may continue to differ, from America on the question of the right way of Disarmament, but he gratefully acknowledges that there can be no difference of opinion as to the disarming influence of this sympathy.

THE BRASS LADY.

WIDE wings unfurled about her narrow face,
Long fingers joined and elbows outward thrust,
A brazen image marks her resting-place
In else-forgotten dust.

Happier is she than her evanished knight,
Turned into shot by Ironside troopers grim;
An inexpressive outline on her right
Is all there is of *him*.

But she, proud-pranked in her heraldic dress,
Whose glories time doth not obliterate,
Where golden lioncels still ramp *in fess*,
Maintains her old estate.

She looks oblivious of her infant train
Ranged like Pan's pipes in a symmetric row;
Nor does it seem that ever joy or pain
Could melt that mood of snow.

Yet she whose image and attire these be
Once saw those kneeling babies run and dance,
Once saw her knight ride southward to the sea,
Once waked for news from France.

Blithe news would bring swift orders to her lips;
She would speak of hypocras and galingale
Almost before KING HARRY'S golden ships
Hoisted a homeward sail.

And, when word came that her good knight drew nigh,
Those wide lawn wings, so rigid in repose,
Would thrill and waver like some butterfly
New lighted on a rose. D. M. S.

Provincial Fashions for Ladies.

"Mrs. ——'s smart coat of navy corded silk was worn beneath a frock of Lido blue crepe-de-chine."—*Local Paper.*

W. S. Gilbert Confirmed.

"The lady was very frightened, and I soon put her at her ease. Although I am a gurglar I hope I am still a man."—*Indian Paper.*

"At a recent fire in the South of Scotland (according to a local paper), 24 hens, a ton of coals, a gig, and a quantity of potatoes were burned alive."—*Scottish Paper.*

The last struggles of a gig must be a very moving sight.



THE HAPPY DESPATCH.

SHADE OF MR. BUMBLE (*to Poor-Law Guardian*). "SO IT'S *YOUR* TURN TO BE ABOLISHED, IS IT?"
MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. "NO, NO; ONLY TRANSLATED."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

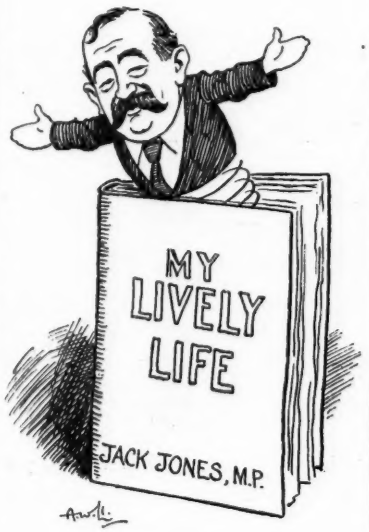
Monday, November 26th.—Two-and-a-half-hour speeches are the prerogatives of Chancellors of the Exchequer, but Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, in unfolding his mammoth Local Government Bill, not only kept going for that time but held the close attention of a full House from beginning to end. The only thing that did not hold out was the Minister's voice, normally so efficient an instrument. In this respect Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is no match for his fellow-Minister, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, whose voice never tires, but who has not, even at his best, the smooth sonority of the MINISTER OF HEALTH.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN promised the House to be intelligent rather than entertaining. Mr. GREENWOOD, who moved the Labour Amendment, congratulated the Minister on being lucid rather than convincing. Mr. DUNNICO, seconding the Amendment, congratulated him on having compiled the "Textbook of the Tory Promised Land," which, he said, "put the Book of Exodus in the shade," a reference possibly called for by the unanimity with which an exodus of tea-seeking Members had left the debate temporarily in the shade.

Mr. BROWN, the Liberal spokesman, envisaged the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER as MOSES and congratulated him on having an AARON and a HUR of such marked ability to hold up his arms in the struggle with the Amalekites. He also appeared to find evidence of the fine Italian hand of a sinister bureaucracy in the Bill, in which, he said, were a hundred-and-thirty-four references to orders made by the Minister, schemes prepared for his sanction, directions that he must make or regulations that he might draw up.

The debate continued swaying to and fro, the SPEAKER for once having to let his official eye rove over the Conservative as well as Opposition benches, Sir FRANK MEYER dogging the heels of Mr. SCURR, and Sir HENRY SLESSER, looking none the worse for his recent encounter with Lord BIRKENHEAD, being followed to the conclusion of the day's debate by Lieut.-Colonel FREMANTLE.

There was meat and to spare for all the debaters to get their teeth into, but small occasion for comic relief. Mr. BROWN did indeed essay an anecdote, and Mr. JACK JONES, still in pursuit of the "lively life," contrived to bring off a mirth-provoking interjection. The nearest approach the Minister made to a pleasantry was his description of a certain Poor Law institution (selected at random), which, he said, was found to contain seven acutely sick persons, fifty-five infirm and senile, six epileptics, eight certified lunatics, eighteen certified mental deficients, nine uncertified mental deficients, one able-bodied man and three healthy infants.



JACK-IN-THE-BOOK.
MR. JACK JONES.

Tuesday, November 27th.—Lord CRAWFORD introduced a Bill for the registration of architects. He saw a lot of very ugly buildings going up everywhere and the profession needed to be better educated. It was not suggested that the Bill would make great architects, but it would raise the standard, as it has been raised in other professions where registration has been adopted.



LADY SUSAN MACBETH.
"Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers!"

It was surprising, after this obvious dig at the creators of the new Regent Street, to hear the Noble Lord say that the profession supported his measure. Lord DESBOROUGH said the Government would leave it to their Lordships, but doubted if the measure would get through the Commons, where there was no great enthusiasm for it. After all, the worst an architect can do is to forget to put in the stairs in your new house or put a neo-Mycenæan roof on the Renaissance garage, which isn't a fraction of the damage an unskilled doctor or dentist or lawyer can do—or a skilled one either.

To-day was in a sense Lady Day in the Commons. Not only did Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE deliver the longest speech—it lasted fifty minutes—ever made by a lady Member and quite the outstanding stroke of the Labour attack on the Local Government Bill, but Miss WILKINSON managed to get off what was undoubtedly the prize sally of this session and perhaps of the last three. Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS had explained that the mechanized force trained last year on Salisbury Plain had been disbanded, giving rise to two new groups, one at Aldershot and one in the Southern Command. "May I ask the right hon. Member," inquired Miss ELLEN demurely, "if these mechanized forces are being used in the retreat from Colchester?"

Mr. ERSKINE asked the PRIME MINISTER if he could make a pronouncement in regard to the date of the General Election, seeing that uncertainty was an adverse factor to trade generally. The PRIME MINISTER could add nothing to previous statements, but Mr. AUSTIN HOPKINSON suggested that it was not uncertainty as to the date but uncertainty as to the result that was the disturbing factor.

A number of Questions dealing with the provision of wireless apparatus on merchant ships elicited from Mr. J. H. THOMAS the tragic fact that, if the American s.s. *Montoso* had been fitted with wireless, as under British regulations she would have been, she could easily have reached the *Vestris* in time to rescue all on board.

The *pièce d'irrésistance* of the continued debate on the Local Government Bill was a one-Act laughter-raiser by Colonel JOSH WEDGWOOD, entitled *What Every Landlord Knows*, with the author in the part of the Rapacious Landlord. The book of the words ran something like this:—

Josh. A wicked landlord I!
I own a farm: several, in fact.
Chorus of Indignant Socialists. O fie!

Josh. One hundred pounds per annum is the rent
That I extract, but now the Government
Mean to remit the rates—some sixteen pound,
Which I shall promptly pocket.
Ch. of I. S. Greedy hound!
Josh. My tenant has no reason to complain;
What he paid last year he will pay again;
But, if to buy the farm and make it his'n
He seeks, of course he 'll find the price has risen.
Thus Tory Governments aid the owning classes,
For which I thank them.
Ch. of I. S. Tyrants! Robbers! Asses!

Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE, as I have said, made a record woman's speech to the House and incidentally the main Opposition speech on the Second Reading. The MINISTER OF HEALTH'S de-rating figures, tables, schedules, clauses, formulas, percentages and averages had no terrors for her. She took them apart and derisively demonstrated that they wouldn't go. She denounced their genesis. When the factors wouldn't add up right some bright young man in the Ministry had suggested multiplying them. Even then they didn't work out exactly, so the Government would contribute something to make up the difference. Miss LAWRENCE gurgled triumphantly whenever she got one home on her adversary, at the same time reaching out at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with gestures which seemed to suggest that she was skinning him alive and on the whole rather enjoying it.

Brigadier-General WRIGHT, in a maiden speech, thanked the Government for the Bill on behalf of the embattled farmers of Tavistock. Sir H. CAUTLEY complained that the SPEAKER'S eye was glued to a written list of speakers, instead of rolling invitingly round the House and focussing itself in due course on Sir H. CAUTLEY.

Mr. JOHN, who represents Rhondda, look you, has discovered that Welsh applicants for jobs in the London telephone service are warned that a marked Welsh accent may render them unsuitable for such employment. Boiling with indignation, he demanded to know why, and the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S explanation, that the warning was given to save applicants needless expense and was in no sense a refusal to consider their applications, failed to pacify him. Was not the POSTMASTER GENERAL aware, demanded Mr. JOHN, that Welsh is a phonetic language? Phonetic, perhaps, but not, it would seem, telephonetic.



"Though slighted and scorned by the proud and the strong,
The story of Cambria still charms us in song."

"Is the right honourable gentleman aware that Welsh is a phonetic language, and that Welsh people articulate the English language much more clearly than even the English people themselves?"
MR. W. JOHN.

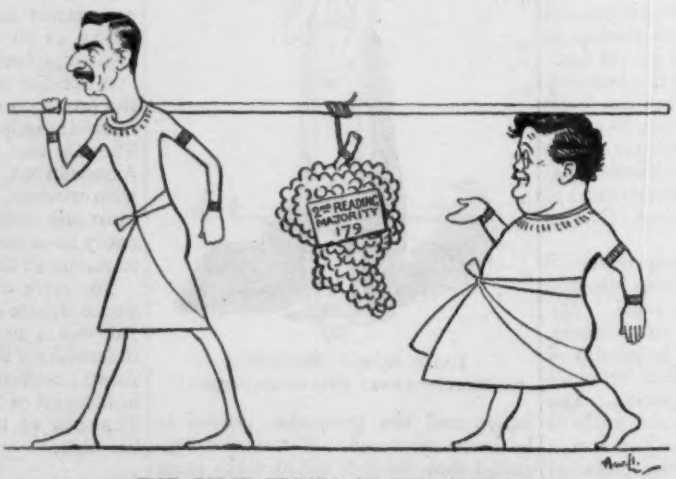
Wednesday, November 28th.—Lord LAMINGTON had a day all to himself to-day. First he asked what the Government were doing to protect the public from falling aeroplanes, and learned from the Duke of SUTHERLAND that a tame aeroplane falls into the same legal category as fire, water, wild beasts and stenches—the man who keeps one pays for the damage it does, whether he is negligent or not.

In the Commons the appearance of Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, in the pink of health and stepping like a two-year-old, was the occasion for a general demonstration of welcome. Sir AUSTEN has returned from his travels a new man, but, if he will permit Mr. Punch to give him a word of advice, he will hereafter more frequently temper the heats of the international arena with the less exacting pursuit of Alpine flora.

The Local Government Bill got its Second Reading by a handsome majority after a third day's debate, but first it had the pleasure of listening to Mr. SIDNEY WEBB, not just the old SIDNEY WEBB, the heavy Fabian doctrinaire, but a sprightly SIDNEY WEBB, who joked about increasing employment in the coffin trade and declared that the golden rain from the CHANCELLOR'S derated heaven would fall upon the just and also on the unjust fella, but chiefly on the unjust employing classes.

Thursday, November 29th.—Sir ROBERT THOMAS is apprehensive that the builders will soon be walking on all the London squares, and besought the Government to shout out "Bears!" in the form of a brief enactment prohibiting their sale. The MINISTER OF HEALTH intimated that the Government would be far too busy shouting out Local Government Bill and Estimates and things.

Financial Resolutions do not resolve very much, but the one moved to-day by Sir KINGSLEY WOOD in connection with the Local Government Bill enabled Mr. SNOWDEN to resolve once more to see no merit and a great deal of the other thing in the Government's majestic measure. His main argument was that the ratepayer was by common admission paying for a good deal that should be properly charged to the taxpayer. The Bill, so far from redressing this grievance, put still further burdens on the ratepayer and from three to five million pounds into the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S pocket, one-fifth of all the remitted rates of industry being henceforward payable as income-tax. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN ardently defended his formula but expressed his willingness to reconsider aspects of it in Committee.



THE FIRST FRUITS OF THE SESSION.
MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN AND SIR KINGSLEY WOOD.



THE RETURN OF EROS TO PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

HOW THE EXCAVATORS OUGHT TO CELEBRATE IT.

THE FASTING MEN.

"I'VE invented a lovely new game," said Anthony, "for Fat Blokes. Far more fun than golf, and far better for their physique and the general prosperity of the nation."

"It's been done before," I said. "They skip in the office. The typist keeps count."

"This is better," said Anthony. "It's a Score Card Banting Competition. They see who can return the lowest total of food bills for the week. Every meal to be eaten at a restaurant or a club."

"With markers?"

"Obviously. Otherwise they might nibble bits off a friend's plate. Each man would nominate a friend as marker for the other, and this man would have to put his signature at the foot of all the bills."

I thought about this for a while.

"*And* drink?" I asked after a pause.

"*And* drink," said Anthony. "There is a great deal of nourishment in malt."

I thought again.

"No good," I told him. "They would eat between meals."

"They are put on their honour," replied Anthony with simple dignity, "as English gentlemen not to swizzle or tell buster crams."

"There is no honour where food is concerned, Anthony. These fellows would be popping into sandwich-bars and stuffing themselves in tuck-shops the whole day long."

"You might just as well say they would move their ball or miscount their strokes in a golf competition."

"Anyhow," I said, "they would stand at street corners and look pitiful until people gave them hunks of food."

"The kind of men I am talking about," said Anthony with a touch of irritation, "are upright men of position, responsible leaders of society, with years of integrity behind them."

"Integrity and heavy meals. You forget that. What is more, there is an infinite number of ways of getting food in this country without paying for it. They might point suddenly with a yell to a supposed street accident and then pinch a banana off a fruit-barrow or a handful of hot chestnuts from a stall."

"Really," said Anthony, "you nauseate me!"

My imagination, however, was by this time thoroughly aroused.

"In a road near where I live," I continued, "there are often great wodges of bread thrown out into the street, either for the pigeons and the sparrows or else because people have no use for them in the home. These dignified City men of yours would be prodding them up with the points of their umbrellas and eating them in no time after their light lunch. What *would* they be lunching on, by the way?"

"That's one of the most interesting problems, to my mind. What is the cheapest meal you can eat with a medal or a hundred-pound purse for the lowest week's food-bill at stake?"

"Herrings," I said firmly.

"I think not," replied Anthony with hauteur. "Baked beans."

I winced.

"You really see these two men of integrity and position," I said, "Sir John Smith and Sir George Brown, calmly going into their club and ordering baked beans day after day for a week?"

"Certainly. Or it might be a suet-and-jam roll. Suet-and-jam roll on Wednesdays and Fridays, I think."

"What sort of total do you think they would return?"

"I average them at between fivepence and sixpence a meal. Say a dozen tins of baked beans at fivepence-halfpenny a tin, four jam rolls, seven cups of coffee (for breakfast, you know), and seven rolls of wholemeal bread. No tea, of course. Full round roughly ten bob."

Once more imagination failed me. "Call

it a thousand-pound purse," I said mercifully, "or a gold cup."

"Just as you like," agreed Anthony. "But they could vary the diet, you know. Nothing at all maybe on Monday and two tins of baked beans for lunch on Tuesday."

"Oh, spare me!" I entreated. "And besides there's another thing. How could you prevent their servants or wives and daughters putting food into their rooms when they went to bed?"

"One would suppose from the way you talk that simple manly rectitude had vanished from the world," said Anthony petulantly. "Of course if they couldn't trust each other the markers would have to walk about with them the whole day long, and search their pockets at night, lock them up in their bedrooms and let them out in the morning."

"I feel certain that that would be the best course," I insisted. "Even then they might catch a mouse in the night and fry it over a gas-ring."

"As far as that goes," retorted Anthony, "they might lime the window-sills for birds. You seem to think we are dealing with two criminal lunatics instead of a pair of company directors, possibly churchwardens, with the interests of the nation at their hearts. No English sportsman and gentleman would eat mice or birds during the night in order to be able to forgo baked beans in the morning, and dishonestly triumph over his adversary in a game of skill."

"What about staying in bed and sleeping all the time?" I suggested. "And what about chewing wood? There must be a lot of nourishment in wood-fibre if you chew it sufficiently hard. Still more in boots."

Anthony betrayed symptoms of exasperation.

"You are asking me to believe," he said, "that two bankers or members of the Stock Exchange or peers of the realm would surreptitiously hoodwink each other by chewing boots in office hours in order to compromise a test of endurance on which they had laid a wager. As for staying in bed, it would of course be one of the rules of the competition that they got up and dressed every day."

I reflected once more.

"The winner," I decided at last, "would be the slower eater. By taking, for instance, one bean and masticating it slowly, and then leaving a minute's interval and taking another, one would obtain about twice as much sustenance as by wolfing them in the ordinary way. Would you allow any betting on the course or in the ring?"

"So long as there was no doping I should. Any attempt to flaunt a mutton-chop in the face of one of the entrants with the hope of luring him to exceed his ration of beans would be barred."

"Do they weigh in at the end of the week?" I asked, "or do you reckon on money figures alone?"

"That could be stated in the rules. They could allow a ten-pound rebate in cash for every pound lost in avoirdupois."

"And in case of a dead-heat?"

"The money could be returned by the stake-holders, or go to the hospitals or the Miners' Relief Fund at the Mansion House."

"But supposing," I said, "say, on Tuesday morning Smith deliberately assaulted Brown so as to be put in prison?"

"Brown wouldn't charge him," replied Anthony firmly. "And, besides, prison is barred. All banqueting has to be done at restaurants or clubs."



HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!

Little Girl (who has taken a voluntary off her pony). "DON'T TOUCH ME; I'VE—I'VE RIDDEN AT OLYMPIA!"

"There's one danger you haven't foreseen. Brown or Smith might die."

"Very well. There is peril in flying, in big-game shooting and in every great sport. You don't mean to tell me that the days of hardy adventure in England are dead?"

"But the other chap would be guilty of murder."

"Only manslaughter, I think. And in any case his week's bills would be printed by his executor in his Memoirs. It would be the revival," said Anthony, a sudden glint of fire coming into his eyes, "of the glorious *duello* over again."

And he quoted

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(With acknowledgments where they are due.)

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Green Triangles. By ELLEN STENCIL.
Insatiable. By D. H. TORRENTS.

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Miss Stencil is a somewhat fatigued slayer of domesticities. She is beginning, I am afraid, to weave her patterns with a mechanical air, beginning perhaps to prefer printed fabric to mediæval tapestry. But her skill in coloured geometry continues to wear well. Perspective and tonal gradation are not perhaps to be insisted upon, and certainly not to be discovered in her one-dimensional chromatics; but a tender fragility, not without a certain angular poignancy, is triumphantly achieved. *Green Triangles* is diverting, crisp, elusive, oxalic.

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"OUT OF THE SEA" (STRAND).

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A storm rages. Cries of alarm are heard. The local fisherfolk rush past the open window. It is that sinister giant, *Mark Tregesal*, who has driven his boat upon the rocks and smashed her ribs and his own. His broken body, the breath still in it, is carried in. There is some talk of his wife's having been with him, but no one has seen her. She is haply drowned. Nobody but her old foster-father seems to worry about it.

And then, bone-dry, and not having apparently turned a hair or even displaced a bronze hairpin of the period of WILLIAM THE REDHEADED, there silently enters to the young poet soulfully strumming on the piano a mysterious woman about whom we are for a time in some (but not much) doubt as to whether she is a princess of buried Lyonesse or quite an ordinary young person in waterproof clothing and varnished tresses. She had been found as a child by her foster-father, old *Timbury*, in an open boat, the bronze hairpin her only luggage.

The poet is stricken with first love. The lady is unhappy. Her husband (for she is in fact *Mrs. Tregesal*) is old and cruel, probably mad. The poet will be her champion and, with luck, her lover. Wild and woolly old Cornish husbands of enormous strength are not going to put over any rough stuff on him or his *Isobel*. And meanwhile the loud and angry ghosts of the dead are moaning for blood—though some local rationalists do say that they only moan when the wind comes from a certain very definite point of the compass and blows through holes in the rocky cliffs.

Three weeks pass. The ribs of the sinister giant are mended; the lady out of the sea and the poet are getting along very nicely together in a cave. *Isobel* stands up against the blue and calls to her dancing-sisters in the sea—her sisters dance only when tide meets tide (more rationalism and commonsense). The lovers protest that never have lovers had such rapturous happiness as theirs, but show, it must be confessed, few proofs in support of this statement. Old *Timbury* gives his blessing to the affair, rather untactfully, however, relating the old sad story of *Yseult* and *Tristram* and *Mark*.



A CAT-AND-DOG AFFAIR.

The Husband. "I HAD AN ANCESTOR WHO COULD TURN HIMSELF INTO A CAT TO SPY ON HIS ENEMIES."

The Lover. "WELL, IMITATE HIM. I'M A BIT OF A DOG MYSELF."

Lover and husband have high words and swift exchanges of exasperating taunts. *Tregesal*, as *Logris* reminds his friend, is not one of the modern breed to allow his woman easily to be taken from him. *Tregesal* himself freely lends endorsement to this opinion and indicates in rather crude detail the methods of high-spirited Cornishmen of ancient lineage with reluctant wives. Vain boast! It is *Isobel* who stabs him fatally with the bronze hairpin—no slight feat, and proof enough that they knew how to make hairpins in Lyonesse when RUFUS reigned.

The reaction of the American poet to this event is unexpected. He exhibits not the faintest sign of any apprehension as to the probable consequences of *Isobel's* action to *Isobel*. He is clearly a quitter; and *Isobel*, to show her sense of disappointment, leaps over the cliff to join her sisters dancing in the race below.

The success of this kind of venture depends on whether the author can impress us if only for the passing hour, if only for a few minutes of it, with the sense of mystery and impending doom. I am afraid he did not. I am afraid too that Miss MAUD RISDON did little, beyond looking extremely attractive, to help him. Mr. ALLAN JEAYES did more with his *Tregesal*—a sardonic savage who looked capable of much mischief. Mr. JOHN GIELGUD as *John Marstin* had, one supposes, to be careful throughout not to make his poet too attractive seeing that he was to fail so badly in the end; and the effort took the life out of the poor fish. Miss CLARE GREET struggled amiably with a housekeeper suffering from chronic feyness and permanent incoherence. The scenery was adequate and the storm effects very creditable.

T.



A DULL MORNING AT THE SEASIDE.

The Wife. "NOTHING LEFT TO DO IN THIS PLACE. I'VE KILLED MY HUSBAND AND LOST MY LOVER. I'M OFF" (*jumps into sea*).

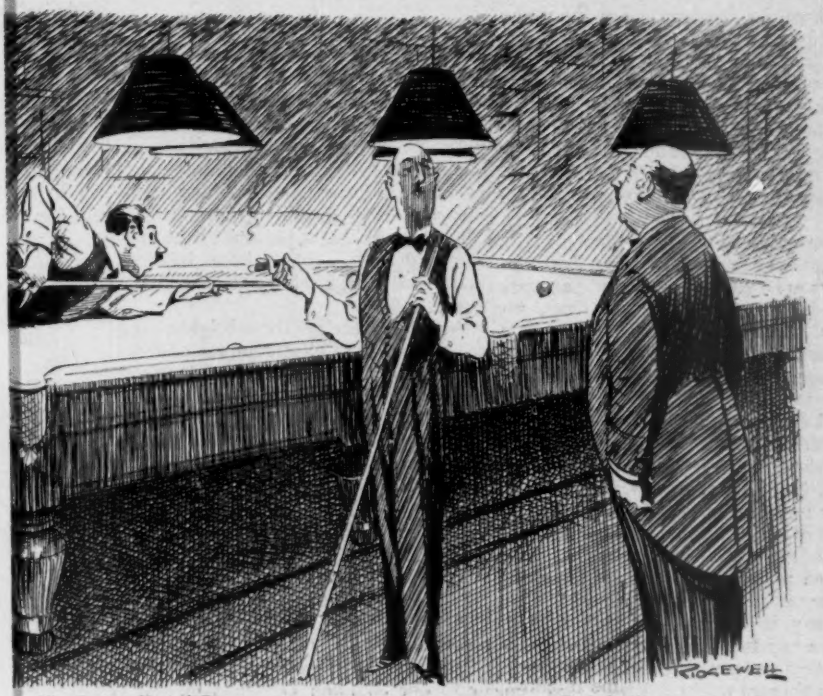
John Marstin . . . . . MR. JOHN GIELGUD.
Isobel Tregesal . . . . . MISS MAUD RISDON.
Mark Tregesal . . . . . MR. ALLAN JEAYES.

"There was a hold-up on the Underground railwaxy between 5 a.m. and 7 a.m. to-day."—*Evening Paper.*

It was enough to make a saint waxy.

Let Mr Punch help you to Select a Christmas Present for your Friend

For details of the Christmas Presentation Scheme see continuation of this sheet



The Perfect Host. "PARKINSON, BRING ONE OR TWO CUSHIONS."

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10. Dancing.
11. Dining.
12. Pubs.
13. Puritans.
14. Cabarets.
15. Concerts.
16. Dog-Racing.
17. Dirt-Tracks.
18. Boxing.
19. Bridge.
20. Political Meetings.
21. Parliament.
22. Clubs.
23. Cocktail-Parties.
24. Billiards.
25. Chess.
26. The Entertainment Tax.
27. Poverty of the Intelligent Classes.
28. Stupidity of the Wealthy Classes.
29. High Rents.
30. Low Brows.
31. Sickness.
32. Strikes.
33. Scarcity of backers.
34. Interference of backers.
35. American competition.
36. British competition.
37. Cost of production.
38. Cost of seats.
39. Monday.
40. Friday.
41. Sunday.
42. The Censor.
43. The Critics.
44. The Actors.
45. The Playwrights.

In spite of these difficulties it is admitted that one or two theatres do still contrive to keep open, and that a few scattered citizens do still attend the play. But about these citizens there hangs a mystery, or rather a cloud of mysteries. That bald-headed man with his wife in the stalls or the pit—why is he there? Was he attracted by the commendation of a critic, and, if so, which? Did he hear of the play from a friend, or read an advertisement of it in the Tube? Does he know the author, or is he in love with the leading lady? Is he a "regular" playgoer, and, if so, how often does he go to the play? When did he go to a theatre last? Does he always go to the same theatre or to the same kind of play? What will he do *after* the play? Where did he dine before it? Does he ever go to the same play twice, and, if so, why? Does he like encores? Does he like legs? Does he want to smoke in the theatre? What does he think of SHAKESPEARE? Has he a favourite actress or actor, and, if so, can this favourite attract him to a play which the critics have said to be bad? Who is his favourite critic? Does he pay any attention to what this critic says? Does he regard the theatre as (*a*) a treat, (*b*) an education or (*c*) a vice? Does he read the humorous columns in the theatre-programmes? Which is

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The su… depends … impress u… if only for … sense of m… I am afra… that Miss …



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The Lover. "Well, imitate him. I'm a bit of a dog myself."



A DULL MORNING AT THE SEASIDE.

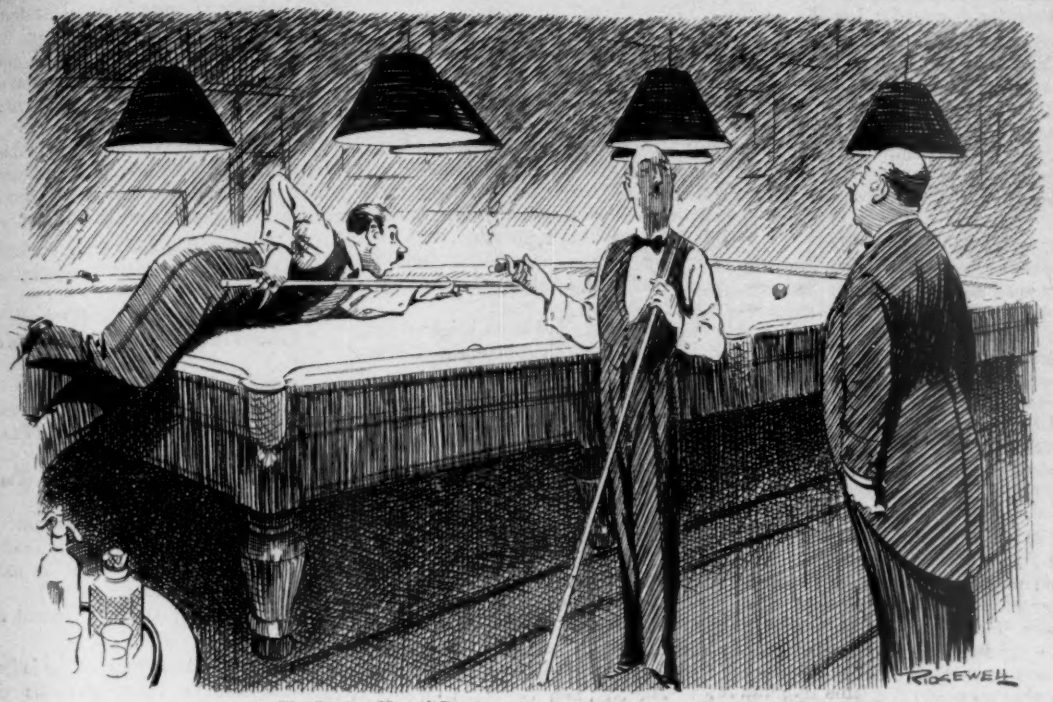
The Wife. "Nothing left to do in this place. I've killed husband and lost my lover. I'm off" (*jumps into sea*).

John Marstin . . . . . Mr. John Gielgud.
Isobel Tregesal . . . . . Miss Maud Risdon.
Mark Tregesal . . . . . Mr. Allan Jeayes.

Give "Punch" this Christmas

For details of the Christmas Presentation Scheme see continuation of this sheet





The Perfect Host. "PARKINSON, BRING ONE OR TWO CUSHIONS."

THEATRE NOTES.

THE MAN IN THE PIT.

THE difficulties of theatrical management are notorious. It has constantly been proved that there is no season of the year which is favourable for the production of a play. In the long winter months people do not want to leave their cosy homes; when spring comes, with Daylight Saving, the people are busy in their gardens or idling on the river; in the hot summer they do not want to be cooped up in a stuffy theatre; in the treacherous autumn months, when the first colds begin, they are afraid of draughts, and then too, having just finished their holiday, are hard up and are settling down to work. Just before a holiday season they are saving up their money, and just after a holiday season they have no money left. During the week they are too tired or busy to go to the theatre, and over the week-end they are out of town.

The principal enemies of the theatre are stated to be:—

1. Very good weather.
2. Very bad weather.
3. General Elections.
4. By-Elections.
5. Municipal Elections.
6. Books.
7. Papers.
8. Films.
9. The Wireless.
10. Dancing.
11. Dining.
12. Pubs.
13. Puritans.
14. Cabarets.
15. Concerts.
16. Dog-Racing.
17. Dirt-Tracks.
18. Boxing.
19. Bridge.
20. Political Meetings.
21. Parliament.
22. Clubs.
23. Cocktail-Parties.
24. Billiards.
25. Chess.
26. The Entertainment Tax.
27. Poverty of the Intelligent Classes.
28. Stupidity of the Wealthy Classes.
29. High Rents.
30. Low Brows.
31. Sickness.
32. Strikes.
33. Scarcity of backers.
34. Interference of backers.
35. American competition.
36. British competition.
37. Cost of production.
38. Cost of seats.
39. Monday.
40. Friday.
41. Sunday.
42. The Censor.
43. The Critics.
44. The Actors.
45. The Playwrights.

In spite of these difficulties it is admitted that one or two theatres do still contrive to keep open, and that a few scattered citizens do still attend the play. But about these citizens there hangs a mystery, or rather a cloud of mysteries. That bald-headed man with his wife in the stalls or the pit—why is he there? Was he attracted by the commendation of a critic, and, if so, which? Did he hear of the play from a friend, or read an advertisement of it in the Tube? Does he know the author, or is he in love with the leading lady? Is he a "regular" playgoer, and, if so, how often does he go to the play? When did he go to a theatre last? Does he always go to the same theatre or to the same kind of play? What will he do *after* the play? Where did he dine before it? Does he ever go to the same play twice, and, if so, why? Does he like encores? Does he like legs? Does he want to smoke in the theatre? What does he think of SHAKESPEARE? Has he a favourite actress or actor, and, if so, can this favourite attract him to a play which the critics have said to be bad? Who is his favourite critic? Does he pay any attention to what this critic says? Does he regard the theatre as (*a*) a treat, (*b*) an education or (*c*) a vice? Does he read the humorous columns in the theatre-programmes? Which is

his favourite theatre? Are there any theatres which he feels he dislikes, and, if so, (*a*) which, and (*b*) why? When he is amused does he laugh out loud or chuckle secretly? Which does he prefer: (*a*) comedy, (*b*) tragedy, (*c*) crook-stuff, (*d*) musical stuff? Does he like long intervals, or short? Does he like (*a*) happy endings, (*b*) plays with a message, (*c*) costume-plays, (*d*) jazz, (*e*) BERNARD SHAW, (*f*) choc'lits?

These questions and a thousand others are discussed wherever managers meet to enjoy their rare and frugal repasts. And if only a few of them could be confidently answered the cares of management would almost melt away. I learn that the leaders of the theatrical world have now decided to adopt the scientific methods commonly used in inquiries concerning the migration of birds, the habits of eels, salmon and other nomadic species. We have all heard of the "ringed" swallow and the marked coin. We are now to have the marked playgoer. So many members of every audience will be "ringed"; that is to say, if they consent, they will be given a registered number and some distinctive sign by which their movements in the theatre world will be noted and recorded, and they will be asked to undergo a brief examination on the lines suggested above. If they refuse, they will be followed home by inquiry-agents and shadowed till they go to the theatre again; and meanwhile the whole of their private lives will come under review, so far as these may be thought to affect their attitude to the drama. And thus at last it is hoped there will be found an exact and scientific answer to the eternal problem, *What*, if anything, is wrong with the theatre? A. P. H.

Things That Might Have Been Expressed More Delicately.

"He referred to the wonderful work the women of the Church were doing. He noticed as the years passed that women were showing more back-bone."—*Local Paper.*

"BURY MISS BRADSHAW AND LOSE FOUR GOALS."

Football Head-line in Sunday Paper.

The loss of four goals should be an adequate gesture of mourning for the demise of Miss B.

"He concentrates that quality which, in Yorkshire, they call 'nous' upon the policy of a sure improvement of the public weal."

Indian Paper.

"Ba Goom!" as SOCRATES used to say.

"Mr. Matheson Lang, who has made a reputation in slightly sinister parts and is a typical 'strong man' of the theatre, confessed to 'bhast'y agonies' before each performance."

Sheffield Paper.

It must have been ghastly for him.

WOT ABAHT IT?

WE Londoners, although some of us hold the Cockney tongue in affection, cannot be said to feel really proud of it. We may say that accents are merely the pronunciation of others; that all accents are equally delightful or deplorable, but at heart we know that, among those forms of English which, according to Mr. BERNARD SHAW, prevent a man from reaching more than three hundred pounds a year, Cockney stands in the front rank.

Now the speech of those bright young exiles from the Celtic confines of these islands who come to take good jobs in London is, on the contrary, an asset to them. They are proud of it; they honour it in those tribal songs which they regularly foregather to sing—the songs which tell their longing to return to the old land (which, of course, never comes off because the folks know the old land too well). And after the singing they plan how to help each other on to better jobs in London.

We Cockneys, on the other hand, never even have "A Night wiv Elbert Chevalier" or meet together to celebrate our common Cockneyism. The speech traditional to the Metropolis never becomes, as it might, the sentimental link of our local patriotism, at present so nebulous and unassertive.

But fortunately a momentous change is impending. Professor DANIEL JONES, the distinguished occupant of the Chair of Phonetics at University College, London, has recently made the following statement in an interview:—

"Cockney is a splendid, an excellent language. It has a good grammar, but no one will trouble to learn it. . . . When people hear the language used they are prone to say it is a deteriorated language. They are wrong. It is a language of its own and something that we have not had before."

(I am glad, by the way, that the honour of making a pronouncement fraught with such possibilities for Cockaigne has fallen to Professor JONES. For I have learnt to hold him in esteem as the author of an admirable and entertaining dictionary which gives the pronunciation of English as heard in the best circles and Squares, which he calls "Public School Pronunciation" or, more briefly, "P.S.P.")

The endowment of a Chair of Cockney at London University cannot be long delayed, and the various University and Government examinations, which now give the exiles from the aforesaid Celtic fringes an undue advantage by including papers in their own languages, will at last give a square deal to the long-suffering Londoner by adding the subject Cockney "Langwidge an Litratoor." (I do not, you observe, write "an'," for we shall sweep away apologetic apostrophes and all other signs of an inferiority complex when we write Cockney in future.)

The first examination-papers in Cockney will be eagerly awaited, and meanwhile we can safely anticipate the inclusion of questions on these lines:—

(1) Discuss the following sentences in Cockney from the grammatical standpoint:—

Me an er went to the pitchers.

I dunno as I do. (*Cf.* I dunno as ow I do.)

Kerm orf of it.

We won't never go there no more. (*Cf.* any similar construction in PLATO with which you are familiar.)

E sort of tumbled to it, like. (Parse "like.")

Ees the bloke wot done im in.

E aint arf a low ahnd, e is. (Discuss whether "e aint" would be more correct than the final "e is.")

We are such stuff as dreams are made on.

(2) Give the derivation of the following and discuss their phonetic significance: elaskit, pruins, kewpon, garn (*cf.* Amer. aw gwan), chimbley, skellington, airyated.

(3) Comment on *stursham* (Eng. nasturtiums). Do you think this indicates any repugnance in Cockney to the sound of the termination *-ium*? If so, comment on *Belgiums* (Eng. Belgians).

(4) Write an essay on one of the following:—

(*a*) Amsted Eaf.

(*b*) KIPLING *or* WELLS *or* SHAW as an exponent of the Cockney language.

(*c*) The Mæso-Cockney of *Sam Weller* and *Sairey Gamp*, with special reference to the use of "v" (*e.g.*, in the phrase, "Samivel, bevare o' vidders").

(5) What do you know of the following: *Eliza Doolittle, Old Bill, Mrs. Enry Awkins, Alfred Bindle, Ginger Dick.*

Statements Which Require Explanation.

"Captain —— said that the epidemic of laryngitis among men might almost be traced to the development of central heating in London hotels and restaurants and the scantiness of women's attire."—*Evening Paper.*

"Some women have won husbands through a graceful walk, others by a wink. A beautiful voice will usually be more effective than a pair of long eyelashes."—*Evening Paper.*

And good eyes are usually more effective than a couple of well-manicured finger-nails.



MAJOR THE HON. MAURICE BARING.

Poet and Wing-Commander here you see;
A novelist extensive and urbane;
A wit in twenty tongues, or twenty-three;
A friend to whom one never turns in vain.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXXIII.



Uncle (to small boy who has suggested the cause of trouble). "JOVE! I BELIEVE YOU 'RE RIGHT. HOW ON EARTH DID *YOU* KNOW?" *Small Boy.* "EXPERIENCE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

HURL a young pastoral poet into trenches on French or Belgian soil for the last two years of the War, get him to go over that ground ten years afterwards—with the aid, apparently, of a diary kept at the time—and you have, if you are fortunate, such a book as Mr. EDMUND BLUNDEN'S *Undertones of War* (COBDEN-SANDERSON). Envisaged as the impressions of one man, "local, limited, incoherent," the episodes here described have set their own standard of tragedy for the writer. "Each circumstance of the British experience that is still with me has ceased for me to be big or little, and now appeals to me more even than the highest exaltation of pain or scene in the *Dynasts* and than the heaven of adoration incarnadined with Desdemona's handkerchief." Yet the exaltation of pain is not the only note of the book, nor is it solely responsible for thirty memorable poems printed at the end of it. "What man's humour said to man's supreme distress" is evident throughout, and a traditional English raillery has its fling at the writer himself, his fellows and the less poignant activities of their sorry world. Only "sinister and staffy" figures answerable for immediate mortal waste, together with the colossal human folly at whose door lies the futility of the whole, are exempt from tolerance. From first to last the man of thirty has admirably recaptured the boy of twenty, the boy for whom precarious remnants of French landscape have "a country vicarage quietude," and a battalion taking a breather behind the lines the cheerfulness of a choir excursion. Outlook and style alike are full of unreconciled yet gracious elements which render them eloquent not only of one young voice yet vocal but of thousands upon thousands silent.

I suppose if there is a man in England who can be regarded as an expert on diaries it is Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY, and it was eminently and obviously fitting that he should be invited to deal with *Samuel Pepys* in the new volume of the English Men of Letters series published by Messrs. MACMILLAN. But if his subject could revisit the London of to-day and note the publishers' lists he would assuredly feel a genuine surprise at finding his own name in such company. In a series of Great Public Servants, if you like, or even of Eminent Musicians—had he not composed that excellent song, "Beauty Retire," which was "mightily cried up" by the cognoscenti, as well as "It is Decreed," for which Dr. HINGSTON, the organist, set the bass?—but a Man of Letters, in the ordinary sense of the word, he never was. I admit that he founded a library, but it was more a collection of curiosities than of literature—a heterogeneous collection of manuscripts, curios, scraps and books, some of which, it is interesting to note, had been "lent" to the collector, and others purchased with the King's money for the Admiralty and then conveyed to the Secretary's private presses. He was guilty also of the minor crime of arranging his volumes according to size, the smaller ones being sometimes raised to a convenient height by means of little leather stools decorated to look like part of the binding. Finally he projected a sort of History of the Royal Navy, which degenerated into a dull pamphlet, and he is reported to have written a romance when an undergraduate. But the immortal diary is not the work of

a literary man; it is just the work of a man who had that intense interest in life that occasionally descends upon the fortunate. He wrote it, I imagine, because he could not help gloating privately over these so ordinary experiences that were yet so marvellous. In short, he has no business in this gallery, but we cannot help being glad that Mr. PONSONBY has put him there.

Miss MURRAY'S book, *The Partridge* (LANE),
Traces and partially discovers
Some of the things that are the bane
Of youthful and unthinking lovers;
But chiefly she 's concerned with those
Troubles by which the lady 's harried,
Because her careless partner goes
And dies before the pair have married.

She takes another man—indeed,
Two others, in successive wedlock,
Both of them frankly friends in need
Who gladly save a social deadlock;
Which would appear to indicate
That Heaven looks kindly on the sinner,
And on the whole a gentle fate
Does seem to bring her out a winner.

But, lest the balance look askew,
Her son (with the unmarried father),
Sparring with husband number two,
Disturbs the situation rather;
And, with it all, Miss MURRAY'S touch
Works up an excellent narration,
Excepting that she leans too much
On unessential conversation.

I see on the jacket of Miss MARY BORDEN'S new novel that some anonymous admirer has compared the technique of its predecessor to the throb and roar of a dynamo. If the present book fails to command a similar compliment it is not for want of deserving it, for *Jehovah's Day* (HEINEMANN) is as noisy as a power-station in full swing, and to the casual ear-witness almost as inexplicable. It opens with an account of primeval slime and the first thing to crawl out of it—an enterprising tadpole called *Eryops*. *Eryops* is man's first acknowledgable ancestor, and in company with other beings of similar extraction is used to moralise a tale of human decadence. With the dubious exception of an old mathematician, *Eryops'* present-day descendants are described as doing him little credit. Three fast Society women, a *débutante* given to dope, a visionary and undomesticated wife (for the mathematician), her airman son (in love with the *débutante*) and her platonic lover are the sort of thing the poor fellow has to put up with. The lover has refrained out of delicacy from wedding his idol in youth; but, overcome by the Eryopsian lust which Miss BORDEN is never tired of deprecating and never weary of describing, succumbs to the pursuit of a collier's daughter during the General Strike. Other members of the cast are killed off in a forest fire on the Riviera, a phenomenon admirably presented. The airman and the *débutante* are left to continue the race. Apart from its rather showy and childish anthropology, the satire strikes me as sincerely conceived if ponderously rendered; but I do not feel that *Jane Our Stranger* (the *Eryops*, if I may so put it, of Miss BORDEN'S literary progeny) need fear anything like eclipse at the hands of this particular descendant.



Sailor. "IT 'S A REMARKABLE THING, SIR, BUT WHEN I WOGGLES ME LEG LIKE THIS I GETS A 'ORRIBLE PAIN IN IT."
Irritable Ship's Doctor. "THEN WHY THE —— DO YOU DO IT?"

Such a title as *The Empire and the Army* (CASSELL), applied to one reasonably modest volume, suggests a degree of compactness which might well mean compression to a state of dust were it attempted by a narrator less skilful than Sir JOHN FORTESCUE. Even though the author has necessarily deployed an enormous array of unqualified facts, there is nothing of the dry or dusty order in this record, which, beginning with JULIUS CÆSAR and maintaining admirable perspective throughout, deals no less faithfully with the difficulties of obscure PREVOST, feeding his troops for days together on nothing but oysters, than with the trials of great MARLBOROUGH, allowed to command his army only on alternate days, a privilege he shared with a jea'ous

German prince; and forgets neither the folly of the officer who left Buenos Ayres, easily captured but already a great city, to be controlled by a single British regiment, nor the gallantry of a penal battalion, "the scum of the army," which saved the situation in a deadly fight on the West Coast of Africa. The quiet narrative makes it clear that in just this way or that way, and at just such a cost in self-sacrifice, order was evoked out of chaos and the silent growth of a mighty organism advanced. The main theme of the volume is naturally the effort and influence of the army in building up, often without deliberate design, the Empire as it stands fast to-day, and it is intended mainly for wearers of khaki—that white drill cloth stained with curry-powder—but there will not be lacking many others who will read with appreciation and pass from it to the author's larger studies in army history.

Bankers have been poets and blacksmiths harmonious, so there is no earthly reason why a bootmaker should not discover himself to be a sculptor. That, at any rate, is what happened to *Joshua Fendick*, the latest of those middle-aged heroes in whom Mr. W. J. LOCKE has recently been specialising. Retired, with wealth honourably gotten by the fulfilment of Army contracts, from the headship of the great Trenthampton firm in which he had worked since humble boyhood—except for a brief but glorious interlude when he had led the famous Trenthampton Wanderers' forward line, and another when he had served a gun in Flanders—he was one day inspired, in the studio of his friend and mentor, *Robina Dale*, to start "messing about with clay." What inspired him was *Robina's* sketch of a young woman's back, and, discovering that he had some aptitude for the game and having induced the owner of the back to sit, or rather recline, as his model, he began the work which was to have been his masterpiece and the realisation of *Joshua's Vision* (LANE). But *Susan Keene* was no ordinary model. Not only did she double the *rôle* with that of programme-seller in theatres; what is more unusual is that, though no one dreamed it until she told *Joshua*, she had killed both her mother and her step-father, the first by accident, the second with the best of intentions. Also, by the end of the book, she is well on her way to becoming a *prima donna*. So that, her back and other concomitant charms being considered, she was not the sort of young woman whom a susceptible widower of under fifty, who, after all, was only an amateur of his art, could long regard with purely professional interest. And there you have a situation—of course with complications which I have not mentioned—nicely suited to the pleasant sentiment and easy ingenuity of Mr. W. J. LOCKE.



Farmer Giles (who has just deposited a quantity of silver). "AND IF YOU'D KNOWN 'OW 'ARD IT WAS TO EARN THAT THERE MONEY, YOUNG MAN, YOU WOULDN'T THROW IT ABOUT WITH A COAL-SHOVEL!"

People who read and enjoyed RICHARD DEHAN's Victorian romance, *The Pipers of the Market-Place*, will no doubt find similar pleasure in the perusal of its sequel, *The Lovers of the Market-Place* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH), in which is continued the history of that rustic super-woman, *Malvina Braby*, and her much-persecuted son, *Stephen*. For the benefit of those unacquainted with its predecessor it may be stated that the market-place referred to is Covent Garden, and that the story concerns the chequered career of a young man born to the growing of roses as others are born to write or paint or make money in the City. From the realist's standpoint of course the good people are far too good and the bad ones much too bad, the sentiment is treacly and the emotion overdrawn. Melodrama the book certainly is; but it is marked by so obviously sincere a delight in and enthusiasm for the creatures of her own fancy on the part of the author that the reader will probably find himself before he comes to the end of the story mentally hissing the villain and applauding the persecuted hero with something of the zest of an old-time Surreyside audience.

Mr. RAFAEL SABATINI is both a wonderfully fertile creator of exciting fiction and a stylist of distinction. Times and again while reading *The Hounds of God* (HUTCHINSON) I have been impressed by the happiness of his phrasing. The story itself, however, is not one of his most successful. Its earlier scenes are full of promise; but, when the Spanish grandee who was wrecked in the Armada *débâcle* and cast up on the Cornish shore repays the hospitality of a beautiful Cornish maiden (also of high degree) by forcibly carrying her off to Spain, the movement of the tale tarries on its way. Nevertheless the reader will have little cause for discouragement; he will find as gallant a hero as ever fought for his country and for the girl of his heart, and they will be introduced to ELIZABETH and PHILIP II. of Spain, and see striking pictures of these monarchs.

Mr. WALLACE ELLISON was interned in Germany at the beginning of the War, and after many bids for freedom he succeeded in reaching Holland on the thirteenth of November, 1917. Soon afterwards the story of his adventures appeared in serial form in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and then as a book in 1918. But at that time we were still at war, and obvious reasons existed for restraint in writing such a book. Now Mr. ELLISON has told the tale fully in *Escapes and Adventures* (BLACKWOOD), and in spite of the passing of the years it remains a thrilling narrative. Illustrations, many of them of the Stadt Vogtei Prison, in which Mr. ELLISON was a restless and unwilling guest, accompany a volume that deserved to be published without restrictions.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Galway library authorities are said to be allowing a semi-ban to remain on the works of Mr. BERNARD SHAW, but it is anticipated that Mr. SHAW will demand a whole ban.

* * *

Flying squads of teachers are being organised in Turkey to facilitate the scheme of national education. Desperate illiterates are reported to be taking to the hills.

* * *

We read of a Russian musician who plays the saxophone in a lions' cage. There is no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Lions in Russia.

* * *

Some of the new bridge coats have very wide sleeves, we note. Among euchre-players the *Ah Sin* style is not popular.

* * *

The feeling in America with reference to the proposed Naval Conference is that BRITTEN arose at Heaven's command.

* * *

In the toy trade the publication of Bishop GORE'S considered opinion that the story of the Deluge is untrue is causing uneasiness as to its effect on the demand for Noah's Arks.

* * *

A naturalist informs us that in severe weather otters suffer from chapped toes. We can only promise our support for any scheme to provide them with warm footwear.

* * *

Mr. Justice ROCHE has expressed the opinion that a bank overdraft is a cause for rejoicing, but in moderation. We have never been boisterous about ours.

* * *

By taking legal proceedings against M. STOICA for slapping his face, Prince ANTOINE BIBESCO has caused a sensation in circles where the incident was expected to lead to nothing more serious than a duel.

* * *

The stay-at-home woman's indigestion, says a health expert, is commonly due to the fact that she is her own cook and won't go to the trouble of preparing meals for herself. Her husband's indigestion, on the other hand, is commonly attributed to the fact that she *will* go to the trouble of preparing meals for him.

When an actress playing *Lady Macbeth* in a New York theatre ordered two persons who were talking and laughing in the stalls to leave the house, they stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once.

* * *

An astronomer thinks it probable that the Martians are more interested in Jupiter than in us. We are trying not to let this mortifying thought cramp our style.

* * *

Plans for the expansion of Billingsgate Fish Market are being discussed, and we are authorised to contradict the rumour that the problem of finding a new site is complicated by the language question.

* * *

For the preparation of a haggis, we read, a sheep's pluck is needed. In the opinion of many Sassenachs the dish requires the pluck of a bull-dog.

* * *

Are there man-eating turtles? is a question raised in *The Times*. If there are, aldermen ought to make their mouths water.

* * *

Good progress by the laboratory for cultivating parasites which attack other parasites is reported. In view of Mr. BALDWIN'S recent remarks it is anticipated that pestologists will devote special attention to *Director tenax*.

* * *

Rubber boots and shoes are advocated by a *Times'* correspondent who describes himself as one of the unfortunate taxpayers who have to foot the country's bill for rheumatic diseases. He foots it in rubber, of course.

* * *

It is predicted that there will be no snow until the New Year. We seem to be in for a good old-fashioned English Christmas after all.

* * *

It is pointed out that C.I.D. detectives in London do not go on regular duty at night. At the same time it should be remembered that it is illegal for burglars to break into houses at night.

* * *

Burglars who invaded a Kensington house last week drank a quantity of lemonade, but left the whisky. Burglars have to be very moderate with their drinks if they want to do good work.

* * *

A correspondent, writing to a contemporary, says he kept a record of his telephone-calls for a month, and when the bill came in found that it was correct. Accidents will happen in the best Government departments.

* * *

A reader writes to ask us what we think of the new one-pound and ten-shilling notes. We hasten to reply that we prefer the former.

* * *

A bachelor M.P. says that he expects to meet his Ideal sooner or later. If he knew the unpunctual sex better he would realise that it is more likely to be later.

* * *

It is reported that a ghost goes round a golf-links in Hampshire every night. In how many?

* * *

We accept with some reserve the rumour that Mr. JOHN SCURR'S resignation from the Labour Party was set to music and sung at the party's Gala Night at Lambeth Baths.

* * *

A contemporary mentions the many strange occupations of several men in London, but makes no reference to the Soho man who spends his time trying to teach spaghetti to lead a straight life.



"IF YOU CANNOT COME TO THE BAZAAR OWING TO A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT, WILL YOU BUY A TICKET TO GIVE AWAY TO SOMEONE LESS FORTUNATE THAN YOURSELF?"

UP TO CHAPMAN!

(With grateful acknowledgments to the Morning and Evening Press.)

SELDOM in history has any man had to face a task of such portentous magnitude as that which will confront the English captain in selecting a team to represent us in the second Test Match at Sydney this week.

It might seem at first that, having triumphed in the preliminary encounter by a margin of 675 runs, the tall young Kent left-hander might rely on the same team as last time. But anyone who knows anything of the difficulty of writing perpetual articles about a Test Match in Australia before the Test Match has begun, will see at once that this is not the case. The former Berkshire player will have to spend many a long hour of earnest perplexity and mental strife (if I can make him) between now and the fourteenth of December. He will have to recollect that in the game concluded last week his bowling was not so thoroughly tested as it would have been if the Australians had failed to get out so quickly and made more runs, or had stayed in five days without making any runs at all. He will have to sit up at night, probably with a wet towel round his head, asking himself what would have happened if WOODFULL and PONSFORD, as seemed only too likely before the game started, had made about two-hundred-and-fifty each, or if KELLEWAY had dug his toes in and bitten the wicket-keeper on the pads. Where would CHAPMAN have been then? And what is he to do now?

To answer this question accurately, we must consider the possible bowling talent at his disposal. It consists roughly of the redoubtable Nottinghamshire pit-boy, the Sussex marvel, the Leicestershire all-rounder, the Kent wizard, the Gloucestershire prodigy, and the Stogumber farmer. In the score-book these men masquerade under the mere pseudonyms of LARWOOD, TATE, GEARY, FREEMAN, HAMMOND and WHITE. But it is not likely that CHAPMAN thinks of them, whilst he is making up his team, in such unromantic terms as these.

In the first game he omitted from the side the Kent wizard and the Leicestershire all-rounder. Can he afford to do this again? Yet, if he plays either of them he must perforce leave out some member of the side chosen principally for his batting strength, or else attempt to play with a team of twelve men, a stratagem which is almost certain to be detected by a scorer, an umpire or by one of the sharp-eyed kangaroos themselves.

Who then is to be omitted? Is it to be the Hampshire stone-waller, commonly known in the barrack-square as PHIL MEAD? As against this course of action must be set the fact that in the game just concluded the Hampshire stone-waller made a score of seventy-two, which was second top score, exceeding the third top score (namely, seventy) by two runs, and the fourth top score (which was sixty-five) by seven runs. On the other hand, if the Hampshire stone-waller is not omitted, who *is* to be left out?

At the very moment when I write, CHAPMAN must be bracing himself to attempt the solution of this puzzle. Possibly he is talking to the indefatigable PATSY about it. For he can scarcely leave out the indefatigable PATSY without seriously endangering the rhythm of the team.

Equally impossible does it seem to leave out HOBBS. The Surrey past-master is a tower of strength to any side; and these words apply with almost equal force to the Winchester stylist and the Yorkshire virtuoso. It does not seem possible, in view of their previous performances and the names I have just called them, to omit either JARDINE or SUTCLIFFE from the side.

Can the wicket-keeper be left out? Is it possible, in other words, to dispense with the stumper? CHAPMAN of course might don the gauntlets or put on the gloves himself and use MEAD as longstop. But these are tactics which would probably hardly commend themselves to the mind of the English skipper, the last occasion on which a longstop took part in any international encounter being in the game at Melbourne in 1759.

["*Are you sure you have got your facts right?*"—ED.

"*Absolutely. I looked it up in 'Deeds that Won the Empire.'*"—EVOE.]

There remains, then, the final course, which is for CHAPMAN to leave himself out, a desperate remedy, from which I earnestly dissuade the old Uppingham boy. It is a temptation likely to beset any modest captain, but in view of the number of runs the former Cantab makes and the pace at which he makes them and the number of times that he catches the ball I would seriously urge the young Kent amateur to go on thinking all day and night, if necessary, rather than deplete the resources of his side by falling back upon such a drastic mode of procedure.

A far better expedient is to collect together in a circle all the possible candidates for omission, namely the Surrey crack, the representative of the county of broad acres, the old Oxonian, the Middlesex scoring-machine, the Hampshire mowing-machine, and himself, and use some simple method of counting out, *e.g.*—

> "One, two, three, four,
> Mary—at—the—cottage door
> Eating cherries off—a—plate,
> Two, four, six, eight,"

and so settle the final composition of the team.

If the lot falls on himself, a contingency which can easily be avoided by a minute mathematical calculation of the number of words in the stanza and a careful choice of the best point in the circle to begin, there is no help for it, and CHAPMAN must hand over the captaincy to the Stogumber farmer, who will no doubt shoulder his responsibilities in a manner worthy of the Western shire whose county town was fortified by INE in 710. It is worthy of note that the then curate of Stogumber was a prosecuting counsel at the trial of JOAN OF ARC, and that the pleasant little village now contains a population of seven-hundred-and twenty-two, is a hundred-and-fifty-seven miles from London, nine from Bishop's Lydeard and five from Watchet.

My final conclusion is, may the best team be chosen! And, if I have helped ever so little in choosing it, I am happy to have been of some service to the M.C.C.

EVOE.

BOTTLE IMPS.

THE Bottle Imp's ever
An imp of the East;
Though bottled, it never
Says "No" in the least;
Oh, it acts like a trump
When you order it to,
And comes out at the jump
To do magics for you.

The Ink-Bottle Imp it—
Well, differs a lot;
It sticks like a limpet,
It sticks to its pot;
But eminent folk
Say that forth from its den
It will come at a poke
Of the point of their pen.

The Imp of the Ink Pot's
Called "Rigglemeree,"
And in black pots or pink pots
Or green pots (that's three)
All vainly I poke
At its infamous ribs,
All vainly invoke
It with all of my nibs.

I prod something frightful
With long pens or short,
But they don't seem the rightful,
The "eminent" sort;
So I dreadfully doubt
If young Rigglemeree
Will *ever* come out
And do magics for me.

P. R. C.



END OF FIRST ACT.

Australia. "NO MATTER! A TIME WILL COME!"



Artist (*posing model*). "YOU LOOK LIKE AN OLD TITIAN."
Model. "WELL, YOU AREN'T MUCH TO WRITE HOME ABOUT, YOURSELF."

BRIGHTER CHESS.

WHAT the daily Press so delightfully calls a "storm of controversy" has been roused in chess circles. Exactly what a "storm of controversy" in chess circles may imply I am not sure, but it is not, I take it, such a fearsome thing as it would be in, say, the Rugby football world. A Rugby storm of controversy, I should imagine, would be something very like a scrum—probably for really important matters they have a "storm of controversy at five yards"; but in the chess world I don't suppose they do much more than wait an hour in deep thought and then tell someone to go to Q.B.4, P.D.Q.

However, a "storm of controversy" in chess circles there is, say the papers, and it has been roused by Señor CAPABLANCA'S brighter-chess bombshell in the shape of a recent letter to *The Times*. In this he complains that chess is at present far too easy, and advocates the addition of two more pieces to each player's team and thirty-six more squares to the field of battle.

Of course Señor CAPABLANCA may be right about chess being too easy for *him*. I don't know. I have never had enough time to watch his play, and as for the subsequent reports of his games in the papers I have rarely succeeded in distinguishing them from the weekly acrostic or even (if they have a picture above them of the board at some breathless crisis) from the daily crossword puzzle. But as far as I and my friends are concerned chess is still as difficult a game to play as any I know.

Now if Señor CAPABLANCA will listen to me a minute, I will tell him how I and my circle play chess. I feel sure that if he only abandons his highbrow Q.B.4 attitude and tries to play it as we do, he will find it quite complicated enough—and incidentally much more fun—without yearning for two more pieces a side. Two *more* pieces! Gosh!

In the first place we have none of these hour-and-a-half pauses to consider which pawn to move. This alone completely changes the face of the game. If one of us, even at an intricate stage of the battle, takes over a minute to think, he has to apologise pretty frequently and is liable to undergo considerable barracking from his opponent and the onlookers. Yes, we have a lot of onlookers; our games are worth it; and demand it, too, in our circle, which plays much poker and considers a high ability to deceive worth any amount of noble and intellectual play. For instance, we hold that if one can move a pawn three squares, or make such a knight's move as never was on sea or land, *without being noticed*, we deserve to benefit by our superior play. But I don't suppose CAPABLANCA is much good at that. Never mind; if he will simply try the effect of limiting consideration of moves to one minute he will begin to see that the game is not half so simple as he seems to think.

Secondly, our circle demands a strict obedience to rules, though of course they may be surreptitiously modified by skilful deceit. Thus, if you do not comply with the regulations by saying "Check" in a loud clear voice, your opponent may act as though no check existed. In fact, if your check is your means of tempor-

arily safeguarding a threatened piece, it is safest to shout it in his ear and get a written acknowledgment.

Again, we have found it advisable to make certain small by-laws of our own. Remembering our poker habit of mind we have ruled that all pieces not actually on the board at any time are presumed to have been fairly captured. This brings a fresh alertness into our players' boardside manner. We have people in our circle who have been known to take an opponent's pawn with a bishop and at the same time his queen with a sleeve. And on one occasion one of our star performers successfully employed his handkerchief to abstract his own king, thus putting himself in an unattackable position. But such brilliant play as this is, I regret to say, the exception.

Another of our rules is that nobody is allowed to resign. If Señor CAPABLANCA, who, mark you, thinks the game not exciting enough, happened to lose a rook without adequate compensation, he would no doubt give up at once. Indeed, I have heard of masters resigning in a sort of pet because they lost a favourite pawn. A *pawn!* Bah! To us, pawns are a mere nothing. We lose three or four in as many moves and think nothing of it. In fact, it clears the board for our heavy artillery. We don't like having our long-range bishops and rooks blocked by a measly pawn at the cannon's mouth. Away with them, then, and let's get on with the game! That indeed, now I think of it, is our secret; we are out for the *game*, not for pretty play, and the Señor, master though he is, could yet learn something from us.

Yes, the game is the thing. What matter whether we have two pieces left or sixteen? The most thrilling battle of wits can occur in our end-games when one man has only his king and a bishop and the other only his king and a knight on the board. No long pauses of a minute or so then; the moves come thick and fast—about two per second. And think of the sheer majesty of those moments, which CAPABLANCA never knows, when the king himself comes impressively forward, to assist, say, his sole remaining pawn against an overwhelming combination of king and rook and knight. He is perforce slow and stately, but he never gives up hope till, his ewe-pawn slaughtered and himself hemmed in with his back to the wall, he bows his proud head to the triumphant cry of "Checkmate."

Ah, Señor, *that* is CHESS! A. A.

Long-distance Birth Control.

"At Wangaine, New Zealand, to Mrs. —— a son. Received by cable."—*Middlesex Paper.*



First Waitress. "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS I 'VE GOT NOTHING MORE TO SAY."
Second Ditto. "WELL, IF THAT 'S ALL YOU CAN SAY, ALL I CAN SAY IS—*SAY* IT!"

JESSICA IN LONDON.

HAMPSTEAD.

LONDON is a big town,
It makes a lot of noise;
Many people live there,
Many girls and boys;
The streets are full of taxis
And buses—red and blue,
But I live in Hampstead,
And squirrels live there too.

London is a big town
With pretty chimes that ring,
And in the very middle
A palace for the KING;
And a very splendid river
With bridges strong and wide
To let the crowds of people
Cross to the other side.

London is a big town,
As busy as can be,
With pictures on the hoardings
For everyone to see;
And shining rows of shops too
With jolly things to sell;
But squirrels live in Hampstead,
And I live there as well. R. F.

"It was only when he got to Whitehall Shaw that the 'vamp' was Pola Negri—not Shaw that the 'vamp' was Pola Negri—not that this elucidated the problem very much for Sir Almroth."—*Evening Paper.*

We sympathise with Sir ALMROTH'S inability to grasp the situation.

TOPSY, M.P.

XIII.—BEHAVES BADLY.

Trix darling I've *behaved* like an *utter* scorpion and I'm having *rather* conscience-trouble, however not *too* collapsing, because my dear I'm *beginning* to think that in the *lonely* crusade I'm waging almost *any* kind of injurious witchery is justified provided it comes off, my dear it's *no* use *playing the game* with rattle-snakes, well *is* it darling?

Well I've told you didn't I about the *austere* little Bills I've draughted and especially my disarming Bill about the Crêpe Sunday and the Recreations of the People, well my dear the Whips are *sizzling* with rage and of course the moment the Antimacassar Vote in Burbleton heard about it they rushed as *one* antimacassar to the writing-table and spat *anonymous* postcards at me, my dear *too* uncontrolled, my dear the *queer* thing is that everything the other side say is *too* right but everything *I* say is *base* propaganda, however the absolute *azimuth* of impertinence was reached when I got a challenge from Councillor Mule to *debate* with him at the Annual Dinner of the Burbleton Branch of the Total Abstinent Sons of the Salamander, which my dear is the *gross* body of the Crêpe Votes and is against *quite* everything from *silk* stockings to sun-bathing.

Well my dear Haddock and my agent and everybody wanted me to take a *spurny* line about it, but the blood of the Trouts rather reacted to the tocsin, and besides I *always* believe in meeting the Amalekites face to face because quite often you find that the most repugnant of the species have some *compassionate* feature when witnessed in the flesh, my dear *too* right, because, well anyhow I accepted, and my dear I can't *begin* to describe the company, my dear you know I'm a *comparative* fundamentalist in dogmatological matters, don't you, but my dear it *is* hard sometimes to believe that Creation was an *ordered* plan, well there were about two hundred of the tribe of Salamander, and my dear if you'd *seen* them, well if you can, imagine a *hundred* whelks having dinner with a *hundred* underdone *prawns*, of course it was all a bit *poignant* really because my dear I know you've *never* understood psycology but the whole thing was *too* pellucid to me, my dear as Haddock put it people with fat ankles do *not* approve of short *skirts*, and that's *most* of this municipal fussery in a nut-shell, of course there were one or two *divine* old angels with GLADSTONE expressions whom I *quite* adored and a lot like Councillor Mule who do this sort of thing for the *mere* love of nose-poking and power, but the *yellow* residue my dear were *merely* sour with hereditary frustration poor things, my dear the very *veins* are vinegar, my dear



Customer. "I WANT THE CHEAPEST SUIT IN THE PLACE."
Outfitter (*haughtily*). "YOU 'VE GOT IT ON, SIR."

born jilted, and my dear it's no good saying that appearances aren't everything, because I *always* say that beauty will out if there is any and if you see *nothing* but eye-blisters in a place there must be something *radically* spurious about the *whole* institution.

However what with everything I took rather a *Christian* attitude to the rank and file, but of course I've *always* had a *rodent* suspicion about the *malignant* complaints like Councillor Mule, and as a *matter* of fact my agent has been making rather *inquiries* lately, *whereby* darling hangs this crepuscular tale, well for *one* thing darling it seems he has the *most* Continental *library*, however I sat next to the yam and my dear he ate *too* hoggily, as total abstinents very often do I'm told, my dear the food was *poison* and we drank *hot* water, but I must say *quite* genial, well he evidently thought he was going to *flog* me in the debate with his loyal Salamanders to hold his hand, but my dear *while* he was worrying a *rump*-steak and utterly *beaming* between bites, my dear it's *rather* crude but you know the old story and of course you must censure Haddock and the agent as *well* as your peccable Top, well anyhow he was handed a note on his *own* paper on *which* was written in *block*-letters as I *happened* to know DO NOT COME HOME THE POLICE ARE HERE.

Well my dear the effect was *immediate*, the sparkle faded in the spongy eye and from *that* moment the edibles lost their *pristine* charm, my dear the yam peered *guiltily* in all directions toyed *apathetically* with the steak and would *not* be tempted with a *vanilla* ice, well I was *too* solicitous and kept *hoping* there were no bad news from home and everything, but he got paler and paler, my dear I thought he would *faint*, and at last he sent out for a *brandy*, well my dear the thought of me driving the *king* vinophobe to alcoholic indulgence which is what they call a drink was *rather* hilarious, but I had conscience-trouble because I thought he really might have done a murder or something, however in *sepulchral* tones he called on me to speak and I said Well my poor miseries, *don't* think I blame you because I know *just* what's the matter with you, you're a *pathetic* collection of dogs-in-the manger, you're *incapable* of joy, you *don't* like beer, you've got *fat* ankles, you don't *stir* from your antimacassars on Sunday and you don't see why anyone else etcetra, only of course the real *sin* is that you call all this jaundice and jealousy *virtue*, and you have the *utter* impudence to say that you know what's good for the *poor*, well I said let me tell you my bilious women that I don't call un-Christian *gossiping* virtue, and I don't call systematic *nose-poking* virtue, and I don't call dyspeptic *inertia* virtue, and what's more, I said, you don't care two *toots* about the poor, you only care about yourselves and your own *mingy* ideas, and besides *half* of



"KEEP BY ME, ETHEL, OR WE MAY LOSE EACH OTHER IN THIS FOG."

you have got horrible *vices*, you poison your systems with tannic acid and tittle-tattle, you *peep* behind curtains, you're *too* petulous with servants, you're *mean* about money, you've no bowels of *love* or mercy or anything, and you may die sober but you'll die in a *septic* condition of envy hatred and all uncharitableness, however I said as I said before I'm *sorry* for you, and *believe* me darling I *was* sorry for them, but I said there's *still* a hope for you if you'll *only* come out of your *righteous* holes and *mix* with your *contaminated* fellow-creatures a little because I said you'll find they're *much* more congenial than you *think* and in most ways *much* more moral than you are, and anyhow I said I'm going on with my *flawless* little Bill so there, and then I sat down.

Well my dear none of them actually *threw* things at me but the air seemed cloudy with *invisible* missiles and the applause was *perfunctional*, my dear *too* tepid, but of course *when* the Mule thing *climbed* on to its feet there was an absolute hurricane of *anæmic* aprobation, however the Mule was like a *whispering* jelly my dear all the accustomed vinegar and wizardry were *utterly* missing, and my dear whether he thought he might perhaps get me to *bail* him out or what, but anyhow he spent about *five* minutes *burbleing* compliments at me, to the *intense* discomfiture my dear of the *daughters* of the Salamander, especially my dear as *about* this time, my dear believe me or not but I am *not* to blame for this, anyhow *all* the male Salamanders began to receive *stealthy* telegrams or notes or letters according to circs., my dear my *agent* is a *fiend* of efficiency, and they all said I HAVE DISCOVERED ALL OR NEVER DARKEN MY DOORS AGAIN OR COME AT ONCE YOUR WIFE KNOWS OR YOU WILL *NOT* BE WANTED AT THE OFFICE TO-MORROW, etcetra, and of course some of them darling absolutely *signed* and everything, I've no *idea* how it was done, anyhow one by one darling the *male* Salamanders rose up and merely *wilted* out of the room, and my dear I don't know if you've *ever* spoken but of course the effect of even *one* person rather drifting out of earshot is *fairly* lowering so *what* it must be when you see a *hundred*, especially as I suppose the Mule thing imagined that they'd *all* heard about the police in the home and everything, anyhow just as he was lumbering towards the *point* of his speech about the sixty-seventh man went out, the Mule gave a *garotted* groan subsided into his seat and then passed out into the night, and *so* much darling for the *consciences* of Salamanders.

Well darling I *rose* up and said a few *gentle* words to the residuary females who by this time were totally kickless, well I said My *pitiful* back-biters the truth has *evidently* prevailed but I *won't* rub it in, you'd better *creep* home now and *try* to be a little more *Christian* in the future, of course the *Press* were there and they described the debate as an absolute *massacre*, so in spite of the little conscience it's *rather* satisfactory and *after* this I hope to make it up with the Mule and come to a *melodious* compromise about Burbleton life, no more now your Machivellian TOPSY. A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"The Post Office deals roughly with three-and-a-half thousand million letters a year."
Daily Paper.

"YOUR HAIR CUT PROPERLY WHILE YOU WAIT."
Notice outside Hairdresser's Shop.

Personally we prefer to call again in half-an-hour.

"The usual practice of burning paper clothing and houses to a departed p rson in the belief that they will be of use to him in the neither world should be abandoned."
Tientsin Paper.

It seems hopeless.

A PSYCHIC DINNER.

WE went to Alfred's in the usual way because Aimée, who is Alfred's wife and a friend of ours since we were both so high, had rung us up and asked us to dinner in the usual way.

But unfortunately neither Lucy nor I had made allowances for the latest development of Alfred's temperament, because it happened that we had not met Alfred or, for the matter of that, Aimée for some time. And that is how it came about that we went to dine at Alfred's in the usual way as we supposed.

And things did happen in the usual way more or less until we went into the dining-room. Then I observed that the table was a new dining-table, round and rather small, and made, so Alfred said, of tamarind wood, rather cunningly wrought, being inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl and—I think—lapis-lazuli.

This table, so Alfred told us (and we were grateful for the information, both Lucy and I), had been made under the personal supervision of Berenice, who, it appears, does that kind of thing rather well in the shop which she runs in Brook Street. We had never seen Berenice's shop in Brook Street, neither Lucy nor I; but we saw on the table which had been made by Berenice of Brook Street a beautiful china bowl of an iridescent blue; and in this bowl we saw an opulent cabbage whose leaves were of an opalescent green. It was all very beautiful, very beautiful indeed; but that was all we saw. In fact we saw nothing on the table except the opulent opalescent cabbage in the iridescent bowl. And that is why we began to wonder, Lucy and I, about our dinner, naturally.

"Won't you help yourself to a plate?" Alfred said to Lucy with marvellous *savoir-faire* as he gently plucked one of the lower and larger leaves of the towering cabbage and placed it on the table before him. Lucy, I noticed, was now beginning to stare at Alfred with rather a wide stare, so in order not to be outdone in tactfulness by Alfred I plucked one of the lower leaves of the cabbage for myself and remarked casually to Aimée that the plates were charmingly tinted. "Aren't they?" said Aimée brightly; and Lucy, who had suddenly ceased to wonder, quickly plucked one of the leaves of the opalescent cabbage as a plate for herself. Then swiftly and softly Alfred switched off all the lights.

"The melon," Aimée whispered, "will presently materialize."

"The melon," said Alfred huskily, "will presently float down from the ceiling and a slice of the melon will be found in due course on each of our plates; a slice of the melon in the shape of a sickle-moon will be found on each of our plates when I turn on the lights."

We waited patiently, Lucy and I. Then I felt over my plate lightly, just to see whether a slice of the melon was settling itself on my plate in the shape of a sickle-moon, as Alfred had said that it would. But I felt nothing on my plate which could by any stretch of the imagination be mistaken for anything in the shape of a sickle-moon. And Alfred, I was beginning to feel, was beginning to feel impatient.

Then Alfred said with a start, "I wonder what is wrong with Aspidistra." And Aimée explained to Lucy that Aspidistra was the name of the medium who was preparing our dinner downstairs—in a trance. And Lucy, I am certain, was looking politely sympathetic in the dark, because there was nothing else that she could do, naturally.

"The melon will float in all right," said Alfred hopefully.

But Aimée remarked, "That is, unless Aspidistra is in one of her tantrums and passively resisting the trance. Anyhow, I shall go down and see."

So Aimée went down to see what was the matter with Aspidistra, and Alfred also went down, hoping to hasten the trance and the melon, and murmuring polite apologies as he went.

Then Lucy asked me, "Do you think the melon will really float in?"

"To tell the truth," I answered, "I doubt it. I rather think the tantrum will prevent the trance."

"Then," said Lucy, "let us float out quietly while they are downstairs. If you really think the melon will not float in, let us float out quietly, without making a fuss."

So we floated out into the street quite quietly, Lucy and I, because by that time we were really hungry and wanted something to eat, naturally. In fact we wanted our dinner, Lucy and I.

24, EGERIA GARDENS.

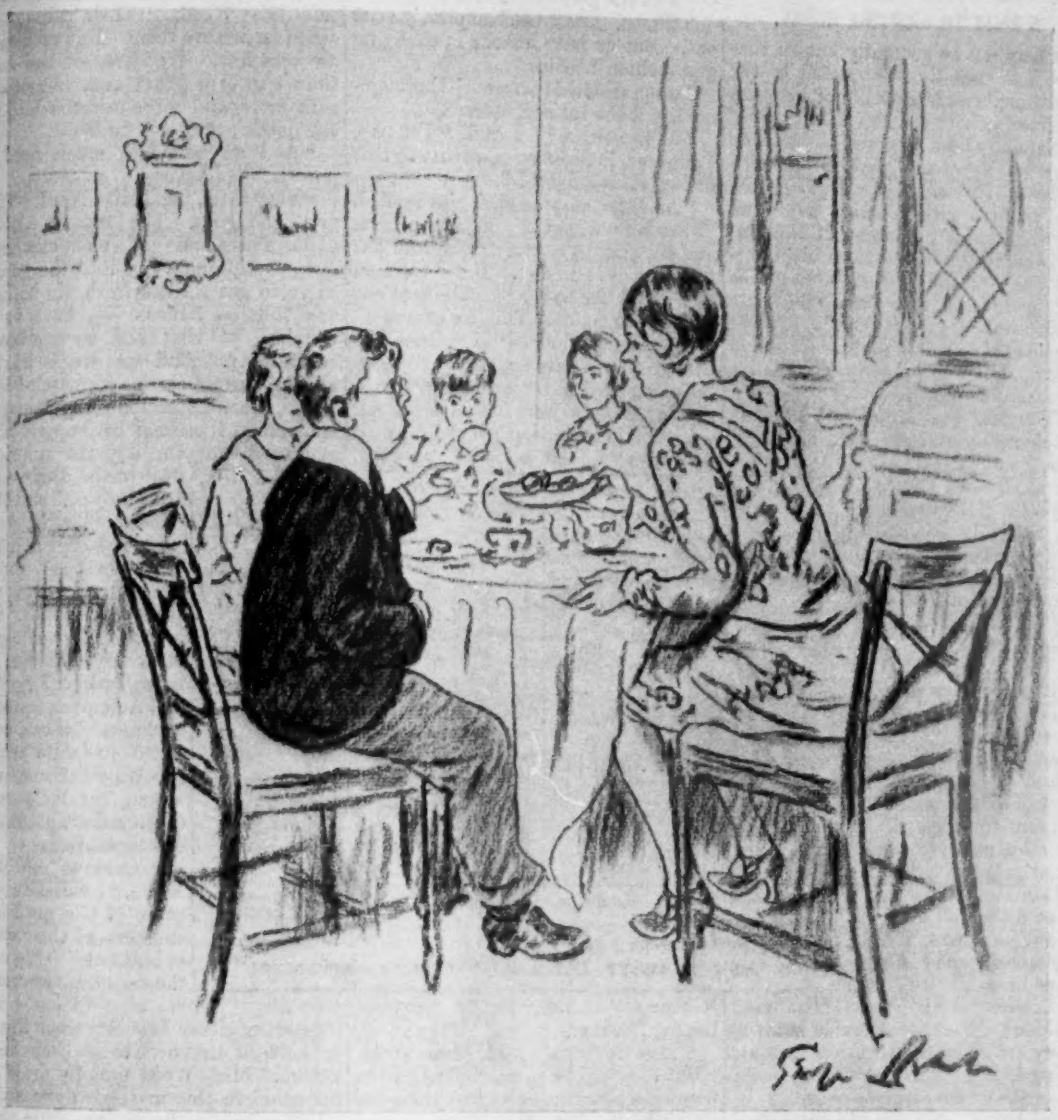
I heard a poet at the close of day,
When o'er the tiles the West was growing red,
Apostrophise a house across the way,
And this, or nearly so, is what he said.

Egeria Gardens, No. 24,
With the high fanlight and the green front-door,
Whose windows rattled, whose enclosing walls
Rang to the burden of my earliest bawls,
I see again, I see, though long estranged,
Your stucco frontage, outwardly unchanged,
Save for an unfamiliar smouldering frown
That tells me that the neighbourhood 's gone down.

On the top floor my conscious life began
Where lay the nurseries, an ingenious plan
That gave them air and shut away the sound
From that back chamber, level with the ground,
Termed sometimes library and sometimes den
Wherein my hasty parent drove a pen.
Novels he wrote, though not of highest grade,
And above all things loathed the noise we made.
Once, when my brother caught me unawares
And knocked me endways down a flight of stairs,
My yells apprised our parent of the crime,
Who rushed upstairs, some six steps at a time,
To re-establish peace and, being wroth,
Walloped, not him, but, most unjustly, both.

There is the window of the third-floor box
Where I slept later, and had chicken-pox,
Measles and mumps and other youthful ills
That brought me grapes and ran up doctor's bills;
There scarlet fever at a tender age
Roused my first verses at the peeling stage;
They were not good, but better, all the same,
Than the ripe work of poets I could name.

'Tis sweet, 'tis sweet to see again up there
The window of my elder brother's lair,
From which one summer afternoon there came
A jug of water with erratic aim,
Which somehow missed the cat for which 'twas meant
And swamped the person of a passing gent,
Who, looking upward with a wild surmise,
Beheld two youthful heads, four awestruck eyes,
Protruded o'er the sill. One rapid pace
He took, as though to ring and lay his case
Before our berserk sire. But one more glance
He gave, and by some providential chance
My elder brother's half-angelic grin,
Mild, though satanic in its origin,
Took him between his harness. For awhile
He waited, but he couldn't stand that smile,



Boy. "NO, THANK YOU, I DON'T THINK I CAN EAT ANY MORE. BUT I'D LIKE TO HAVE THE JAM NEAR ME."

And so politely raised a dripping hat
And passed. And later on we got the cat.

To-day, though standing on the selfsame site,
With the same houses to the left and right,
With much the same appearance on the whole,
Something has vanished. You have lost a soul.
Your sounding walls give back no impish noise;
No bicycles get in the way, or toys;
Your stairs—I cannot see them, but I know
No children jump them seven at a go;
No frenzied parent bellows "Hang those brats!"
Your core is empty and your floors are flats.

At No. 26 the row was cheered
By an Archdeacon with a long white beard;
His modest household numbered but a few,
Unlike the clergyman at 42,
Whose injudicious brood, from tops to weans,
Ran into double figures, if not teens.
Where are they now, those gangs, with whom our pack
Mixed in the general gardens at the back?
What of my comrade, Bill? And where is she,
The girl who lived at No. 33,
My earliest love, my ginger-pated Flo,
The girl I loved so fondly? I don't know.

Thus in the public street, with low-droopt head,
The homing bard rehearsed old scenes anew,
While errand-boys were awed, and taxis fled,
And pale pedestrians shuddered at the view;
And now the day had sloped towards his bed,
And now the poet thought that he'd slope too;
Whereat he turned and passed away to dine.
To-morrow to fresh cares and children nine.

DUM-DUM.

A VISIT TO NICOTINA HOUSE.

IT may not be generally known that there has recently been added to the educational establishments of England a refined school for the daughters of gentlefolk where the art of smoking plays an important part in the curriculum. In view of the requirements of a modern girl "coming out" and entering Society, it was felt that instruction in the nice conduct of a cigarette was essential; hence the emphasis laid upon it in this most up-to-date institution. Regard is paid also to other branches of learning, such as cards and dancing, but very properly a knowledge of tobacco comes first.

"You see," said Miss Virginia Weed, the charming and energetic head-mistress, "we realised that a girl who is a tyro at smoking stands very little chance to-day. She would be laughed at as a peasant or, even worse, receive the cold shoulder as a puritan or prig. And that would be terrible."

"Terrible," I said.

"There is also a practical or, if you will, mercenary side to it," she added. "You must have noticed the new tendency of tobacco manufacturers to enlist the services of pretty young women in the advertisement of their wares?"

I said that, all unobservant as I was, this development had not escaped me.

"You may also be aware," Miss Weed continued, "that considerable sums of money are disbursed to those who are willing to say in print that they prefer this or that brand to all others."

I said that I had not supposed that such recommendations were gratuitous, giving anything for nothing having become as obsolete as old-fashioned femininity.

"Well," said Miss Weed, "you will agree that a girl should be prepared for all the honourable avenues that lead to pin-money. That, at any rate, is what we feel here, and that is one reason why smoking is taught as carefully, if not more so, than such acquirements as can be picked up, so to speak, as one runs, such as the three R's."

"You have no classes in tea-making?" I inquired.

"Certainly not," she replied.

"Nor in any domestic accomplishment?"

"We teach making-up, of course."

"And the piano?" I asked.

"Oh, no. That has completely gone out. But we have lessons in changing gramophone-needles."

I congratulated her on such thoroughness, and she seemed pleased.

"And manners?" I said. "You pay, I suppose, little or no attention to this unimportant subject?"

"As little as possible," she replied. "This is an essentially modern school, and we want to fit our scholars for the world as it is to-day. But I am sure you would like to see something of our methods in action. This, for example"—opening a door—"is where the youngest pupils are trained."

We entered a large room where a number of girls were lolling about on sofas and in very deep armchairs, with cigarettes in their hands or mouths.



Critic. "AIN'T HE BANDY? LIKE WALKIN' OUT WITH A WISH-BONE!"

Noticing that they looked far from happy, I said so.

"That is true," said Miss Weed. "But they will be in time. These, you see, are beginners, and at first there are discomforts. We start them on the mildest tobacco obtainable and let them advance by very slow degrees. In fact we begin with a blend of something absolutely innocuous, with only a little of the true leaf. Many girls, of course, like it and therefore never use this room at all. Others acquire the art only with suffering. But why not? Art that comes too easily is rarely admirable. Moreover, what they are learning in suffering they will teach in puffs."

"But supposing," I said, "that a girl is incorrigible; that—like that poor creature who just bolted for the door—she shows no aptitude for this accomplishment?"

"Often," said Miss Weed, "she is expelled."

"Expelled!" I exclaimed.

"Perhaps the word is rather strong," said Miss Weed. "Their parents are asked to remove them. But such cases are very few. We have not had more than two in a year; and, as smoking gets more and more into the blood of the nation, they will be fewer."

"And do you find much need to punish?" I asked.

"Very little," said Miss Weed. "They are good girls. The gravest fault is secret non-smoking. Sometimes one is caught slipping away into the garden so as to get a little fresh air without any tobacco fumes. We have to be watchful of that and to reprimand accordingly. And we are strict too about cigarette-cases and match-boxes. There is an inspection every morning, and should these not be properly filled and ready for the day the culprit is dealt with. But we are, I assure you," and Miss Weed laughed brightly, "a very happy family."

I was then shown the room where the tests were applied. The girls, being given cigarettes of different tobacco, Turkish, Egyptian and American, and sub-varieties of these, were asked to state which was which. Some, even among the little ones, displayed extraordinary discrimination.

"And now," said Miss Weed, "I will show you some of the proficient smokers at their daily avocations." She led the way from one room to another, where all the pupils had cigarettes either between their lips or in holders, irrespective of their occupation. Miss Weed proudly drew my attention to this masterly disregard of whether or not the smoke got in their eyes or where the ash fell.

"Of course you allow them to smoke during meals?" I asked.

"Of course," said Miss Weed. "It is in fact compulsory." E. V. L.

The New B.A.'s.

I've often heard that Art and Sculpture carry
No weight with men like Tom and Dick and Harry;
But how can such a falsehood linger on
When Art has crowned with laurels DICK and JOHN?

"Must sell: Prosperous Fried Fish; 3 bedrooms; nearest £45."
Advt. in North-Country Paper.

We shall choose the bedroom that is farthest from the fried fish.

THE ABERDEEN JOKE FACTORY.



GENERAL VIEW OF FACTORY.



JOKE INVENTORS AWAITING AN AUDIENCE.



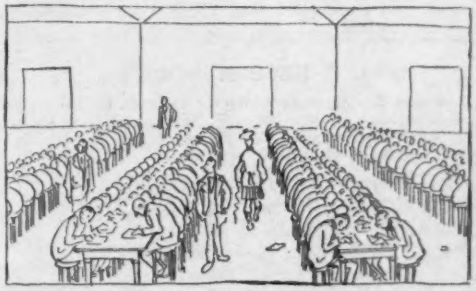
RESEARCH EXPERTS EXAMINING NEW SUGGESTIONS.



TRYING-OUT NEW JOKES.



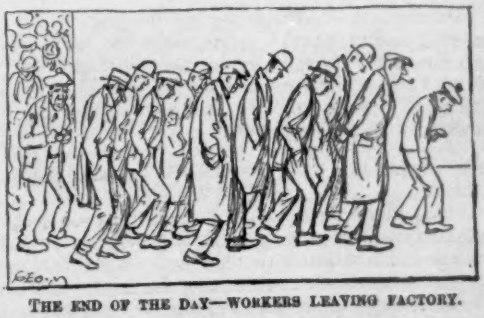
MEDICAL AND SURGICAL DEPARTMENT.



SORTING-OFFICE.



DESTROYING CONDEMNED JOKES.



THE END OF THE DAY—WORKERS LEAVING FACTORY.



First Pedestrian. "I SEEM TO KNOW YOUR FACE, SIR. SURELY WE 'VE MET BEFORE?"
Second Ditto. "YES, DON'T YOU REMEMBER? TWO ISLANDS AGO."

GRACE BEFORE BOOKS.

[Mrs. VIRGINIA WOOLF, in her preface to *Orlando*, thanks for their help Lord MACAULAY, EMILY BRONTË, WALTER PATER, Madame LOPOKOVA, Mr. HUGH WALPOLE, Mr. DUNCAN GRANT and fifty-three other people, mentioned by name.]

Now Mrs. WOOLF, who burns the midnight oil
To such high purpose, honourably avers
The nine-and-fifty partners of her toil;
And shall my gratitude be less than hers?
Nay, low of brow and low of literary station,
I too shall show my sense of obligation.

Go, then, my last small book, but ere we part
Let us distribute thanks where thanks are due;
Thank GEORGE R. SIMS, who made thee what thou art,
Thank EDGAR WALLACE, thank STEVE DONOGHUE,
Thank good NAT GOULD. To these four chiefs I owe
Whatever in the book may make it go.

Thank, nearer home, my boyhood's friends, Ralph Snoot
And Eric Plarth, who 've saved me many a mucker;
Thank DENNIS BRADLEY, thank Sir JESSE BOOT,
LAYTON and JOHNSTONE thank, thank SOPHIE TUCKER;
For my long overdraft while writing thank
The local manager of Barclay's Bank.

Thank BRUCE and thank Miss GLEITZE, who inspire
A note of perseverance in the weary;
Thank Mrs. Sparkes, who lit the study fire
With Chapter Nine; thank HOBBS, thank TATE, thank GEARY;
Thank for his stimulus Job Merryweather,
The honest landlord of "The Peacock's Feather."

Thank brother William for his spotless candour;
For light on ancient history thank Aunt Jane;
Thank Mr. Twist, who knows the law of slander;
Thank MUSSOLINI, thank ARBUTHNOT LANE.
Thank one, thank all. Thank last, who thanking need,
O book, such heroes of the ruck as read.

Rough Weather in a Newspaper Office.

"Vessels ingnoring the rules of the sea, running down Chinese vessels in an indisciminate manne randre gusing to render aid to the drowning."—*Manchurian Paper.*

The Chinese call this a typephoon.

Optical Effusion.

"It was only a couple of months ago that a hospital nurse had bent over his cot with pretty white tombstones in her eyes and told him that his sea days were done."—*Extract from Magazine.*

A more tactful sister would have had bath-chairs in her eyes.

AT THE PICTURES.

"UNDERGROUND" (MARBLE ARCH PAVILION).

Underground—"a British Picture of Modern London Life, written and directed by ANTHONY ASQUITH"—is encouraging and disappointing. It is good to see a film British, intelligent and individual—up to a point. It is good to pass at last from casinos and dancing-hells and log-jams and millionaires to the familiar scenes and simple souls of every-day London. Mr. ASQUITH with a sure instinct has taken the Underground as the Highest Common Factor of London's millions, the "note," as it were, of this bee-hive of a city. The Underground is a great setting, and might even be a great theme. But Mr. ASQUITH has not chosen to see it greatly, doubtless for his own good reasons. There is so much more to be said about it than he has cared to say. The important thing about the Underground is the people who travel on it, and why they travel on it, and the multitude of them, and their tragic weariness, and their patience and their discipline, and the vast regimental orderliness of it all. The Underground is a kind of miniature of modern civilisation. And it must have been with some sense of this that the author chose his title. But there is none of this in his film. He does not really see the people on the Underground at all; he only sees the amusing background of trains and tunnels and moving-staircases. And, if it is not impertinent to say so, one would guess that Mr. ASQUITH had not travelled on the Underground very much. The real spirit of the place is never there. The scenes in the train, for example, are perfunctory and unreal; the passengers are too evidently actors trying to be funny. And even the processions on the moving-staircase are not as effective as they should be because the author was thinking about the moving-staircase and not about the people. It may sound odd, but my complaint is that Mr. ASQUITH has not taken the Underground seriously; and this perhaps over-solemn criticism is really a compliment to him.



THE FOOD OF LOVE.

Nell . . . . . MISS ELISSA LANDI.
Bill . . . . . MR. BRIAN AHERNE.



A SUB-TITLE IN THE POWER-HOUSE.

Bert . . . MR. CYRIL MCLAGLEN.
Kate . . . MISS NORA BARING.

Probably he wisely decided that it was better not to bite off more than he could chew at this early stage of his promising career. As it is, he has given us a simple little love-story which crashes suddenly into melodrama. There are many good moments, many original and attractive bits of photography, particularly at the Lots Road Power House, to which the story passes (again, no doubt, for photography's sweet sake). But the story was spoiled for me by the "wild chase" at the end, in which *Bert* appears to lay out about ten healthy men in succession and has innumerable hair-raising escapes in the best American style. All this was merely ludicrous. Why must films finish with "wild chases"? Because they do so in America. But why must a "British Instructional" film by Mr. ANTHONY ASQUITH do so? I suppose (and hope) because some knowing commercial fellow told the author that the British public insist upon it. Well, they don't.

Miss ELISSA LANDI and Mr. BRIAN AHERNE were very clean and competent and charming, and Mr. AHERNE looked very like a handsome Underground youth I know. No complaints, either, against Mr. CYRIL MCLAGLEN; but the best of the principals, I thought, was Miss NORA BARING, who has a moving little part and really acts it. A lady not named in the programme who appears three or four times for a very few seconds as a stout person behind a bar is quite perfect, and made more impression on one observer than anything else in the show—not because she was dispensing beer, but because she was real.

The *Round Africa with Cobham* picture, which comes first, I unhappily missed, but I hear it is excellent.

A. P. H.

Mr. Punch draws his readers' attention to the Exhibition, now on view at the Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, of ERNEST SHEPARD'S original drawings in illustration of A. A. MILNE'S *The House at Pooh Corner*. The Exhibition includes many drawings made for Mr. Punch's "County Songs."



Bill (*Mr. BRIAN AHERNE*). "BUT, MY DEAR, I'VE JUST KILLED HIM; THIS IS HARDLY THE TIME FOR——"

Nell (*Miss ELISSA LANDI*). "DARLING, ONE NEVER BOTHERS ABOUT BODIES ON THE FILMS."

"JUDGE ON THE DOLE.

'They draw the dole when they are in long clothes now,' he tells woman."—*Daily Paper*.

But they have to give it up when working in short shifts.



"DINNER HERE IS À LA CARTE, SIR."
"WELL, WHEEL IT ALONG, ME LAD!"

MERCHANTMEN.

(For the Mercantile Marine Memorial in Trinity Square, to be unveiled on December 12th.)

THESE were the ships that kept on going
When the seas were thick with the War's black sowing—
Great ocean liners in white paint and gold,
Shabby little colliers, all grime and green mould,
Up-to-date cargo-boats ugly as sin,
Old seven-knotters with their plates rusted thin,
Has-been clipper-ships, laid up for ages,
Fitted out and rigged new and sent to earn their wages,
Coal-ships and cotton-ships,
Sound ships and rotten ships
From Thames and Clyde and Merseyside that fetched their ports no more—
Tyne ships and Humber ships,
Grain-ships and lumber-ships—
Ships that went down in the War!

These were the men that knew no shirking
The hungry waters where death lay lurking—
Grizzled old skippers that had grown grey in ships,
Young brassbounders with the down on their lips,
White-faced black squad and tanned A.B.'s
In oil-stained boiler-suits and torn dungarees,
That dropped beside the wheel on the deck all bloodied,
That drowned in the darkness when the stokehold flooded,
That froze on the rafts in the bitter Atlantic,
That drifted in boats till the thirst drove them frantic,
Some with wives and youngsters to cry their eyes red,
Some with neither chick nor child to care that they were dead,
Not reckoned greatly daring men,
But every-day seafaring men,
Who stood their trick and earned their whack and took their fun ashore,
Until on every tide for us
They took their chance and died for us—
Men that went down in the War!

C. F. S.

Commercial Humour.

"THE —— SKATING RINK, CLIFTON.
Owing to the popular demand the Special Thursday Evening Session will be discontinued. Prices as usual."—*Bristol Paper.*

"Thereupon she quietly made my bed and lit my fire for me, thereby heaping sour grapes on my head."
Extract from Story in Weekly Paper.

"Coals of fire!" as the fox said when he couldn't reach the scuttle.

"Mr. Frank —— is one of the three or so men in London who habitually wear a white beard."—*Gossip-writer in Daily Paper.*

"Which beard will you wear this morning, my lord?"
"Is it fine, Roberts?"
"Yes, my lord."
"Then my orange-tawny, I think, Roberts."

"—— School. Entrance Scholarships £100 (1) and six, value £60 downwards, last week in June."—*Advt. in Schools List.*

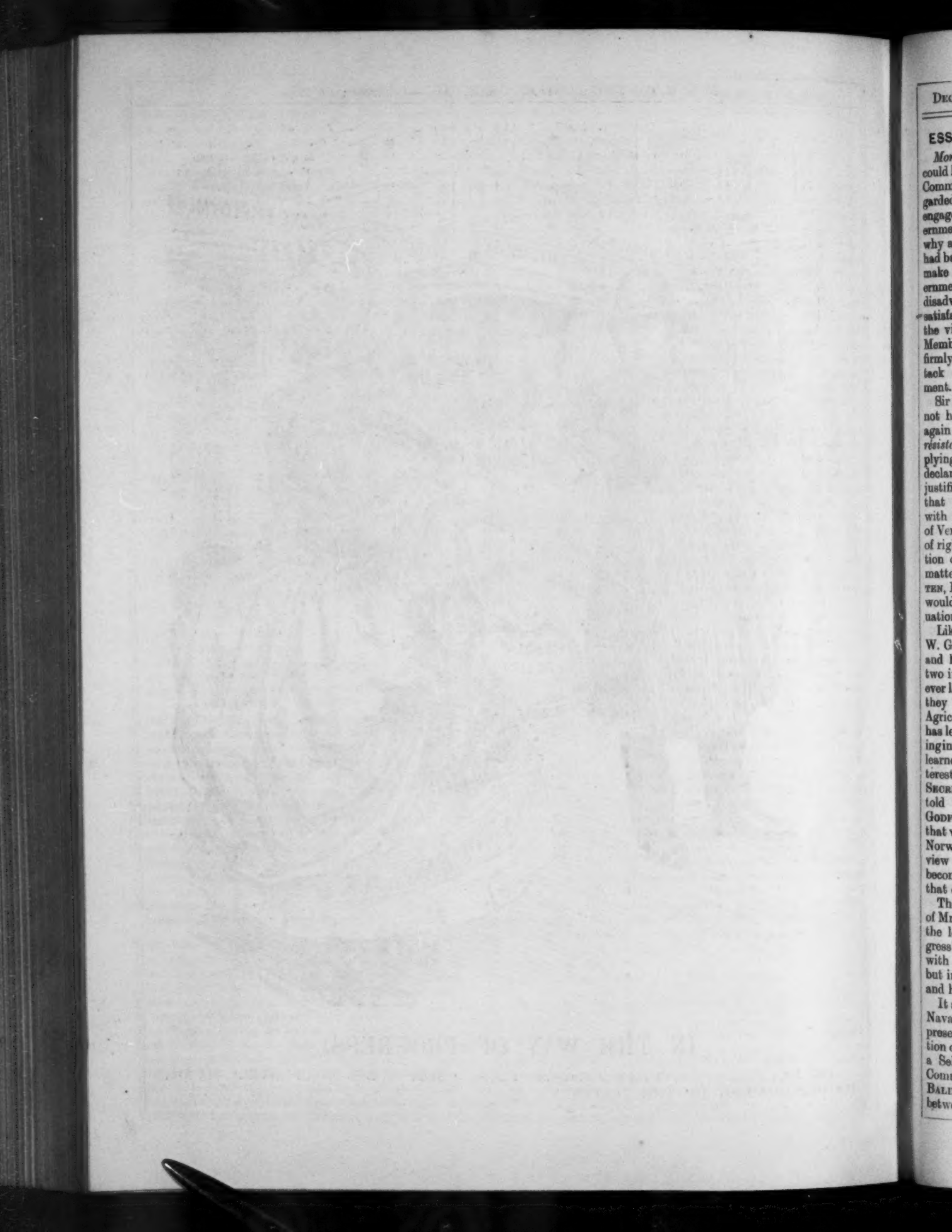
We are moved to give the following advice to Head-masters:—

If you want a good scholar attracted and bought,
Don't offer a scholarship value 00;
The most brilliant in Classics, French, Maths and Divinity
Will flock to compete, if you make it ∞.



IN THE WAY OF PROGRESS.

P.C. JOHN BULL (*to the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street*). "STEP A BIT MORE LIVELY, MA'AM; YOU 'RE HOLDING UP THE TRAFFIC."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 3rd.—The House could hardly believe its ears when Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, heretofore regarded as the staunch friend of anyone engaged in attacking any British Government anywhere, demanded to know why a certain Indian Moslem agitator had been allowed to enter Palestine and make attacks upon His Majesty's Government there. Mr. AMERY, taken at a disadvantage, could only stammer his satisfaction at being able to count upon the vigilance of the hon. and gallant Member in helping him to deal firmly with "agitators who attack His Majesty's Government."

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN has not had to wait long before again becoming the *pièce de résistance* of Question time. Replying to Mr. RENNIE SMITH, he declared that there was no *legal* justification for the contention that Germany had complied with Article 431 of the Treaty of Versailles so as to be entitled of right to demand the evacuation of the Rhineland. As a matter of *policy*, added Sir AUSTEN, His Majesty's Government would welcome the early evacuation of the Rhineland.

Like all good Irishmen, Mr. W. GUINNESS is a fisher of fish and has caught a whopper or two in his time. Whales however leave him cold. At any rate they leave the Department of Agriculture cold, and it in turn has left the revival of the whaling industry, Sir ROBERT THOMAS learned, to the commercial interests concerned. The FOREIGN SECRETARY, on the other hand, told Lieutenant-Colonel Sir GODFREY DALRYMPLE-WHITE that we were consulting with the Norwegian Government with a view to prevent the whale from becoming merely the extinct animal that could not digest JONAH.

The PRIME MINISTER at the instance of Mr. HORE-BELISHA read to the House the letter he had received from Congress's Mr. BRITTEN (not to be confused with the Mother of Parliaments' bluff but infinitely more retiring Sir HARRY) and his own friendly but discreet reply.

It seems clear that the Committee on Naval Affairs of the U.S. House of Representatives will not settle the question of Anglo-American sea-power with a Select Committee of the House of Commons. These matters, as Mr. BALDWIN truly said, must be discussed between Governments. Yet it seems a pity that Mr. BRITTEN's gesture should waste itself on the arid desert air. The least the House of Commons can do, one would think, is to write back and offer to take the House of Representatives on at golf.

During the best part of the first day's debate on the Second Reading of the Local Government (Scotland) Bill the number of Saxons in the House averaged two. This must not be construed as a studied attempt to belittle the quality of Scotch eloquence or to curb its flow. Nor must it be attributed to elaborate efforts on the part of race-conscious Gaels to make the intruding Southron feel that Scottish affairs are best discussed in a purely Scottish atmosphere.



Sir JOHN GILMOUR (to Major ELLIOT). "OUR SHEEP HASN'T DONE TOO BADLY THIS WEEK."

Mr. JOHNSTON (to Sir ROBERT HAMILTON). "IT COULDNA' HA' SHOWN A BLACKER FACE."

Sir JOHN GILMOUR, whose recent successes as a breeder of black-faced sheep must have added something—even in the eyes of his Scottish critics—to his Parliamentary stature, moving the second reading of the Bill, promised to be briefer than those who had spoken on the main Bill, and kept his promise. Mr. TOM JOHNSTON and Mr. IAN MACPHERSON, who divided the brunt of the assault between them, were less brief but correspondingly more vehement in their defence of the 869 parishes, 27 district boards of control, 98 district committees, 37 education authorities and 33 standing joint committees that the Bill proposes to abolish. Three Hon. Members were so carried away by their subject as to burst into poetry, including Mr. BARR, who, in an historical survey, declared that the University had been founded at Glasgow "because of the salubrity of the climate and the abundance of all victuals and the necessaries of life."

Tuesday, December 4th.—In the Commons Sir WILLIAM MITCHELL-THOMSON broke the heavy news that the suppression of football competitions would deprive the P.O. of the tidy sum of thirty-six thousand pounds a week during the football season. The fact had evidently preyed on him because he turned the answering of a bunch of questions about the Post-Office beam service over to Mr. SAMUEL, who with a thrift commendable in a Treasury man endeavoured to answer the whole lot in one.

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN and other incensed Members in vain besought the SPEAKER to wring replies to their questions from the P.M.G. himself, but without result.

Two incidents occurred this day in the House which, though of no immediate moment, may yet serve as important precedents for Houses of Commons yet to be. The first of these was the appearance of Lady ASTOR, fresh from a Thanksgiving Day turkey dinner, in a bright Turkey-red costume. It was Lady ASTOR who as first woman Member to take her seat decreed by her example that the female legislator should come to her duties robed in decorous black. Only one lady Member, Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, has ever departed from this sombre tradition, and she only to the point of appearing in navy-blue or discreet bottle-green.

Unhappily Lady ASTOR has since explained that hers was no bold attempt to pep up our popular assembly with a sartorial colour scheme. She had hurried to the House to be present when Miss BONDFIELD introduced her Bill to provide shoes for the children in the distressed mining areas.

And here a still more formidable precedent was established, for it was revealed, when Miss BONDFIELD was called upon to name the backers of the Bill, that every woman Member of the House was backing it, except the Duchess of ATHOLL, who as a Minister was de-

barred that privilege, and further that no mere male had been permitted to endorse that philanthropic measure. It was an affair for fairy godmothers, with no godfathers by request. Mere men will of course have to weigh in if the Bill is given facilities. Probably it will not, but at some future date, when all the really important affairs of the community are settled in Women's Grand Committee, its genesis will be reverently recalled.

The second instalment of the Local Government (Scotland) Bill debate saw that measure supported at the outset by a rather disjointed LORD ADVOCATE, and in conclusion by a sprightly but none the less adequate Major ELLIOT, and opposed by a miscellany of Scots not less long-winded but a thought less perfervid than those who had spoken on the previous day. Mr. STEWART argued at length that the derating would not help the great Glasgow industries. Sir ROBERT HAMILTON saw the measure giving a mighty impetus to Scottish nationalism, and Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR besought the Government to spare the Parish Councils. Sir ROBERT HORNE declared that the Bill "struck at the root of the unemployment difficulty," which on the whole is rather more than even the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER claimed for it.

Wednesday, December 5th.—Lord OLIVIER's motion dealing with the Indian Princes was apparently introduced to give the noble Lord an opportunity of saying that he does not think absolute monarchy a good institution. Neither Lord HARDINGE nor Lord READING, both of whom paid handsome tribute to the loyalty and enlightenment of the Ruling Princes as a body, could discover any adequate reason for discussing at this time their possible position in relation to hypothetical changes in the Indian government, and Lord PEEL for the Government said that such a discussion would be quite premature until the Harcourt-Butler Committee had made its report.

Mindful no doubt of the expressions of international good-will that he was scheduled to address to the congregated Pilgrims later in the evening, Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN answered a number of Questions about the Rhineland occupation with even more than his customary caution. The Powers concerned, he said, were still "animated" by the spirit of their declaration of June, 1919. Members must however still distinguish between the legal position under the Treaty of Versailles and the question of policy. With these diplomatic utterances those pious pilgrims of peace, Messrs. THURTLE, KENWORTHY and WEDGWOOD, had to be content.

A private Bill by Lieut.-Commander



A FAIRY GODMOTHER.
MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD.

KENWORTHY to abolish capital punishment was permitted by a rather derisory majority of one vote to be introduced. The Member for Central Hull, who would make an ideal executioner him-



LEAVING THE LISTS.
SIR WILLIAM BULL.

self if it was not for his kind heart, explained that executing people was "repugnant," on which a truculent Conservative voice was heard to interject "Why?" Probably the owner of the voice is one of those people who think that capital punishment has never been what it was since the politicians gave up decapitating one another.

A Money Resolution is merely an excuse for prolonging a Second Reading debate, and the Scots took every advantage of the Local Government (Scotland) Bill Money Resolution to shake their oratorical claymores in the Government's unresponsive face. Captain WEDGWOOD BENN gave the shrewdest cut when he declared that as far as Scottish votes were concerned this purely Scottish measure had already been handsomely defeated. All unperturbed by this admitted fact the Saxon Members piled into the Lobby and passed the Money Resolution by a good majority.

Thursday, December 6th.—That dog-lovers as well as dogs delight to bark and bite is common knowledge. Dog-legislators seem to suffer from the same facile weakness. Only thus can one explain why Lord BEAUCHAMP, secretly referred to by his Conservative Peers as "White Fang," suddenly fell tooth and nail on Lord DESBOROUGH (better known to a critical Opposition as "Stumpy").

The latter's venial fault appears to have been that whereas he did not oppose the Second Reading of the Protection of Animals Bill, except to suggest that it would not work, he now declared that in the view of the Home Office no amount of amending would make it workable.

Viscount WOLMER informed Captain CAZALET that the Post Office intends to issue a special series of postage-stamps (½*d.*, 1*d.*, 1½*d.*, 2½*d.* and £1) in commemoration of next year's Postal Conference in London. Since Great Britain issued the world's first and best postage-stamp in 1840, no commemoration, exposition, centenary or other festive occasion, and no temptation to gather in schoolboys' spare pocket-money, has weaned any POSTMASTER-GENERAL from this philatelic austerity. It seems a pity to begin now.

Crêpe-de-Chine for Councillors.

"COUNCILLORS' ATTIRE.

At one time it was the proper thing for Councillors to attend in black coat frocks."
North-Country Paper.

"Extraordinary scenes were witnessed at a water splash. Local motor cyclists had damned the splash and it was nearly two feet deep."
Country Paper.

We always reserve the "n" for three feet and over.



Absent-minded Cinema-operator (to Bridegroom). "KISS HER, YOU FOOL!"

GLINT O' THE DAWN.

(Being an attempt to get a little more life, pep, vim and what-not into the tangled terminological wilderness of the Local Government Bill by using the methods of romance.)

CONSIDER our great county of Glebeshire, with its rolling arable lands, now touched by the first frosts of winter, its clumps of splendid woodland dark-black against the grey of the snowbound heaven, the broad ribbons of road after road running between trim hedges, the matted telegraph-wires, the scarlet-and-yellow punctuation points of innumerable petrol-filling stations. Glebeshire, county of fair women and noble upstanding men! What quiet old-world villages nestle in the bosom of thy broad vales! Vested in how many a Rural District Council (at the moment of writing) is the upkeep of thy highways, the maintenance of thy sewers and thy drains!

Edwin Subsection let himself carefully out of his villa-built residence on a bright morning of December, went to his little garage and started up his two-seater car. A variety of emotions preyed upon his mind as he chugged slowly out on to the main road, so soon to be termed a county road, all enactments relating to it having the same effect as if for references therein to main roads were substituted references to county roads. A solemn (thought Edwin) yet fascinating change.

Poor Law Guardian of two years' standing and doomed as such to abolition, Edwin took his fate lightly, for was there not a possibility that, even though his present honour was to be filched from him and handed over to the County Council, he might in days to come be appointed by the County Council, subject to such general restrictions or conditions as the County Council might from time to time impose, to take his share in the discharge of such of the functions transferred to the Council under the Local Government Bill as related to the relief of the poor? Might he not, in fact, to put it more briefly and epigrammatically, be about to become a co-opted member of a local sub-committee of the Public Assistance Committee for one of the districts of one of the areas into which Glebeshire was about to be divided under the Act? Delightful and romantic possibility!

As he moved, more rapidly now, along the grass-edged turnpike, noting the boar-frost gems that spangled every spider's web on briar and hawthorn bough, he approached the Cottage Hospital and began to sing to himself, quietly at first, and then louder, the lines of a free-verse Saxon song which has become very popular in Glebeshire during the last few months:—

"The scheme may provide for embodying
Arrangements made between
The County Council or the Council
Of any district and the Council
Of any adjoining County
Borough for the reception of persons
Residing in the County Borough
Into hospitals provided by the County
Council or District Council
And for the reception *of*
Persons residing within the County
Into hospitals provided *by*
The Council of the County Borough."

The last strain, echoing amongst the uplands, had scarcely died away when the gaunt figure of a man sitting on a stile caused him to push out his clutch and bring his two-seater to a standstill. It was John Quinquennium. Edwin knew him well. He had been in his late father's employ for many years, had helped him as a lad to know the wild flowers of the countryside by name and to recognise the various eggs of the

plover, the chiff-chaff, the reed-warbler, the twite and smew. Quinquennium had now fallen on evil times, owing to the failure of a hammock and rustic seat manufactory in which he had for some time been a foreman.

"Well, John," he said, "still out of a job?"

"Ay, Mister Edwin," said the old man with a sigh.

"But insured?"

"Iss fay, Master."

Subsection was relieved. He realised that Quinquennium constituted an item in one of the determining factors with reference to which the population of Glebeshire would be artificially loaded or weighted for the purpose of the receipt of the consolidated grant.

"Any chance of getting work again?" he queried.

"They do say," said the old man slowly, "that factory be startin' again, 'cos they Gov'nment chaps be fur lowerin' rates simly. Iss fay," he added again after a pause and as though unable to think of any other racy comment in the Glebeshire tongue.

Edwin was overjoyed. He had forgotten momentarily that, in the new order of things which was shortly about to be, the rateable value of the massy old industrial hereditament in which John had been employed, together with the freight transport hereditaments attached thereto, would be taken to be merely a quarter of the net annual value thereof. He smiled kindly and chugged on.

But now the larger care which had for so long been overshadowing the background of his mind began to loom up like a thundercloud again. Winifred, the golden-haired Winifred Parish, daughter of Squire Parish of Schedule Hall, Winifred had refused his offer of marriage. Her proud old father had forbidden her to give Edwin her hand, the slimmest and loveliest hand in all the shire. Edwin's face darkened. The snap, the bright tingling joy seemed to have gone out of the winter day as he drew near to the little hamlet of clustered houses which was known as Thereinafter Monachorum.

But what—Oh merciful saints! . . . His heart seemed suddenly to stop; he wrenched the wheel, he swerved across the highway, he was in the ditch, he was overturned. A sudden quick pain shot through his left shoulder, but he was safe, it was all right, nothing had happened, the wing of the car was dented badly, but the child—thank Heaven!—the child had not been touched at all.

Little Margie Quinquennium, the grand-daughter of his old servant, apple-cheeked, blue-eyed, darling of her widowed mother and pride of her granfer's heart, had been playing the most popular of all games amongst Glebeshire children, the game of Last Across. An instinct quicker than conscious thought had enabled Edwin to avoid running her down opposite the "Chequers," outside the very gates of Schedule Hall.

And then, as he rose from the wet ditch, his shoulder still numb with pain, but conscious too of a great shock of gladness, in an instant, as though in a vision, everything about him seemed to be transfused and suffused, and as though it were interfused, because of the splendid safety of the child, until it became one glorious whole, and he perceived the great swelling uplands, the traceries of the trees, the wet loam clinging to his overcoat, to be part of



The Editor. "STARTING RATHER EARLY, AREN'T YOU?"
The Wait. "WELL, WOT ABART YOUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER?"

a wide sweet fabric, which included life, death, the labour of men, the density factor per mile of the long high-road, the functions of the supervising authorities, the dank dripping hedges, the Maternity and Child Welfare Act (1918), the Education Act (1921), and the Local Government Bill (1928), in its tremendous and beautiful tapestry. . . .

Flaxen-haired Margie, quite unconcerned, was sitting on the other side of the road, playing about with a dob of mud. Factor she too, like her old grandfather (though under a different head, for Margie was but four-and-a-half years old) in determining the weighted (or loaded) population of Glebeshire under Part III. Schedule IV., the little one was wholly unconscious of her destiny. How could she know that for the purposes of the Act if the estimated number of children under five years of age per thousand of the estimated population of her native county exceeded fifty that estimated population would be increased by the percentage represented by the proportion which that excess bore to fifty? She could not, she did not know.

As Edwin Subsection came across the road she merely put one small fat thumb in her mouth, laid her head on one side and uttered the simple word, "Coo!"

And then at the same moment Edwin became aware that Winifred Parish was standing by his side, and his heart seemed to stop suddenly and change gears again. Her face was radiant.

"Oh, Edwin," she cried, "I saw you! And Edwin, Edwin, it 's all right!"

"What 's all right?" he asked, bewildered and clutching his wounded shoulder with his hand.

"Father," she cried. "He doesn't care what happens now. He 's going to be derated next year. The old farm is saved! He is walking about in ecstasy now, talking to the Alderneys."

She dropped into his arms.

Who shall describe under any paragraph of any memorandum the formula of weighted love? EVOE.

WHEN OUR VILLAGE PLAYS SOCCER.

For last Saturday's important home engagement with Compton-in-the-Hollow our team was strengthened by the inclusion of Charley Ashbin, a centre-forward with a considerable reputation, recently transferred to us from Slaughter-under-Weatherly. The actual amount involved in the transfer has not been made public, but it must have been very heavy, as five members of our Committee, together with our captain (Dick, the landlord of the "Punch Bowl"), spent a whole evening in arranging matters with Charley in the tap-room.

Compton-in-the-Hollow appeared on the ground minus Christopher Moggs, their left back, greatly to the surprise and annoyance of their captain, who blamed the bad condition of the roads for Christopher's failure to turn up, and explained that, when he left the "Pig and Whistle" on his motor-bike, Christopher was occupying the pillion seat.

Our offer of the services of young Victor Hammond, one of our reserves, was accepted with reluctance, and it was fortunate that the visitors did not overhear our captain say that, if Victor reproduced his usual form, his inclusion ought to be worth a couple of goals to us.

After an exciting match we lost by the odd goal in a score which would have been considered abnormal had we been playing cricket. Quite unexpectedly the game was contested in an almost friendly manner, to the marked disappointment of Thomas, the local carpenter and undertaker, who rather fancies himself as a First and Last Aid man.

The only really unpleasant incident was provided by a visiting player who kicked the referee and as a consequence was ordered to leave the field in spite of his assurance that the kick was intended for James, the under-footman at the Hall, our outside right. The player's offer to deliver another kick, the object of which would not be open to question, was unfavourably received by the official.

As a result of the match it was generally agreed that a mistake had been made in the recent provision of nets behind the goal-posts, for William, the blacksmith, our goal-keeper, when defending the duck-pond end, was far more careless in the performance of his duties than was the case when the recovery of the ball necessitated his wading into the pond.



Hostess. "I MUST TELL YOUR MOTHER WHAT A GOOD BOY YOU 'VE BEEN."
Guest. "WELL, ONE HAS TO PUT UP A BIT OF A SHOW AT A PARTY."

AT THE PLAY.

"BURLESQUE" (QUEEN'S).

THE authors of this comedy were no doubt justified in presuming that a picture of life behind the scenes would have its attractions for a certain type of inquiring mind, but they can hardly have hoped that it would come as a surprise to us to hear that the Profession has in private its own human jealousies and loyalties and lapses from fidelity, like the rest of us. I cannot say what America makes of it; but, apart from the excellence of the interpretation, its appeal to an English audience lies chiefly in its exotic phrasing and colour. The spectacle of whisky being consumed in large quantities upon the stage is apt to leave me unmoved, but it may stir a faint interest if I know that the stuff is boot-legged.

We make the acquaintance of *Bonny* ("leading Woman of 'Parisian Widows'" in a company which is touring the small towns of America) and *Skid* (its "principal Comedian") in what we take to be a mixed dressing-room till we learn that they are man and wife. Though he doesn't look like it even before he assumes a comic red nose, *Skid* is reputed to be a squire of dames ("dame" being apparently the American feminine of "guy"), and *Bonny's* desperate heart is torn with suspicions. She is a nagger, but she loves him faithfully and only tolerates the attentions of *Harvey Howell*, a provincial Adonis interested in cattle, in order to make her man jealous. And when *Skid* receives a sudden invitation to play in New York her hatred of a rival "dame" who will be in the same company yields to her loyal ambition for his success and she urges him to accept. In their dressing-room (and the presence of most of the company) they part with a long embrace, in which *Skid* plays a relatively indifferent part.

We meet her a few months later in a suite of a New York hotel. Her suspicions and her ambitions have alike been realised. *Skid* has had a resounding triumph and thrown her over for the other "dame." She has taken divorce proceedings, and is to join her cattle-man in the solitude of his Paradise out West and be married to him as soon as she gets what she calls her "papers" in the Fall (*Anglicè*, her *decree nisi* in the Autumn).

Skid turns up with some roystering friends after a heavy night out. He produces an enormous flask and there is much drinking and dancing, in the course of which *Bonny's* dormant love for him is revived and she goes out to weep. *Skid* meanwhile remains fairly indifferent, and the entrance of the lover, which offered promise of a scene, causes him no visible embarrassment.

Skid now goes *ventre-à-terre* to the dogs. Back in a touring-company, he misses rehearsals and fails to put in an appearance on the night before the show is to open. He is tracked down and retrieved, a total wreck and unfit to play. At this juncture *Bonny*, who has suddenly re-entered from the West, takes him in hand, tends him lovingly, saves him from collapse in a dance that they do together, and so sees him through the first performance. An effective scene.

The audience, not too sophisticated, seemed to be thrilled at the sentiment of the happy ending, which may have been happy but was not an ending, and excused themselves from speculating on the future prospects of these two—to say nothing of the cattle-man.

As *Bonny*, Miss CLAIRE LUCE had her very human moments, and in her various capacities of faithful wife, jealous termagant, sentimental singer and acrobatic dancer she showed a really remarkable versatility. To his performance of *Skid*, a character less seizable and less sympathetic, Mr. NELSON KEYS brought a very agile intelligence, but found too little scope for his very individual quality of humour. Perhaps the freshest part was that of the cattle-rancher, very slow of speech and deliberate of purpose. Mr. RODERICK MAYBE played it with an admirable phlegm. Miss HALLIE MANNING contrived a lot of utility business as a *soubrette* and Mr. LARRY OLIVER, as company manager, took a very kindly view of life through his horn-rims.



A BEHIND-THE-CURTAIN LECTURE.

Bonny (*Miss* CLAIRE LUCE) *to Skid* (*Mr.* NELSON KEYS). "SAY, LOOK AT YERSELF. YOU AIN'T THE GUY YOU OUGHTER BE!"

Burlesque invites obvious comparison with *Broadway*, because they both deal with American life behind the scenes. But there the resemblance ends. The two plays are not in the same class. *Broadway* had an original scheme; it held our feverish interest with rapid and sinister action, for whose grimness there was always humour to serve as a foil. *Burlesque* relies on dialogue: we were too much behind the scenes in the sense that we missed the action that was taking place on the stage of life and had to be content with reports of it. Thus we saw no direct evidence of *Skid's* devastating achievements as a dame-killer in New York. Character, I admit, had been studied, but not in any very new aspect, if we except *Skid;* and his character, if he had any, was imponderable.

As for the title, its meaning escapes me. "Burlesque" of what? Of actual life behind the scenes, or of stage presentments of that life? In either case the play gave no sign of a burlesque motive, or, if it did, it gave it too subtly to be penetrated by those who were not familiar with the phase of American life or American drama that it was supposed to be satirising.

However, the problem of the title's significance didn't seem to trouble the audience. Seldom convulsed with spontaneous laughter, they were apparently well pleased to have their humour diluted with sentiment. And then of course there was the dressing-room and the trick-dancing and the brave show of chorus-legs.

O. S.

ADAM'S OPERA (OLD VIC).

Miss CLEMENCE DANE'S operetta-with-a-purpose is very definitely alive; entirely original in treatment; full of humour and a fine deadly seriousness; honest in its anger against human tyrannies and exploitations, great betrayals and refusals. It is indeed too full of matter for the light fantastic structure to bear—a fault which is happily less serious in play-making than in building. In her interesting self-revealing preface to the printed text the author confesses that, in the attempt to give an account in a form suitable for the theatre of the impression made on the semi-articulate public, as distinguished from its leaders, by the years that have succeeded the War and by the world the peace has brought to us, the thing became unmanageable and she simply had to let go the reins and allow the thing to rip. The tragic figure of that President of the American Republic—the "typical figure" of a time of crisis—who seemed to have the world in the hollow of his hand, with the power to heal its wounds, and then failed, fell sick and died, has turned into her *Adam*, the hero of her queer allegory, which has finally taken shape as part fairy-tale, part tract, part drama with a dash of expressionism, with cleverly-twisted excerpts from nursery-rhyme and folk-song—an exceedingly odd and engaging hybrid. Whether it is an artist's business to allow himself to be run away with is of course open to question. Nor can it be asserted with confidence that the meaning of the allegory is clear or its parts easy to reconcile with each other. But we can well afford to leave the theoretical points unargued when the result of this artistic unscrupulousness is so stimulating.

Adam, then, a personable young man in a cloak of porridge-coloured tweed and lounge-suit to match, with his two friends, *Tom Fiddler*, a wise young man of Bloomsbury, musician, painter, poet and idealist, and *Tom Tiddler*, a single-minded man of business, arrive at the enchanted castle in the woods. The throne room is stuffy and dark. The courtiers sleep. *Adam* breaks the stained-glass windows, letting in air and light. The castle servants emerge from their basement, spiritless and dim-sighted slaves; the courtiers stir in their sleep; the four at the card-table—coroneted *Dummy*, the *Stout Comfortable Old Party*, the *Thin Party*, the red-bloused Russian-booted *Young Party*—recommence their game of Westminster Bridge, whose other name is "Grab," under the grandfather clock which looks so like Big Ben. *Adam* wakes *Beauty*, the Princess, with a kiss. They are married. *Adam* is acclaimed king by the servants, *Tinker*, *Tailor*, *Soldier*, *Sailor* and the rest, the courtiers and men of affairs reluctantly acquiescing and still contriving to run the new show. *Fiddler* is happy in his friend's success. *Tiddler* sees money in it all. And *Adam* purposes to go forth in due course to take to the peoples of the world the great news that they are henceforth free of *Beauty's* garden. End of Act I.



A MODEL INFANT.

Mother Earth (Miss MARIE LOHR) *to Adam* (Mr. JOHN LAURIE). "DON'T BE AFRAID OF WAKING IT; IT 'S ONLY A PROPERTY BABY."

Act II. The *Princess* is impatient for her lover's return. *Mother Earth* is nursing the royal babe, *Eros*. The card-players are still at their game of "Grab," the *Young Party* being particularly active. *Fiddler* is disconsolate. *Tiddler* begins to think it time he got a return on his money—he had financed the expedition to the enchanted wood. *Adam* enters, now in a dark-blue cape and suit of solemn serge, a sadder and much older man. He is welcomed by the servants and the simpler folk—but with a difference. Busy with his hand-shaking duty he does not see the *Princess*, who in dudgeon (and rather unreasonably, we feel) turns against him. *Tom Tiddler* makes it clear that this is no world for dreamers. The loyal waver, the disaffected become bolder. *Adam* rages at their folly and blindness. But kings are not kings to lead but to follow; to follow those who are led in their turn by the manipulators and *Tom Tiddlers*. A republic with *Tom* as president is indicated as a solution. *Adam* finds himself without a friend except *Nobody* the Jester and a poor muddle-headed honest fellow, *Man-in-the-Street*. *Adam* is stoned to death, the *Princess* casting the first stone. *Tom* sits in the vacant throne. The body is borne away to music and words from "Here Comes the Bogey Man." The *Princess* retires. The doors swing open. *Beauty* is asleep again. The Court follows her example. The briars will spring up as before. . . . Miss CLEMENCE DANE has certainly said a mouthful and then some.



STEPS TO BEAUTY.

(Take a thousand or two years' sleep and preserve that schoolgirl complexion.)

The Sleeping Beauty . . MISS ADÈLE DIXON.

Mr. RICHARD ADDINSELL'S music was always interesting. He can write a haunting melody (instance, "Lavender's green dilly, dilly"), and follows the surprising changes of his author's mood with astonishing aptness. Of his fundamental musicianship I cannot judge. Mr. ANDREW LEIGH'S production was intelligently done, and with the modest resources of the Old Vic the result was something of a *tour-de-force*.

The individual performances of the principals, Mr. JOHN LAURIE (*Adam*), Mr. ERIC SPEAR (*Fiddler*), Mr. WILFRED BADDAGE (*Tiddler*), Miss ADÈLE DIXON (*Princess*—a particularly good performance for so young a player and singer), Miss MARIE LÖHR (*Mother Earth*—a charming picture) are to be highly commended. Mr. ANDREW LEIGH'S *Nobody* had an interesting quality, and Miss ESMÉ CHURCH and Mr. HORACE SEQUEIRA were extremely diverting as *Mr.* and *Mrs. Grundy* of the Court.

It would be possible, if ungracious, to criticise many details. But one paramount fault must be pilloried. It was quite impossible to hear a word of the frequent utterances of *Wireless* and *Rumour*. Until an actor's words are heard he has simply achieved nothing at all. Let them please see to it at the outset of their careers!

A most interesting evening. T.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"
(ST. JAMES'S).

When those two successful librettists, *Sandor Turai* (Sir GERALD DU MAURIER) and *Mansky* (Mr. EDMOND BREON), with their brilliant young musical *protégé* and prodigy, *Albert Adam* (Mr. HENRY FORBES-ROBERTSON), paying their surprise visit to the Riviera villa of *Albert's fiancée*, the prima donna *Ilona Szabo* (Miss URSULA JEANS), heard through her open bedroom door an old flame and teacher of hers, *Almady* the actor (Mr. HENRY DANIELL), making impassioned love to her in very odd phrases, such as that he was the steeple and she the fleecy cloud that hovered near, he the lemon squeezed dry and rejected, she the hard-hearted squeezer; and when we saw the idea developing in *Turai's* quick brain that the only thing to do was to induce the lovers to pretend that they had been rehearsing and so heal the desperate wound in the heart of young *Albert*, and save the impending operetta—well, we knowing ones said: that's a sound idea to begin with; no doubt the author (Herr FERENC MOLNAR) and/or adapter (Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE) will give it some ingenious twist which will defer our complete perception of its implications.

Not at all. There was the idea, and when it had been outlined all the author did was very slowly and laboriously to work out the details of it in the most straight-forward manner possible, trimming it with a few quite passable jests. We had to go through the rehearsal of the little and not very sparkling play which *Turai* had written in two hours round the theme of the steeple and the squeezed lemon, although we had known practically all there was to know about it from the end of the First Act. And there can be few errors of technique so fatal as this—the destruction of all suspense in your audience.

I can well understand the author being seduced by the beauty of his own ingenious idea and labouring under the illusion that it was good enough to carry itself; but it is less easy to understand that so experienced a producer as Sir GERALD, after rehearsal, should not see how heavily the thing dragged in the playing.

There were bright spots. A charming little study of an old footman by Mr. RALPH NAIRN; a very pleasantly extravagant portrait of a spoiled stage beauty by Miss URSULA JEANS; Mr. HANRAY'S amusing caricature of the fussy little secretary; Mr. HENRY DANIELL'S manful refusal to be beaten by a terribly unsympathetic and unpromising part; the hearty stupidity of *Mansky* as rendered by Mr. EDMOND BREON. Mr. HENRY FORBES-ROBERTSON'S part of the young musician, specially difficult in the circumstances, was well enough done. Sir GERALD DU MAURIER, alas, had little reason for believing that *Turai* was worth the trouble of playing, but it would have perhaps been more tactful, if less honest, to have made a more serious effort to pretend that it was. A queer baffling affair this theatre business. T.

In aid of the Princess Louise Kensington Hospital for Children, which was opened last May by the KING and QUEEN, a Three-Act pantomime entitled *Puss in Boots* will be presented at the Chelsea Palace Theatre on Thursday, December 20th, at 2.30 P.M. Tickets may be obtained from the Box Office of the Theatre.

The Hospital serves a large and poor population in North Kensington. Among many other expanding (and expensive) activities it has a special centre for the investigation and treatment of Rheumatism in children.

Contributions may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, Town Hall, Kensington, W. 8.

Another Impending Apology.

"PRIME MINISTER AT INVERCARGILL. His remarks were punctured with bursts of applause."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Sweeney Todd in the Free State.

"WE WANT YOUR HEAD TO RUN OUR BUSINESS."

Notice in a Hairdresser's Shop in Dublin.

"MAIDA VALE TO HAVE SOMETHING NEW IN FLATS."

Evening Paper.

What can it be? A servant who insists on staying?

THE NEW CHANGE OF HEART.

["Miss —— is an outstanding figure in the movement towards cultural interest by young men and women with well-known names—the most significant change which has come over the face of Society since the War. The Countess of —— studies art. Miss —— has been concerned for two years with an educational club. Mr. —— rises early to swat philosophy. Eloquent idling has gone right out of date."—"*Domino*" in "*The Evening Standard.*"]

MAYFAIR is growing serious—
So runs the wondrous news;
Aims that are deleterious
Our gilded youth taboos;
From bottles and pyjamas
Irrevocably weaned,
They dote on classic dramas
Unclosed-up and unscreened.

Those who with mirth unbridled
Our stately mansions shook,
Or elegantly idled,
Their follies have forsook;
No more for them wild orgies,
No more the rich repast;
None guzzles now or gorges;
Their mood is "agelast."

When lawns with dew are pearly,
With studious ardour hot
Lord Puffin rises early
Philosophy to swat;
And peers who in their folly
"maths"
And science used to dodge
Pay reverence to polymaths
And bow the knee to LODGE.

The Duchess of Saxmundham,
Who like a trooper swore,
Has not emitted one d——
For quite a month or more;
And old Lord Boodle's daughter,
Who lately took the pledge,
Drinks only toast-and-water
And eats raw fruit and veg.

The modern MESSALINA
Is fall'n from high repute,
And BACH and PALESTRINA
Have given jazz the boot;
At JOYCE and CASANOVA
Belgravia looks askance,
And LYDIA LOPOKOVA
Is wedded to finance.

Though acrid clerks continue
To carp and croak and prate,
England is sound in sinew,
In soul regenerate;
Cured by the flux of Fashion
Our brightest and our best
To-day promote with passion
A "cultural interest."

Vienna is still the most musical city in Europe. If fire breaks out in that place the firemen play "The Blue Danube" on the flames.

THE FESTIVE SEASON.



IF TO-DAY WE HAD TO FACE: (1) THE GARGANTUAN DINNER.



(2) THE FOUR-BOTTLE ORDEAL.



OUR RESTAURANTS.

Wife. "WHAT A LOT OF MONEY! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THE BILL CAME TO ALL THAT?"
Husband. "I'VE PAID THE BILL. THIS IS THE TEN-PER-CENT TIP."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IMAGINE a "cinema" show of the most outrageously fervid description, in which every scene depicts not only unstinted bloodshed, but insanity, starvation and martyrdom, with ever-recurring strange hatred and stranger forgiveness, and from which nearly all the explanatory words are missing, and you have some idea of Mr. S. G. ORENBURGSKY'S new novel of the Russian Revolution—*The Land of the Children* (LONGMANS). All his characters seem to be carefully studied to stand as national "types," but there are so many of them, and they start up and disappear again so spasmodically, that, even apart from their incurable Russian habit of breaking into abstract discussion when they ought to be getting on with the plot, one may try in vain to get a clear notion as to what they are all doing. Judged as a story, indeed, the book is deplorable, but as a confused account of a great confusion, wild of word and thought because the topic is wildness unutterable, shadowed with terror because the writer himself has lived in the terror's shadow, it is one of the most striking pictures of Russia's agony that has yet appeared. *Vavila*, the peasant giant, who asks only to be left with his patch of land, his flute and his dreams of fairies, is the most notable of the writer's people, though one cannot refuse admiration for the irrepressible little "red" soldier who wants to play the "Dead March" on his accordion while being led to execution. But some of his other figures are much more difficult. There are so many young women of decided views that I am afraid I got them badly mixed up. This volume is not pleasant reading, but as a picture of Young Russia suffering in a present delirium which the writer declares without hesitation to be directly Satanic in origin, it may be recommended as a source of instruction.

The whole legend of a properly cursed and haunted Scots castle, from the peel tower stage to that of *confort moderne*, strikes me as a capital subject for research; and the excitement of the chase is considerably enhanced when, owing to the action of the curse, the castle never passes in direct succession for three generations running. This, thanks it would seem to an ill-wish of THOMAS THE RHYMER, or a sacrilegious use of "harryit kirk" property in its building, or both, has been the fate of *Fyvie Castle* (MURRAY), whose history and that of its PRESTONS, SETONS, MELDRUMS, GORDONS and LEITHS has been admirably recaptured and described by Mrs. A. M. W. STIRLING. Not only Fyvie and its owners but such near Aberdeenshire neighbours as Gight, of GORDON (and BYRON) fame, go to swell the tome; for tome it is and should be—a compilation in the best *Cleishbotham* style of dignified garrulity. Personally, having so far as I am aware no Gaelic bias whatever, I would no more have missed Mrs. STIRLING'S innumerable divagations than I would have missed the immortal *Jedediah's*. In fact I found the book's two greatest "careers"—those of President SETON and the late Lord LEITH OF FYVIE—far less thrilling than its more conjectural and inapposite matter. Perhaps the bizarrest touch of all was the finding of the embalmed corpse of the defeated monarch of Flodden by an Elizabethan glazier in a London lumber-room. The glazier, feeling "a sweet savour come from thence," cut off the head, took it home and kept it a while for its fragrance. It is, I feel, entirely to the credit of Mrs. STIRLING and typical of her method that she turns aside from the Fyvie hero who fell with the King to preserve an anecdote worthy of *Urn-Burial*.

Alf's Button scored a sounding hit;
Alf's Carpet, which resumes the story,
May well, if I 'm a judge of it,
Win for its author equal glory;
Yet at the first appraising glance
Which I directed to its reading
I felt there could be little chance
Of Mr. DARLINGTON succeeding.

It seemed so easy to devise
A wealth of comic necromancy
Out of a magic rug which flies
To any spot that you may fancy—
So easy to achieve a rough-
And-tumble farce (a dull infliction)
By letting in a lot of stuff
That carried with it no conviction.

But no. When once the initial move,
The rug's arrival, has been wangled,
The subsequent proceedings prove
Most plausibly and gaily tangled;
The tale (from JENKINS) holds you tight,
Nor does the interest diminish
Until you reach the very bright
And utterly fantastic finish.

Utopias are kittle cattle to steer, the religious Utopia being, if I may say so, the kittlest. To describe such a country as brought into being in a land suspiciously like our own demands extraordinary propagandist talent: you must convince your readers that in respect to the matters you wish to reform we are not so well off as we are; you must clearly and attractively posit the principles on which your changes are to take place; you must render the human agents of these changes credible and pleasing; you must create sympathy for their methods and admiration for their performance. Recognising to the full the sincerity, chivalrous feeling and creative enthusiasm of Sir FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND'S description of the religious revival in "Ourownland," sympathising whole-heartedly with its longing to see faith and the family more potent than political expediencies, I still do not feel that *The Coming Country* (MURRAY) is quite the means to the end. To begin with, Sir FRANCIS neither takes nor leaves organised Christianity. The answer to that challenge is treated as a matter of taste, and we pass on to a cult of sacred art and "nature fêtes" designed to exist alongside the drama of the sacraments and supplement its deficiencies. This cult is evolved in the village of Holm by *Golden Promyss*, *Vera Love*, *Clere Lyte*, and other allegorical personages, with the increasingly warm connivance of *Vicker* and the increasingly vain opposition of *Vapid Worldling*, *Sekuler Kulcher* and *Blak Enmytie*. *Pace* the example of mediæval poets, the attribution of spiritual reactions to personified virtues and vices strikes me as a mistake. The relation of a complete personality to its Creator—the essence of religion—is absent. A happier framework, a better articulated theology, and Sir FRANCIS may yet produce the book of his desire and mine.



"I WANT SOME COLOURED HANDKERCHIEFS FOR A GENTLEMAN."
"CERTAINLY, MADAM! FOR BLOWING OR SHOWING?"

Mr. CONAL O'RIORDAN'S *Soldier of Waterloo* (COLLINS) is the sequel to a book called *Soldier Born*, and it makes, or so I surmise, the number two of a trilogy to be completed. I have not read *Soldier Born*, so I cannot say how the little daughter of the PRINCE REGENT came to be infatuated with a schoolboy; but when young *David Quinn* is, through Royal influence, gazetted from Westminster School to the Guards and I get to know him I find myself not at all surprised at the Princess CHARLOTTE'S condescension. For *David* and his Jonathan, the *Ensign Tony Dazincourt*, are two very delightful lads, and Mr. O'RIORDAN has, so it seems to me, caught in a remarkable manner the spacious atmosphere of the great days in which they live. Both these young

soldiers are men of position and fortune, and they are in the most friendly way in the world both suitors for the hand of *Miss Ruth Irwin* of Dublin, while the PRINCESS throughout remains (but mighty intriguingly) in the background. But it is when *David*, the favoured of *Ruth*, on leave in Ireland, is ordered to rejoin the Colours, since "a certain gentleman has broken gaol," that the story, which relies more on the author's gift for description and powers of writing than upon actual plot, becomes absorbing. The Guards go to Flanders in the following May, and the fighting at Waterloo and prior thereto is a masterpiece of descriptive horror and a nightmare of the surgery that then existed. *David*, *David* the beautiful as Endymion, is wounded so terribly in the face that he must for his remaining years go masked. *Ruth* weds *Tony*. We leave *David Quinn* outward bound in the brig *Jenap*, that seeks the North-West Passage, and we shall hear of him again. Mr. O'RIORDAN'S book is very certainly one to read.

It has been said by one as well qualified to speak of the art of fiction as the author of *Jew Süss*, that *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* (SECKER) is the first great novel which has the Great War for theme. Sweeping claims of that sort are easier to make than either to establish or to controvert; but, whether or not Herr ARNOLD ZWEIG has written a great book, he has undeniably written a very attractive one. And what makes it attractive, apart from the art in the writing of it which transpires through Mr. ERIC SUTTON'S excellent English version, is its singular humanity. All the people in it, whether they be generals or camp-followers, are essentially likeable, as human beings when you really know them are apt to be. Also they are alive all round, and not merely on the side turned towards the central figure, that simple and amiable Russian peasant-soldier, escaped prisoner of war condemned in error as a spy, the long-drawn vicissitudes of whose fortunes give Herr ZWEIG his main story. Clearly what interests the author is the individual entity. The War in its larger aspects is ever present in his book, a terrific and rumbling background—and he hates it with an admirable hatred—but his eye is always focussed on his little group of characters with clairvoyant precision. In his power of completely vitalising a variety of figures, at any rate, he is akin to the great novelists, to BALZAC and TOLSTOI and DICKENS. And he has a sense of the life in non-human nature, animal or vegetable, such as we are prone to regard as peculiarly English.

The Sword of State (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a biography of WELLINGTON from Waterloo until his death. Its author is Mrs. JOHN BUCHAN, who claims her place among the DUKE'S biographers on the score that she is one of his great-great-nieces. It can hardly be said that great-great-nieces are predestined biographers, and here the author's claim is even weaker than usual, for she is writing of one who lived always in the public eye and, as she freely admits, had nothing of "that intimate background that is called a home." Never surely did a great-great-uncle offer such barren prospects, and it is to Mrs. BUCHAN'S credit that, finding nothing, she has not invented. Her book is a record of WELLINGTON'S public and political career, compiled almost entirely from sources already made public, but nevertheless so attractively written that even the confirmed novel-reader may put it on his library list with confidence. "WELLINGTON after Waterloo" has provoked many pens and inspired none of them; it is hardly an inspiring subject. But if it has not inspired Mrs. BUCHAN it has at least given her a zest which she has communicated to her readers. Can this be the "inherited understanding and sympathy" of which she speaks in her preface? There may be something in this great-great-niece business after all.



Boy. "YES, I DONE IT. CLAP THE 'ANDCUFFS ON ME QUICK; ME GAL 'S WATCHIN'."

Some of us may conceivably be a little weary of imaginary monarchs, but, if the supply has not exceeded your demand, *The King Who Preferred Moonlight* (HUTCHINSON) should provide ample entertainment. Preferring moonlight to limelight, it was not wonderful that *Charles* of Carpathia wished to disappear and leave the throne vacant for his brother. But *Charles* was quickly to discover that for a man of his position the vanishing-trick was none too easy, and he soon found himself in difficulties. Moreover, he increased the complications by falling in love at first sight, and his devices to lose his throne and at the same time win the lady placed him in many farcically-amusing situations. Mr. ARTHUR WEIGALL has staged the scenes of these regal vicissitudes in Egypt, and he writes with ease and verve. But I am doubtful if this king was a subject (if a king can be a subject) worthy of his time and attention.

With the hunting season for gift-books in full swing I direct your attention to *The Railwayman* (NELSON), because it seems to me that almost any boy up to the age of fifteen or so would rejoice to become its owner. Mr. S. T. JAMES is a pleasant writer, and the abundant information he gives of everyone and everything connected with our railways is instructive without being in the least tedious. The titles of his chapters, varying from "The Boss of the Show" to "Pity the Poor Goods Porter," and from "Modern Expresses" to "Shunting and Shouting," indicate the extent of his range. In fact he has written a sound and sympathetic history of those whose work is of such supreme value to all of us, and parents, uncles and aunts may find it a solution to an annual and always perplexing problem. And solutions of that problem are a godsend.

CHARIVARIA.

LORD ROTHERMERE'S recent communications to the Press are interpreted as signifying that he sets so little value on Mr. BALDWIN that Lord BEAVERBROOK can have him.

The German Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs is experimenting with a device to enable three or more persons to speak together over the telephone. Our own G.P.O. wisely confines itself to experiments which, it is hoped, will some day make telephonic conversation between two persons possible.

When Lord BIRKENHEAD pointed out that his son, Lord FURNEAUX, has his spurs to win, just as he himself once had, he was of course referring to the pair he wore as "Galloper" SMITH.

The House of Lords has been considering the question, Were Barons Belted? No doubt they received the same treatment as other boys when they misbehaved.

A daily paper points out that plum-pudding is very unhealthy. Smith Minor says he will be only too glad to put it out of its misery.

It appears that small football-clubs are finding it difficult to get referees. This is what comes of spectators being so wasteful with them.

"All poets write good prose," says a reviewer. Where so many of them fail is in writing verse.

Tails, it is stated in an article on dress-clothes, have come back to their right place. So ends the brief vogue for wearing them in front.

The latest type of miniature car is delivered, unassembled, at your door in a crate. All you have to do is to put it together and hang it on the Christmas-tree.

"If Nelson's column were dropped down the shaft to the Piccadilly station," we read, "little more than Nelson himself would be left sticking out." We are convinced that it looks better where it is.

Colonel JOSIAH WEDGWOOD cannot imagine that a logical Protectionist would safeguard china, but not earthenware. Yet surely even logical Free Traders believe in safeguarding their Wedgwood.

"The conversation of actors and actresses is usually dull beyond all imagining," says a gossip-writer. The blame for this obviously rests with the people who write their dialogue for them.

A chess reform advocated by an Archdeacon is an extension of the bishop's move. But of course he approaches the subject with an ecclesiastical bias.



"NOW I—ER—WANT A CHRISTMAS TOY, PLEASE, SUITABLE FOR A SMALL BOY WHOSE FATHER IS VERY CORPULENT AND UNABLE TO DO ANY KNEELING."

Readers of the Lessons in Church are advised to cultivate better enunciation. Too many of them fail to "put it across."

A Socialist M.P. has published a book of conjuring tricks, most of which he invented himself. His Party has given us nothing like this since Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN'S Budget.

A weekly journal declares that the majority of carollers sing from memory. We have known some that seemed to be doing it from sheer cussedness.

A woman has been sent to prison for twelve months for demanding money with threats. Many tailors who do the same thing seem to get off scot-free.

It is a gratifying proof of British sportsmanship that, in spite of the fact that all football coupon-competitions have been stopped, League teams are keeping to their original programme.

A political writer says it is a pity the Cabinet has no official to teach it history. We are afraid that Lord BIRKENHEAD is too busy to take on so unremunerative a job.

According to a news item a Penarth angler dropped his watch into the water and some days later caught a fish and found his watch inside still ticking. It was most thoughtful of the fish to keep it wound up.

In an article in a weekly paper on conjuring-tricks a well-known illusionist says, "Take a ten-shilling note——" Yes, but from whom?

No jazz and no dancing is an attraction offered by a Harrogate hotel to visitors during Christmas. The novelty of the thing must have stunned many hardened habitués.

A gun, invented by a Danish engineer, which fires gas that will bring down aeroplanes, is the latest contribution to World Peace.

According to statistics issued by the REGISTRAR-GENERAL nearly a hundred octogenarians and one nonagenarian married last year. So much for the belief that there is an age of discretion.

The escaped lunatic who took refuge in a London night-club probably thought it the one kind of place where he wouldn't be noticed.

We fear that the composer of Hollywood film captions who is suing for wrongful dismissal has a bad case. It appears that he passed one film without using the sub-title, "Came the Dawn."

It is estimated that the traffic which passes the Albert Memorial is twice as great as it used to be. We don't blame it.

At a South London bazaar women judged the men's ankle competition. We understand that none of the judges was influenced by S.A. (socks appeal).

"G. B. S. has Nothing to Say," says a headline. It deserved a headline.

HONEST CHRISTMAS CARDS.

In spite of every discouragement from practical people, the Christmas card continues to serve as a medium for the conveyance of stereotyped messages of seasonable sentiment or for the expression of wishes which sender and recipient alike know to be impossible of fulfilment. "May every bliss be yours!" What kind of a hope is that to send by post, with a picture of a robin, to a confirmed pessimist like myself?

Having observed a card illustrated with a picture of a cemetery by moonlight, I thought of sending it to a deadly old bore of my acquaintance, but was baulked of my jest by the words:—

"My thoughts are winging o'er the sea
To carry all my heart to thee!"

Why shouldn't some publisher make a fortune by producing really honest cards for the use of people who hate humbug? Let the picture be anything—it won't matter if the text has bite.

I suggest the following as the kind of thing for stopping the annual dribble of cards from undesired acquaintances:

You sent a card to me last year,
You will remember; it 's
An idiotic custom; here
Is mine, and now we 're quits.

Again we need a card which would enable the sender to observe the conventional custom without committing him to anything further:—

I have no special wish to meet you,
Though from a distance thus I greet you
With adequate sincerity;
You are quite right if you expect
That all approaches would be checked
With something like asperity.

Then there should be cards for people whom, though the tyranny of social convention compels us to take some notice of them, we regard with loathing; thus:—

Since Charity as well as Mirth
Should now prevail upon the earth,
We all must struggle to forget
Dislike of reptiles we have met;
And therefore, though I find it hard,
I send this inexpensive card.

Here again is one which, amongst the fearlessly honest, should have an enormous sale:—

To be just seasonably pleasant
I send, as cheaper than a present,
A card, which also suits me better
Than wasting time upon a letter.

As there will always be plenty of hideous designs on the card-market, why not have some with words to suit, after this manner?—

This thing 's a horror, I 'm aware,
But then you have no sense of beauty;
For better art you wouldn't care;
So here 's this muck; I 've done my duty.

Many of us hate the idea of our good wishes being shared by the life-partner of an old friend. We want posies to meet such cases.

Thus, for a husband:—

I 've really liked you all my life
So send a card to say
I hope you 'll have, despite your wife,
A tolerable day.

For a wife:—

Christmas should be a cheerful time
Without one blot to dim it;
So poison James—'twould be no crime;
He 's always been the limit.

I think too that there should be verses that voice a reasonable and simple wish of whose fulfilment there is a possibility. This sort of thing:—

You 're middle-aged, and I shall not
Convey the customary rot,
But breathe a hope that care and diet
May keep the old dyspepsia quiet.

Finally, with a really horrid cheap card the following might serve to terminate a friendship that has grown wearisome:

No doubt you 'll be asking, "What motive explains
The card that this hypocrite sends?"
It 's due to the chance that the packet contains
One more than I need for my friends!

W. K. H.

LOCAL REFORM IN SCOTLAND.

AN INDIAN VICTIM.

SINCE I came to reside in Auchterbrose I have always taken an active interest in local affairs, and last year I was appointed Chairman of the Parish Council. Although I received many flattering congratulations I hope I was not unduly puffed up. *The Auchterbrose Courier*, which in its short biographical note described me as a "retired Anglo-Indian," said that in my elevation to the chairmanship my valuable public service had been fittingly rewarded.

Naturally I sent a copy of the paper to my old bearer, Fusaldar. Fusaldar lives in Ambala City. He regards himself as still attached to my household staff and keeps up a regular correspondence with me. The news of my election excited him intensely.

"Here is the most glad tidings," wrote the old man, "of Master going the great guns for Chairman of the Parish Council. Through and through bazaar I am every day telling all man of immense honour for Master and all man is jealous for me. I am asking and no bearer for all Ambala City ever got it Master that is Chairman of the Parish Council. I am telling this is only beginning of bottom of ladder. I am proud for Master and will always pray."

Subsequent letters have indicated that in the reflected glory of my high office Fusaldar must have made rather a snob of himself. "I am not," he told me, "mix myself up any more with common man, and am doing removal to bigger house for honour of my Master that is Chairman of the Parish Council."

Undoubtedly I should have tried to correct my old servant's fantastic ideas about my comparatively humble appointment; but, alas, it is too late to do anything now. By the decree of Sir JOHN GILMOUR, Secretary of State for Scotland, I am to be ruthlessly deprived of my little brief authority, and news of the doom that is impending over our parish councils has reached Ambala City. I have just received from Fusaldar the following poignant effusion:—

"I am writing for inform Master there is dreadful trouble coming for me. I am knock into cock hat with worry and abuse. Here is lazy fellow Subrati making report that Master is got it sack for Chairman of the Parish Council for the no blooming good. I am shouting for pitch of voice it is all lies, but dirty dog is follow me all over bazaar with yap and snarl and will not shut the mouth. Soon all the people and little boy and girl is doing the leg pull for me and I am involve in situation of abominable embarrassing. His old Fusaldar is well knowing Master will never got it sack for Chairman of the Parish Council. I am therefore praying Master will send immediate confirming that Subrati is howling liar. Till such time I am confining to house for sake of peace and quiet."

I am sending a copy of Fusaldar's letter to Sir JOHN GILMOUR. It might soften his heart.

TOO RESILIENT.

["At the card-table," says a writer, "the bad winner is even more objectionable than the bad loser."]

DEAR TOM, when you make a superior show
In a game where I never can shine,
I do not begrudge you the sovereign or so
Transferred to your pocket from mine.

'Tis your braggart demeanour of which I complain,
Your swank that I long to denounce;
In spite of the rubber you 've happened to gain
Must you *really* display so much bounce?

"Correspondence dealing with Lord Birkenhead's withdrawal from the Cabinet is now officially published. In a letter to the Premier, Birkenhead says: 'Your own personality has converted the Cabinet which assembled upon the crater of some butter and recent memories into a band of brothers.'"—*Madeira Paper.*

A Cabinet's foothold is often a very slippery one.



THEIR MISTRESS'S VOICE.



"YOUR DANCING-PARTNER *IS* A GOOD-LOOKING BOY."
"I KNOW. REAL GOOD-LOOKERS ARE A BIT SCARCE. I THINK I'LL MAKE HIM DO ANOTHER YEAR."

NEW NOTES FOR OLD.

BEING a fellow who has little to do with money at any time, I didn't come across these new notes till several days after they were first issued. I had not even seen what the newspapers called "review copies." Indeed, when a slick shop-keeper tried to palm off on me, among my change from a pound, something that was obviously a five-dinar bill from South-East Europe, I was too astute for him and refused even to look at it. He appeared surprised, but that I took to be mere natural astonishment on finding one of the public who was not such a fool as he seemed. Just recently, and now that I *have* seen the new ten-shilling notes, I have been wondering whether perhaps his surprise was not after all—— However, we won't dwell on that now.

At last an outbreak of severe financial stringency sent me to my bank. Here, the young man with the reddish hair who tends my account like a mother watching over a sickly child, keeping it out of all overdrafts and so on, paid across to me some of the new notes. Not nearly as many as I should have liked, even though I did ask whether any free samples were being given away to help boom the new article. However, I had four green ones and two red—almost enough to lunch with at one of the quieter West-end places, if I wanted to; but, feeling I ought to be careful of these innocents standing thus dewy-eyed on the threshold of life (I rather like that bit, don't you?), I went off to lunch at my club.

"Have you seen the new notes?" I began importantly to my Next-on-the Right. "I've got——"

"Yes, I have," he growled and resumed a conversation about Money for Art's sake with my Next-on-the-Right-But-One.

"These new notes," I began undaunted to my Next-on-the-Left. "Have you——"

"Yes," he said curtly.

I sighed and leant over to my Opposite. "These new notes——"

"Oh, hell!" he mumbled thickly to the inside of his tankard.

Somehow, you know, my conversation wasn't going down well that morning. And I did so want to show my notes to someone; to be, for the moment, the centre of an admiring little gathering as one who had something new. But I always seem to be a week late on these things. So I picked up my plate and glass with dignity and moved to the next table, where I saw a more likely-looking audience.

My more likely-looking audience was an elderly gentleman whose faculties were in just that stage of disrepair which suggested he might yet be ignorant of the new note issue.

"Good morning," I said, with a flanking movement when I had settled silently into position.

He started visibly. Evidently he had thought the seat next him vacant, and yet here was a chap who, judging by his plate, was halfway through his lunch and must therefore have been there some time without his realising it. A disturbing thought for him.

"Good morning," he replied, after looking closely at me to see if there was any magic about it.

"Have you—er—seen the new notes?" I asked a trifle timidly after my previous experience.

"Eh?"

I repeated.

"What new notes?"

This was better. I explained at some length, and he listened, nodding his head.

"And when are they to be issued?" he asked at length, to show that he was following every point.

This was better *and* better. I swelled—at last—with the conscious pride of the man who is right in the front of things.

"Well, as it happens," I remarked airily, "I have one or two here, if you would care to see them?"

He would. Triumph! I pulled them out and displayed them. His eyes glistened; he wiped his glasses, and they glistened even more. He took the notes and examined them in detail.

"How did you get them?" he asked at last.

"Review copies," I quoted from the papers, choking back my first funny answer.

"Surely they don't send copies out on review?" he inquired, incredulously serious and looking me straight in the eyes.

I was taken aback. "Well, not exactly. Er—that is, no. I mean——"

He turned from me with the withering contempt of all serious-minded men for fools. I at once felt a fool. And, like a fool, I plunged further.

"I was just being funny," I confessed; and, as we still stared at one another, I added in a wild and misjudged attempt to prove my claim to facetiousness: "You don't mind my watching you, do you? but I've lost so many notes showing them to people that I have to be careful."

Even the jocular laugh with which I accompanied this further attempt at keeping the conversation up on the airy heights of badinage rather than in the sunless valleys of serious thought failed to modify the awful silence which fell between us. With icy politeness he handed me back my notes one by one, ostentatiously thumbing each as he did so.

In order to retrieve my honour I tried to think of something really witty which he would understand and appreciate as such, but just as I had got it he said acidly:—

"Perhaps you would like to count them in my presence?"

"No—no," I replied, all flustered again. "I'll risk it." And I got up and fled downstairs.

In the hall I met Dobson. I felt I just had to confide in him about the difficulty of being funny, and people who take one seriously and so on. I was longing to tell him what had just passed and to hear a sympathetic and amused voice say, "Good Lord! Not really? Some people are the limit!"

"Life is very hard," I began.

"I feel like that too," he said. "What will you have?"

This was comforting, but not the comfort I wanted. "Never mind that for the moment. Listen. You'll hardly credit this, but I was showing these new notes to a fellow upstairs and I said casually that I hoped he didn't mind my watching him closely, but I'd lost so many notes showing them to people that I had to be careful——"

"Good Lord!" interrupted Dobson, in horror. "Not really? Some people are the limit!"

"You've said it, bo'!" I replied with deep meaning and left it hopelessly at that.

A. A.



Maid (at bathroom door). "LIDY ON TELEPHONE, SIR. SAYS SHE 'S SORRY YOU 'RE IN TR-R-R-OUBLE."

When Boat Trains ARE Boat Trains.

"A high sea was running at Heysham, but an official of the L.M.S. stated that the sailing of the boat trains for Ireland would not, it was hoped, be affected."—*Daily Paper.*

"The council of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture decided to-day to call a national conference for February 1 next to discuss the position of agriculture."
Birmingham Paper.

We had long suspected it of being topsy-turvy.

TOPSY, M.P.

XIV.—SOLVES EVERYTHING.

Trix darling I haven't a *moment* to write to you, my dear life's a *cataract* just now, well my *new* house-parlour's given notice because of the *stairs* and of course they've put me on one of these *yawny* Committees about the *dreary* Rates, and now I've got to *fly* away and lay the *foundation*-stone of a Palais de Danse, my dear *too* miscellaneous so no more now, how *are* you poppet, and *would* you like to read my *deserving* little Bill about Betting and everything, my dear the *Whips* are *incandescent* about it, anyhow *here* it is, farewell your little *reformer* TOPSY.

(*Enclosure.*)

A BILL FOR THE ABSOLUTE REFORM OF THE GAMING LAWS AND ALL THAT, TO SWELL THE EXCHEQUER AND MAKE PROVISION FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

Preamble.

WHEREAS the Briton is *born* betting, and *can* you wonder in a climate like this where *quite* nothing is certain, and anyhow it was the gambling spirit that utterly *made* our ubiquitous Empire, and if you ask me when it comes to it the British race will be found *buoyantly* betting on the *respective* numbers of the sheep and the goats, because *quite* nobody can stop them and *what* is more I notice that none of these *drastic* Savonarolas has the *nerve* to suggest it, on the contrary the Sunday papers which have the *most* Puritanical *leaders* have the *widest* pages at the end about *winners* and prices and odds and everything but of course the *nude* truth as I always tell NANCY is that *over*-betting is *just* as fallacious as over-drinking, in fact *worse*, because beer *is* definitely a *food* but backing a winner is a *mere* vice and of course backing a loser a *sin*, besides depriving the children of crusts and everything, well anyhow it can't be stopped, but whereas we spend £200,000,000 per ann. on betting, not counting all these *corrupting* competitions in the papers which my dear are *mere* lotteries in fancy-dress, and of course the Insurance papers are just as bad, my dear it's all the *same* thing, *Money* for Nothing, but what I say is *can* you blame the poor because of course for *herds* of people all this betting is the *sole* romance and radiance they *have?*

AND WHEREAS the *grim* thing is that of all the *millions* they spend only about *eightpence* goes to the State, and of course it's *too* saponaceous to talk about its being a *septic* matter for the State to touch, because whereas *when* you think that Westminster Bridge was *merely* built out of the *contagious* proceeds of a *State* Lottery, and *there* it is day after day utterly *contaminating* the eyes of our *cow-hearted* legislators, so if they're at all genuine the first thing to do is to *demolish* same, only it seems to be a fairly substantial and clean-living bridge, anyhow whereas it is expedient that the national betting itch should have an outlet *somewhere* and at the same time benefit the Exchequer, and whereas there are many and *grevious* evils arising out of betting, well I mean, street-bookies and child-messengers and all that, but they can't be stopped because of the *bat-eyed* law, whereas of course it is much easier to *control* a thing if it is lawful than if it is *not*, well look at Prohibition, and anyhow what *I* say is that betting ought to be like motoring which is *too* lawful only you can *only* do it if you have a licence and pay taxation and utterly *behave* yourself,

AND WHEREAS besides at the present time the Gaming Laws are a *suppurative* muddle of hypocrisy and injustice, well isn't it *too* childish when you think that *credit*-betting's lawful and *cash*-betting's a crime, because after all cash-betting means that you lose the money you've *got* but the other way you can lose a fortune you *haven't* got, but there it is, the *rich* man's bookie does everything over the King's most excellent telephones and my dear *what* about the Stock Exchange, but the poor man's bookie is chased about the back-alleys by the King's most excellent policemen, and if you call that *justice*, but whereas of course the *thing* to do is to stamp out street-betting by having *licensed* betting-places for the poor the same as the rich and give absolute *years* of hard labour for street-betting afterwards,

AND WHEREAS the principles of this Act are therefore to

Control betting by regulation,
Keep it clean by the *most* malignant penalties,
Discourage it by cruel taxation (like drink)

and get a *mere* £20,000,000 out of it for the jolly old Exchequer,

Be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, the Lords and Commons and everything, by and with, accordingly, and inasmuch, as follows:—

1. It shall be lawful to bet and gamble, except where specially forbidden, well I mean roulette and all that, and street-betting, and at football matches and things.

2. (1) No person shall make or take a bet without a *Licence*, which licence shall be endorsed or cancelled if he robs the children's bread, or steals or welshes, or fails to pay up or anything.

(2) These licences shall be renewed *annually* and any person found guilty of betting to the public danger shall not get *another* licence for at *least* two years.

3. The penalty for street-betting or betting without a licence shall be *two* years' hard *without* the option.



Householder. "WHO ON EARTH ARE YOU, MAKING THAT CONFOUNDED NOISE?"
Choir-leader. "ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS."



The Ghost. "I AM SIR PETER, WHO FELL AT MARSTON MOOR."
Costume Expert. "NOT IN THAT HAT, MY DEAR FELLOW; IT'S A HUNDRED YEARS TOO LATE."

4. There shall be licensed and registered betting-offices for the poor the same as the rich, but limited in number and the whole thing *rather* inconvenient.

5. It shall be unlawful for *any* newspaper to give *money* to its readers on *any* pretext except *litterary* competitions and *perhaps* cross-words, provided that

(1) There shall be a *State* Lottery *twice* yearly, the *proceeds* to be devoted to Unemployment works, and

(2) *Local* lotteries and sweepstakes shall be allowed by *special* licence for the Derby and everything. The tax to be 10% on all entrance money and 12½% on all prize-money, like they do in Tasmania.

6. (1) The Betting-Tax shall be *much* higher because of course it 's *too* inequitable to charge *2* per cent on a bet and 16 per cent on a Theatre Ticket, and 200 per cent on whisky, well anyhow it shall be *5* per cent *on* the course and 10 per cent *off*.

(2) The cost of a betting-licence shall be five shillings, and for a book-maker *on* the course £50 and off the course £100.

(3) Race-courses and other people permitting people to bet on their premises shall have a special licence and tax and be responsible for the said people.

7. (1) No newspapers published on the Lord's Day shall publish the odds on any horse-race or offer any aids or incitement to bet and gamble, but their reports of race-meetings shall be a *mere* record of what has happened, like divorce cases.

(2) Any Sunday newspaper contradicting this section shall be *deemed* guilty of an act calculated to *corrupt* the morals of the people and shall be utterly proceeded against as for a *misdemeanour* under the *Obscene* Publications Act 1857.

8. It shall *not* be lawful to gamble on the Stock Exchange.

9. All previous *erroneous* legislation on this subject is hereby utterly washed-out repealed and abrogated

Provided that nothing in this Act shall prevent a chap from having a friendly bet in the home about the date of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR or something, or *even* on a round of golf, *provided* that no such bet shall exceed the sum of £1, which I think is *reasonable* don't you.

10. And that 's about all I think, only of course this Act may be cited as The Gaming Laws Unemployment and Sunday Newspapers Reform Act 1928.

A. P. H.

Feathers in the Beyond.

"NEXT WORLD'S POULTRY CONGRESS."
Headline in Canadian Paper.

The Versatile Cantab.

"The Cambridge eleven followed up their victory in the Rugby match by beating Oxford in the Association game at Stamford Bridge yesterday by three goals to two."—*Daily Paper.*

Very tiring.

"The bride was attired in a dress of pale pink chiffon velvet with an overdose of pointed silver lace. She was given away by her father."
Newcastle Paper.

The dress, of course, gave itself away.

"'A' is right. The play, 'La Tosca,' was written by Sandow."
Reply to Correspondent in New Zealand Paper.

We don't know who threw doubt on "A's" statement. Possibly a prejudiced admirer of SARDOU.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE:

A CRY FROM THE DEEP.

[An appeal to this effect recently appeared in the Press.]

TRISTAN D'ACUNHA 's a simple isle,
And we 've been there for a long, long while;
Our lives are cast in a simple mould,
And modern luxury leaves us cold.

Lying away from the wide sea-routes
We see few sails and we hear few hoots,
For never a vessel comes near our coast
Save once in a year, or twice at most.

And then we know that the good ship brings
A kindly cargo of useful things
Sent by our kin of a Northern clime
To keep us going until next time.

Brooms and brushes it brings, and rope,
Detective stories and bars of soap,
Tools for gardening, boots and cheese,
Jam, and powder for killing fleas.

I name a few of the usual lot,
Though some are regular, some are not;
But somehow never a stout ship halts
Without a consignment of Epsom Salts.

To you with your wilder ways, no doubt,
Your noble meals and your glad nights out,
Epsom Salts are a thing of price;
With us that remedy cuts no ice.

We have no livers, our tongues are red,
We spend our nights, as a rule, in bed;
In fact, while conscious, perhaps, of faults,
They 've no reaction to Epsom Salts.

No, send us biscuits and send us pens,
Picture papers and cocks and hens;
Matches and chocolate, hats and hooks;
Barring poetry, send us books.

Anything else you like to add,
Send it along, and we 'll be glad,
Gramophone records, jazz or waltz;
But do stop sending us Epsom Salts.

DUM-DUM.

WESSEX AND ÆLFRED.

(Another vivid presentation of an episode in English history, treated, we hope, with some of the psychological flair which characterises Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY'S wonderful "Essex and Elizabeth.")

WAS it the memory, perhaps, of a day at Wantage when, a weak and ailing (if not epileptic) child, he had suffered a violent indigestion from just such pieces of soggy dough as these that now disturbed the *kyning* as he looked at the *heorth*-stone?—a day when he had escaped his nurse and gone to his mother, crying, "*Ic ne mæg etan!*"

And she, the pleasant Frankish lady, had promised to bake him some of the crisper lighter bread that she had learnt the way of cooking at the Court of King CHARLES THE BALD?

The large unkempt woman went away and he was left there in front of the rude oak fire to keep solitary ward over the *hlafs* of coarse *grut*. To keep ward, ay, and to remember.

They had always been stronger than he, those other boys, ÆTHELBALD, ÆTHELBERHT and ÆTHELRED. When they had been sharpening their spears to follow the wolf or fledging their arrows to shoot the *hara*, how long and how carefully had he not studied to win the beautiful book with the bright pictures in it that the Queen had promised them. And he had won it. Books were a passion with him still. The others had laughed at him about it, but he did not care. Well, well, they were dead now.

Would a time ever come when he too could be a writer, could fulfil the great dream of his life and translate that wonderful work of OROSIUS into the English tongue? A magnificent history, if ever there was one. How faithfully it dealt with the pagans and the wickedness of their ways! Something perhaps might even be added to it—something of his own. If he could send out some ships to explore the mysterious North land—for there were places in the world undoubtedly that OROSIUS never knew. Ships! But it was not much use thinking of ships just now. Here he sat, a broken and beaten *kyning*, lodger with a rude peasant-woman on a reedy islet, his *thegns* scattered, his fleet winter-bound, his enemies everywhere.

Some of the *hlafs* were yellowing, others already a rich brown inclining to black. They were like the line of yellow-and-black shields that hung along the sides of the Northmen's ships. What men they were! Sailing the whole world over, as reckless of storms or the great unknown seas as of that which, thanks to God's mercy, had lately shattered them to pieces on the shore at Swanage. If he could find Englishmen to make crews like those!

But what was the use of his dreams? The victory was out of his grasp for ever. To escape, if he could, to some monastery across the water and there end his days—that was the best he could hope for. OROSIUS, and even BÆDA, he might translate them. He had always longed to translate BÆDA. There was more comfort in books than in battles; in books and in prayers and in songs. A line or two of CÆDMON returned to him, and he hummed them to himself in his own soft Wessex dialect—

"*Nu we sculan herian heofonrices weard*
Metodes mihte and his modgethonc,
were Wuldorfæder; swa he wundra gehwæs
ece Dryhten, ord on stealde. . . ."

The words tranquillised him a little as he repeated them. He wished he had brought his harp. It gave him confidence and courage, so that he had not been frightened even when he played it before GODRUM himself, and the stark Northman had not pierced through his disguise, nor had any of those rude carles and warriors shouting oaths and mead-weary after the labours of the day.

The door opened suddenly, letting in the *niht* wind. The great boar-hound, which had been lying at the *kyning's* feet and scratching with one hind-leg for *fleahas*, rose slowly and wagged his tail. His mistress had returned.

A harsh torrent of vituperation broke over the head of the unfortunate wayfarer. Had the strong rough woman, home from collecting faggots and wet with the soft Somerset rain, at first intended to cosset and toy with this handsome-looking lodger while her goodman was absent from the *hus*? Most probably. It was not often that so blue-eyed, so well-spoken a stranger took refuge in those lonely river lands lying off the track of the great roads—roads that the half-mythical Roman had driven so straight between his walled citadels.

If so, all trace of the amorous intention fled instantly from her mind at the sight which met her gaze.

The *hlafs* were burning. The smoke curled up from them as it had curled up from a thousand crofts and bowers and berns that the Northmen had ravaged.

Bewildered and half-mazed with his dream, the young man rose from the rough wooden seat by the *heorth*, and as he did so the indignant virago struck him a mighty *dynt* or buffet on the cheek. The world span round him. A swift sex-antagonism stirred in his spine. To be treated thus by a woman! All the pride of the *æthelings* rose in his bosom. Instinctively he laid his hand on his *sweord*. He would pluck it out and slay her.

And then, surprisingly, his mood changed and he broke into a merry English laugh. What of it? She did not know he was the *kyning*. There was no doubt that the *hlafs* were burning. Supper was spoiled. There would be nothing that night for any one except *beor*. Perhaps nothing but *æppelwin*. This was reality. This was



THE CULT OF MUTINY.

Young Gentleman. "I WANT TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER."
Father of the Young Lady. "WHAT DOES SHE SAY ABOUT IT?"
Young Gentleman. "SHE SAYS SHE 'S WILLING IF YOU DISAPPROVE."

life! He must strive to live worthily of it. Away with dreams. The work-a-day world, the struggle was before him. He was the chosen leader of the West Saxons. Had not Pope LEO himself anointed the fair-haired boy in Rome and told him he was to be a Christian *kyning*? A *kyning* he would be, and a conqueror, even now. Ay, and a maker of laws.

He would throw back the wild men from the North, the dark men from Wales. He would rule them all. The Wessex dragon should fly again. And after fighting there should be peace in the land. There should be no quarrelling without a fine, no large tree felled without permission, no babe unchristened, no wife stolen, without a penalty, no wife bought and the money not paid by the purchaser. There should be a navy to guard the coast.

And then after that, perhaps, there would be a time for literary work, for education, for exploring the North, for science, for research. There was a little idea he had long kept secret about the measurement of time by candles. . . .

But stop! He was dreaming again. Still smarting under the rude buffet, he apologised. The great *hund*, which had been growling during the altercation, lay down quietly on the *heorth*. The good-wife, half-pacified but still with incoherent grumbles, removed the cinders that had once been *hlafs* from the stove.

A few months later the soft Western spring broke, and the man whom LAYAMON was to call "Engelonde's deorling" was gathering his *thegns* for the decisive *feoht* at Ethandune. EVOR.

TRADE DRAMA.

[A play especially written round mannequins and for the purpose of exhibiting clothes is to be presented in London for one performance this month.]

THE PRICE HE PAID.

(Produced by the Department Managers of Messrs. Mammoth's Stores.)

SCENE—*The library of* Sir Thomas Letchington, *Cabinet Minister. Tastefully furnished in Queen Anne style. (Take the lift to third floor to see our assortmemt of period furniture.) The carpet is reversible, a good sound wearing quality and excellent value for the money. Bookcase L, solid walnut, glass-fronted, fine workmanship, extensive selection at prices ranging from £7 10s. to £100. Large skin rug (from £1 18s. 6d. upwards) near fireplace. When the curtain rises* Sir Thomas Letchington *is discovered seated at his desk R. He is evidently in a state of great agitation and distress, and attired in one of our famous ready-to-wear suits, lined vicuna cloth, unrivalled quality.*

Enter Porson.

Porson. A lady to see you, Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas (with increasing agitation). I am expecting her. Show her in here at once and see that we are not disturbed.

Porson. But do you not wish me to serve tea, Sir Thomas? The new blend of Souchong which is such excellent value and made up in two-pound canisters for the convenience of customers is highly to be recommended, Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas. I know, I know, Porson. But the lady will not stay long enough to take tea. And show her in immediately. [*Exit* Porson.

[Sir Thomas *paces the room feverishly and then flings himself with a groan of despair into the well-sprung settee L (also procurable in good imitation leather) and covers his face with his hands. See Catalogue of our special accessories for face-treatment.*

Re-enter Porson *to announce* "Mrs. Lola de Chester."

Enter Lola de Chester, *a beautiful but vampish creature.*

[*Exit* Porson.

Sir Thomas. So we meet again, Lola. You are as fiendishly beautiful as ever. Stylish too. Is that coat trimmed real fur?

Lola. It is, Thomas, and lined throughout. In all shades and black. *(Tensely)* I have brought the letter. I have already told you my price. The famous Letchington white sapphire.

Sir Thomas. Ask me anything but that. It will mean confessing all to my wife.

Lola. Better than confessing to the whole world that you sold a Cabinet secret to a Stock Exchange speculator.

Sir Thomas. Say no more. I knew it was useless to plead with such a fiend. I have the jewel ready.

Lola. Where?

Sir Thomas. In my well-turned and highly-finished mahogany desk with oxidised handles.

[*Opens drawer in desk.*

Lola. All British manufacture?

Sir Thomas. Guaranteed, Lola.

[*Holds out the sapphire, which she examines, and then, taking from her hand-bag of real calf-lined moiré, 15s. 6d. upwards, a letter, she hands it to* Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas (with a cry of joy). At last it is mine! I will destroy that vile letter with my solid silver petrol-lighter, which is so suitable for a Christmas present and can also be obtained in rolled-gold. *(Petrol-lighter, being of good quality, lights at once and letter is burned. A knock on door.)* Good heavens! That will be my wife. You must hide, Lola. Go behind that super-quality plush curtain. It is double width.

Lola (dashing behind curtain). And the price per yard?

Sir Thomas. Eighteen-eleven, second floor, furnishing.

Enter Lady Letchington.

Sir Thomas (anxiously). My dearest, you look agitated, flushed.

Lady L. Don't worry, Thomas. That flush is the new rainproof liquid rouge I am using. I advise every woman to try it.

Sir Thomas (to gain time). Ah, a boon to the pale?

Lady L. A message of hope to the plain. Thomas, a strange thing has happened. I cannot find the white sapphire. It was in my jewel-case yesterday.

Sir Thomas (stammering). Y-yes, yes, my dear; I can explain. I took it with the idea of having it reset. A—a surprise for you, and all that. This kind of work is given special attention in the jewellery section at the Mammoth Stores——

Lady L. (interrupting). My dear, you might have saved yourself the trouble. It *is* being reset. The one you took is only an imitation. I scarcely ever wear the real one, it is so valuable. Forgive me for not telling you, Thomas.

Sir Thomas. Thank Heaven! But what a wonderful duplicate! It defied detection.

Lady L. That is because Messrs. Mammoth make a speciality of imitation jewellery. Your inspection is invited.

Sir Thomas. Then let us inspect it at once, dearest. I am in a mood to buy you a present.

[*He hurries her out of the room. With a cry of baffled rage* Lola de Chester *emerges from the curtain and falls in a faint on the handsome well-woven carpet of Turkey colouring supplied in all sizes and willingly sent on approval.*

CURTAIN.



First Tramp. "'AVE YER SEEN ONE O' TH' NEW TEN-BOB NOTES?"
Second Tramp. "BLIMEY, I 'AVEN'T SEEN ONE O' THE OLD 'UNS YET!"

Things Which Could Have Been Less Blasphemously Expressed.

"The slides shown gave the audience an idea of the two principal religions in China, Confusionism and Buddhism."—*Surrey Paper.*

"Thorrold closed his eyes and bit at his lower hip; he looked like death His granddaughter gripped hard on the arms of the chair."—*From a Serial in a North-Country Paper.*

Not being so supple as Grandpapa.

SAFETY FIRST.



"A PRESENT FOR A GENTLEMAN, MADAM? HOW ABOUT THIS SMOKER'S CABINET? A DOZEN CIGARS—FROM 'EXCEPCIONALES GIGANTICOS' TO 'TEENY WHIFFS'—IN SPECIAL ART BOX."

"YES, BUT I FANCY HE GENERALLY SMOKES GASPERS."



"THIS IS ONE OF OUR LATEST ARTICLES, MADE OF SOLID PIG-SKIN. IT CONTAINS A NUMBER OF LABELLED BOXES FOR HOLDING COLLAR-STUDS, DRESS-STUDS, TIE-CLIPS, SLEEVE-LINKS, TIE-PINS AND SO ON."

"BUT I'M AFRAID HE MIGHT PUT THEM IN THE WRONG BOXES."



"THIS IS A VERY SUPERIOR ARTICLE, MADAM. WE CALL IT 'THE SPORTSMAN'S COMPENDIUM,' AND IT IS MADE IN SILVER-GILT OR SOLID GOLD, TO CONTAIN GOLF-BALL, RACE-CARD HOLDER, BRIDGE-MARKER, BILLIARD-CUE CHALK—"

"BUT HE DOESN'T DO ALL THOSE THINGS AT THE SAME TIME."



"THESE FANCY SETS ARE VERY POPULAR. TIE, HANDKERCHIEF, SOCKS AND SPATS, ALL OF THE SAME PATTERN, PUT UP IN FANCY BOX TO MATCH."

"YES—WELL—I THINK I'LL HAVE A DOZEN PLAIN WHITE CAMBRIC POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS."

TO A HEN PHEASANT.

UNASSUMING Mrs. Frump
In the drab and humdrum frocking,
Married to your Make-you-Jump
Splendour and his proud *cok-coking*,
Does not your so humble habit
Seem a little bit *unfair*?
Why should *you* be like a rabbit,
He so peacock-head-in-air?

Look at Mrs. Partridge, do,
Likewise Mrs. Grouse, your sisters,
Don't they "wear the breeks," these two,
Much like their respective Misters?
Not a toss, the critic vows, is
Twixt the styles, the general cut,
Of these ladies and their spouses
As they stream across his butt.

But, when you and yours occur
Up above the woodland acre,
He 's a Knight your Mister-Sir
Phasianus, you 're a Quaker;
You so homely, he so splendid,
What a pair to take the blue!
Yet the gods are well intended,
Little Mrs. Frump, to you.

For, when that "churl son of Janus"
Comes a-knocking at the door,
Comes, and still Sir Phasianus
Needs must rocket as before,
You will find some compensations—
Find that "drab" and "humdrum" can
Save a world of complications,
When "Cocks only" is the plan.

P. R. C.

WINTER SPORT.

MY DEAR M.,—I have been reading with interest a considerable quantity of free literature descriptive of the delights of wintering in Switzerland. While the information given is both extensive and alluring, details regarding one very important feature appear to be lacking, and it occurs to me that possibly you can set my mind at rest.

Years ago, before the War, the St. Bernard dog was a deservedly popular figure of Alpine romance. A visitor to Switzerland who by some mischance happened to be mislaid in a snowdrift could in those days confidently rely upon being speedily tracked down by a large woolly dog who, having breathed warmly and invigoratingly upon his face, would proceed to serve him with copious draughts of excellent brandy straight from the wood.

I have been a little perturbed by reports which tend to indicate that in recent years this good work has, by reason of the increased expense entailed, added to a temporary shortage of dogs, been somewhat diminished. I have heard of loud complaints from regular customers who had gone to the trouble and inconvenience of getting lost in a snowdrift only to find that they received no attention; they might in fact just as well have been in a tea-shop in their own country.

Perhaps you, who have visited the noted Hospice of St. Bernard, can tell me whether the supply of dogs is now sufficient to justify my venturing among the loftier mountain ranges. One can of course carry one's own brandy-flask, but it seems a pity to incur this expense should the local service now be restored to its former highly commendable efficiency. One should, I think, always show an intelligent appreciation of picturesque native customs. Yours, D. C.

Should a Puppy be Told?

"A tax upon puppies of six weeks would prevent untold mystery to hundreds of dogs."
Animals Paper.

Statements Which Are Doubtless Regretted.

"Interest in the wedding was heightened by the fact that, although the Princess has lived more than a year in a cottage not ten miles from ——, few people have ever seen her or her finance."—*Country Paper.*



Lady (*wedged in Tube crowd*). "OH, DEAR, HAS ANYONE SEEN MY HAND?"
Polite Stranger. "IF IT HAS SOME PARCELS ATTACHED TO IT, I THINK IT IS OVER HERE."

PROGRESS.

June 29th, A.D. 2178.—A day of incidents. Nancy proposed to me this morning, but I felt too shy to say either "Yes" or "No." Decided to ask Jane's advice. But at luncheon my young sister was not in a good temper and grumbled about the food. So I said nothing to her about my little affair. The Essence of Sunlight was certainly not well cooked. Half a degree too cold by my thermometer. I sent for the cook, renewed her battery, put a new lump of radium in her head and adjusted one or two of her screws. But I fear I shall have to destroy her and get a new one.

Dare-devil Smith flew us over to the Van Mittens in New York for tea. She (Smith) was in great form, but I was very sick over the Atlantic. Must have lost at least six proteins and five calories. Very dull tea-party. Heard Mars on the wireless, but the same old programme—rather risky music-hall jokes about Venus, and that eternal music of the spheres, which is nothing but a glorified Georgian jazz. The girls loved it of course and sat there smoking their pipes and drinking their gin till the atmosphere became almost intolerable. There was nobody there more than fifteen years old, and I supposed I must have shown my boredom, because Jane was very angry with me afterwards and punished me for my rudeness. She said I was not so old as all that, but was still young enough to know what respect is due to youth. I was sent to bed without my vitamins and felt very sad and hungry until I found in a cupboard a copy of some old plays by one BERNARD SHAW. His delicious old-fashioned ideas soothed me to sleep.

July 9th, 2178.—A dull morning, but Jane soon blew the clouds away with "Cloudigo," the new sky-sweeper she bought at the Stores yesterday. It is quite an amusing toy, though rather unnecessary considering the fine stock of domestic sunlight I have collected.

October 16th, 2178.—Went to a concert-gallery and saw some music. Delightful primitives by MOZART. Also heard a statue by EPSTEIN called "Rima," but it was too classical for my taste.

November 12th, 2178.—Looked at and listened-in to the House. The Member for Harfridges was speaking at the time. Rather a revolutionary speech on behalf of the smaller business concerns. She maintained that both sides of one street were quite sufficient for a single shop, an idea which was received with shouts of disapproval by the Members for the bigger firms. Mrs. Speaker had the greatest difficulty in keeping order, and Lady Jones was told to leave the House for irrelevant encomiums of an antiquated drink called beer.

This evening heard WAGNER'S *Ring* on the talkies. Took twenty-five minutes. Much too long!

March 2nd, 2179.—The League of Continents met yesterday and decided to outlaw war.

April 5th, 2179.—The League of Continents is stuck on the question of disarmament. Asia will not destroy her death-ray, which she says is essential to her existence. America has retaliated by declining in that case to give up her poisonous Press. I am beginning to think that after all it is time we men took a hand.



Lady (on being introduced to distinguished pianist). "YOUR FACE SEEMS FAMILIAR. HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU PLAYING IN A BAND SOMEWHERE?"

July 21st, 2179.—Joined a demonstration of "Votes for Men" and marched to the House. Jane furious, but I don't care. The sexes *are* equal, whatever she may say.

February 17th, 2180.—Tarred and feathered the statue of Dr. MARIE STOPES last night. Nobody spotted us. We are getting on.

May 2nd, 2180.—A woman in an aerobus refused to get up and give me her seat, so I took her by the scruff of her neck and threw her out. All the men cheered me.

December 5th, 2180.—Votes for men! We have won! Hurrah!

December 6th, 2180.—Came home drunk last night and beat my wife. Serve her right.



Aunt (as small girl stumbles). "UPS-A-DAISY!"
Small Girl. "UPS-A-DAISY BE HANGED! I 'M HURT."

SMITH MINOR ON HIS FAVOURITE TOWN.

WE have been told to write about our favourite town in Great Britain, and my favourite town in Great Britain is Ecclefechan which has a population of 670 souls in my encyclopædia and gave birth to THOMAS CARLYLE who is considered to be a well-known writer. It is not really a town but a village though it is pretty sure to be a town before long at the rate they are building now-a-days.

Ecclefechan is not my favourite town because it gave birth to THOMAS CARLYLE but because it produces men who can stand up and speak out for and on behalf of great causes which is what we expect from a British town but do not always get. The papers have recently described a man who cared enough for great causes to stand up in Ecclefechan and say that having baths is unnecessary. He said that he had not had a bath for 10 years and he said he had a friend who was 90 years old and who had not had a bath since his mother washed him which is even more interesting and instructive. This must be true because he is a Parish Councillor, the first man is, I mean, not his friend.

Even if we allow for a chap being washed by his mother up to 10 years of age which is giving a handsome margin then this other man has not had a bath for 80 years which shows it must be healthier not to have baths than to have them because no end of people who have baths once a week do not live anything like so long. So that it is foolish to say that cleanliness is an aid to health as so many doctors and advertisements say now-a-days. I spoke to my mother and she said ah but if his mother had not washed him for 10 years he would probably have died young, but I do not see how she can prove that, and anyway she is a bit prejudiced about soap and water like most women, especially mothers, that being what naturalists call the maternal instinct which is characteristic of the female sex and cannot be cured.

It would be interesting and instructive to take all the baths which that man has not had for 80 years and put them end to end and see where they would reach to but space does not permit me to do that. We can however see at a glance what an enormous amount of soap and water and wear and tear of sponge, flannel and other accessories he must have saved in all that time, not to mention feeling much better for it.

Then let us take the case of the first man, the man who stood up in Ecclefechan and said he had not had a bath for 10 years. I think clergymen would say this case has a moral aspect because it does not only mean that the man was hale and hearty through not having had a bath for 10 years. We must remember that he was a Parish Councillor which means that not having baths must have been good for his brains because in Scotland where Ecclefechan is pleasantly situated they would not make a man a Parish Councillor unless he had some sense. My father says that the Scotch do not keep people if they have no brains, they send them to London and the House of Commons.

I think I have shown that not having baths is good both for body and brain and so it is quite clear that the more we can banish the foolish custom of having baths and forcing our sons and daughters to have baths the more we shall benefit the human race, except soap-makers, and they could easily be told to make something more sensible —sausages for example.

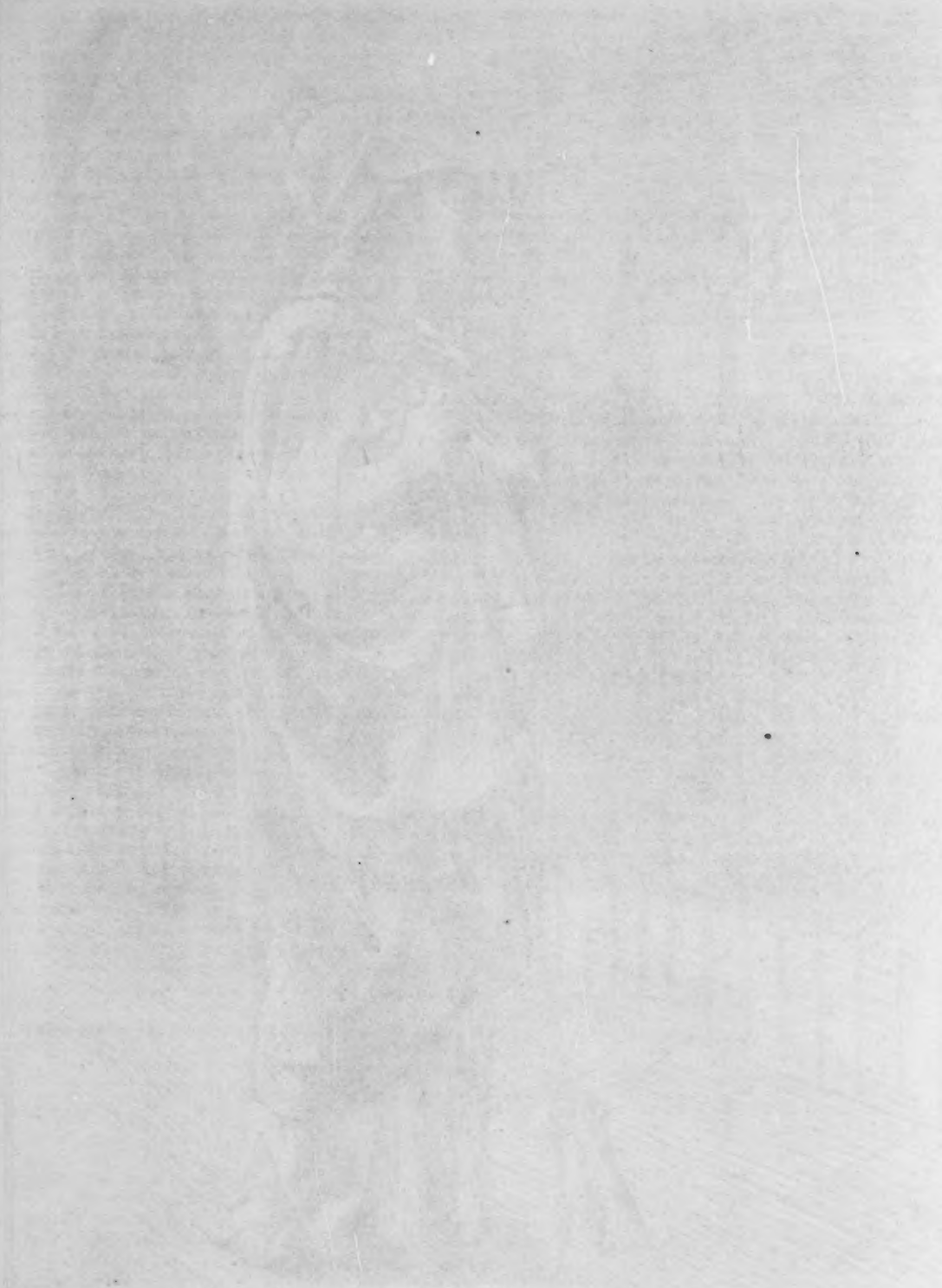
A good deal more could be written on this very interesting and important topic but I think I have said enough to show why Ecclefechan is my favourite town.—SMITH MINOR. D. C.

"£104,000 FOR EIGHT DIRECTORS."
Headline in Evening Paper.

We feared the transfer-system would spread to the City.



A NATION'S VIGIL.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 10th.—Lord PARMOOR represents the Labour Party in the House of Lords, but there must be moments when Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who knows from experience what Foreign Secretaries have to contend with, is glad that he did not put him there. It was, as Lord HAILSHAM said, Lord PARMOOR's privilege to raise the question of the Rhineland evacuation at a moment when its discussion even in the Lords could do no good and might do much harm. The only thing the Government could do was to explain that the reiteration of the FOREIGN SECRETARY's views was not of their own seeking. The vexation aroused in Germany by those views, added the Lord CHANCELLOR, "sarcastic-like," would doubtless be allayed by the knowledge that Lord PARMOOR disagreed with them.

In the House of Commons Mr. AMERY admitted to Mr. CRAWFURD that some of the Empire Marketing Board's one million pounds is used to finance lectures, but was unable to say, not having heard it, how a lecture on "Some Curiosities of Currency" was going to boost the sale of Empire plum-puddings. Mr. CRAWFURD offered to send the Minister a copy of the lecture if he would read it and then answer the Question, but Mr. AMERY warily confined himself to the statement that he would be glad to see it. Meanwhile we learn that the lecture has no reference, as its title might suggest, to the new Bank of England notes.

Mr. HANNON is one of those people who believe that all brandy is good, but some kinds are better than others. How came it then that we only imported two thousand gallons of Empire brandy as against over half-a-million gallons of foreign brandy, and what was the Empire Marketing Board doing about it? Mr. AMERY pointed out that the figure two thousand gallons did not include the "considerable supplies forthcoming from Palestine." Gastronomers on both sides of the House looked inquiringly at the CHAIRMAN OF THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE as though to ask why Noah's Five Star had not made its way to the House wine-list. As for promoting the sale of brandy, said Mr. AMERY, glancing apprehensively toward the seat occupied by the Member for Plymouth, it was not the aim of the Empire Marketing Board to push the sale of specific articles.

An almost rhapsodical statement by Mr. HACKING about the demand for space and promises of foreign attendance at the next British Industries Fair was offset by the admission—wrung from him by Mr. WARDLAW-MILNE—



EMPIRE GOODS.
MR. AMERY'S PATRIARCHAL PATRONAGE.

that high import duties were seriously impairing our trade with Esthonia in soap and suspenders.

Tuesday, December 11th.—Lord CLARENDON is not the first peer with a passion for self-improvement, but he fared today no better than his predecessors. The trouble is that, as a mere debating society or as a body entrusted with the trimming of the untidy edges of House of Commons' legislation, the House of Lords needs no improvement. What it suffers from is lack of appreciation. As for reforming it into an acceptable Second Chamber, re-clothed with its old power and authority, which was the avowed object of the Bill fathered by Lord FITZALAN last year, there is not a hope that the Labour Party will stand for any sort of Second Chamber that the House of Lords is willing to transform itself into.

Lord CLARENDON admitted that the object of his Bill was to "ginger up" the Government into dealing with the question, but he only managed to ginger up Lord HAILSHAM into declaring that the Government was still waiting for a "substantial measure of agreement" among all parties. He also, it is true, gingered up Lord PARMOOR into a long-drawn exposition of Labour's attitude towards Upper Chambers in general. Lord BUCKMASTER also urged reform, not in the interests of the Liberal Party, which he described as "attacked on the one side by its traditional enemy, and on the other by its ungrateful offspring," but on behalf of Labour. Even with the few "disjointed and negligible items" that the lure of office might detach from the other Parties, the Labour Front Bench, he intimated, would be a poor advertisement of a Labour Government.

The Commons at Question time proved the conviction of every true Briton that there's nothing like leather. Dr. SALTER has noticed that there are lots of things not in the least like leather that are masquerading as such, and asked the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE how he proposed to protect the public. Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER was not so sure that the public needs more protection than the Merchandise Marks Act provides. Would not the right hon. gentleman consider "itshide" a false description? asked Mr. MONTAGUE. Sir PHILIP thought not. It did not convey any animal to his mind that he was aware of. Did not the right hon. gentleman agree, asked Mr. THURTLE, that substitutes for leather bear the same relation to real leather that ginger-beer does to beer? "I am not so sure of that," replied the Minister, who is evidently stronger on zoology than mineralogy.



A FELLOW-FEELING; OR, A BRACE OF DUBIOUS EGGS.
LORD CLARENDON AND LORD CECIL OF CHELWOOD.

A question to the SPEAKER revealed that yet another Jericho has fallen before the persuasive trumpeting of irresistible feminism as personified by Miss Joshua WILKINSON. The SPEAKER said that he had decided, after ascertaining the general feeling in the House,

to adopt the Kitchen Committee's recommendation to admit ladies to dine in the Strangers' dining-room in the company of a Member. "Do not ladies require lunch too?" asked Lady ASTOR; but the Kitchen Committee evidently decided that lunching ladies was not a thing to be encouraged.

At the commencement of public business the PRIME MINISTER produced a time-table for the further stages of the two Local Government Bills that would have roused the envy of the late Mr. BRADSHAW. It roused the indignation of the Opposition (as was to be expected), an indignation so eloquent that eleven o'clock was reached and still there was some of it waiting to be voiced. That has always been the case when time-tables have been introduced, and the very verbosity with which they are opposed is generally a sufficient indication of the reason why they are necessary.

Objection was most forcible when directed at the beggarly twenty days allotted for the whole business of making the two Bills law, and Mr. CLYNES uttered a formidable warning. What a fine precedent this would be for the Socialist Government when it came into power. It would embody in one a Bill of, say, a hundred clauses—not so many as the Bills under discussion contain—nationalising this, changing that, and fundamentally altering the whole economic and social structure of our time. They would be generous and give the Government twenty-five days—five more days than was now being given—and, if the Conservatives did not like it, they would have only themselves to thank.

This threat of a super-guillotine, this foreshadowing of a giant axe, remorselessly wielded too, assumed an added ferocity as it fell from Mr. CLYNES' sheep-like lips. It did not seem to terrify the Government, perhaps because, as Mr. STEPHEN put it, the tame sheep have first to become wild goats and butt them out of office.

Wednesday, December 12th.—As Lord CECIL'S Road Vehicles Regulation Bill is not likely to become law, despite its being read the second time, the British motorist can breathe again. Otherwise a gruelling efficiency test, a motor-car mechanically disabled from exceeding the speed limit, compulsory insurance against third-party risks, and automatic suspension of licence on conviction for furious driving would be among his prospects for a happy New Year.

Lord DENMAN opposed the Bill, which he found good in intent but unpractical in detail. The mechanical device to check speed did not exist, physical examination of applicants for driving licences was too expensive, and compulsory insurance against third-party risks would lead to exorbitant premiums being charged by the insurance companies. Lord BUCKMASTER wanted more drastic treatment for the peccant motorist. A man found guilty of being drunk with a car in the Edgware Road had been fined two pounds—the identical sum in which he himself had been mulcted for having a number-plate two inches too short!



COMING EVENTS.

MR. CLYNES THREATENS TO GO ONE BETTER THAN MR. BALDWIN IN THE MATTER OF THE CLOSURE.

Lord LONDONDERRY, for the Government, punctured the lurid assaults made on the furious driver by pointing out that only four-and-a-half per cent of road accidents occurred at a speed of over twenty miles per hour, while forty-two per cent occurred at a speed of fifteen miles per hour or less, a statement which wrung from Lord BANBURY the characteristic remark that as a magistrate he had never known of a motorist going over five miles an hour.

In the Commons Sir ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND informed Commander SOUTHBY that the pound sterling is now worth 12*s.* 1*d.*, or ninepence more than in 1924. That means, of course, the CHURCHILL-proof pound. Sir HENRY SLESSER introduced a Bill to give the subject the same rights in litigation with the Crown as he otherwise enjoys—a measure that will take some passing over the heads of the bureaucrats—and the House got back to the Local Government Bills.

Thursday, December 13th.—The Lords passed Lord CLARENDON'S Bill after the details of it had been amended out by Lord NEWTON, whose announcement that he did not feel so impressed with the solemnity of the occasion as he perhaps ought to be, coupled with a reference to "backwoodsmen" (whatever they may be), roused Lord SUMNER to dignified wrath. Nowhere in the world, he cried in ringing accents, except in the United States, could you find a thousand families better fitted to discharge the duties of a great country than in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. Lord SUMNER'S exclusion of the United States from the lesser breeds without the law, or at any rate without the hereditary law-makers, caused a smile or two, but no doubt he has heard some enthusiastic American referring to the United States Senate as "the finest body of men that money can buy."

Parliamentary answers are seldom as completely satisfying as that given by Mr. BALDWIN to Mr. R. MORRISON, who asked if there was a precedent for paying the PAYMASTER-GENERAL fifteen hundred pounds a year while he was performing specific duties in connection with the Local Government Bill. "Yes," said Mr. BALDWIN; "Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON held the post with a salary of two thousand pounds a year in 1916."

Captain BOWYER, for the Ministry of Agriculture, explained that Cambridge University was to be given another fifty thousand pounds (supplementing the ROCKEFELLER Foundation grant) for the advancement of agricultural science. There must be moments when Oxford secretly regrets that the only crops it raises are crops of politicians.

Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON read out the League of Nations' communication to Paraguay and Bolivia, expressing its "conviction" that the nations in question would not go on pulling each other's hair, whereafter the guillotine inexorably hewed off the allotted segment of the Local Government Bill.

"'Land of Hops and Glory, Mother of the Free . . .'"—*Concert Programme.*
We commend this to the Frothblowers as an extension to their anthem.

THE PRIZE-GIVING.

SCHOOL Prize-Givings are just now drawing boys of all ages together throughout the country, and the usual playful addresses of Old Boys, Statesmen and Distinguished Parents are bringing home to our youth the importance of character as opposed to mere brains.

As the parent of a new boy I attended the prize-giving and breaking-up festivities at Muggerton College for Boys a few days ago.

General Wix, K.C.B., in presenting the prizes (I quote from a report in a local paper), said he was glad to present so many prizes to so many successful students, especially as when he was a boy he had never won a prize at all. (Laughter and cheers.) While congratulating the many clever boys who had won the prizes which he was so glad to present to them that afternoon, he wanted to say to the other boys that it was not always the cleverest boy who won the prizes in after-life. (Cheers.) When he was at Muggerton he was always at the bottom of his class. (Laughter.) And as far as he could remember he had always been in the bottom class. (Cheers.) In fact, as a rule he was bottom of the school. (Loud cheers.) He had been bottom of the school for four years, and they were the happiest years of his life. They would find that the men who made good in the world were generally those who began at the bottom and worked up. (Cheers.) In those four years at the bottom of the school he had learned how to handle men. That lesson had stood him in good stead in many a tight corner. He was afraid he had been a sad scamp at school. (Cheers.) He well remembered eating gooseberries in the arithmetic class. (Laughter.) But, after all, arithmetic was not everything. When it came to the real struggles of life, the times which tested a man, they would find that character weighed far more in the balance than arithmetic or algebra. Truth and Straightness—if they learned those lessons they might let the clever ones carry off the prizes. He was afraid he had often used a crib when he was at school. (Loud laughter.) But Latin and Greek had not been much of a help to him in the Great War. Nevertheless he hoped the boys would not neglect their Latin and Greek. They were a fine discipline, and discipline was what the country needed at the present time. (Applause.) There was too much laxness and slackness about. When he was at Muggerton he well remembered a small spinney behind the golf-links where he used to go on Sundays with his dear old friend, Johnny Dole, and smoke blotting-paper cigarettes. (Laughter and cheers.) He wondered if that spinney was still there. Poor old Johnny Dole! He was a thorn in the flesh of the masters. (Cheers.) He was generally at the bottom of his class too. (Cheers.) How he hated Latin prose! (Cheers.) He remembered a clever boy who used to do Johnny Dole's Latin prose for him. He did not know what had become of that boy, but Johnny, as they knew, was Governor of Pathay, and one of the best Governors Pathay had ever had. (Cheers.) They should be proud of men like Johnny Dole. It only showed that brains were not everything. (Loud applause.)

General Wix then asked the prize-winners to come forward, and several pale boys approached the platform and took their prizes with evident shame. I could see that, as the papers say, they "felt their position acutely," and on their returning to their seats I noticed that in most cases the healthier boys beside them who had not won prizes pinched and kicked them or pulled their hair.

Sir Reginald Oke, Under-Secretary for Sanitation and another Old Mugger-



Jock McDougal (reading early Christmas greetings). "HERE'S ONE FRA SANDY, 'BEST WISHES FOR A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO JOCK MCDOUGAL, HIS WIFE AND SON. AND MANY HAPPY RETURNS O' THE DAY TO THEM ON THEIR RESPECTIVE BIRTHDAYS IN APRIL, JUNE AND OCTOBER, 1929.'"



BREAKING-UP RAG AT THE COLLEGE OF ARMS.

ton boy, was asked by the Headmaster to present the Varley Medals for Poetry, Composition and Declamation.

Sir Reginald said (I quote again) that he was very proud to be back at the old school to present the medals for Poetry and Composition. As a member of the Government he could not say that he found much time for poetry. (Laughter.) He had something more important to do, and that was to look after the sanitation of this great country. Poetry was a good thing, but after all there was something more valuable than poetry, and that was character. (Applause.) He agreed with every word that his old friend General Wix ("Dobby," as they called him then) had said. He did not mind revealing now that on two or three occasions they had nearly been expelled. (Loud cheers.) He and Dobby used to climb out of their house at night and go to the fair. He hoped that none of the boys did such a thing to-day. All the same, it was the spice of adventure and devilry which had made the British Empire—(Cheers)—and it was not always the goody-goody boy who came out top in the long run. He thought these special prizes for composition were a good thing, because it was very important in after-life to be able to express yourself. When he was at school he had never been able to spell. (Laughter.) Even now there were a lot of words he was not sure about. (Loud laughter.) But he had never found that this had kept him back in the race of life. Many of the Cabinet could not spell. (Laughter.) Mr. GLADSTONE, he believed, was ploughed for Smalls. (Cheers.) Let them learn poetry and composition by all means, but let them never forget that it was Deeds, not Words, that mattered in the end. (Loud applause, in which the Headmaster joined.) As for Declamation, they would find, if they came into public life, that a plain statement was worth any amount of oratory. Oratory was very often dishonest, and sincerity was more than syntax. The men he liked most in the House of Commons were the men who spoke least. Let them always remember the motto of the School, *Virtus non Verba*. (Loud cheers.)

Sir Reginald then presented the Varley Medals to the three successful boys, after which they were quietly conducted outside by the Football Eleven and thrown into a pond.

The Headmaster, in thanking General Wix and Sir Reginald for their inspiring speeches, said the school was proud of them, and he hoped that the example of their lives would be taken to heart by every boy there. He was sorry to report that no scholarships had been won at Oxford or Cambridge this term, but they had great hopes of the future: a healthy and manly tone prevailed in the school, and the victory of the Soccer Team in the Stourminster Match would go down to history.

The proceedings closed with the singing of the School Song, "Out, dull scholar! time for play!" At the conclusion a parent near me rose and said indistinctly that he had sent his boy to Muggerton to be educated, that his boy had brains and would certainly win a prize before long, and that if for this venial offence his boy was to be treated as a moral leper he would take his boy away. But nobody paid any attention to the childish fellow. A. P. H.

OUT-OF-DATE "EMMA."

[The suggestion has lately been revived that the hours on all railway time-tables, at any rate, should be numbered from one to twenty-four.]

SOME folks find a chronic dilemma
Deciding the time—"pip" or "ack"?
So good-bye to Ambiguous Emma—
Let 's give her (like Dora) the sack!

ZIGZAG.

The Influence of Test Matches.

"A man called Hendren built a wall to keep out the Picts and Scots."
Answer in School Examination.

He must have been thinking of MEAD.

"Last night's ballets were four in number—'Cimarosiana,' 'The Three-Coronered Hat,' 'The Cat,' and 'Prince Igor.'"—*Daily Paper.*

An obvious typographical error for "The Nine-Coronered Cat."

RUINED ENGLAND.

THEY made a desert (said somebody) and they called it Peacehaven. It isn't quite true. What they really did was to make a bungalow-town where Londoners would have preferred a wilderness.

One of the most delightful hallucinations of modern England is the thing called Spoiling the Countryside. I share it myself. I am always finding pieces of rural England of which I say that they are being ruined—chiefly by motor-charabancs.

By this I mean that they are places to which I like to go myself in comfort, on an easy road, but I do not like it when I find that thousands of other people are doing the same.

To be candid, of course the countryside was made to be spoiled. It is what we have been doing to it ever since we began. Some of it, even in England, is less spoiled than it used to be. The Romans, for instance, drove a network of good roads over the South Downs. They had no motor-charabancs nor sandwich-paper, but no doubt they did the same amount of work in spoiling the countryside as the Ministry of Transport does for the sake of motorists today. There are still plenty of unspoilt places in England if you like to take the trouble to get there, and I have motored on bad by-roads through tiny villages on a Bank Holiday almost without meeting a soul. The villagers had left. They had gone by motor-car earlier in the morning to the towns.

I know a man, a Londoner, who after considerable search found a very secluded and ancient cottage in Dorset, without even a lane running up to it, but only a path through the woods and fields. Some parcels were left for him at the station three miles away, and a rough yokel wearing a smock trudged all the way to deliver them. It was a wet muddy day. The first words that the yokel uttered when the man met him at the garden-gate were—

"My God! Fancy choosing to live in a place like this!"

And indeed, as the man openly confessed, if he had been richer he would have driven a good hard road to his secluded house, as most wealthy lovers of solitude do. But if he had done so other people would have built houses and bungalows along it, thus turning the whole neighbourhood into a veritable plague-spot and providing happiness and employment for the solitude-hating peasantry.

By the same token I talked not long ago to an elderly rustic about Viscount CECIL'S Motoring Bill. He took the same view as I take about the terror and havoc which are caused by motorists who dash about the countryside, a danger to pedestrians young and old, to hens and chickens, dogs and horses and goats. I think he said that motor-cars were pesky things, but I may have got the adjective wrong. He certainly thought their speed ought to be moderated, either by automatic control, or by making trenches in the road, or by any other method that could be devised. I gave him a shilling to buy some tobacco, for which he thanked me heartily. Then he climbed laboriously up into a motor-charabanc to go to a concert in the next village, and I know for a fact that some of those charabancs travel at forty miles an hour. He was the kind of man whom our confirmed sentimentalists, writing to the papers, would have called "an unhappy pedestrian."

But there *are* no pedestrians in England at the present time, unless by pedestrians you mean people who are not at the moment in motor-cars. There is quite a large number of people who



Leader of Ship's Orchestra (as whale blows). "JOVE! WHAT A SAXOPHONIST THAT FELLOW WOULD MAKE."

do not use trains. There is even a certain number of people who have never been in a train. But there is nobody, except perhaps a few manual labourers who spend their time in writing letters to the Press, who has never been in a motor-car.

People who live in the depths of the country find a great difficulty in getting servants unless their house is very near a good motor-bus route that leads quickly to the nearest cinema; and even the most hilly and mountainous regions of England only remain unspoiled (and that to the great fury of their inhabitants) because there is not sufficient commercial profit to be derived from making roads across them and ruining them with petrol-filling stations and advertisements of lubricating-oil. People who live in untouched rural solitudes do it because they cannot help it, and people who don't live there come out to admire them in their misfortune.

Sad but true. Even the people who live in lovely old-world cottages would rather live in ugly new-world cottages, with larger windows and better drains. They apologise about the age of their cottages and sell them to the rich, who at great expense retain the old-world aspect of the exteriors but make them new-world inside.

I might press the point still further. I might say that poor people living in the countryside would not set the advantages of any natural beauty, nor of the songs of nightingales, against quick modes of transit to their work. Poets and gypsies may prefer the unruined beauties of the countryside, but poets live (or publish) in towns, and gypsies neither toil nor spin.

Obviously, in the future, we must look to rural solitudes which are artificially preserved by the State for beauty-lovers, and from which every trace of human habitation has been removed; and these beauty-parks must be made easy of access by motor-car up to their placarded gates. Keepers must walk about to prevent lovers of solitude from picnicking in an untidy manner, and there must be guides to point out the lonely glories of the view. We cannot look forward to unspoilt villages; still less to unspoilt villagers. They like being spoilt. EVOE.

AT THE PLAY.

"DR. KNOCK" (STRAND).

"The Masque Theatre," a travelling repertory company with admirable intentions, needs, I am afraid, a little more discipline in the technique of acting and production before it is quite fit to take its place in competition with the players of the town. We may here in London do a many negligible plays, but we do them in a reasonably competent way. *Dr. Knock* (English version by H. GRANVILLE-BARKER) is a sound farcical comedy, so overplayed at the Strand as to be almost unbearable.



THE GENIUS OF DR. KNOCK.
(A CAPACITY FOR MAKING INFINITE PAINS.)

Dr. Knock . . . . . MR. ALAN NAPIER.
A Country Fellow . . . . . MR. HARRY V. PEASE.

The theme is simple. *Dr. Knock*, a genial and energetic quack, buys a practice for much more than its value in St. Maurice. Nobody is ever ill in St. Maurice; nobody has ever thought about health and sickness; and the retiring *Dr. Parpalaid* has never made it his business to see that they shall do so. *Dr. Knock* quickly changes all that. A series of free consultations, in which he conveys by frowns and sighs and diagrams on the blackboard, and the display of various formidable instruments, the seriousness of his victims' condition, establishes the lively quack's reputation. His practice swells astoundingly. The local apothecary shares in the plunder. The local hotel is filled with visitors come to this new shrine of medical science, and the curtain falls on old *Dr. Parpalaid* himself begging to be admitted for treatment.

Mr. ALAN NAPIER handled the part of *Dr. Knock* without subtlety certainly, but without offence. Miss KATHLEEN BOUTALL (the hotel-keeper) gave us a pleasant exhibition of clear elocution, her unnecessarily rapid utterance being perfectly audible. Miss MAUD RISDON, remarkably disguised in the part of a bucolic country-woman, was not ineffective. But the crude exaggerations of the Apothecary, the Schoolmaster, an hysterical Lady of Family and two country fellows, and the general air of knock-about, seemed to me quite deplorable.

By way of overture (and contrast) we had a delightful turn by Miss MARIE DAINTON, a mimic of astonishing range and fidelity. Her imitation of Miss GLADYS COOPER giving a talk on "How to become beautiful" was not only a notable feat of witty observation, but the talk itself was excellently written in a vein of quiet friendly malice which is of the essence of this mischievous delightful art. T.

"MRS. MOONLIGHT" (KINGSWAY).

Mr. BENN LEVY describes his *Mrs. Moonlight* as an essay in pastiche—pastiche, one must suppose, of the work of a certain cunning hand that can make play with white magic and get away with it. I am not sure that Mr. LEVY manages to perform this difficult feat. I never quite made myself believe in *Mrs. Moonlight*, the pretty forlorn lady who could never grow old or never look old, as one believed in *Mary Rose* till some moments after the curtain fell and hid her strange beauty.

Sarah Moonlight, who was born *Sarah Jones* and married to escape such a disaster in names—or so she said falsely, for it was obvious she was devoted to her *Tom*, a personable, kindly, pleasantly vain fellow—came by her queer fate through wearing a necklace given her by her Scots maid (Miss FRANCES ROSS-CAMPBELL). The wearer of the magic necklace, it seems, could have one wish granted—and only one.

When then her babe was expected and she, after the way of some women, was haunted with fear that she would grow old and plain and lose her *Tom*, she wished her wish that she would always remain just as young and pretty as she then was. Some seven years pass and people begin to talk and relations to upbraid her—this was some sixty years ago—for looking like a young bride when she ought to have been behaving like a matron and wearing caps and things like that. She confides her fears to her adoring *Tom*, who very naturally laughs at them, but confesses that, in the purely hypothetical case of her remaining perpetually young, he might be disturbed, as he didn't like freaks; and, having assured herself that her austere sister *Edith* is in love with *Tom*, and that he, though entirely faithful and adoring, is not unattracted, steals away, leaving a note to say that she is going to kill herself.

Some fifteen years pass. *Edith* and *Tom* have married—I rather think Mr. LEVY has antedated the much-debated Deceased Wife's Sister Bill—*Jane Moonlight*, *Sarah's* daughter, is being wooed by the lively ne'er-do-well, *Willie Ragg* (Mr. WALTER PEARCE), and the dull and worthy *Percy Middling* (Mr. BLIGH CRESMOND); has refused the blameless *Percy* and accepted the plausible *Willie*, when cousin *Joy*, the daughter of another sister of her mother's, who had run away with a married man and a foreigner, comes on a visit. Strangely like she is to the *Sarah* that had died so tragically years ago. Only the old nurse knows her secret. *Sarah* watches her husband happy with his *Edith*; she sees through the unsatisfactory *Willie* and saves her daughter from him by exerting her charms, making a rendezvous with him at an imaginary address in Paris, and exposing his worthlessness—getting little thanks from her daughter for this quite misunderstood intervention.

Twenty more years pass. *Edith* is dead. The faithful *Percy* and *Jane Moonlight* that was have a charming boy (Mr. ROBERT DOUGLAS) at Oxford, now at home on vacation. The boy finds a pretty tattered vacant-eyed young woman on the doorstep; brings her in to the rather shocked family. She is obviously ill and very frail. And she is still astonishingly like that *Sarah Moonlight* that had disappeared many long years ago. The very old nurse alone recognises her—and old *Tom Moonlight*. The years drop away. The old man, near his end, knowing



YOUTH (TEMPORARY) FLIRTS WITH YOUTH (ETERNAL).

Willie Ragg (*Mr. WALTER PEARCE*). "OF COURSE I 'M ENGAGED TO JANE, BUT YOU 'RE DIFFERENT."

Sarah Moonlight (*Miss JOAN BARRY*). "ON THE CONTRARY, I 'M ALWAYS THE SAME."

neither his daughter nor grandson, quite naturally accepts the wanderer as if she had never left him—and in death they are not divided.

A pretty sentimental tale, of which the inherent impossibilities were not sufficiently veiled by the author's cunning. One couldn't help feeling that poor pretty *Sarah* might have enjoyed this strange gift of the gods or fairies, for which most of her sisters would have sold their souls, for many a long year. We felt indeed less pity for her misfortunes than surprise at her too morbid or at least premature surrender of youth and happiness.

Miss JOAN BARRY made a charming thing of the young wife and the pretty wraith she became, and showed a genuine tenderness and sweetness in the first scene with her husband. Afterwards she was playing against our scepticisms. Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE's portrait of the Victorian husband was a pleasant affair, and he contrived to grow old naturally and plausibly. Miss ALISON LEGGATT played both the young *Jane Moonlight* and the older *Jane Middling* with distinction. But I think I detect a tendency—not uncommon nowadays—to emphasise exactly the wrong word in the sentence—"It wouldn't matter if I knew. It 's because I don't *know*," for instance. Mr. ROBERT DOUGLAS, a new-comer of promise, was pleasantly natural as the boy *Peter*. But what an embarrassing task the author set his players of waiting silent through a whole long scene at the end! T.

"OUT GOES SHE" (CRITERION).

The temptation of comedians to exploit their personalities and to confine themselves to plays exactly suited to them is, I suppose, too strong to be resisted. I should very much like to see Mr. ERNEST TRUEX, who has a most attractive stage personality and puts you on good terms with him from his first entrance, in a part that was not so markedly an ERNEST TRUEX part. If he persists in confining himself to this sort of thing I fear he will get tired of himself and then there 's a danger of our tiring of him. The thing has happened before now, and would be a pity.

Meanwhile he offers us a trifle, an episodic comedy by LILLIAN TRIMBLE BRADLEY, dealing with the horrors of habitual matrimony in New York—a disedifying affair, full of passably amusing lines and discreet naughtinesses—exceedingly simple and symmetrical in structure.



GRANDPAPA (AGED) AND GRANDMAMA (AGELESS).

Sarah Moonlight . . . . . MISS JOAN BARRY.
Tom Moonlight. . . . . MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE.

Bill Remington (Mr. TRUEX) brings back his bride, *Hyacinth* (Miss NORA SWINBURNE), to his apartment. His friend, *Sam* (Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD), unhookable bachelor, comes to condole and express the sympathy of "the boys." A few months pass. *Hyacinth* is tired of *Bill* as *Bill* of *Hyacinth*. *Hyacinth* has her eye on Someone Else. So has *Bill*. "The boys" fill the flat with noise and whisky and poker-chips. *Hyacinth*, securing alimony, takes her unregretted departure.

Bill Remington brings back his bride, *Betty* (Miss MIRIAM SEEGAR), an insinuating baby-faced gold-digger. *Sam* offers condolences camouflaged as congratulations. A few months pass. *Betty is* dancing too freely with *Nickey* the Greek (Mr. HENRY CASS). *Bill* returns unexpectedly to find *Betty* and *Nickey* with an amusingly disreputable friend, *Cissie* (Miss OLIVE BLAKENEY) and another alien dancing-partner. Business about alimony, and out goes *Betty*.

Bill brings back a third bride, *Francine* (Miss JEANNE DE CASALIS), a temperamental widow. *Sam* attends as usual. A few months pass. *Francine*, who, when thwarted, can throw a dish with accuracy, proposes doing so. Out goes *Francine*, not haggling about alimony. *Sam* the unhookable has meanwhile succumbed to *Betty*. It is evidently a life that has its embarrassing complications.

The smooth quiet skill of Mr. TRUEX is extremely pleasant to watch. He can indicate the extravagances of the amorous male without offence and in general makes his points by studious under-emphasis, content with smiles where less perceptive players need the loud laugh of encouragement. Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD (*Sam*), with his breezy energy, makes a good foil. Miss OLIVE BLAKENEY was amusing as the conscienceless young woman of the much-marrying classes, with a fine command of the local idiom. Of the three wives Miss MIRIAM SEEGAR as the baby-faced gold-digger alone had a part which gave much opportunity and carried herself well in it.

A queer play. In retrospect I find the fun of rather an ugly kind. But Mr. TRUEX, who carries it upon his own shoulders, softens its ugliness and should contrive to make it succeed. T.

Our Unspeakable Young.

"Please excuse my son for being late as his inner tube broke on the way to school."
From Letter to Schoolmistress.

"Your own skins can be made into any garment or shape. The charges are on a strictly wholesale basis."—*Furrier's Advt.*

A great boon for multiple chins.

WHY DRAG IN VIENNA?

UNDER the above heading we have received the following eloquent protest from a musical correspondent who seems to be suffering from a recrudescence of an old malady dealt with recently in *The Times* under the heading, "The Return of the Pun":—

DEAR SIR,—Arising out of the paragraph in your issue of the 12th inst., which implies that Vienna is the most musical city in the world, may I be permitted to point out that there are other countries and cities for which a strong claim can be made out on the basis of their nomenclature? Altona, Tenoriffe and Grand Bassam in New Guinea will at once recur to the mind of the intelligent observer, while it is hardly necessary to add that in Bulgaria parliamentary business is always conducted in the Sopranje.

But what wounds a patriotic Britisher in this preference shown to the capital of Austria is the injustice which it involves to our beloved country at a time when practically the whole of Great Britain is employed in making plum-puddings in the Mixolydian mode. And as for nomenclature, Great Britain compares favourably with any country in the world in the extraordinarily wide range of musical allusiveness revealed in its place-names.

Even the most cursory glance at the map will show how far richer we are in this respect than Austria. Scotland at once rivets our attention with the kingdom of Fife and the unusually large proportion of names with Drum in them. The number of instrumentalists in Scotland at the present time may not be so large as in the days when a chieftain went forth to fight with four-and-twenty men and five-and-twenty pipers, but it is undoubtedly considerable; and I understand that the Jew's harp is extremely popular among the inhabitants of the Hebrudes, which, according to the Anglo-Israelitish Association, is the original spelling of those romantic islands.

If we turn to Ireland we find much the same evidence of the widespread diffusion of musical culture. Thus in the neighbourhood of Dublin alone we note the interesting triad of Dundrum, Stillorgan and Bray. A perusal of the *Gazetteer* also discloses the existence of Harmony Hall in Westmeath, and the *Dublin Directory* contains upwards of forty entries under the banjovial patronymic of PLUNKETT. In this context it is worth adding that the first two syllables of the name of PADEREWSKI undoubtedly point to the Hibernian origin of that illustrious pianist.

But it is in England that the predominance of the musical element in our nomenclature is most strikingly displayed. The name London, as the Princess LICHNOWSKY recently observed in her article in *The Times*, is beautiful. It sounds like a gong. Wandsworth boasts its Melody Road, and Parsifal Road testifies to the operatic preferences of N.W.6. If we pass to the provinces we are met by Great and Little Hautbois in Norfolk, by Chellow and Triangle in Yorkshire, Bengeo (an obvious variant on Banjo) in Hertfordshire, and Trumpet in Herefordshire. Finally, to return to Vienna and her boasted "Beautiful Blue Danube," it is not a patch upon the iridescent glories with which the chemical works of Newcastle have painted the waters of the Tyne.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
MARMADUKE MELLOW.

THE BIRD TABLE.

THE birds that we commonly feed
On the lawn, with our comforts inviting,
Our comforts for little companions in need,
Are not *too* exciting—
Mostly sparrows and jackdaws and starlings,
Such *dull* specimens;
No, we don't get what 's pretty and painty,
What 's pretty and painty and dainty;
No, we don't get the dear little darlings
Like gold-crested wrens,

And cross-bills in crimson and *gules*,
And hoopoes and orioles golden,
And bee-eaters, breaking their bee-eating rules
And being beholden
To us for their breakfasts and dinners
Who 'd *not* give 'em bees;
Ah, isn't it sad that we don't feed,
For it isn't of course that we won't feed,
Those painty and dainty heart-winners
That seldom one sees?

Yet The Feeder of all to be fed,
I 'd venture that our case is much like
His own. Is He mostly employed giving bread
To *rare* ones and suchlike—
The chaps with fine fittings, for narrow 's
The range of 'em? Thus
I 'd think that He 's busiest always
Purveying for fellows in small ways,
The *commoner* fellows, the sparrows,
The people like us. P. R. C.

Garden Notes.

"TO-DAY IN THE GARDEN.
I heat Your Pudding Cloths."
Provincial Paper.

The begonias should also be well mangled and then sprinkled with pale sherry.



SIR WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, P.R.A.

THE virtues which adorn LLEWELLYN
This space is too confined to tell in,
And therefore I will simply say
That those with whom the option lay
Thought he would do for P.R.A.,
A view with which he kindly fell in.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXXIV.



WINTER SPORTS.

Sportsman. "I HEAR THE MASTER'S AWAY FROM HOME, JACK?"
Huntsman (with scorn). "YES, SIR, HE'S GONE ABROAD FOR THE SNOWBALLIN'."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN Viscount CECIL declares, in *The Way of Peace* (ALLAN) that "there are no people who are so often wrong as people of common-sense," he sounds for the one and only time in this modest volume of reprinted lectures a note of impatience which comes reasonably enough from the great advocate of the League of Nations. Seeing for the future of the earth either more wars, with revolutions to follow, accompanied by a speedy reduction of population and effecting a relapse to the Middle Ages within the lifetime of the present rising generation, or as the only realisable alternative the application to international affairs of the principles that have been successful in dealing with individual anarchy, he cannot for the life of him understand why he, because he prefers the latter solution, should be reckoned among the unpractical. His advocacy of the League, which is here addressed primarily to members of his own political party, far from appearing as the romancing of an idealist, is as plain and moderate as the rather plain and moderate prose in which it is expressed. In the background of his imagination is a fair and wonderful vision, yet, if it is to be realised, he must convince by his very restraint, and so his language is as free from exaggeration as the greatness of his theme is incapable of it. He is hampered certainly by a consciousness that the League has as yet found it impossible to approach certain grave and obvious problems, but his record of actual accomplishment is impressive, and to his critics he presents repeatedly and unanswerably his challenge for an alternative remedy. Possibly, indeed, the comfortable assurance on which some of us are all too willing to subside, that things are bound to come out right in the end, may be justified, but it is precisely this dead-weight of placidity that the writer is most concerned to disturb, and "1914" has armed him with many uneasy arguments.

The Romance of the Road—what could be more romantic?
A ride upon coach-back—that charm never fails;
Come, CECIL will take us, a coachman gigantic,
Down the road, down the road, with His Majesty's mails,
To Bath and to Portsmouth, our ALDIN—ay, will he—
Just a century back—see, the mail-bags are in,
And it's Midsummer Eve and along Piccadilly
Four steppers are stepping, four scarlet wheels spin.

Down the road—but enough; to the grindstone my nose is;
EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE'S book is this capital show
That lands us at Bath in the time of wild roses,
That takes us to Portsmouth in *oh!* such a snow;
And the pictures—old inns in the drifts or the June light—
Such "Aldins" in colours, in whites too and blacks;
But give me that galloping team in the moonlight
Or that view from the box—bars and pole, chains and backs.

Then there's maps and old history, gossip and pleasant,
And "a charming old lady" is dedicatee,
And, if you are looking about for a present,
You needn't look further, Sirs, take it from me;
Here's this book of old days, peaceful, all unpedantic,
Where the hoof-beats of horses shall help you to dream,
The Romance of the Road—what could be more romantic?
Oh, on with the tackle and in with the team!

It is not often that you get so even-minded a view of Russia as that which is given in *The Memoirs of Alexander Volkoff-Mouromtzoff* (MURRAY); and the fact that the Count, its author, was better known as a water-colour painter than as a Russian landed-proprietor by no means convicts his testimony as that of the indifferent absentee. "A. N. ROUSSOFF," as he called himself when he took up painting, had two primary passions—science and the land; and nothing was nearer to his heart than to live at home and apply the one to the other. The enfranchisement of the serfs on his father's estate checked the personal plans of his youth, though he worked for four years as "arbiter" to administer the system that had thwarted him. Late in life a very much richer inheritance fell to him; and he no sooner got his zeal addressed to his duties than the War came and ended them for ever. In the interval and afterwards—he was seventy-four when he died last May—"A. N. ROUSSOFF" lived and worked in Venice; and memories of WAGNER, LISZT, RUBINSTEIN and DUSE diversify his record. Perhaps the most interesting document is a letter of 1882. The Count had just resigned the Chair of Vegetable Physiology at Odessa, unusually ruffled by a world where everyone wanted to be someone as cheaply and as easily as possible. This ambition, he insists, is not peculiar to Russia. It is part of "a world-wide fight"—sham intellectualism *versus* honest work. He himself toiled to the end on the losing side; and his memoirs, curiously compounded of the sensitive impressions of the artist, the detached observations of the scientist and the conventional response of the cosmopolitan aristocrat to society, are a commentary and revelation of value.



THE OPTIMISTS; OR, LONG-DISTANCE CAROLLING.

Facts may be stubborn things for most people, but to Mr. EDWARD SACKVILLE-WEST they cause no trouble at all. In the opening paragraph of *Mandrake Over The Water-Carrier* (HEINEMANN) he reserves the right to break up this world of ours and reassemble it as he pleases from chapter to chapter. "Where no mountain was," he says, "there at the next moment may be one." Catching the spirit of the thing, his publishers provide a synopsis of the story, in which they misspell the name of the principal family and state that the daughter, *Thea*, who lost her speech at the age of eleven, was "dumb from birth." The scene of this weird story is laid in one of the Channel Islands, where they dodge income-tax and grow tomatoes. All the inhabitants of the island seem a little mad, but whether this is the effect of the tomatoes or of the escape from income-tax is not explained. *Godfrey Leboucher*, the central figure of the book and the "water-carrier" of the title, is rather more mad than the others. He holds long conversations with his "Very Image"; he is visited in moments of crisis by an apparition of a man riding a dog; he consults a witch at intervals, and he assiduously waters a mandrake-plant whose life mysteriously controls his own. His sister *Thea* falls in love with an unlettered and almost inarticulate pugilist whose luminous sanity is the saving of the book. (He was merely a visitor, as you will have guessed.) And that is all that I can remember, except that my attention was held many times by amusing incidents and brilliant descriptive passages. An irritating book by an author who can take his place in the front rank of novelists just as soon as he likes. Are witches worth it, Mr. SACKVILLE-WEST?

To Kiss the Crocodile (DUCKWORTH) is, it appears, to follow the will of others rather than your own, and it is a dangerous and may even prove a fatal game to play. It was because *Roy Ffolliott* was weakly complaisant to the whim of *Vernon Moore*, whom he disliked, that he found himself involved in an ugly scandal, of the very nature of which he was ignorant, and was thus impelled to become a wanderer over the face of the earth until he met with a fantastic end. Mr. ERNEST MILTON, a distinguished Shakespearean actor, has appropriately taken all the world for the stage of *Roy's* tragedy. After a lavender-scented boyhood in Canterbury *Roy* came to London, was introduced into the politer Bohemia, and enjoyed himself in rather a futile way until, made des-

perate by the aforesaid scandal, he embarked incontinent on a tramp-steamer, which carried him to South America and the South Seas, Japan and China, where, having taken to opium, he became so deranged that on one occasion "he edged away from a copy of *Punch*." But it was in Provence that the final curtain came down on his brief and troubled career. *Roy's* odyssey has given Mr. MILTON the chance of some very purple writing, and indeed the whole book is hectically over-coloured. Though mostly in the syncopated modern manner, it breathes the last enchantment of the 'nineties, of *Dorian Gray* and the *Yellow Book*. *Roy* himself is intolerably precious, but a greater defect is that he never quite materialises. A dreamer, he is hardly "as real as a dream," so that it is impossible to take an absorbing interest in his sorrows.

The more intimate I become with the work of DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE the more I admire the ease with which she draws her local characters. In *Fairings* (THE BODLEY HEAD), with its sub-title, "A Yorkshire Miscellany," you will find some twenty items—verses, stories, little plays—delightfully written and as delightfully illustrated by Mr. FRED LAWSON, whose name might reasonably have appeared on the wrapper. It is a feast of good things very suitable for Christmas fare, and, if I pick out an especial delicacy, it is the play, "The Blind Man of Hiltune," in which Mrs. RATCLIFFE'S knowledge of human nature is extraordinarily evident. For general information let me add that the price of this miscellany is a guinea, and that the edition is limited to a thousand copies. But, although it can be read in an hour or two, it is a gift that, to those who prefer quality to quantity, cannot fail to be welcome—even if they are not Yorkshire-bred.

I have promised myself that, when I go to Switzerland this winter, for reasons of space and weight I shall only bring three books with me. I have just decided that one of them must be Herr JOSEF DAHINDEN'S *Art of Ski-ing* (FABER AND GWYER). On the wise assumption that the reader does not know one end of a ski from another, everything is clearly explained from the first awful strapping-on. The photographs of ski-ers and ski-fields with which the book teems are not only of great value in clearing up one's ideas of such slippery manœuvres as the telemark and the christiania; they are also works of art which make one long more than ever to be out there in the sun. Herr DAHINDEN, who lays stress upon the æsthetics of ski-ing, deals in separate chapters with every department of the sport, and he writes with the infectious zest of the enthusiast. Altogether there are one-hundred-and-forty-six illustrations in the book. Whatever the size of the Swiss library one allows oneself, it should rank first in it.



Harassed Father. "I'M AFRAID MY LITTLE BOY'S CHOICE IS GOING TO BE RATHER DIFFICULT. HE HAS CONSENTED TO HAVE AN ARK, BUT IT MUST BE A MOTOR ONE."

Baroness ORCZY chooses Canada as the scene for her story "of the regeneration of a young soul," *Blue Eyes and Grey* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), and *Amos Bezvin* is the leading actor in this purging drama. *Amos* was more foolish than inherently wicked, but he did strike (and kill) a policeman, and was on his way to Dartmoor prison when the train met with a terrible accident. From the wreckage he was rescued by a nurse, who allowed the authorities to believe that he had been killed, and eventually, under the name of *Lance Madoc*, she exported him to Canada. As regards his life during the process of his soul's regeneration I can testify that it was filled to the brim with difficulties and dangers; but, although the medicine administered to him was always strong and often unpalatable, he took it without a murmur. A sincere story, whose main facts, the Baroness tells us, are true.

When the choosing of Christmas gifts starts in to trouble you,
Sea Magic's worth noting, by BEAUMONT, C. W.,
A romance of the sort that's expressly designed
For the primitive tastes of the Quite Small Boy's mind:
There are sailors with pigtails and tarpaulin hats,
And islands with ants on them bigger than cats,
Escapes and adventures by land and by sea,
And fighting as bluggy as bluggy can be—
Which, I hasten to add for the soothing of squeamishly-minded relations, occurred in a dream.
In conclusion, remains but to state—WYNDHAM PAYNE
Did the quaint coloured pictures; the publisher's LANE.

Mr. Punch welcomes his own *County Songs* (METHUEN), written by E. V. LUCAS and illustrated by ERNEST H. SHEPARD. They may be taken as evidence of the fact that Mr. Punch is no mere Londoner, but takes a catholic interest in the whole of the English countryside. Also *Humour in the Hunting Field* (LONDON COUNTRY LIFE, LTD.), a collection of sporting pictures in colour by G. D. ARMOUR, all of which are based on his *Punch* drawings; with comments on each picture by "CRASCREDO." The book is produced as an *édition-de-luxe*.

Societies Which We Hasten to Join.

"May I add for the benefit of those who may wish to become members that there is a Society 'for the Prohibition of Cruel ports'?"
Extract from letter in Provincial Paper.

Especially the kind that tastes of brown sugar.

"The main point of Mr. MacDonald's argument was that the bean was the economic and scientific key of the situation."
Liverpool Paper.

That is, be full of them yourself and yet give them to the other fellow.

CHARIVARIA.

THE B.B.C. employs an official to soothe broadcasters' nerves, it seems. No such solicitude is shown for the nerves of listeners-in.

* * *

A doctor suggests that we need a new slogan for Christmas. For ourselves we are content with the old one, "Bismuth as Usual."

* * *

The dipper, which sings even in the winter, is said to be our only diving song-bird. The bathroom warbler, of course, doesn't dive.

* * *

Visitors to the special Parliamentary exhibition at the London Museum express disappointment at not finding a representative collection of hats through which statesmen have talked.

* * *

Lord CASTLEROSSE considers intelligence a handicap to women. It is, however, almost indispensable to gossip-writers.

* * *

A new theatre is to have a roof-garden. It is hoped that leading ladies will be able to grow their own bouquets.

* * *

The parents of one of the M.C.C. team in Australia relate that when he was a boy he was so keen on playing cricket that they had to fetch him in to tea. He has, however, learnt to adapt himself to this feature of first-class matches.

* * *

Arrangements are being made to celebrate twenty-one years of peace in the hat-making industry. It is hoped that batters will not make the occasion an excuse for exceptional madness.

* * *

A recent General Knowledge question in a daily paper was, "Who is Michael Arlen?" We regard this attitude towards our genii as a pose.

* * *

Mr. J. C. SQUIRE's team is to play a cricket-match at Hambledon on New Year's Day, whatever the weather may be. We trust the London Mercury will be well above zero.

* * *

Mlle. VIVIENNE DE WATTEVILLE has been elected a member of honour of the Berne Natural History Society, in recognition of her achievements as a big-game hunter. In the jungle they never see this Swiss miss miss.

* * *

Mr. C. V. BOYS, F.R.S., is to lay before the Royal Astronomical Society an improved device for ascertaining the exact time. It is expected to mark an enormous advance upon the old Greenwich practice of sending out to ask a policeman.

* * *

Chariot-racing is being introduced into Glasgow, but it is not anticipated that *Ben Hur* will become a national feature like Ben Lomond.

* * *

Children should not be told "bogey" tales, we are advised, but simple stories of real life that will induce them unconsciously to prepare themselves for the struggle to come. This puts us in a quandary as to telling the little ones about the Income-Tax Collector.



"DADDY, HAVE YOU A WED PENCIL?"
"YES; WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?"
"I WANT TO WITE A FWEATENING LEITER TO FARVER CHRISTMAS."

* * *

Lions are said to have been originally striped. That they are now more easily distinguishable from tigers is due to Nature's efforts to assist the zoologist.

* * *

Human speech, we are told, originated in pantomime. It is therefore approximately coeval with the pantomime joke.

* * *

AHMET HASHIM Bey, writing in *Ikdam*, made the suggestion that Turkey should celebrate Christmas. "Turkey for the Turks," is his slogan.

* * *

We read of a dentist who sings at his work. It is a consolation to reflect that a saxophonist cannot do this.

According to a well-known actress the qualities required by a girl who wants to go on the stage are the courage of a lion, the hide of a rhinoceros, and the endurance of an Arctic explorer. The very qualities, in fact, that are required by a girl who wants to get into the gallery on a first night.

* * *

A witness in a London court persisted in nodding his replies to questions. Apparently the Judge missed the opportunity of telling him that he was in a court of justice and not a cinema.

* * *

A jazz-band contest is to be held on the Continent. What is the League of Nations doing?

* * *

A London Mayor confesses that he has never passed an examination in his life. So much for the belief that candidates for mayoralties have to sit for a pretty stiff one.

* * *

According to a weekly paper the doctor who was summoned to a man who had swallowed a collar-stud has had three tries, but failed to locate it. We fear the patient will have to buy another one.

* * *

The decision to lower military musical instruments to civilian pitch does not, it is understood, apply to the sergeant-major.

* * *

A correspondent in a daily paper protests against those who make fun of chess. We should have thought it was realised years ago that chess is no joke.

* * *

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE's denial of the statement, published in *The Daily News*, that he is an enthusiastic Liberal, has cast a gloom over Abingdon Street.

* * *

"A business man feels at his worst on a Tuesday," says a writer. It so often means that his week-end is drawing to a close.

* * *

Music-hall turns are being given in a London draper's shop. Husbands prefer this to being parked out on the cold pavement.

* * *

"Is a woman too old to work at fifty?" asks a gossip-writer. Not if she is a pantomime fairy.

THE STILL SLEEPING BEAUTY.

(A modern version of a very old story.)

IT was entirely her mother's idea that the fairies were invited to the little Princess's christening.

"Think of the presents they 'll bring," she reminded the King, and His Majesty had to admit that her forethought was justified.

The fairies' habit of publicly announcing their gifts savoured perhaps of ostentation, but, on the other hand, it prevented duplication and has been a fairy custom ever since radiant beauty was bestowed upon the same infant by both a blonde and a brunette. The unfortunate child grew up piebald in the effort to resemble both givers.

Their open-handed performance was almost over before the arrival of the fairy to whom no invitation had been sent. To add to her annoyance she had been asked to show her card by the palace detective (whom she changed at once to a pink ferret), and now with a malignant smile she pronounced her curse.

"On her eighteenth birthday," she declared, "the Princess shall knit her first jumper and *be compelled to wear it.*"

At these words the Princess, young as she was, broke into such piercing screams that the youngest fairy was moved to amend her sister's harsh decree.

"The dear child," she said, "need not wear the jumper. Instead she shall fall into a swoon, from which a Prince shall awake her in due course."

As the Princess grew up in the strictest seclusion her attendants were warned never to mention jumpers in her presence. Indeed, as one who swooned easily, she was kept in profound ignorance of all the prevailing fashions; but the decrees of the fairies are not easily defeated.

One day a careless visitor to the State apartments, which were always thrown open to the public on Bank Holidays, left behind the newspaper in which his sandwiches had been wrapped and so revealed to Her Royal Highness (who read it) all the necessary details for the perpetration of the fatal jumper.

To procure needles and wool through a love-sick page was an easy matter, and in due course the first part of the fairy's curse was fulfilled. One glance at the finished garment and the Princess fell senseless before you could say sal volatile.

Throughout the time when she lay slumbering in her bower never once till the day of their death did the devotion of her parents falter. Every day the windows were opened to air the place, every spring the chamber was cleaned, and in the bosom of her dress was kept an authenticated copy of her birth-certificate to facilitate the obtaining of her old-age pension when at last she woke, should that happy event not take place as soon as they hoped. And often and often they talked of her.

"I do trust the dear Prince will be good to her," the Queen would say; "she never was strong." And one day she added, "I think I 'll leave a note telling him how much good Pinkerton's Popular Pilules have always done me."

It was a kindly thought, and after that she got into the way of placing by the sleeper's bedside anything which struck her as likely to be useful at the great awakening. Any advertisement of a quickly-prepared breakfast food earned its place here, and the very ingenious spirit-stove on which it could have been prepared gave later archæologists quite a wrong idea of the funeral customs of the Princess's era.

The Prince when he arrived was an earnest youth with a habit of looking before he leapt. He carefully read the manuscripts and letter-press awaiting him before applying himself to the task of resuscitation. Then he used every method of which he had heard. He shook her with a violence that almost bordered on familiarity; he imitated an alarm clock with really remarkable realism. He even ventured to employ a damp sponge upon Her Royal Highness. In short, he did everything except follow his instinct.

And that he dared not do owing to his fatal practice of looking on both sides of everything. For on the back of the advertisement of the quickest breakfast food of all was an article (which Her Majesty had overlooked) in which Our Medical Correspondent had set forth all the dangers of kissing.

Reluctantly the conscientious Prince stole from the room, leaving the fairy's arrangements incomplete. He had been brought up to reverence expert opinion, and had never heard the theory that it is no bad thing for a young man to live dangerously.

Commercial Humour.

"BUY BRITISH GAMES AND KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING."
Notice in Shop.

"£18,000 GIFT TO BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL."
Manchester Paper.

Smith Minor says he 'll help to dig for nothing.

"There was more booing when Larwood relieved Geary for the last over before lunch, the crowd counting Larwood's steps as he ran up to the wicket. ooooooi oloco ooion wladartmher yida- I,ii."—*Birmingham Paper.*

But just as with the "Talkies" the local accent rather spoils the effect.

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

NOCTURNE.

THIS party is rather a bore;
I shall go to such parties no more;
Will somebody kind
My overcoat find
And quietly show me the door?
I 'm weary of standing about
Making silly remarks in a shout;
The sandwiches taste
Of photograph paste,
And now the white wine has run out!

I shall go to bed early to-night,
I 'm feeling a little bit done;
But I like the young lady in white,
And it 's only a quarter-to-one.

Oh, why do we gather in herds
Like a lot of excitable birds,
And chatter and bawl
About nothing at all
In mainly inaudible words?
There are seventy women and men
In this room, and it holds about ten.
You heard what I said?
I am going to bed,
And it 's merely a question of "When?"

I shall go to bed early to-night,
I 'm feeling a little bit blue;
But I like the young lady in white—
And it 's only a quarter-to-two.

There are too many people who write;
They 're most of them present to-night;
And how I abhor
The musical bore
Who has collared the charmer in white!
And as for this girl with a mane,
She gives me a positive pain!
She talks of JAMES JOYCE
In a bronchial voice,
And I don't want to see her again.

But I do like the lady in white,
And I wish she was married to me.
I shall go to bed early to-night—
Oh, dear, it 's a quarter-to-three!

There are too many people who paint;
It 's becoming a chronic complaint;
They 're all of them here,
They 've finished the beer,
And I think I am going to faint.
But I 've met the young lady in white;
Our talk was exciting but slight;
"Good evening," she said,
"I am going to bed;
So glad to have met you—Good-night!"

Still, I've met the young lady in white,
And I wish we had met a bit more.
I shall go to bed early to-night—
Oh, gosh! it 's a quarter-to-four!

A. P. H.

Things Which Might Have Been Less Bluntly Expressed.

"The Branch decided that it could not send a delegate to Calcutta for the annual general meeting of the All-India Anglo-Indian and Domiciled European Association, owing to financial stingency."—*Indian Paper.*



THE PIECE OF RESISTANCE.

John Bull. "LOOKS A LITTLE HEAVY."

Neville Chamberlain (*proudly*). "AND WELL IT MAY; THERE'S MONEY IN EVERY MOUTHFUL OF IT."



Perfect Shopman (to customer who has been overwhelmed in fierce charge of bargain-hunters). "ARE YOU BEING ATTENDED TO, MODDAM?"

THIS MUFTI QUESTION.

AT the moment we somehow feel that the Colonel doesn't like pointed references to mufti being made in his presence. We know this not so much by anything that he says but from the way that he suddenly puts down his paper and looks at you through his eyebrow-eaves, like the chucker-out at a restaurant telling someone at 2 A.M., No, he *can't* see the Manager. Anyway, conversation wilts and dies, and generally restarts jerkily on safer subjects, like platoon-drill and Private Barrel's sore feet.

This order about Plain Clothes and Well-Behaved Privates was at the bottom of it. Previously, only non-commissioned officers of the rank of sergeant and upwards were allowed, in our battalion at any rate, to wear plain clothes when walking out, but now the privilege has been extended to Well-Behaved Privates.

This makes things much more awkward than before. It was not uncommon for you to discover that the exceedingly well-dressed gentleman strolling in town, whose face seemed so vaguely familiar that you took him for someone on the Command Staff and ingratiatingly raised your hat, was after all only the new Sergeant-Major of "B" Company. It was a blow to your dignity but, prior to the order, you at least had this consolation: you could never fall into the same polite error with anyone below the rank of sergeant. But now of course you can—and do; for it is astonishing how different a Well-Behaved Private looks when in mufti. In fact, the chances are about ten to one that the half-recognised and beautifully-dressed acquaintance wearing a monocle is none other than that well-behaved Private Rifle. And when, a day or so after you have politely raised your hat to him in mufti, you find you have, in the interests of discipline, to check him for not saluting you correctly when in uniform, the affair becomes almost Gilbertian.

Even so, awkward as it is to have one's troops oozing immaculately about the streets in Savile Row suitings, you can find excuses for your involuntary courtesy. Just as it is inculcated in the soldiery that they salute the King's uniform and not the officer himself, so it may be held that when Lieutenant Swordfrog inadvertently raises his hat to Private Muzzle he is not concerned with Private Muzzle *qua* Private Muzzle, but is merely paying a just tribute to Private Muzzle's marvellously cut plus-fours. But it is when Private Butt insists on designating by the name of mufti a pair of eozoic corduroy trousers and something nondescript to carry them on up to a knotted spotted handkerchief round his neck that the situation becomes really embarrassing. Only the other day Lieutenant Holster was jilted by his third fairy this dancing season on the score of having such common friends—just because Private Butt, attired as above, took his cap off affably to him in the High Street of Havershot.

So the Colonel took action, and said

that before being granted permission to wear mufti every Well-Behaved Private must parade before him wearing the intended suit of plain clothes, in order that it might be sartorially "passed."

This led to some humorous parades outside Battalion Headquarters. Where one was accustomed to see only privates in smart uniform lined up to interview the Colonel, it came as a shock to observe in their place Private Barrel wearing a flannel shirt with a red pin-stripe, suspiciously reminiscent of the Government "four-by-two" rifle-cleaning flannel, Private Pullthrough nervously smoothing down a mauve lounge suit, Private O'Jector running a cautious thumb over his trouser-crease with the air of one testing a razor-blade, and Private Sling and his next number re-knotting more artistically each other's Zingari and Guards ties. To hear the R.S.M. reproving Private Trigger for still standing at ease instead of at attention when the error was due, not to Private Trigger's feet, but to Private Trigger's very Oxford bags, was highly instructive; while to see Private Rifle in lavender spats and lemon brogues patterned like a Gruyère was an education in itself. Rumour had it that even Lieutenant Holster, who is a bit of an exquisite, was unobtrusively present at one or two of these parades to pick up a few dress hints.

At first Colonel Howitzer took far too much interest in the business. The Adjutant, who can never do anything by halves, was of course to blame in this. Under the Colonel's approving eye, he used to examine the prospective proud walkers from every angle with all the air of a foreman cutter, talking learnedly about good fits and coming to the figure and so on, till at last he came up against Private Rifle's best lounge. Private Rifle's best lounge didn't come to the figure. Private Rifle's figure came to it in a few places, then evidently got nervous and went away again. And when he explained indignantly that his uncle, who had knocked it up for him, was actually a tailor in Bethnal Green the Colonel realised that one could take things too seriously, and the rigour of the sartorial inspections was modified.

Then one day the Colonel received a blow. An application came in from Private Muzzle to have an inspection please of a *second* suit of mufti. This annoyed the Colonel, who at heart is of the type that holds a soldier is a soldier, by gad, and the King's uniform should be good enough for him. For a private, one suit of mufti was practically aristocracy; for him to wish to possess two was rank Upper-Ten. In fact, it was making the army not what it was.

Private Muzzle, however, was at last told to parade at 10 A.M. in his second suit of mufti, and the Colonel was determined to be very strict. Unfortunately his nerve was badly shaken just before the interview by the arrival in his office in mufti of a subaltern attached from another unit. The Colonel, examining him from the trouser-legs up, began to find fault with his clothes before reaching his face, and by the time explanations had been issued all round he was in no fit state to grapple with the ultimate fact of Private Muzzle's second suit.

For at ten o'clock in the morning and wearing a check cloth cap, which was all the civilian headgear he had got, Private Muzzle, whose intention it was to do the local dances in better style, appeared abruptly before the Colonel in a brand-new dinner-jacket outfit, complete with dickey and imitation diamond stud like the stopper of a claret-decanter.

As I say, we somehow feel the Colonel doesn't like references to mufti just now; and even Holster, the exquisite, is heard to say when in the Presence that he is going to change out of uniform into "his others."

A. A.



Instructress (to Beginner). "AT FIRST YOU MAY FIND IT A LITTLE TIRING TO THE FEET."

Beginner. "WELL, ODDLY ENOUGH, IT GETS ME IN THE ARMS."

BUT DON'T HANG HIM.

I HAVE a dog to give away.

I don't mean that I am going to give him away, or even to sell him, but I intend to give away his character. This is an age for candour about the intelligence of our friends. Let us for once be candid about the intelligence of a dog.

My dog is a fool. Excessive friendliness is what you would mark most on meeting him, but I have had friendly dogs before. It is difficult to describe without seeming to exaggerate the friendliness of this particular dog.

Once (and never again) I took him on a lead into the High Street during those morning hours when ladies mostly shop. He appeared to know them all, and in fact he did know a great many. I believe he has more human acquaintances (not to speak of the others) than any dog within the area of half-a-mile. Lovely figure after lovely figure stooped to greet him, pat him and say, "Hullo, Dash, how are you?"

For the purposes of this article I shall call him "Dash."

On every occasion he propped his front paws on their silk stockings and gazed up wistfully into their eyes. Many of these lovely figures I did not know myself. When they had finished patting my dog they regarded me, at the further end of the strap, with a cold distant stare and passed on.



The Laggard in Love. "I SEE YOU HAVE INCORPORATED IN YOUR SCHEME OF DECORATION THAT PARASITIC PLANT WHICH THE DRUIDS OF OLD REGARDED AS AN OBJECT OF PECULIAR REVERENCE."

Every one of them imagined that my dog was especially delighted to see her—the most ridiculous delusion in the world. Silk stockings are his hobby. Light silk stockings. He does not care about dark ones. He will prop himself up by his front paws against any pair of light silk stockings that happens to be stationary, and wait there to be fondled. Children affect him in the same way, and about twenty-five per cent of men. But with men you can never tell. For instance, he always runs affectionately to the policeman to be fondled when the policeman is walking up the road, but he always barks at the policeman when the policeman is walking down the road.

He also barks whenever anybody comes to the house, up to the hour of 10 P.M., when he goes to bed in his basket. After that he would not bark if he were taken up and put into a sack. When he was very young he used to be chained to the basket, and now he insists on wearing this chain or he will not go to sleep. Nor will he readily go to sleep unless he has spent some period of the evening in human company. If one has been out all the evening and he has been lying alone in the drawing-room, it is necessary to give him from ten to twenty minutes' silent company before he will go to bed, otherwise he whines most of the night.

He is intensely frightened of novelties. An attempt to teach him to hold a lump of sugar on his nose caused him so much terror that he creeps into the corner of the room at the sight of a lump of sugar, and will not eat sugar at all. He is cowardly, but not to the extent of failing to be utterly silly. He invariably noses open any garden gate that is liable to swing to and shut him in, and then howls with fear till he is released. He never fails to run blithely and perkily up to the largest dogs he may meet, however menacing their appearance, and seldom misses motor-cars by more than a hair's breadth if he happens to be crossing the road on some futile and unprofitable trail.

He will spend half a morning hunting for rabbits; but with far more pleasure he will spend a whole morning in hunting grey squirrels from tree to tree. On one occasion a squirrel, executing a difficult traverse, fell on to his nose, which frightened him so much that he ran away. He barks fiercely at cats when they are on walls, but does not notice them on the ground.

He will lie at a mouse-hole for half-an-hour. He has a passion, when opportunity arises, for chasing hares, Nature having handicapped him in this respect by about sixty-five yards in every hundred. He is very good at catching wasps in the air and eating them, apparently liking the peppery taste. He also eats snails. And string.

The dog is brindled, but both his front paws are white. He has spent the odd moments during three-and-a-half years in trying to lick this white off and restore the dark colour which he supposes ought to be there.

Whenever he can find any muddy water that smells, this dog will wallow in it, but he shuns clean water like the plague. He is terrified of the sea, and on being taken out by a bather and put down to swim with his head to shore, lost his nerve so completely that he turned round and struck out for France. Let any of those fair ladies upon whom he fawns change into a bathing-costume and walk down the High Street in that, and she will see friendliness changed into hate and fear. He likes rolling in the snow. For his sake I wish there were more of it. It is the only clean thing he likes rolling in.

He hates motoring unless he is allowed to lie between the gear lever and the clutch. He digs holes in gardens, sand and hearth-rugs, but he will not go down an earth. He is rather fond of dead crabs. He insists on lying between one's feet and the fire. Passionately addicted to playing games with anyone he can bully or cajole into amusing him, he insists that any ball, stick or stone should be dealt with precisely in the way of which he approves. If not he will stop and sulk at once. Nothing will ever induce him to play any game on his own account, but he will lose or bury in the garden any ball or glove with which he has been accustomed to play, forget about it, and expect it to be reproduced as by magic when he needs it



Cynthia (bored with constant reference to the fact that she is a twin). "MUMMY, NOW THAT PAM AND ME ARE SIX, NEED WE BE TWINS ANY LONGER?"

again. His favourite food, judged over a period of three years, is the white of boiled eggs.

In short, the dog is mad. I do not mean dangerously mad, but just an imbecile; and he has the cunning which often goes with arrested development. For instance, "they" will not allow him to jump up on the sofa. You can throw a golf-ball—one of his favourite toys—on to the sofa while "they" are in the room and he will give no sign that he has noticed it. But if "they" leave the room he has jumped up and seized it in the twinkling of an eye.

Once he was boarded with a neighbour. "I suppose you always allow him to lie on the drawing-room sofa?" she said rather disapprovingly.

"But of course not."

"He insisted on doing it in our house," she declared. He would.

Nobody believes any evil of him because of his flattery and his earnest eyes. He trades on his good looks, like a cinema star. It is Christmas time and I love him. But I am glad I have given him away.

EVOE.

The Extremely Modest American.

"We will do our dammodest, expression américaine qui peut être traduite par: 'Nous ferons de notre mieux.'"—*French Paper.*

Good News for Sishgasts.

"Gilbert. More sishga. △ t C etaoin shrdlu."
Booksellers' Paper.

This problem is still rather etaoin shrdlu to Mr. Punch.

The Napoleon of the N.W.

"Widower (50) desires to be sole paying guest in London, N.W. district from Jan. 1."
Daily Paper.

We are afraid we cannot guarantee him this singularity.

"It is a curious sight when the gardens are in bloom to watch dozens of artists squatting on their easels."—*Australian Paper.*

And to watch the gay designs growing on their camp-stools.

TOPSY, M.P.

XV.—HAS A SNAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Trix my little snowdrop *all* the compliments of the season and I *do* hope you got the Sunlight Lamp because I could think of *nothing* else to comfort you in the *bestial* months that are before us, my dear Haddock and I have a *ten* minutes sun-debauch every evening before bed, only of course *Science* changes *so* often these days and the *latest* my dear is that sunlight and fresh air are *definitely* baneful and there 's some new doctor who shuts *all* his sufferers up in a *dark* room with a bad smell, and they say it 's *too* salubrious, however unfortunately I 'd *bought* your present before I heard this, and of course after all the trouble we 've had about the *revoltage* and everything I *really* can't start pulling the house to pieces again to instal the Stale Air System, and if you think the Lamp 's *too* old-fashioned you 'd better *hide* it away darling till Sunlight comes in again.

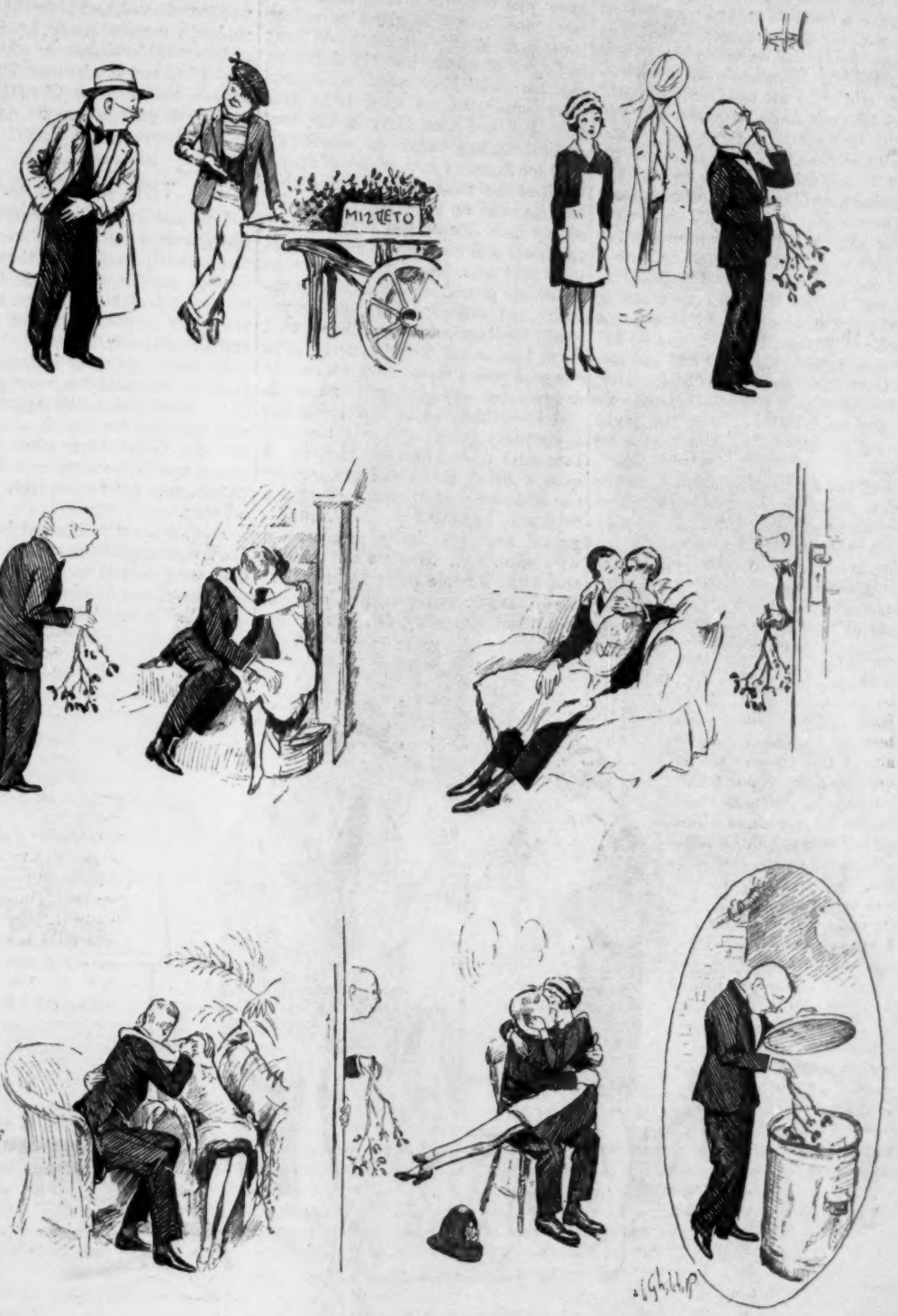
Well my dear we 've had the *most* tribal and alimentary Christmas, my dear I do think that Christmas is the *one* season that ought to *always* be spent in the *home* but if possible somebody *else's* because here we are at the Antons' and my dear it 's *too* reposeful *not* having to *calculate* foodstuffs for *six* days ahead, and of course I *rather* adore all the orthodox Yulery as long as somebody else has the *jading* labour of getting it ready, my dear you know I *always* respond to mistletoe and holly when it 's *there*, but as for *climbing* up ladders with *bosomfuls* of greenery, my dear *too* Scandinavian, and of course a Christmas-tree *intoxicates* me *provided* I haven't had to *stand* on tip-toe and tie those *combustible* glass bobbles on to it, not to mention candles which will *not* be perpendicular, however well the Antons have their *principal* orgy at *lunch* because of their *herds* of young so of course by about teatime there was rather a *lethargic* reaction in the house, especially as Haddock would keep playing *folk-songs* on the organ which is *quite* Paradise to Haddock but mere anguish to the *entire* vicinity, in fact at four-thirty a *most* Cadogan guest who is lacerated by the *best* music merely ordered his car and drove *petulantly* back to London, so what with everything the *old* problem arose *Shall* we raid the Barnacles and if so *how*, because you know there 's an *age-long* feud between Beaver and White Ladies and they 're always playing the *most* mature *practical* jokes on each other my dear *one* year we *all* went over to White Ladies and dressed up as the *domestic* staff and utterly *waited* at lunch and everything, and my dear they had the *hugest* house-party and *nobody* spotted us till the *liqueur*-stage when as *luck* would have it I gave *Admiral* Flabb a *crème de menthe* instead of cognac or something, my dear *too* unsuitable, however it only shows how little people notice the *menial* beings who hand them food, well *doesn't* it?



Heavily-laden Christmas Postman (delivering a postcard in the first house on his round). "WELL, THAT 'S GOT RID O' *ONE*, ANYHOW."

Well my dear *this* time we were all *quite* planless and not a *mind* would function, but of course I was *too* determined on witchery of some sort because Ronnie Barnacle is one of the Whips and has been a *complete* blanket about my little Bills, anyhow at *last* I had a brain-blossom, and I said *Let 's* be a kind of *prawn-faced* deputation from Ronnie's constituency, because of course he 's *too* pussilanimous and knocks at the knees at the *smell* of an elector, well my dear it *was* so and we all dressed up like *congenital* aunts and hereditary aldermen, my dear *beards* and spectacles and *clusters* of jet and *veils* and everything, and we *flashed* over to White Ladies seven of us in the *middle* of dinner-time.

Well my dear it was arranged that *I* was to be the spokes-girl, *Mrs.* Thimblefoot of *West* Wockleham, and my dear *when* Ronnie heard that Mrs. Thimblefoot of *West* Wockleham was waiting he quite *torpedoed* out of the dining-room with the *pinkest* cracker-cap on and my dear *pursued* by two *inflammable* fairies trying to hold mistletoe over his head, my dear *too* corybantic the whole thing, so we all looked *rather* forgiving and said we 'd come over from *West* Wockleham to wish our Member a *Happy* Christmas, only unfortunately we 'd *missed* our connections and things, were *days* late and had had *nothing* to eat, so of course the least he could do was to ask his *starving* constituents into the feast, to the *intense* disgust of his *assembled* revellers, because my dear we looked like *seven* black stalactites, my dear *too* baroque, and of course the place was the usual Christmas shambles and mess, my dear *almonds* and *raisins* and cracker-caps and *bits* of turkey and *mince-pies* and mottoes and *broken* glasses and balloons and everything, so of course we were *too* shocked and cast a *cloud* of gloom by refusing champagne, and then *Foxy* Fortescue, who my dear was made up like a *missionary* said suddenly *Peace* Pagans have you no SHAME and so *then* my dear I *rose* to the little feet and made the *most* spiritual speech about the absolute *significance* of Christmas, because I said *Brothers* and Sisters *this* is no way to celebrate a *sacred* season, *what* brothers is all this grapery and crackerdom, these salted almonds and *crystallised* greengages, *what* are these fleshly berries suspended o'er the threshold and for *what* this heathen foliage on the walls, tear down the paper streamers brethren and O my sisters utterly *pop* the blue balloons, because after all this is a *rather* religious day and I do *not* think that the *Good* Vote of Wockleham would like to think of their Member commemorating same in festoons of coloured paper and the *most* Mephistophely *mask*



THE SEASONABLE TOUCH.

COUNTRY UNCLE THINKS HE 'LL HELP TO MAKE THINGS GO AT TOWN NIECE'S PARTY.

and blowing a *penny* trumpet, not to mention a *bunch* of raisins over the *left* ear, well my dear meanwhile the *whole* of our party sat scowling over their eatables like Savonarola at breakfast-time, and of course the Barnacle party were *too* mute and remorseful and you ought to have seen them *one* by one *stealthily* discarding the cracker-caps, well I said *when* we came to wish the Member happiness we meant happiness of the *soul* and the after-life and everything and not the *carnal* merriment of port-wine and mistletoe, because I said we'd *rather* expected to find him singing *hymns* with the servants or working out a scheme to amend the *morals* of Europe, but *as* it was we felt we were *rather* redundant and had better leave them to their godless revelry, and with *these* words darling we *rose* up and marched out into the night leaving a *clammy* silence at the festive board.

Well my dear we *listened* outside the dining-room window and after about *five* minutes the sounds of hilarity began again, but *rather* tremulous because my dear I heard afterwards that *poor* Ronnie was perfectly *dank* with aprehension, so then we began singing carols, at least we sang King Wenceslas because that was the *only* one we all knew, and after we'd sung about that *over-rated* monarch about seventeen times poor Ronnie came out and flung *pocketfuls* of money into the darkness, but we said *Keep* your contagious lucre Squire, *all* we want is to save your *soul*, and then Foxy in the *most* rustical dialect began to absolutely *pray* for Ronnie's soul, which of course is *about* the most *carbolic* thing that one man can do to another in public, so my dear Ronnie fled *blushing* into the house and we sang Wenceslas a lot more and after about the tenth time somebody poured water on us from upstairs but missed, so we *all* prayed loudly for Ronnie again, and hoped that some kind angel would utterly *wean* our good young Squire from his *corrupt* companions and *flighty* London-folk and everything, so at last the *whole* house-party rushed out with the *most* homicidal umbrellas and things, so I gave a girlish shriek and we tore off our make-up *just* in time to escape a massacre, because my dear Ronnie's guests were *practically* incandescent with rage, well then we all went in and found Ronnie *quite* hysterical in the billiard-room, my dear *gulping* hot cocoa and muttering *bits* out of the Catechism which I *rather* fear is all the Scripture he remembers, well he was *too* relieved, and after that of course we had a *magical* party, however many a true word's spoken in jest they say and I *rather* think that Ronnie will have a *rather* more Christian Christmas next year, no more now darling your little evangelist TOPSY. A. P. H.

THE STAGE G.P.

I DO not know the result of the deliberations of the learned society which met recently to consider the position of doctors on the stage, but I certainly think it is high time that some publicity was given to the case of the stage General Practitioner.

As every playgoer knows, the stage G.P. is invariably a very genial and jolly fellow and, to all appearances, as well qualified for his job as any G.P. in real life. What, I fear, often escapes the casual eye is the extreme difficulty the unfortunate man must have in making a living.

His lot is very different from that of the stage specialist. Stage folk, while extremely partial to obscure and complicated diseases, which keep the stage specialist in regular and profitable em-



A KINDRED SPIRIT.

Misanthropic Bachelor Uncle. "YES, THAT'S BETTER. THE EXPRESSION APPEALS TO ME."

ployment, appear to be miraculously immune from the majority of minor ailments. One rarely sees them in bed with influenza, or prostrate with lumbago, or making a nuisance of themselves with hay-fever; their delightfully precocious children never go about whooping with whooping-cough, nor do they go spotty with measles or pallid with biliousness.

When therefore the stage G.P. makes his appearance it is pretty sure to be in the capacity of a family friend, and as such he is in fairly constant employment. In return for a good deal of sage wisdom, embracing sometimes quite a few well-prepared epigrams, we see him rewarded with a cup of tea, a whisky-and-soda, and sometimes a very rapid meal. This sort of thing may, as it were, keep him going, but it cannot conceivably support his wife and family.

What I, as an admirer of the stage G.P., am anxious to know is whether he is entitled to a fee for his services, and, if so, does he ever get his money? After all, a man who labours, as he often does, to bring husband and wife together or reconcile a daughter to her father is surely entitled to charge as much, if not more, for that as for feeling their pulses or looking at their tongues.

The dark mystery surrounding the remuneration of the stage G.P. distresses me a good deal, but I must confess that what seems to me to be even more mysterious is that the good fellow, having no visible qualifications, ever came to be a doctor at all. D. C.

THE LURES OF LONDON.

LONDON, a friendly foreign Princess writes,
Is beautiful in sounds and hues and sights,
And other strange delectable delights.

But in her eulogy of our city's graces
I find no mention of the "streets and places"
Which the official Postal Guide embraces.

And yet the record, clad in sober brown,
In order alphabetical set down,
Rings with romance and tales of old renown.

Our souls are stricken with a wild surmise
By Gladiator Street in Brockley Rise;
Troy Town (in Peckham) cheers our wondering eyes.

Philosophers, when minded to perpend
The problems that our earthly strife attend,
May mark the tragedy of Ponder's End.

Mystics and Saints, who spurn the rules of Mode,
In Salem Place may find a fit abode,
Or choose a residence in Sky Peals Road.

Houndsditch is vocal with the bay of beagles;
And Ethel Road deliciously inveigles
Our souls to muse upon the ways of eagles;

While winter sportsmen, ere they start recruiting
Their health abroad, in the appropriate "suiting,"
Should sojourn in Montana Road in Tooting.

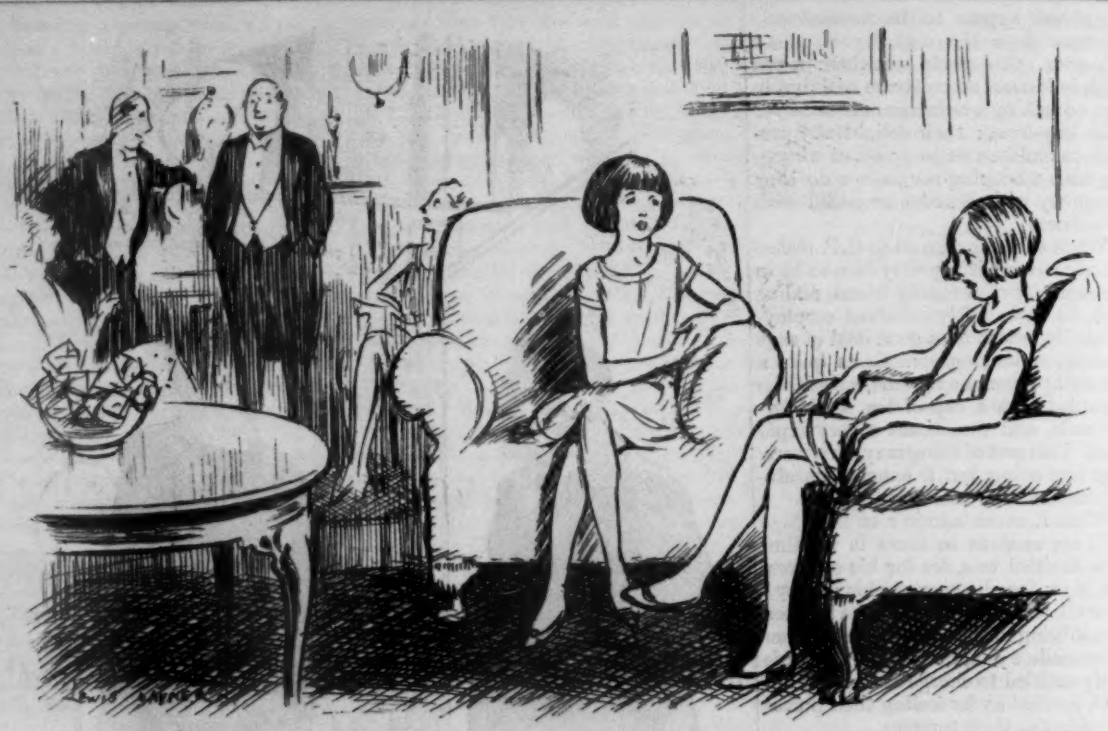
Yet while these shining spots abound in plenty
It is my fate to languish *flebilmente*
In Arterberry Road, S.W.20.



Bo'sun. "THE IDEA THAT YOU AND YER QUIFF 'AVE GOT TO GET RID OF IS THAT WHEN YOU STEPS ASHORE AT SOUTHAMPTON THE OTHER END O' THE ISLAND IS GOING TO TIP UP IN THE AIR."

"Sir John Simon and his colleagues received the same kind of reception that they had had at Bombay. The railway station was surrounded by barbed wine."—*Indian Paper.*

We 've had some. You might as well swallow tintacks.



First Cynic. "OF COURSE UNCLE JACK *would* GO AND GET THE THREEPENNY-BIT OUT OF THE PUDDING."
Second ditto. "AH, WELL, IT 'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD: 'TO HIM THAT HATH,' YOU KNOW."

ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

[In admiring recognition of the fact that still, in 1928, it takes and keeps a copy of every publication bearing the London imprint.]

DEVOURER of a nation's books
For whom no work is wholly vile,
Omnivorous, unsurfeited,
Fat bibliophile!
At whose great entrance the coy author looks
In fear and dread,
Yet with a smile,
Knowing that that indomitable tum,
Howe'er so much with bunkum overblown,
Despite the labour and the pain
Of all the tosh it struggles to retain
Possesses some
Sweet trifles of his own!
(I wonder did you like
My *Tours in Marsh and Dyke*?)
Ah, tell me, will a moment ever come
When a great cry is heard,
"Nay, not another, for the love of Mike,
Enough, Enough!
The camel's back is broken; faint and pale
And gorged too deep with literary gaff,
The enduring monster seems to ail;
It cannot masticate another word;
It goes on strike!"
And forth upon the street,
Close to some passer's feet,
Shall fall a little book of prose or song
That had no sale,
Yet proved too strong
For one already sated and replete—
The earliest Jonah of the Bloomsbury whale?

If so, who shall be first
Victim of that fell burst
When the vast epicure begins to feel
Ill from her awful meal?
It 's hard to say;
But often, as I wander to and fro,
With pigeons, underneath your portico,
I wonder whether Art
Will first give way,
Or Science feel the unprecedented smart;
Or a great Blue-book be untimely hurled
Back to a cruel world,
Never to glad posterity nor make
The after ages quake
With the sole presentation copy that survived decay.

Cellars are not immortal,
Bricks are dust,
And somewhere far behind that splendid portal
There must be yearnings of strange discontent;
Ay me, there must.
All that I ask is, that in this event
Which I foretell,
On that dark day that finds you so unwell,
Be just!

Let it be Mr. Thompson's *Mud*
Or Mrs. Simpson's *Hall and Hovel*
That does the terrible trick
And makes you sick;
Or *Tours in China* (there 's a dud!),
Or Bloggs' detective novel:
Let it be some large mathematic tome
That fails to find a home,
Or Jorkins, at whose feet reviewers grovel;
Some catalogue, some tract,
Some work by some divine,
Some book of reminiscent tommy rot
That brings about the spasm.
Show tact
In understanding what is what
And where to draw the line.
Let it be *Stories of the Protoplasm*
Or *Stammerings* (by Pott)—
Let it be almost anything, in fact,
So long as it is not
Something of mine! EVOE.

From a Manchurian paper:—

"SIR OWTEN CHAMBERLAIN BOCK AT WORK AGAIN SIR OWTEN."

We are glad to see that Sir Owten C. Bock is himself again.



TO MEN OF GOOD WILL.

SANTA CLAUS. "*THIS* IS THE SACK I WANT FILLED FIRST."

[Cheques, made out to the LORD MAYOR'S Fund for Miners and crossed Bank of England, should be addressed to the Secretary's Office, Mansion House, E.C. 4. Gifts of clothes should be sent either to the City Hall, Cardiff, or to the Town Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Friday, December 14th.—The adjourned debate on the Financial Resolution of the Local Government Bill, though it was allowed to spoil nobody's week-end, to judge from the state of the House, provoked considerable zeal in Opposition. Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE, waxing more picturesque than is his wont, likened the Government to a road authority that had picked up the road of local government and was attempting to lay down a hard material for a new roadway. To make it look smooth and inviting they threw on it some gravel in the shape of Exchequer contributions and a good deal of oratorical sand on top of that. Of course the top would all be washed away in time and the inadequacy of the foundation would be laid bare.

Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE flung herself with characteristic enthusiasm into an orgy of arithmetic. To think of a ratio, multiply it by a couple of quinquenniums, add a general Exchequer contribution and divide by a quarter of the rate-borne expenditure of the sixteenth year is as easy to her as twice two is to the rest of us. "If I only had a blackboard and a bit of chalk . . ." she cried hungrily, but a Conservative Member, hastily interposing, suggested that the proper place for the higher mathematics class was the Committee-Room upstairs. This wrung from the Member for Central Hull the complaint that classes were already being held upstairs by the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE MINISTER OF HEALTH—"Kingsley's Kindergartens," they were called—from which he himself had been excluded. Then the SPEAKER and Miss LAWRENCE and the Minister fell to discussing what they might properly discuss under the Resolution.

Anon Sir KINGSLEY WOOD made a bad "break" by referring to Mr. K. GRIFFITH as the "senior male Member for Middlesbrough." "He is only the male Member," cried Miss WILKINSON. "I am the senior Member." "I must say I should never have thought it," murmured Sir KINGSLEY gallantly. "I am speaking of position, not age," replied Miss WILKINSON tartly, and thereupon proceeded to punish the Minister for his venial fault by calling him the "Aunt Annie" of the Government Bench.

When the Local Government (Scotland) Bill Money Resolution followed, the Southrons folded their tents like the Arabs and Gael smote Gael.



RAISING A DUST.
MR. PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

Monday, December 17th.—It is a great pity that there is never a truce in the sham war of politics. If the advent of the Christmas recess found Members coming together full of peace and goodwill and determined to be brighter and kinder politicians in the new year, it would make a lot of difference to us all. How pleasant, for example, if, for this week only, all parties came together in the true Christmas spirit and unanimously promoted some useful legislation of the sort that we all want! A score of such needed measures leap to the mind: The Compulsory Bonuses Act, the Harlequinade (Revival) Act, the Christmas Bills Postponement Act, the Waits and Strong Measures Act, the Act to Facilitate the Banging of Sixpences (Scotland), and many another. There is a smack of paternalism about these measures, one admits, but who would not exchange the liberty of the subject for the bureaucratic beneficences of Father Christmas?

The public would respond handsomely to this constitutional innovation. At present, it will be observed, neither politics nor our politicians figure in the festivities of the season. Examine the wares of the kerbstone merchant. He purveys inflatable kangaroos, indestructible Bonzos, sparring game-cocks and mechanical straddle-bugs. Were Parliament really popular you would not search in vain for an inflatable J. H. THOMAS, an indestructible Lord BANBURY, a realistic representation of Lord CUSHENDUN and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE discussing the League of Nations, or a self-propelling KENWORTHY.

Now you may search in vain for the faintest political reference in the works of those seasonable reviewers, the cracker motto-writers. But how refreshing to come on something like this:—

"When MAXTON meets MACDONALD
it is clear
World peace is at a discount, but
I find
They don't disturb it half as
much, my dear,
As you my peace of mind."

Or to whisper into some shell-like ear:—

"Were I a betting-man like 'JIX'
I'd bet a hat, or even six,
That if beneath the mistletoe
I asked for one you'd not say
'No.'"

And so it would go on. Enterprising poulterers would hoist placards, saying—

HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR
ORMSBY-GORE?
SHOP EARLY AND GET
A FAT ONE.

and hopeful Christmas-card designers would draw pictures



A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

"'She can't do sums a bit!' the Red Queen said with great emphasis."—*Through the Looking-Glass.*

Red Queen . . . . . MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE.

of WINSTON Claus dismounting from his sleigh (drawn by six fairy tax-collectors) to drop "another sixpence off" into Master Tax-payer's stocking.

But of course nothing like this could really happen. To-day found the old unhappy war of words in full blast, with Party blazing against Party and Mr. HANNON doing a little light blasting on his own against the SECRETARY FOR OVERSEAS TRADE. The spirit of Christmas did indeed pervade the House in a limited sense when Mr. BALDWIN, replying to Mr. MACDONALD, outlined the Government's proposals for coming to the temporary rescue of the distressed areas. Briefly, the Government will give a hundred thousand pounds towards the removal of the families of miners for whom work is found in other areas and will devote further sums to maintaining the physical fitness of the unemployed, so that they may be able to resume work when work is available. To the LORD MAYOR'S Fund it was proposed to give an immediate cash grant of one-hundred-and-fifty thousand pounds and one pound for every pound hereafter contributed by the public.

The votes necessary to these proposals would be laid before the House at the first possible moment, and ample time given to discuss them, said Mr. BALDWIN, before the House adjourned for the Christmas holiday.

Followed a large number of Supplementary Questions, from which it is obvious that Good King Wenceslas BALDWIN will have to go to extreme lengths of beneficence if all the demands on his charity are to be met.

The House set about the Committee stage of the Local Government Bills with a good heart. In another place dignity was being made doubly dignified by the introduction of the new PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND, Dr. COSMO GORDON LANG. Flanked by the Bishop of LONDON and the Bishop of SOUTHWARK, His Grace made his bow to the LORD CHANCELLOR, signed the book, took a back seat, "bowed three times to me," like the supposititious prisoner in *The Mikado*, shook hands with the LORD CHANCELLOR and took his seat. Lord PARMOOR then resumed his ancient melancholy reign.



FOR THE MINERS.

King Wenceslas . . . . . MR. BALDWIN.
Page . . . . . SIR ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND.

THE GRABBERS.

WE had shopped all day and bought nothing. My soul longed vehemently for tea. My back ached and I wanted a new hat. Young lady-assistants, buoyed up by superiority complexes, made me long for Home and Mother, where my worth was realised. I drooped like an unwatered aspidistra.

Jane is different. Jane is gay and debonnaire and cares for nobody, no, not she, and everyone cares for Jane. She had asked me to help her to buy something for the Johns—something "just a little different," and it was that elusive "little difference" that by the end of the day made me a dowd and Jane a vixen. I trolloped after the woman, showing her suitable Johns' presents and went to a lot of trouble over it. They were always dismissed with a negligent "My dear! Too ordinary!" In one of those large stores where they tell you in big letters that you will not be importuned to buy (so instead of saleswomen you have sleuths slinking round you), Jane nearly made me drop a salad-bowl through grabbing at my elbow.

"*Look* at these *divine* cocktail things!" said she ecstatically. "Lovely!" replied a sleuth, and, hovering over the things cheek by jowl with us, told us the price (which was clearly marked), and that they were the latest thing and very uncommon and they had sold hundreds of them and that there were six in the case of half-a-dozen. There was a beautiful five minutes' duet between her and Jane; then the latter with a sigh and a sad little smile said, "They 're just what I 'd like, but—it 's no use. They 're teetotalers, you know. Do you mind if we just look round?"

The baffled attendant cast a distrustful glance at me before retreating into the background, where she leaned amongst the shadows manicuring her nails. I became creepily conscious of Eyes in the Darkness warily watching while I went doggedly on, helping Jane to shop by lifting everything liftable to see the price on the bottom. It was depressing with those Eyes there. Jane didn't care. She darted about like a swallow, but I knew that Someone in the Shadows was suspecting me of Something. I slunk about, secretive and criminal. And I wanted tea and a new hat.

Jane gave a little yelp and grabbed my sleeve.

"Those trays!" she gurgled, pointing aloft. "Oh, do look at them!"

There was nothing wonderful about the trays and I do hate to be grabbed, and besides it was awkward, for I had just removed a miniature golf-ball from the nose of a wooden figure of a golfer (I think he was a matchbox-holder) and was having difficulty in replacing it. I have always told Jane that she will grab once too often, and even as she spoke she knocked down two trays, which fell with a horrid clatter. Attendants in that shop are not allowed to be rude, so it was in a very profane silence that one of them came forward and rebuilt her little house of trays. Then she displayed more trays to us—trays from the back shop, trays from the top shelf and trays from under the counter.

"Thank you so much," said Jane at last, hauling in her anchor, "we 'll *think* about it. Do you mind if we just look round?"

She floated onwards, and I, a cowrin', tim'rous beastie, shot a wavering smile into the air. It fell I know not where, but it certainly fell flat.

In our next shop Jane suddenly became conscious of sore feet and, insinuating that I was leading her a pretty dance, bought a case of jam-spoons. "If they don't like them they can lump them," said she ungraciously. How-



THE CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMALGAMATED UNION OF CHRISTMAS WAITS DECIDING THE QUESTION OF THE AMOUNT TO BE DEMANDED FOR MOVING INTO THE NEXT STREET BUT ONE.

over, while they were being wrapped up she suddenly exchanged them for a butter-dish, and while she argued with herself over a choice between the butter-dish and the jam-spoons or something else in another shop the assistant hastily scraped the price off the butter-dish, wrapped the thing up and made out the bill. So that was that. Then it was that I discovered in my hand the little golf-ball off the wooden golfer.

"Just like you!" said Jane. "I don't think we are *ever* going to finish, and I do want tea."

She refused to have it till the ball was put back. We got into our old haunt unnoticed, as our special sleuth was engaged in delicately arranging, with the aid of a pencil, the permanent wave of an intimate. Furtively I seized the little golfer and nearly had the ball in position—there was a little pin which had to be inserted into the man's nose—when again the incorrigible Jane grabbed my arm. The ball rolled under the counter. I stooped and retrieved it.

"That's the one I'm gladdest we didn't buy," she whispered, pointing to a tray. "Gosh! Isn't it loathly?"

Without further provocation the tray promptly slid to the floor and our old official, reft from a congenial task, stood beside us once more and, obliterating with one glance my objectionable self and worse hat, she coldly desired to know if she could show Madam anything.

"No, thank you," said Jane sweetly; "my friend was just looking round." Then in martyred tones to me, "*Have* you finished, darling? I'm *dead* to the world until I have tea."

As we moved away her expiring glance wandered to my head.

"I suppose you *like* that hat or you wouldn't wear it," said she wearily. "Do pull it down a bit—it's sticking right up on the top of your head."

Too sodden and downtrodden to blaze up as I should have done, I crawled behind the vixen, carrying her abomination of a butter-dish.

"My dear," exclaimed she, turning round and grabbing my arm, "I've lost my umbrella!"

She hadn't; she hadn't brought one. But she had lost her butter-dish. She had made the once-too-often grab. As she snatched at me the thing slipped out of my hand and fell to the floor with a disintegrating smack. We stood over the corpse of our day's work and gazed at each other in mutual silent recriminations. Then the cloud suddenly lifted from Jane. She warmed a shopwalker with the sunshine of her smile.

"I didn't like it much anyway," said she airily as I gathered up the sagging parcel of fragments. An inspiration came to her.

"I tell you what," she said brightly as we entered the revolving door leading to the street; "you can go halves with the price of it—and," as we met again outside, "*bother* the Johns; I shan't give them anything!"

It was only as we sat down to tea in a distant shop that I became conscious that my right hand still grasped the little ball off the wooden golfer's nose.

Church-warming.

"Preacher, Rev. ——. Evening subject—'The Devil in Church.' A warm welcome awaits you. Come!"—*Scots Paper.*

"LINGERIE TO FIT THE PUB IL."
Notice in Outfitter's Window.

We were always afraid it might come to this.

"The 9.10 p.m. Wexford to Harcourt Street will leave at 10 15 a.m."
From Time-Table in Irish Paper.

The Free State railways seem to be living up to their name all right.

"A DRAMATIC AND HUMOROUS RECITAL.
Wesleyan Memorial Hall, ——.
If unable to attend—please send for the collection."—*Local Paper.*

But don't be disappointed if you don't get it.

THE ATTACK ON THE FRONT PAGE.

I HAVE always rather fancied myself in the *rôle* of newspaper correspondent. I pictured myself fresh from Moscow or Rio dropping in to the most cosmopolitan restaurant in Paris and chatting in an amiable staccato with both Berlin and Rome, holding one receiver to each ear. Or being awakened at 3 A.M. by a telegram like this:—

"Unable control peasant party since you stopped giving advice revolution imminent please return
KING BORTNIANSKY XI"

I realised that many of the most important newspapers of the Anglo-Saxon world have offices in Paris, and that to be attached to one of these in the capacity of correspondent is the fond dream of many a journalist in England and the United States. It did not take me long to decide that one of these newspapers should be given the opportunity to profit from the felicitous hazard that led to a person of my importance being in Paris at that moment.

In an Anglo-American bookstore on the Rue de Rivoli I picked up *Scoops and Scoopers*, by Elmer E. Brown.

"My first experience came in trying to get a job on *The Kalamazoo Screech-Howl*," I read. "The editor did not accept me, but he gave me a piece of advice: 'Every time you walk up or down Main Street something occurs that never occurred before and never will recur. If you can note or describe this happening your success as a reporter is assured. Good-morning!'"

Turning a few pages I continued to read—

"Shortly afterwards I timidly entered the office of *The Seattle Yell*. The editor did not accept me, but he gave me this counsel: 'If a dog bites a man, that's not news; but if a man bites a dog, that's news.'"

I closed the book.

I should think the chances of a man biting a dog were rather moderate, I thought to myself, and picked up another volume entitled *News-Chasing All Over Europe—and Then Some*. On page 23 I read—

"At the offices of *The Birmingham Spoof* I was turned away with the following admonition: 'Every time you walk up or down Bond Street,' said the editor, 'something occurs that never occurred before and never——'"

Hurriedly I turned a few pages and my eyes fell on—

"'If a man bites a dog,' declared the editor of *The Mississippi Mugwump* as he showed me the door, 'that's news.'"

I did not read further. I found the same two incidents described in *The Making of a Reporter*, by Harry G. Dentifrice, and *From Office-Boy to Editor*, by H. Bishop-Jones.

"Since you have found the common denominator of all books on journalism," I said to myself, "waste no more time. *En avant!*"

Attired in an impeccable morning-coat and a cream tall-hat, with a red carnation in my button-hole, I swung into the offices of *The Morning Sunset*.



Host (as Hostess ignites Christmas pudding). "IT'S A PICTURESQUE OLD CUSTOM, ISN'T IT, MR. MCNAB?"
McNab (in mental agony). "MAN, IT'S AR-R-SON!"

Instead of being shown into a handsome richly-furnished apartment suited to the formality of the occasion, I was led into a small back-room, bare except for a table, a news-ticker, two telephones and—a cuspidor.

There I beheld a rat-like young man in his shirt-sleeves, with a green shade projecting from his forehead. He did not even see me. He seemed to be reciting terse words to himself over the contents of a cable.

"I would be glad to assist you in the capacity of European correspondent," I volunteered gently.

"Young man," he replied, "every time that you walk up or down the Rue de la Paix something occurs that never——"

"No, you don't," I answered; "I know that one. Go on and tell me about the dog biting the man, and then perhaps we can have a quiet little talk."

The young man pressed a buzzer.

"It is one of those graduates of a school of journalism," he said to the attendant; "I thought I told you not to let in any more of them." He expectorated vigorously and returned to his cable.

"Good-morning," I said magnanimously, but he was already telephoning Buda-Pest.

Reflecting that newspaper men seemed rather difficult to approach, and that however clever and able they might be they did not seem exactly my style, I entered the offices of the world-famous *Mid-Day Moon*. Here I felt immediately reassured. I was glad that my costume was so carefully prepared. The innumerable ante-rooms through which I was led confirmed the impression that I was about to be ushered into the presence of someone particularly distinguished. I visualized the great man's office, the period furniture, the dignified presence behind the mahogany desk.

"Well, what do you want?" rasped a voice. I looked up to see an enormous man, coatless and collarless and wearing faded grey trousers, who was seated behind a plain deal table littered with sheets of paper and cigar-stubs. From the decisive manner in which the colossus snarled commands at trembling scribes I realised that this was indeed the chief.

"I'd like a trial as correspondent," I gulped.

The great man looked at me once.

"H—— no," said he.

Then he took a deep breath and delivered himself of the following: "Evy timewalkAvenuedelOperasumpnhappns wonthappnagainifdogbitesmannotnews manbitesdognews!"

"Good-morning," I said, anticipating him by the fraction of a second and showing myself out.

Once more in the open air I realized I had the wrong method of attack. Newspaper men, it seemed, had conventions of their own. Good. I would adapt myself.

Hastening to a costumier's I purchased what they call in America a "Ten-Gallon" hat, black wool chaps, high-heeled boots with cart-wheel spurs, a black-and-red checked shirt, yellow silk neckerchief and two ·45 Colt automatics, fully loaded.

I entered the office of *The Universal Intelligencer*; brushed past the gaping

clerks and stalked through the anterooms, my spurs clanking along the floor. Arriving at the last door I pushed it open with the butt of one of my guns.

The room was very dark. The first object that met my gaze was a tiny Pekinese reposing complacently on a Louis XV. settee.

Very well. I would show them what I knew.

Discharging a right-and-left salvo shatteringly into the air I leaped forward and bit—yes, bit—the unfortunate Peke in one silky flank.

Then I saw for the first time the person upon whom I was trying to make an impression.

Seated behind an antique mahogany desk was a tall silver-haired man of extraordinary dignity. He wore a morning-coat. A white carnation nestled in his buttonhole. On the table reposed a pearl-grey topper.

To retrieve myself I made a supreme and final effort to demonstrate my knowledge of journalism.

"Something is happening that never happened before and will never happen again!" I shouted wildly.

"Precisely. You never came here before and you never will again," said the chief in a well-modulated voice and with an impeccable accent as four attendants removed me from his presence.

STONE-AGE VANITY.

[Among the Paleolithic skeletons from the Red Cliffs near Menton is that of an old woman on whose forearm are two bracelets made of seashells.]

OLD Lady with the bracelets,
Who gave such things to you?
Was it a lover long ago
Courting you on this Coast of Blue,
Finding most fair your face so flat,
Your forehead strangely low?

Was it your Paleolithic spouse
(With nose as broad as yours)
Who sought thereby to make his peace
After a tiff *re* larder stores—
Possibly when you served up bones
With insufficient grease?

Was it your little daughter that
For "Mummie's birthday treat"—
Some fifty thousand years gone by—
Strung Trochus shells with fingers neat,
Bringing you them with childish pride
In her dark shining eye?

Or did you give them to yourself,
Agog for bright gewgaw,
Sowing their vanity's odd bane
(Slipping these baubles o'er your paw)
Both in the males and females who
Have followed in your train?

Old Lady with the bracelets,
The secret you will keep,
Yet by this sign we fain must feel
Kinship with you so long asleep,
Something in you, grim ancestress,
Which still can make appeal.



A SHOPPING TRAGEDY.

THE GIRL WHO BOUGHT ONE TOO MANY GAS-BALLOONS.

Our Infant Prodigies.

"Wanted, bridegroom's outfit for boy 4½."
Advt. in Lady's Paper.

Great Game.

"A well-placed gunner, securely hidden in some wooded knoll, may get endless sport, especially if he can get a few friends either to hide or walk about in neighbouring woods."
Daily Paper.

Sniping a house-party is indescribably amusing.

Our Perfumed Premiers.

"Mr. Baldwin is being even more fragrantly ostrich-like in his attitude than usual."
Indian Paper.

We hesitate to say whether a compliment—an ostrich feather, in fact, in his cap—is intended.

"They are entitled 'Naomi' and 'Mantilla,' and both are life-size paintings, the first 26 inches by 19 and the second 24 inches by 8."—*Evening Paper.*

Something must be done to nourish our models a bit more.

"BANCHESTER'S BIRDS."
Manchester Evening Paper.

The bost busical birds gome from the Bidlands.

AT THE PLAY.

"MR. PICKWICK" (HAYMARKET).

THE Pickwickian medley at the Haymarket, arranged by Messrs. COSMO HAMILTON and FRANK REILLY, produced by Mr. BASIL DEAN and decorated by Mr. HAMMOND, with occasional musical commentary by Mr. O'NEILL, may be looked upon rather as a friendly tribute to a great memory than a completely satisfactory affair in itself. DICKENS does not easily suffer compression, being essentially *the* brilliant discursive; and the necessity of some sort of coherence in the story with an eye on the clock has naturally hampered the adapters. The players have to fill out the detail as best they may and depend upon our memories, reinforcing or flouting our conceptions of the characters. What the unlettered younger generation to whom DICKENS is no more than a name will make of it all I don't quite know.

The revue takes this general course: *Sam Weller* at work on the "White Hart" boots; arrival of the amiable loyalists of the Pickwick Club, *Mr. Winkle*, *Mr. Snodgrass* and *Mr. Tracy Tupman*, awaiting their chief. Rescue of the flustered *Pickwick* from the barbarous cabman by the resourceful *Jingle*. With a brave rattle of hoofs the coach arrives in the inn yard backwards, disgorging the *Wardles*, *Mr. Trundle*, *Mr. Sawyer* and *Mr. Allen*, the *Fat Boy* and its bulky driver, *Sam's* father. The Pickwick Club dines with *Wardle* and *Jingle* as guests, and the founder, his heart made glad by wine, tosses his spectacles into the court-yard. Dastardly intrigue of *Mr. Jingle*, foiled by *Mr. Perker*, who with his professional love of a composition hands over one-hundred-and-twenty pounds to the staccato adventurer. All this to one Act—an impossible feat of compression surely.

Act II. takes us to Goswell Street—the great misunderstanding and the compromising situation of which the three Pickwickians are reluctant witnesses; thence to the shooting-party in Dingley Dell, where poor *Winkle* makes an exhibition of himself; and thereafter to a merry scene in the Manor hall—the waits and blind-man's-buff, the gross British Christmas dishes, the immense log-fire and the serving of the writ in *Bardell v. Pickwick*.

Act III. *Sam Weller* pays *Mrs. Bardell* her dues, and *Mrs. Cluppins* and *Mrs. Sanders* discuss with *Mrs. Bardell* the probable issue of the impending trial. Then the Court of Common Pleas. Before the wine-dark *Mr. Justice Stareleigh*, the conscientious *Winkle* puts his friend and chief in the wrong; *Buzfuz* bullies and browbeats and spins his airy deductions from chops and tomato sauce. *Mr. Perker* hardly restrains *Mr. Pickwick* from assaulting the blustering *Buzfuz*. *Mr. Pickwick* gives *Messrs. Dodson and Fogg* a piece of his mind and determines to go to the Fleet, where we meet him and his faithful *Sam*, and poor *Jingle*, who has pawned his coat and boots, and *Mrs. Bardell*, victim of the speculating attorneys. The great man can suffer himself, but not make others suffer for him.



Mr. Pickwick (MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON) REGISTERS APPROVAL OF PUNCH.



THE ASSAULT ON THE BREACH.

Serjeant Buzfuz . . .	MR. BRUCE WINSTON.
Mrs. Bardell	MISS MARY CLARE.
Master Bardell . . .	MASTER BILLY SALMON.
Messrs. Dodson and Fogg	MESSRS. ARCHIBALD MCLEAN AND RICHARD COKE.

And so back at the manor-house, with nuptials toward, the club dissolved and *Mr. Pickwick* at peace with himself and the world.

Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON goes as near the perfect physical representation of the character as handed down to us in illustration as is conceivable. He admirably indicates the beaming kindliness, the irascibility, the quick remorse, the obstinacy of this lovable eccentric. Mr. GEORGE CURZON'S *Jingle* again was a masterly portrait in the authentic tradition and much appreciated by an enthusiastic and perceptive audience, among whom were seen many notable Dickensians.

Mr. HAROLD SCOTT'S *Winkle*, though perhaps a little too timid even in his swagger, was an excellent piece of work, and Miss MARY CLARE made her *Mrs. Bardell* a likely personage, possibly more free from the element of caricature than when she left her original creator's hands. Mr. BRUCE WINSTON was gorgeously flamboyant and hectoring as *Serjeant Buzfuz*, and Mr. D. J. WILLIAMS' quietly sinister judge was a shrewdly conceived affair. *Mr. Sam Weller* seemed rather too heartily modern, too little of a *gamin* to be quite convincing. The ladies looked charmingly overdressed and *too* virginal (as *Topsy* would say). The local colour of the life of a century ago was put in with a careful hand. A Christmas show to be enjoyed with affection and gratitude rather than solemnly criticised.

T.

Commercial Candour.

"STOP HERE FOR TEA.
Home-made Cakes. Antiques."
Placard on Tea-shop.

"The House of Commons was very full to-day with both members on the floor and strangers in the galleries."
Daily Paper.

It must be an unusual occurrence to have both members present at the same time.

"Stately Mansion and Magnificent Deer Park of 100 acres, bounded for a considerable distance by the River Trent with its herds of red and fallow deer."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"The Butcher" would appear to be the obvious fly for these waters.



Landlady. "WHAT'S THE COMMOTION IN THE DRAWING-ROOM?"
Maid. "BOARDERS, MUM, HOLDING AN INDIGESTION MEETING."

A PSYCHO-ANALYST HANDLES CHRISTMAS.

HALF-THROTTLED by the swarthily nebulous December gloom Rosetta tottered dazedly into lambent consciousness.

Christmas morning! The realisation bludgeoned her, crushing soul-sap and nerve-plasm with one brutal pulverisation. She yawned, feeling momentarily sexless—unitless, as it were; a molluscous molecule burgeoning from a pre-natal Nothingness into a primitive arid Something. Polychromatic sense-forms bewildered her, stirring life-force; the choreographic undulations of her bosom interpreted some kind of psychic innerness.

As she dressed, glimpsing the man who for seven gnarled years she had known listlessly sometimes as husband, sometimes more pangfully as Henry, she felt as though worms, small but indefatigable, were boring holes in her Ego. The face of Henry at that hour of the morning was ever the same, ever cruelly reminding her of the crater of Vesuvius, and (ah, ever-racking sequence!) of gay-lipped moments with Giuseppe, the wine-souled young post-card-pedlar of Herculaneum, when Life asked nothing more of her than to Be. And now the BE was no longer the BE but the WAS. For seven Christmas mornings she had seen Henry lying there in all his dreadful stertorous healthiness. Soon he would awake and wish her a Merry Christmas, and she would not try to shield her martyred breast from the shaft. She had long ceased to rebel; long ceased to try to convert, to open Henry's blinded eyes. He could not or would not see that the merriment of Christmas was the mere negation of the Absolute, and that to experience it in any shape or form was to stultify, in a psychical sense, the propagatory development without which the sensory urge of the Self-complex would be deprived of its radio-active impulse. Henry, innocent of the Newer Aspect and steeped in Blurge, Snoopery and all the hereditary suburban conventions of his class, would go on wishing people a Merry Christmas to the end of his days.

With her head pain-bowed she went down to the breakfast-table, to a flecked phantasmagoria of sausages, kidneys and Christmas presents. As she opened the horrible misshapen parcels she thought wistfully of the balm of lying cold and mottled amid amber seaweed at the edge of a gravy-brown sea. The sausages mocked her with their insensitive pudginess.

Then Henry came down, ruddy as beef. She gazed at the marmalade as one visualising a golden death. He kissed her and Life became a blob, like a kidney.

Relatives arrived; turgid, hard-breathing, loud-voiced and large-bosomed relatives. She felt them kiss her as a fishmonger slaps fish; their shapes sickled and bulked about her in a mist of blurge and snoopery. The hours writhed gluttonously through fantastic forests of futility. It was Christmas Day. Rosetta wondered now and then what they all thought of her as she sat there alone, helpless, save for the strengthening consciousness of her Self-complex. She had a strange feeling of pity for them; they seemed so blastingly oblivious to any sensory urge.

Henry was kissing someone under the mistletoe.

Christmas! Blurge! Snoopery! Snoopery! Blurge! Christmas!

Polychromatic sense-forms meant nothing to them—poor little blurgy snoops with their Merry Christmas. Let them go on. Let Christmas go on.

Everything goes on—
Until it stops.

D. C.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

John Bunyan in Relation to His Times (LONGMANS) is one of those books whose writing is meat and drink to the keen and combative theologian. It is also, by a not inevitable sequence, interesting to others than partisans; though, if literal propriety had had the christening of it, it ought to have been called "Anglican Attitudes from Elizabeth to James II.," or something of that sort, with a sub-title involving special reference to the careers of celebrated Dissenters. The strain of Anglicanism which attracts the lately-retired Bishop of MANCHESTER—the Right Rev. E. A. KNOX—tends towards Geneva rather than Rome; and he sees in the various Puritan dissenters souls naturally Anglican who ought to be incorporated, if possible, in the National Church. This not so much for their own sake—the point is comparatively unstressed—but so that they may help to resist, like couch-grass planted on a sand-dune, the erosion of the Roman tide. Bishop KNOX's book undoubtedly emphasizes an ecclesiastically unpopular side of the Anglican story. Yet it is one an impartial critic—the secular historian, say, or MACAULAY'S New Zealander—would be inclined to endorse as correct. The argument is succinctly put and embellished with telling vignettes of HOOKER, HERBERT, BROWNE, BAXTER and FOX; but it rather tends to overshadow BUNYAN whose tercentenary is the occasion of the book. This, on the whole, strikes me as a pity, because its writer is admirably fitted to appreciate his sturdy hero and, when he does allow him scope and verge enough, makes a distinctly sympathetic figure of him. His tribute to BUNYAN'S prose, which he exalts (rightly, I think) to the level of MILTON'S verse, shows how capably he can elucidate a point of artistry when the dust of controversy has subsided.



Satiated Son (to Father, working mechanical toy). "DON'T, DADDY. I DON'T *WANT* IT TO DO THAT!"

After nine months' stay in "the strangest of all the cities of the world," Mr. ELDON RUTTER parted, "not without a pang," from Mekka. He had performed *towáf* seven times round the *Kaaba*, the black-draped temple that is the Holy of Holies to the follower of MUHAMMAD, rubbing his hands on the virtue-exuding Black Stone among the crowds of his fellow *hájjis*; had worn the *ihrám*, the cold and comfortless garb of the pilgrim, for the appointed days; had duly stoned the devils of *Mina*; had observed indeed to the last letter of the faithful the infinitely complex ceremonial ritual of the *Hajj*, with many prostrations, with many ablutions, many prayers. This and very much more he tells, illustrating his story with careful maps and diagrams, in *The Holy Cities of Arabia* (PUTNAM), regarding it all from the point of view of an Englishman reverently sympathetic to what is spiritual in a faith colossally complete, but keenly alive to what in it is barbarous, grotesque, frankly disgusting and degraded. Though recognised by an acquaintance as an *Inkilizi*, his knowledge of Arabic and of the Koranic law was so perfect and, I think, something about himself was so honestly friendly and respectful, that his right to be in Mekka was never challenged even by the great IBN SA'UD and his fanatical *Wahhabis*. His quite amazing book gains in value from the reticence he maintains in regard to himself, and has more atmosphere of the wild gaunt desert in its quiet incredible pages than can be found in a hundred volumes of flamboyant adventure. In the end he comes back the few intervening miles to a different world, half wishing he were verily of the sons of the desert, almost with a touch of envy for the very beggars of the *Haram*, that sacred enclosure where all deeds performed have double value for good or evil, beggars crouching ragged and hungry, sun-blasted or cold, yet in their minds at peace.

The story of a young Californian actress pitchforked (by marriage) into a typical Fundamentalist home offers obvious promise of dramatic reactions. Yet I feel that Mr. T. S. STRIBLING, whose acquaintance I belatedly make with this his fourth novel, was wise in sacrificing the exigencies of drama to the pleasure of spreading himself over an ample canvas. He never, it is true, quite makes up his mind whether *Agatha Pomeroy* exists to bring out the quality of Tennessee or whether Tennessee exists to bring out the quality of *Agatha Pomeroy*; and where perfection would have fused these aims he is inclined to fluctuate between them. The young wife's errant love for *Risdale Balus*, an impoverished scion of the old aristocratic South, strikes me as less dear to her creator's heart than his crowd and his scenery. But his crowd and his scenery are so uncommonly interesting that I forgave *Agatha* and her lover the comparative insignificance of their encounters. From the entirely corrupt Congressman, *A. Ham Tweedy*, to the lowest negro victim of the system *A. Ham* adorns, the strange human constituents of a world dominated by its dregs are described with insight and humour. Yet *Agatha's* scorn for the political, social, medical, educational and religious ideals of her husband's people is gradually tempered by recognition of such basic principles as animate their best exponents. And while the book abounds in such characters as Constable *Fatty Bobbs*, with his batch of accommodating blank warrants, it also contains such quaintly heroic figures as Sister *Parilee Pomeroy*, who loses a coveted degree by denouncing, in marginal comment to her own clear exposition of them, the detested tenets of DARWIN. An *Elmer Gantry* theme, treated in a manner of its own I foresee for *Bright Metal* (NISBET) an appreciative English public.

When Mr. HERBERT GORMAN writes, "The twilight shot with the spent gold of the afternoon curdled about the room. It dusted in through the windows and rolled in wispy vapours over the heads of the two men. It crept along the floor and eddied beneath the tables and chairs. Dreeme felt the slow tide rising about his feet and curling about his hands," we have grave misgivings as to his being a proper person to spin a yarn. If he feels like that about twilight he will be

inclined not to get on with his job. But in spite of little vagaries of this nature he does contrive to make an interesting story, with a hint of mystery and devilry, of that attempt of the more than half-mad farmer, *Geoffrey Westcott*, in his lonely Massachusetts valley holding, to reconstitute the worship of Asmodeus and restore the technique of human sacrifice in *The Place Called Dagon* (HEINEMANN), which holds the bones of the old witches of Salem who had been burned for sorcery. It was the heroine, *Deborah*, whose eyes "were like wet violets, a soaked blue so deep as to be astonishing" (and that's all we ever know about the young lady), that young *Dr. Dreeme* snatched from the altar of sacrifice at the last fateful moment. So all is well.

In *What is Love?* (MACMILLAN) you
May, if you're clever, find a clue
Pointing the answer to the vital
Problem suggested in the title.

Miss DELAFIELD'S delightful touch
Does not assist you very much,
Nor am I certain that it shows
Whether in fact she really knows.

She's, so to speak, content to trot
Into the light of day a lot
Of folk, most cleverly depicted,
Whom love has variously afflicted.

And since she leaves to you and me
To guess at what this love may be
I venture on a mild surmise
Based on the facts which she supplies.

Love, it would seem, 's a power that gets
People arranged in pseudo-sets
Whose only link appears to be
Complete dissimilarity.

In *Fire Down Below* (HEINEMANN) Miss MARGARET IRWIN has made a study of a man with red hair and a remorseless disposition. *Peregrine Sark*, the squire of Gawcomb Mazzard, a country village, was more feared than loved by his tenants; but to one woman, who was the governess of his children, he was perilously attractive. In spite, however, of the vigorous picture Miss IRWIN gives of him, I should hesitate to recommend this tale if the squire were its main source of interest. But the fact is that the people who suffered in one way or another from his uncontrolled desires are the most lifelike and engaging figures in the drama. And so ably does Miss IRWIN describe the village over which this *Peregrine* hovered that a photograph of it remains fixed in my mind's eye. The end, though melodramatic, is unquestionably adroit.

In *The Immovable Flame* (THE BODLEY HEAD) you will find vivid details of *Janet Lonsdale's* nightmarish life on her husband's South African farm. She was married to a drunkard, whose foreman was a lascivious brute, and one or two of the scenes in which she was involved are painted by Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG in colours that seem to me unnecessarily glaring. Peace, I am glad to say, eventually came to the courageous and maltreated *Janet*. With her husband (permanently) and the foreman (temporarily) disposed of we leave her in the keeping of a faithful man, who said, "We have finished with sorrow, the prospect brightens. Turn your face to the sun and the shadows will fall behind." Which is quite satisfactory.



Window-dressing Expert (to his colleague). "GOOD DESIGN—FREE TREATMENT, BUT I FEEL YOU MIGHT HAVE LET YOURSELF GO A BIT MORE WITH THE OX-TONGUE."

If you are of those who delight in perusing
A pleasant description of casual cruising
In regions where yachtsmen, when tide's not at flood,
Are frequently known to get stuck in the mud;
Of tar, and the Past, and of salt-water olent,
A book you will like (BODLEY HEAD) is *The Salent And the Southern Waters*, by H. ALKER TRIPP.
Each quaint little seaport and mouldering slip,
Where frigates were builded which fought under NELSON,
With pen and with pencil he lovingly dwells on;
He visits 'em all, and he sketches 'em duly,
From Langston to Poole, and from Bembridge to Beaulieu!



THE PRESS AND ITS PROPRIETORS.

The Cynic. We met last, I think, at the dinner given in celebration of *The Spectator's* Centenary.

Mr. Punch. Yes, and I remember feeling greatly relieved to find that you were not called upon to reply to the toast of the Independence of the Press. You would, I am confident, have been offensive to some of the company.

The Cynic. I should. As it was, though many brilliant things were said, only one speaker put his finger—and that delicately—on the seat of the mischief. There are, of course, two kinds of Independence of the Press. There is the kind that is found only among the English-speaking races—the liberty to say what you like without dictation or interference on the part of Authority. In France the Foreign Editors of the Press are constantly suffering from "inspiration." MUSSOLINI may boast that there is no Press on earth that has so much freedom as the Press of Italy, since all his editors obey the uninstructed promptings of their respective consciences. But by this he simply means that only the best Fascists are allowed to say anything at all.

Mr. Punch. I deplore, though I have myself indulged in it, the habit of criticising Signor MUSSOLINI's conduct of internal affairs. He has deserved extraordinarily well of the State. You may ascribe this to a bursting egoism, and say, "*L'état, c'est Lui*"; but the fact remains that Italy under his beneficent "tyranny" has become a place for honest men to live in—provided always that they agree with his views.

The Cynic. He may be the Arcangelo Gabriele in disguise, but he will never get a good European Press so long as he muzzles his own. As for the other kind of independence, very few of our papers—yours is one of the happy exceptions—are permitted to enjoy it. I speak of independence from proprietorial control. There was a time when the ownership of a paper implied some qualification, inherited or acquired, for the profession of journalism. To-day just anybody, brought up in just any trade, buys a paper or a group of papers by way of commercial speculation as if he were buying a shop or multiple shops. This might not matter so much if he left the control of them to editorial staffs, of whatever political colour he preferred, who had been trained in the habit of passing judgment on public affairs. But he doesn't. He starts some private stunt of his own and forces his editors to run it, just as if the Chairman of the A.B.C. Co. were to invent a new bun and impose it upon all his tea-shops whether the local managers found it digestible or not.

Mr. Punch. You will at least admit that the founder of the popular Press, ALFRED HARMSWORTH, who had long been a working journalist, was something of a genius at his job, and may be excused for having pressed upon his editors a few harmless enthusiasms such as his passion for sweet-peas and standard bread.

The Cynic. I never worried about that sort of thing—not even about the "Sandringham" hat. But I do object to a proprietor's interference with the nation's hat, as when he makes his editors tell England to take it off to some country to which he happens at the moment to have taken a fancy. And I object still more when a proprietor instructs his editors to seize any occasion—or, if necessary, invent one—for making a concerted attack on the Government because (for reasons well known to those who know anything) he has taken a personal dislike to the PRIME MINISTER. The innocent public concludes that there must be something seriously wrong with the Conservative policy if papers that call themselves Conservative find fault with it. It never suspects its Syndicate's Chairman of speculating whether a coalition of other Parties might not mean the putting of power into the hands of someone who would be more amenable to his advice and more useful to his ambitions. Indeed some of the public are so innocent that I doubt if the idea of multiple ownership has yet penetrated to their intelligence. I suspect that when they read identical views expressed (by order) in the morning, evening and weekly organs of their Syndicated Press they still imagine that they are reading independent and mutually corroborative opinions.

Mr. Punch. You may console yourself with the reflection that the political influence of the Press is nothing like so weighty as it is supposed to be by Governments that go in awe of it. The relative strength of the Conservative Press was never greater than at the time of their Party's overwhelming *débâcle* in the Election of 1906.

The Cynic. That thought affords me the greatest solace. My hopes for a Conservative triumph in the coming Election grow almost sanguine when I think of the support which will be given to the Socialists by a Conservative proprietor who is reported to be offering odds of ten to one against his own Party. But I am sorry for his editors. I am often troubled about these men, otherwise so admirable, who mildly submit to be as putty under the thumb of the owner-potter.

Mr. Punch. Even Editors must live.

The Cynic. Yes, and they let live too. It is a rare (and refreshing) thing in these times to see one paper attack another. The good old days of *The Eatanswill Gazette* are over.

Mr. Punch. They naturally shrink from a breach of the rule that forbids a man to foul his own nest.

The Cynic. A golden rule. No doubt it was quoted by Augeas when his hunting neighbours criticised the condition of his stable.

Mr. Punch. I admit that I have broken the rule myself.

The Cynic. Oh, but nobody would resent that. You have the licence of a chartered jester.

Mr. Punch. Nevertheless I am sometimes the object of attacks, which I bear with what grace and dignity I may. After all I am bound to make many unknown enemies in the patient pursuit of my duty which compels me to reject a great number of unsuitable contributions.

The Cynic. I have a large and tolerant heart, and you would not add to the list of your enemies if you rejected the contribution which I am about to offer you.

Mr. Punch. I shall be most happy to consider it. What is it about?

The Cynic. It is a faithful report of our present conversation.

Mr. Punch. I will publish it at once. It so happens that I was badly in need of an article of just about that length to use as the Epilogue of my

One Hundred and Seventy-Fifth Volume.

